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HE SEATS HER ON HIS THRONE

“Leaning upon her Beloved.”— **Sol. Songs, 8:5**

Upon her loved One leaning;
For thus the Bride appears,
The wilderness behind her,
With all its sighs and fears.

For Him in hope she waited
And loving tears she wept,
E’en in the darksome shadows,
She watched while others slept.

She knew He would be faithful,
And in His word she read,
That He was coming quickly,
She trusted what He said.

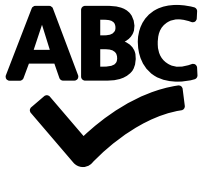
Ofttimes His precious promise
She told to those around,
To some it seemed good tidings,
To others empty sound.

Now, as the King of Glory,
He claims her as His own;
With hand for her once pierced,
He seats her on His throne.

M. R. J., **Princeton, N.J.**

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— July, 1879 —



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