

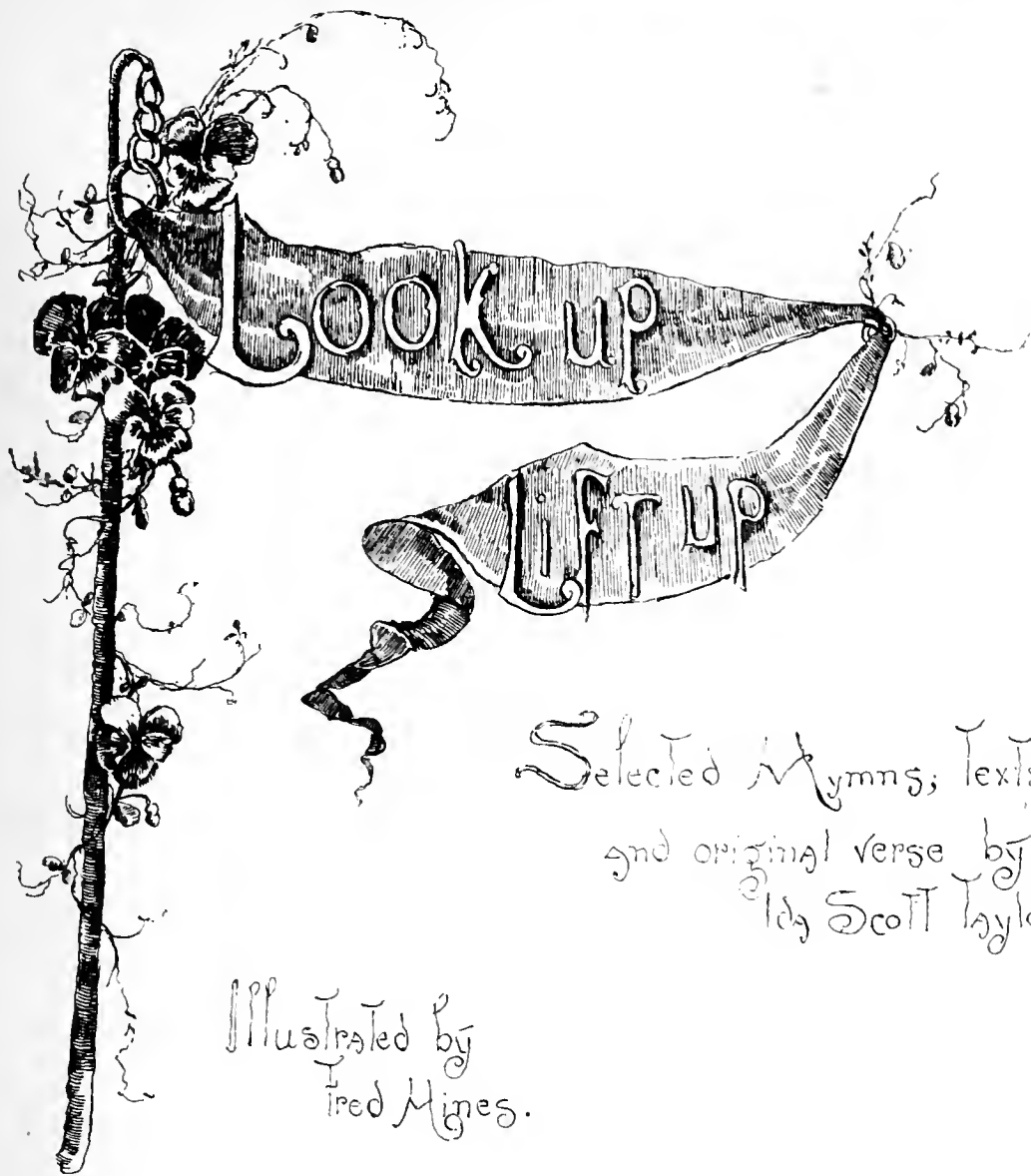


A hand-drawn graphic consisting of a central rectangular area with irregular, wavy edges. The text "LOOK UP, LIFT UP." is written in a simple, hand-drawn font across the center. The words "LOOK UP," are on the top line, and "LIFT UP." is on the bottom line. The graphic has a slightly distressed or ink-like appearance.

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Selected Hymns; Texts  
and original verse by  
Edy Scott Taylor.

Illustrated by  
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Granston and Curtis.  
Cincinnati  
and  
Chicago.

Mount and Eaton  
New York.







## THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Out of hearts of deep devotion,  
Breathing piety and love,  
Reaching upward into Heaven,  
Sanctified by God above,  
Rose the mighty League of Epworth,  
Born of Wesleyan faith and prayer,  
Spreading like a valley-lily  
Till it blossomed everywhere :

And to-day we look and wonder,  
As the young are gathered in,  
Folded by the tender Shepherd  
From the lurking foes of sin,  
Gathered 'neath the Church's shelter  
Like a great protecting arm,  
Where they rest in love and mercy,  
Safe from danger and alarm.

Long ago a sacred singer,  
Blest of God with talents rare,  
Nurtured thro' a godly childhood,  
Taught with kind parental care,  
From his spirit's love to Heaven,  
Wrote, as with an angel's pen,  
Hymns that carried inspiration  
To the hearts and souls of men.

And we hear the mighty echoes  
    Thund'ring down the aisles of time,  
Like a great cathedral organ  
    In their majesty sublime—  
Rolling like a wave of ocean,  
    Sweeping on from shore to shore  
With a power from God and Heaven  
    That shall live for evermore !

From those sacred songs of Wesley  
    What an influence has grown !  
What a tenderness and sweetness  
    Seems pervading ev'ry tone !  
Melodies divine and ringing  
    Down the cycles passed away,  
And the world's great voice is singing  
    Still the same old songs to-day.

Those were times of deep affliction,  
    Times of doubt and anxious fear,  
Times when weighty creeds and questions  
    Could not read their meanings clear ;  
But within that shrine at Epworth  
    Constant prayers to God were said,  
Asking for His holy guidance  
    Through the darkness to be led.

Added to the zealous teachings  
    Of a brother's holy life,  
Wesleyan faith grew strong and stronger  
    In those days of early strife—  
Till each foe at last was conquered,  
    Ev'ry obstacle o'ercome,  
Ev'ry argument was silenced,  
    Ev'ry mocking voice was dumb.

On that Rock of firm endurance—  
    Christ the Lord and God of all—  
Through the Wesleyan faith was founded  
    That, the "Epworth League" we call ;  
Cradled on the Church's bosom,  
    Worn an ornament for Christ,  
May it grow to heights immortal  
    With an influence unpriced !

May it reach a lofty standard  
    That shall save a million souls  
From the wrecks of deadly danger,  
    'Mid temptation's luring shoals !  
May it add a link of glory  
    To the consecrated chain,  
Shining like a starry beacon  
    O'er life's great and boundless main !

Epworth League ! blest child of Heaven,  
    Shielded by the watchful Church,  
Go among the poor and needy,  
    For the lost and fallen search ;  
Keep your loyal banners flying,  
    Let your ranks grow broad and strong,  
Let your hearts be brave and cheerful  
    As you daily march along :

In His Name let deeds of kindness,  
    Acts of mercy, words of love  
Lift you near and nearer Heaven—  
    Nearer Jesus, throned above ;  
Let the influence of Wesley  
    Guide and help you day by day,  
And his humble faith uphold you  
    As you walk your heavenward way.

*Ida Scott Taylor.*







## OUR FORTRESS OF STRENGTH.

From gathering armies we hear the glad story,  
Whose banners of Mercy and Help are unfurled,  
Proclaiming their march 'neath the Captain of Glory,  
The Guide of the Church and the Light of the World ;  
Proclaiming their fealty and love, while espousing  
The cause that is dear to the true sect of old,  
The hearts of that reverent people arousing  
And swelling their numbers to legions untold.

We hear the glad tidings—our watch-fires are burning  
Whose glow is illuming the pathway of life,  
We look and we listen, our quick ear discerning  
A concord of peace 'mid the din and the strife ;  
We hear the good news with a sweet exultation,  
The Church is aroused and a league has been made,  
Whose Fortress is built on the Surest Foundation,  
Nor danger nor evil can make it afraid !

This Fortress that stands like a monument, builded  
By those who for Christian progression would search,  
With Heavenly Glory and Truth has been gilded—  
A shelter and shield for the young of the Church ;  
Its fortifications are steadfast, enduring,  
Its ramparts constructed with patience and care  
Its sentinels watchful, its strongholds assuring,  
Its armour engraven with Faith and with Prayer.

It stands 'mid the waves of life's billowy ocean,  
    Assailed by the tempests of evil that blow,  
But peaceful and calm, undisturbed by commotion,  
    It rests on the Rock that no storm can o'erthrow ;  
The Lord has within it His peaceful abiding,  
    Illuming its walls with the light of His face,  
And we who belong to His army are hiding  
    Our tempest-tossed hearts in this sheltering place.

The sons and the daughters this cause representing  
    Are soldiers of Christ, and His Gospel proclaim,  
Each day by their faithful endeavour cementing  
    The links of the League, thro' the power of His Name ;  
This Fortress affords us a loving protection,  
    A refuge and watch-tower, a shelter and stay—  
It leads in the path of divinest direction,  
    For Christ goes before us to show us the way.

We strive to exalt, by His loving example,  
    The ranks of our Order, the cause of the Right  
With charity, meekness, and sympathy ample,  
    Thro' faith in the Lord and the strength of His might ;  
To care for the needy in ev'ry condition,  
    To comfort the sorrowing, strengthen the weak,  
Fulfilling each task as a part of their mission—  
    For this do we earnestly, prayerfully seek :

To grow daily stronger in zeal and in knowledge,  
Increasing in wisdom, with intellect broad,  
To learn of His truths in His spiritual College—  
The Church of the Living Omnipotent God ;  
To sit at His feet with a childlike submission,  
And learn of His teachings like Mary of old,  
Forsaking each sin with sincerest contrition,  
While under His banner our names are enrolled.

Oh, League of the Church! let our aim be to follow  
Our glorious Captain, wherever He leads,  
For life in itself is but futile and hollow,  
And only His grace can suffice for our needs :  
Look up! let His goodness and gentleness guide us!  
Lift up those who falter and faint by the way,  
His love is the Fortress to shelter and hide us,  
Support and sustain us by night and by day.

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

“ LOOK UP.”

Look up, not down! Do you mind how the tree-tops  
Rejoice in sunlight denied to its roots?  
And hear how the lark gazing sky-ward is filling  
All earth with its song, while the ground-bird is mute?

Look out, not in! See the sap rushing upward—  
In leaf, bud and blossom all winter it lay  
Imprisoned, while earth wore a white desolation:  
Now nature is glad with the beauty of May.

Look forward, not back! 'Tis the chant of creation,  
The chime of the seasons as onward they roll;  
'Tis the pulse of the world—'tis the hope of the ages,  
'Tis the voice of the Lord in the depths of the soul.

Lend a hand! Like the sun that turns night into morning,  
The moon that guides the storm-driven sailors to land;  
Ah! life were worth living with this for its watch-word  
Look up, out, and forward, and each lend a hand.

“LIFT UP.”

THE brightest and best things we ever have known  
Exalted positions maintain;  
The mighty Creator who sits on His throne  
A Sovereign Omniscient to reign—  
The sun with his radiance shining afar,  
The moon with her silvery light,  
And each little beautiful glittering star—  
All stand on a wonderful height.

The cloud with its dew-drops to moisten the earth,  
The wind that is mighty and strong,  
And e'en the glad zephyrs have God-given birth,  
And move with the heavenly throng;  
The eagle soars up to her nest in the sky  
On pinions majestic and broad,  
While ocean's great thundering billows leap high—  
As if they were reaching for God.

The mountains and hills stretch away to the skies,  
The trees fling their branches above,  
And mutely the heart of the universe cries—  
“We seek the great heights of God's love!”  
“Lift up!” calls the voice of the woodlands and dells,  
“O, flowers break out of the sod!  
Lift up your fresh leaflets and blossoming bells;  
Look upward to Heaven and God!”

The intellect seeks greater heights to attain,  
And broadens and widens its scope,  
The law to make simple, the truth to make plain—  
Let this be its aim and its hope ;  
Progression and science are pushing the world—  
“Lift up!” is the cry they repeat,  
And, Onward and Upward are banners unfurled—  
The prizes for which we compete.

The heart's true affections turn ever above,  
And Heaven this lesson doth teach—  
He loves the most nobly who centres his love  
Beyond where his visions can reach !  
The sympathy, kindness, and goodness that hold  
Within us their magical sway—  
These are the upliftings whose sweetness shall fold  
Our hearts, till they bloom like the May.

The Soul leans her faith and her trust in the Lord  
And rising from bodily care  
She soars, by the promise of faith in His Word,  
To heights that are measured by prayer ;  
She sits at the feet of the Father of All,  
She learns with submission His will,  
From where she has climbed we can hear her sweet call  
“Come up, there is room higher still!”



O watchword of strength! let us lift to the Cross  
The penitent, weary and worn—  
Lift up from their sorrow, their pain and their loss  
The hearts that are bleeding and torn ;  
Lift up from temptation, from doubting and sin  
From evil despair, and from woe  
The souls that are lacking God's glory within—  
That purity whiter than snow.

Lift up! do each deed in the name of your Lord,  
Nor let your faith ever grow dim—  
Each cup of cold water shall have its reward  
If given to glorify Him :  
With patient enduring, and resolute trust  
Press on, never falter nor fail ;  
Be gentle and earnest, be prayerful and just,  
Remember that right will prevail !

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

## SUN OF MY SOUL.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near to bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

*Keble.*



Brundage



“THE LORD IS GRACIOUS, AND FULL OF COMPASSION; SLOW TO ANGER, AND OF  
GREAT MERCY.”

*Psalm cxlv. 8.*

Jesus, my strength, my hope!  
On Thee I cast my care;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my prayer;  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;  
On Thee—almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord!  
Shall surely come from Thee;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

I want a sober mind,  
    A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind,  
    The baits of pleasing ill ;  
A soul inured to pain,  
    To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
    The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,  
    A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
    And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
    And armed with jealous care ;  
For ever standing on its guard,  
    And watching unto prayer.

*Charles Wesley.*



FREEMAN





## THE OFFERING.

No more my own, Lord Jesus ;  
Bought with Thy precious Blood,  
I give Thee but Thine own, Lord,  
That long Thy love withstood.

I give the life Thou gavest,  
My present, future, past,  
My joys, my fears, my sorrows,  
My first hope and my last.

I give Thee up my weakness,  
That oft distrust hath bred,  
That Thy indwelling power  
May thus be perfected.

I give the love the sweetest  
Thy goodness grants to me ;  
Take it and make it meet, Lord,  
For offering to Thee.

Smile ! and the very shadows  
In Thy blest light shall shine ;  
Take Thou, my heart, Lord Jesus,  
For Thou hast made it Thine.

Thou know'st my soul's ambition,  
For Thou hast changed its aim ;  
(The world's reproach I fear not,)  
To share a Saviour's shame :

Outside the camp to suffer ;  
Within the Vail to meet,  
And hear Thy softest whisper  
From out the Mercy-seat.

Thou bear'st me on Thy bosom,  
Amidst Thy jewels worn,  
Upon Thy hands deep graven,  
By arms of love upborne,

Rescued from sin's destruction,  
Ransomed from death and hell ;  
Complete in Thee, Lord Jesus :  
Thou hast done all things well.

Oh, deathless love that bought me !  
Oh, price beyond my ken !  
Oh, Life that hides my own life  
E'en from my fellow-men !

Now fashion, form, and fill me  
With light and love Divine ;  
So, *ONE* with Thee, Lord Jesus,  
I'm Thine—forever Thine !

*Anna Shipton.*

"ALL THINGS ARE MADE BY HIM."

*St. John i. 3.*

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

*Mrs. Alexander.*

"AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE, AND THEY NEED NO CANDLE, NEITHER LIGHT  
OF THE SUN, FOR THE LORD GOD GIVETH THEM LIGHT."

*Revelations xxii. 5.*

A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

*Horatius Bonar.*

"FORSAKE ME NOT, O LORD, O MY GOD ; BE NOT FAR FROM ME."

*Psalm xxxviii. 21.*

Forsake me not : though fast the night is falling,  
And shadows gather in the darkened sky,  
I cannot fear, when Thou, O God, art calling,  
I cannot fall when Thy kind arms are nigh.  
Stay Thou with me ! be Thou my refuge ever,  
My strength, my all—whatever be my lot !  
O bless me with Thy gracious love forever,  
And in the gloom of night forsake me not.

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

## PRECIOUS PROMISES.

“My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” *Phil.* iv. 19.

“My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.” *2 Cor.* xii. 9.

“In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.” *Prov.* iii. 6.

“Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart.” *Ps.* xxvii. 14.

“He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.” *Matt.* xxiv. 13.

“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” *Luke* xi. 9.

“Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.” *Is.* xxvi. 3.

“Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.” *Rom.* vi. 14.

“I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” *2 Cor.* vi. 17, 18.

“Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time.” *1 Pet.* v. 6.

## PRESS ON.

Press on! there's no such word as fail;  
Press nobly on! the goal is near;  
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!  
Look upward, onward,—never fear!  
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles above  
Though storm and vapour intervene;  
That Sun shines on, whose name is Love,  
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! what though upon the ground  
Thy love has been poured out like rain?  
That happiness is always found  
The sweetest, that is born of pain.  
Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms  
A bird sings from some blighted tree;  
And in the dreariest desert blooms  
A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the goal,  
And gain the prize, and wear the crown.  
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul  
Come wealth and honour and renown.  
To thine own self be true, and keep  
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil:  
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap  
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

*Park Benjamin.*

## NOW.

Rise!—for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on ;  
The others have buckled their armour,  
And forth to the fight have gone ;  
A place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has some part to play ;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—  
Of gaining some hard-fought field ;  
Of storming some airy fortress,  
Of bidding some giant yield ;  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honour,—God grant it may !  
But your arm will never grow stronger,  
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! If the past detains you,  
Her sunshine and storms forget,  
No chain so unworthy to hold you  
As those of vain regret ;  
Sad or bright she is lifeless for ever ;  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing ;  
The low sound that you scarcely hear  
Is the enemy marching to battle—  
Arise! for the foe is near ;  
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last,  
When from dreams of coming battle,  
You may wake to find it past!

*Adelaide A. Proctor.*



## ABOUNDING IN HOPE.

Hope, Christian soul! in every stage  
Of this thine earthly pilgrimage  
Let heavenly joy thy thoughts engage—  
Abound in Hope.

Hope! though thy lot be want and woe,  
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow,  
Thy Saviour's lot was such below—  
Abound in Hope.

Hope! for to all who meekly bear  
His cross, He gives His crown to wear;  
Abasement here is glory there—  
Abound in Hope.

Hope! though thy dear ones round thee die,  
Behold with Faith's illumined eye  
Their deathless home beyond the sky—  
Abound in Hope.

Hope! for upon that happy shore  
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,  
And friends shall meet to part no more—  
Abound in Hope.

Hope through the watches of the night:  
Hope till the morrow bring the light:  
Hope till thy faith be lost in sight—  
Abound in Hope.

*Kennedy.*

GRACE DIVINE WILL PASS YOU THROUGH.

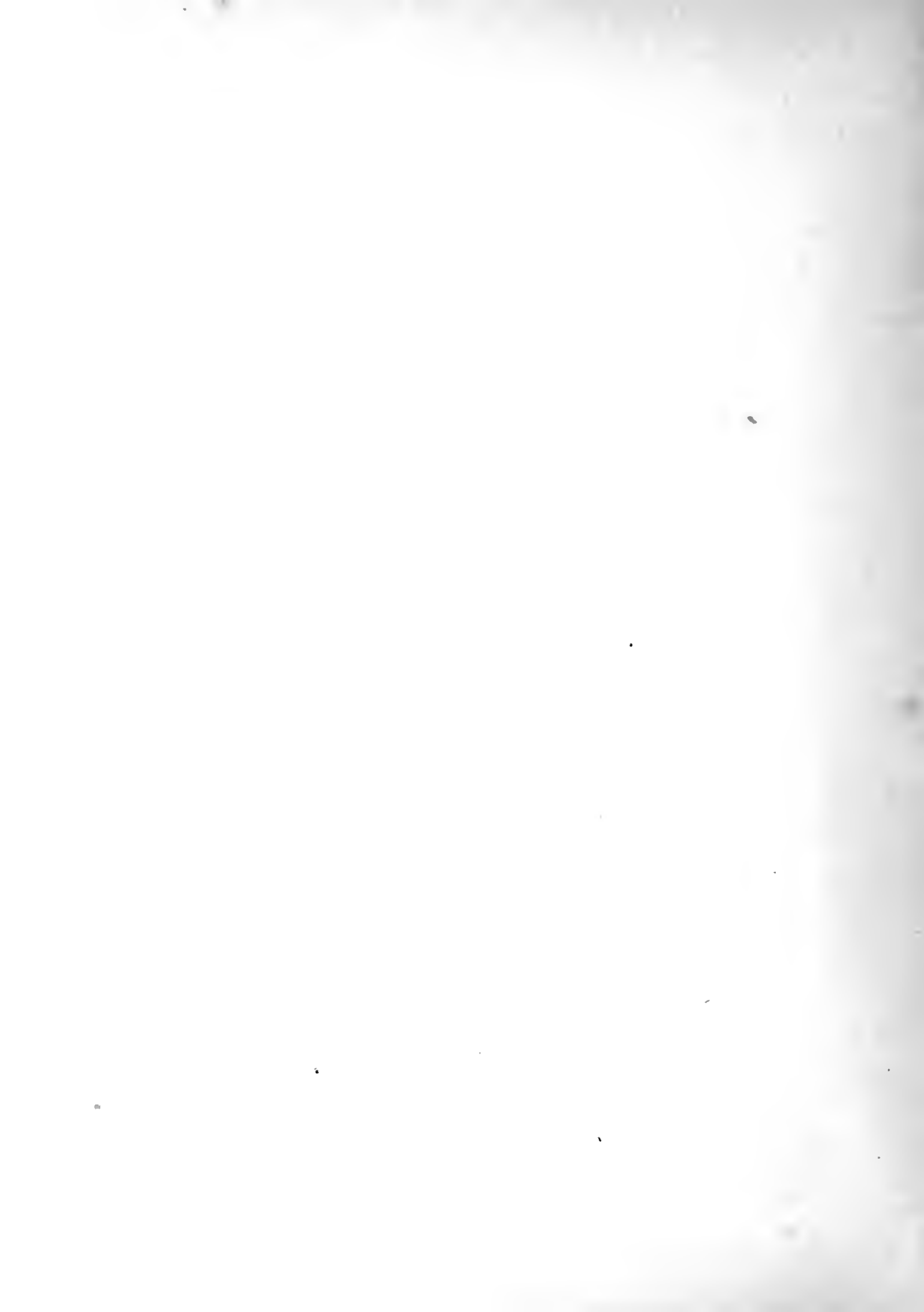
Come, ye weary ones who languish,  
At the Cross your burden roll ;  
Ye who mourn in bitter anguish  
Here is healing for your soul.  
At the Cross, oh sin-sick mortal,  
There is room enough for you,  
Jesus opens wide the portal,  
Grace divine will pass you through.

Tho' you've scorned the Fount of blessing  
Flowing broad and full and free,  
Dare to come, your guilt confessing,  
Making Christ your only plea ;  
Come, there yet is time to enter,  
Ever keep the Cross in view,  
Heaven your Home and Christ its Centre,  
Grace divine will pass you through.

Come, oh soul, life's shadows falling,  
Whisper of the coming night,  
Hear the voice of Jesus calling—  
“Come to Me, I am the Light!”  
Oh, reject His plea no longer,  
See the gate ajar for you!  
Sin is strong, but Christ is stronger,  
Grace divine will pass you through.

*Ida Scott Taylor.*





## EARNEST LONGINGS.

Purer yet and purer I would be in mind,  
Dearer yet and dearer every duty find ;  
Hoping still, and trusting God without a fear,  
Patiently believing He will make it clear :

Calmer yet and calmer trial bear and pain,  
Surer yet and surer peace at last to gain ;  
Suffering still and doing, to His will resigned,  
And to God subduing heart and will and mind ;

Higher yet and higher out of clouds and night,  
Nearer yet and nearer rising to the light—  
Light, serene, and holy, where my soul may rest,  
Purified, and lowly, sanctified and blest ;

Quicker yet and quicker ever onward press,  
Firmer yet and firmer step as I progress :  
Oft these earnest longings swell within my breast ;  
Yet their inner meaning ne'er can be expressed.

## HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on  
By paths we do not know,  
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,  
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,  
    Yet when the clouds are gone  
    We know He leads us on.

He leads us on  
Through all the unquiet years;  
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and fears  
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze  
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days  
    We know His will is done;  
    And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,  
After the weary strife—  
After the restless fever we call life—  
After the dreariness, the aching pain,  
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain.  
    After our toils are past—  
    Will give us rest at last.

*Anon.*

## DEWS OF GRACE.

“God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.”  
*2 Cor. ix. 8.*

“By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.”  
*Eph. ii. 8.*

“Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.”  
*2 Tim. ii. 1.*

“By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.”  
*Rom. v. 2.*

“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”  
*Heb. iv. 16.*

“God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.”  
*1 Pet. v. 5.*

“Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.”  
*Rom. v. 20.*

“That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.”  
*Rom. v. 21.*

“Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.”  
*2 Cor. viii. 9.*

“ I WILL LOOK UNTO THE LORD : I WILL WAIT FOR THE GOD OF MY SALVATION ”

*Micah vii. 7.*

Where He leads me I will follow—  
Follow closely at His side,  
And within the Mighty shelter  
Of His shadow I will hide ;  
Where He bids me wait, nor murmur,  
Till He comes again for me  
I shall stay with glad submission—  
Question not when it shall be.

*I. S. T.*

“ TRUST YE IN THE LORD FOR EVER ; FOR IN THE LORD JEHOVAH IS EVERLASTING  
STRENGTH.”

*Isa. xxvi. 4.*

Safe in His hands, whom seas obey,  
When swelling billows rise ;  
Who turns the darkest night to day,  
And brightens lowering skies :  
Though thy corruptions rise abhorred,  
And outward foes increase ;  
'Tis but for Him to speak the word,  
And all is hushed to peace.

*Hymns of the Ages.*



“THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY REFUGE, AND UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS.”

*Deut. xxxiii. 27.*

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told.

*J. G. Whittier.*

“THEY THAT TRUST IN THE LORD SHALL BE AS MOUNT ZION, WHICH CANNOT BE  
REMOVED, BUT ABIDEITH FOR EVER.”

*Ps. cxxv. 1.*

To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

*Madame Guyon.*

“LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD.”

*Matt. xxviii. 20.*

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

*Lyt.*

“COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD: TRUST ALSO IN HIM; AND HE SHALL BRING  
IT TO PASS.” *Ps. xxxvii. 5.*

Saviour, I follow on,  
Guided by Thee,  
Seeing not yet the hand  
That leadeth me;  
Hushed be my heart and still,  
Fear I no further ill,  
Only to meet Thy will  
My will shall be.

*Robinson.*

“I WAIT FOR THE LORD, MY SOUL DOTH WAIT, AND IN HIS WORD DO I HOPE.”  
*Ps. cxxx. 5.*

I would be joyful as my days go by,  
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore  
Life's heaviest cross is mine for evermore,  
And I who wait His coming, shall not I  
On His sure word rely?  
And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,  
Be heavy for the grief He sends to me,  
Or at my waking I would only weep,  
Let me remember these are things to be,  
To work His blessed will until He come  
And take my hand, and lead me safely home.

*A. D. F. Randolph.*



FRED HINES



“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”

Thou, Lord, my path shalt choose,  
And my Guide be!  
What shall I fear to lose  
While I have Thee?  
This be my portion blest,  
On my Redeemer's breast,  
In peaceful trust to rest:  
He cares for me!

Shall I, then, choose my way?  
Never, oh, no!  
I, a creature of a day,  
What can I know?  
What dread perplexity,  
Then would encompass me;  
Now I can look to Thee,  
Thou orderest so!

This lightens every cross,  
Cheers every ill:  
Suffer I grief or loss,  
It is Thy will!  
Who can make no mistake,  
Chooseth the way I take;  
He who can ne'er forsake,  
Holds my hand still!

Sweet words of peace and love  
Christ whispers me!  
Bearing my soul above  
Life's troubled sea!  
This be my portion blest,  
On my Redeemer's breast  
In peaceful trust to rest:  
He cares for me!

Christ died my love to win,  
Christ is my tower!  
He will be with me in  
Each trying hour!  
He makes the wounded whole,  
He will my heart console,  
He will uphold my soul  
By His own power

To Thee, the only Wise,  
Whatever be,  
I will lift up mine eyes  
Joyful in Thee!  
This be my portion blest,  
On my Redeemer's breast  
In peaceful trust to rest:  
He cares for me!

*From the German.*

“THE LORD IS NIGH UNTO THEM THAT CALL UPON HIM.”

*Ps. cliv. 18.*

Jesu! to Thee I call,  
Fast to Thy cross I cling;  
Oh! may Thy drops of precious blood  
To me redemption bring.

If aught amiss should dwell  
Within this heart of mine,  
Wash out the stain with Thine own love,  
And make me wholly Thine.

No earthly rival there  
Shall then compete with Thee;  
The Saviour who redeemed mankind  
Will be enough for me.

Jesu! to Thee I call,  
Fast to Thy cross I cling,  
Oh! may I share Thy joys above,  
And there Thy praises sing.

*Alfred Ernest Richings.*

## ONE DAY AT A TIME.

We live but one day at a time ;  
And what tho' it be cloudy or bright,  
If we live it God's way  
In the end it will pay,  
For His way cannot help but be right.

We live but one day at a time ;  
There are trials and cares to be met,  
But our peace is secure  
If we calmly endure—  
Leaving nothing behind to regret.

We live but one day at a time ;  
For the past has been taken away ;  
Let us look not behind  
To the errors we find,  
For our work is the work of To-day.

We live but one day at a time ;  
With the future we've nothing to do,  
Life's web we must weave  
From the morn till the eve,  
And its threads should be even and true.

We live but one day at a time,  
With its hopes, and its joys, and its fears ;  
Let us live it our best—  
It will bring sweeter rest  
At the close of our harvest of years!

*Ida Scott Taylor.*



## GENTLE WORDS.

Oh, the words that move the spirit  
Are the tender words of love,  
For they win the heart by kindness,  
And they lift the soul above ;  
Ev'ry word so fitly spoken  
In some heedless heart may grow,  
And may bear a fruitful harvest  
As the seasons come and go.

You may whisper words of comfort  
That will hope and faith renew,  
You may drop a gentle warning,  
That will keep a whole life true ;  
You may touch a soul by mildness,  
And by words of love and cheer,  
That would never yield or soften  
'Neath a cruel scoff or jeer.

A persuasive word or message  
Bidding wanderers cease to roam,  
May redeem a soul from sorrow  
And may lead the lost one home :  
Like a heavenly benediction  
Falling softly from above,  
Thrills the sympathetic kindness  
Through the words of hope and love.

*Martha C. Oliver*

## CHARITY.

“But of words or deeds of others, judge nothing rashly ; neither do thou entangle thyself with things not entrusted unto thee.”

*Thomas à Kempis.*

“The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enamelling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows ; they are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.”

*G. Bancroft.*

“Large charity doth never soil, but only whitens soft white hands.”

*J. R. Lowell.*

“Charity is that rational and constant affection which makes us sacrifice ourselves to the human race, as if we were united with it, so as to form one individual, partaking equally in its adversity and prosperity.”

*Confucius.*

“In every relation of life we must bear and forbear ; we must not expect perfection, and each party should carry the cloak of charity for the other.”

*Rev. M. Huggins.*

“There is a debt of mercy and pity, of charity and compassion, of relief and succour, due to human nature, and payable from one man to another ; and such as deny to pay it to the distressed in the time of their abundance, may justly expect it will be denied themselves in a time of want.”

*W. Burkitt.*

“I never knew a child of God being bankrupted by his benevolence. What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to keep.”

*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

Give words, kind words to those who err ;  
Remorse doth need a comforter.  
    Though in temptation's wiles they fall,  
    Condemn not—we are sinners all.  
With the sweet charity of speech,  
Give words that heal, and words that teach.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

“In all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, I have remarked that courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones that strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.”

*Henry Clay.*

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
Or is thy heart oppressed with woe untold?  
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
    Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.

*Charles Wilcox.*

## SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! it is better far  
    To rule by love than fear.  
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar  
    The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low  
    The vows that true hearts bind!  
And gently friendship's accents flow ;  
    Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
    Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through this life as best they may  
    'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,  
    Grieve not the careworn heart.  
The sands of life are nearly run.  
    Let such in peace depart.





Speak gently, kindly, to the poor :  
Let no harsh tone be heard ;  
They have enough they must endure  
Without an unkind word !

Speak gently to the erring—know  
How frail are all ! how vain !  
Perchance unkindness made them so,  
Oh ! win them back again.

Speak gently—'Tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

## THORNS.

Isn't it hard to be patient,  
To be kind and good and true,  
And to do to others always  
Just as they should do to you?  
Isn't it hard to be gentle,  
And to keep from being cross,  
Bearing with a calm endurance  
Ev'ry bitter pain and loss?

Isn't it hard to be willing  
To do just the things you hate—  
Clasping with a cheerful greeting,  
Heartily, the hand of Fate?  
Isn't it hard to be happy,  
Tho' you may be ill and poor?  
To be filled with true contentment,  
And to wish for nothing more?

Isn't it hard to be longing  
For the good that you might do,  
When your neighbour has the vineyard  
That would be so much to you?  
Isn't it hard to be gladsome,  
When the way is long and drear  
That your weary feet must travel,  
And no resting place is near?



Isn't it hard to be singing,  
When your heart is full of pain?  
When the future shows no brightness  
And your tears drop down like rain?  
Isn't it hard to be smiling  
'Mid the cold world's jeers and scorns,  
And when reaching for life's roses  
Find alone the piercing thorns?

Isn't it hard to be plodding  
When you truly need to rest?  
And to have your neighbour tell you  
Other work would suit you best?  
Isn't it hard to be loving  
Where you do not love at all?  
And to bear life's burdens bravely  
When you nearly sink and fall?

Isn't it hard to be hopeful  
When the tempest rages high,  
And the mighty storm-king thunders  
Like a monster in the sky?  
Isn't it hard to be helpful  
Where you owe a lasting grudge,  
And, when seeing others' failings,  
To forgive, and cease to judge?

Isn't it hard to be Christ-like,  
And to give the good for bad ?  
To rejoice when others prosper,  
Or to weep when they are sad ?  
Isn't it hard to speak softly  
That you may not wound a heart-  
That you may not give a sorrow  
Or induce a tear to start ?

Isn't it hard to be humble  
Where you have some gift to praise ?  
Or to walk still near the Saviour  
'Mid temptation's luring ways ?  
Isn't it hard to remember  
To be careful not to say  
Anything to turn our neighbour  
From the Gates of Gold away ?

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

"LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT WORK." *James i. 4.*

Oh! lose not courage, weary heart!  
Forth to the work anew!  
Through tears and toil the Master trod;  
So must His servants true.  
'Tis those who sow the seed, and weep,  
Whom He has said shall doubtless reap.

*Georgiana M. Taylor.*

"O LORD, MY GOD, IN THEE DO I PUT MY TRUST." *Ps. vii. 1.*

Leave God to order all thy ways,  
And trust in Him whate'er betide;  
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days  
A very present help and guide;  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on a rock that naught can move.

*Anon.*

"GOD IS WITH THEE WHITHRESOEVER THOU GOEST!" *Josh. i. 9*

Nor will He e'er forsake me,  
Though sometimes weak am I,  
My faith is strong and steadfast,  
My hope can never die;  
Without my blessed Jesus  
All else would fruitless prove,  
But with His welcome presence  
Is peace, and joy, and love.

*I. S. T.*

HOLD ON, HOLD IN, HOLD OUT.

Hold on, my heart, in thy believing!  
The steadfast only wins the crown.  
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,  
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;  
But he who Jesus holds through all  
Shall stand, though heaven and earth shall fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, heaven arraiging!  
The patient see God's loving face:  
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,  
'Tis they that win the Father's grace;  
He wounds himself who bears the rod,  
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold out! there comes an end to sorrow,  
Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;  
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;  
The Cross points on to Paradise.  
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;  
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

*Schmacke.*

## A CHAPLET OF PEARLS.

“The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal,  
The Lord knoweth them that are His.” *2 Tim. ii. 19.*

“The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants : and none  
of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.” *Ps. xxxiv. 22.*

“The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His  
ears are open unto their cry.” *Ps. xxxiv. 15.*

“The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep  
you from evil.” *2 Thess. iii. 3.*

“Seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink,  
neither be ye of doubtful mind ; rather seek ye the kingdom  
of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.”  
*Luke xii. 29-31.*

“If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and  
take up his cross and follow Me.” *Matt. xvi. 24.*

“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only  
begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not  
perish, but have everlasting life.” *John iii. 16.*

“Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath  
given Himself for us.” *Eph. v. 2.*

“They have washed their robes, and made them white in  
the blood of the Lamb ; therefore are they before the throne of  
God.” *Rev. vii. 14, 15.*

ONE AMONG MANY.

'Mid the countless constellations  
    Thronging all the Milky Way,  
Could we miss one star among them  
    Should it chance to go astray?  
Would there be a lesser glory  
    In the fair, celestial blue?  
Would there be a dim reflection  
    Where the light had filtered through?

Ah! our earthly comprehension  
    Cannot grasp such things as these;  
Yet the Mighty One that made them  
    Ev'ry falling trembler sees;  
And He counts the starry pilgrims  
    As they glitter in the sky,  
And not one of them could vanish  
    Or escape His loving eye.

In the world's great human army  
    With its gathered ranks in line—  
Like the countless stars in number  
    That within the heavens shine—  
Should a soldier fall and perish,  
    When amid the din and strife,  
Would we know it, would we miss him  
    From the daily walks of life ?

I am one among the many  
    Like the star; and little space  
Do I hold in life's great army;—  
    Yet I have my 'lotted place;  
And when sometime I shall vanish  
    And my earthly light grow dim,  
Though the busy world forget me—  
    *God will know I shone for Him!*

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

## A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road ;  
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears  
are dim,

There's naught can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest ;  
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home upon His breast ;  
And He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love,  
"I am coming soon to take thee to My happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see ;  
And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know He's wanting me.  
He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own,  
And He can't forget His promise, to me, His purchased one.

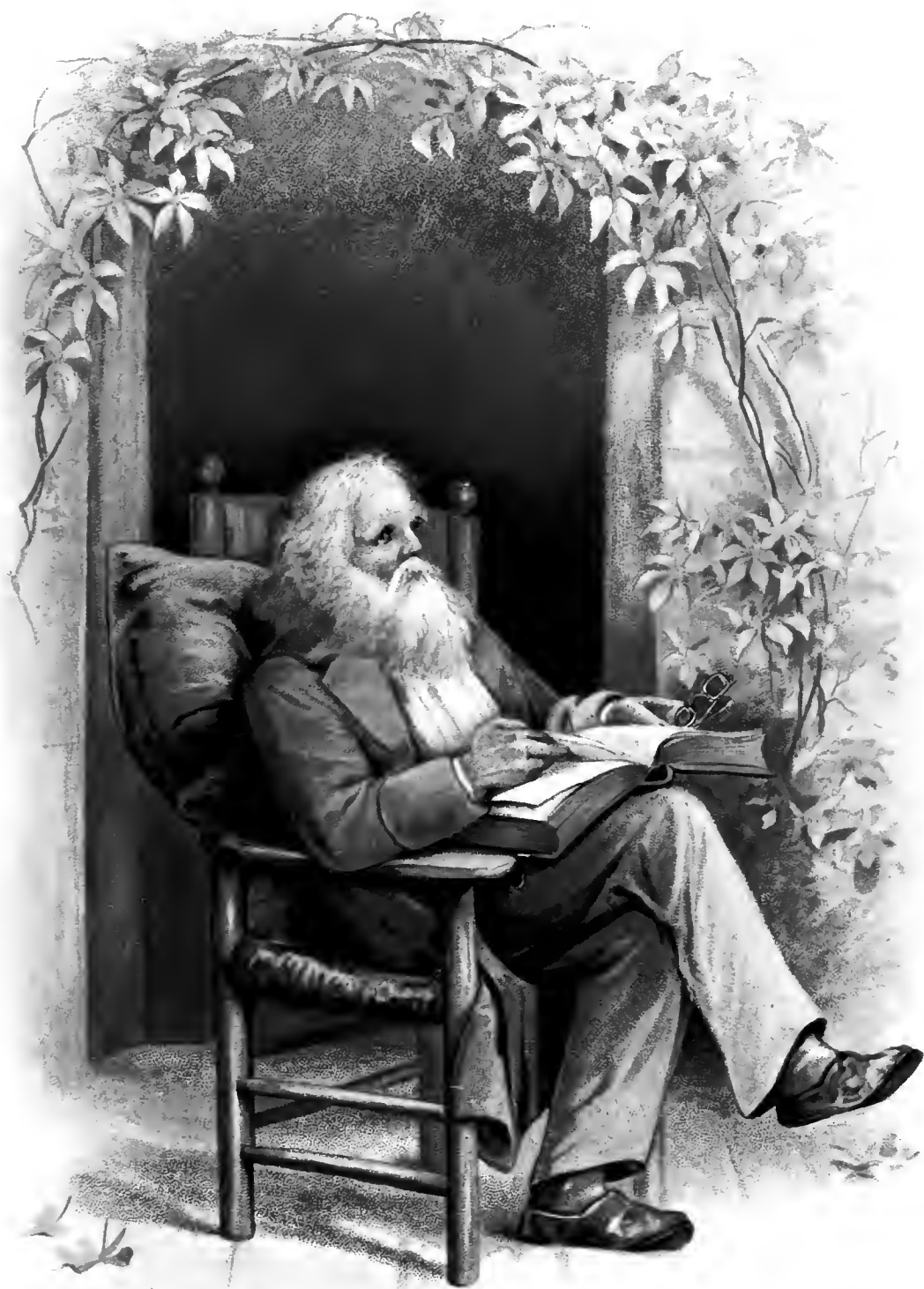
I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime,  
But a little talk with Jesus will while away the time ;  
And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore,  
It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I if I could ;  
He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food.  
He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare ;  
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time,  
And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine ;  
Then in my Father's dwelling, where "many mansions" be,  
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He shall talk with me.

*Anon.*





res. Brendon.



“LET ISRAEL HOPE IN THE LORD : FOR WITH THE LORD ,THERE IS MERCY, AND  
WITH HIM IS PLENTEOUS REDEMPTION.”

*Ps. cxxx. 7.*

Thou hidden source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes.  
Secure I am if Thou be mine !  
And, lo ! from sin and grief and shame  
I hide me, Jesus ! in Thy name.

Jesus ! my all in all Thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The healing of my broken heart,  
In strife my peace, in loss my gain ;  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my glory and my crown :

In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness my almighty power,  
In bonds my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour ;  
No trouble can my soul appal :  
Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.

*Charles Wesley.*

## LOOK UP.

Look up, look up, my soul still higher  
On to the heavenly goal aspire,  
    On God's love ever leaning:  
Burst this dull earth's control, and wing  
Thy way where no clouds roll, and sing  
    Thy deep heart's inner meaning.

That though thy way be dark, and earth  
With ceaseless care do cark, till mirth  
    To thee no sweet strain singeth;  
Still hide thy life above, and still  
Believe that God is love; fulfil  
    Whatever lot He bringeth.

*Albert E. Evans.*

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,  
    Not by works that give thee world-renown,  
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,  
    Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,  
    Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,  
    And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

*Harriet Winslow Sewall.*

## THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

I know not the way I am going,  
    But well do I know my Guide;  
With a childlike trust I give my hand  
    To the mighty Friend by my side.  
The only thing that I say to Him,  
    As He takes it, is, "Hold it fast,  
Suffer me not to lose my way,  
    And bring me home at last."

As when some helpless wanderer,  
    Alone in an unknown land,  
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,  
    And leaves all else in his hand,—  
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach,  
    He who guides us may choose the way;  
Little we heed what path we take,  
    If nearer home each day.

*Anon.*

## CHRIST ALONE.

What are wealth and frail ambition  
    When compared with Jesus' love?  
What is life in high position  
    With no treasure stored above—  
What is ev'ry worldly thing  
Lacking Christ our Lord and King?

What are friends? for oft they grieve us  
    And our love is turned aside;  
Earthly joys will soon deceive us,  
    All but Christ may be denied—  
But with Him all else is dross,  
If we're clinging to His cross.

What is beauty? what is pleasure  
    But the brightness of an hour?  
What is life, but time's short measure—  
    Fading like a fragile flower?  
All things else will pass away,  
But the love of Christ will stay!

Oh, there's nothing worth our while, after all,  
*Christ alone!* in our helplessness we call;  
    For earth's treasures pass away  
    At the close of life's brief day  
And we've only Heaven and Christ, after all!

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

## GATHERED JEWELS.

“There are two little words in our language which I always admire—Try and Trust. You know not what you can or cannot effect until you try; and if you make your trials in the exercise of trust in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated.”

*Samuel Smiles.*

The heights of great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

*Longfellow.*

“Patience and strength are what we need; an earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.”

*Phillips Brooks.*

“Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm hand-shakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.”

*John Hall, D.D.*

HAVE HOPE! HAVE FAITH! HAVE LOVE!

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—  
Know this:—God rules the hosts of heaven.  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,  
But man, as man, thy brothers call;  
And scatter like the circling sun  
Thy charities on all.

*Schiller.*





FRED HINES



“PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS; FOR THIS IS THE WILL OF  
GOD IN CHRIST JESUS CONCERNING YOU.”

1 *Thess.* v. 17, 18.

Father! I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me:  
The changes that will surely come  
I do not fear to see;  
I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles  
And wipe the weeping eyes;  
A heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.

I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at Thy side,  
Content to fill a little space  
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
Among my blessings be,  
I'd have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee;  
More careful not to serve Thee much,  
But please Thee perfectly.

*Waring.*

“LET US HOLD FAST THE PROFESSION OF OUR FAITH WITHOUT WAVERING.”

*Heb. x. 23.*

O let not life's shadows make scars on the heart,  
Tho' youth, bloom, and beauty may early depart,  
But keep the soul pure as the wings of a dove,  
And let it be filled with God's goodness and love!

Be earnest, be true to yourselves and mankind!  
Of shadows and sorrows your share you will find;  
But strength shall be given to battle with each,  
There is not a heart which the Lord cannot reach.

Look not on the past: 'tis the future that wears  
A smile if you make it,——or burdensome cares;  
God gives us the marble, 'tis ours as we will  
To fashion our temple for good or for ill.

God grant that your temple untarnished may rise,  
And stand like a snow-drift of light in the skies,  
Where He, who is able, will tenderly bless,  
And make it a temple of true righteousness!

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

## SACRED THOUGHTS.

“Out of suffering comes the serious mind ; out of salvation, the grateful heart ; out of endurance, fortitude ; out of deliverance, faith.”

*Ruskin.*

If thou wouldst something noble do,  
Some line immortal trace,  
Then gather all thy greatest strength  
Into the smallest space.

*From the Greek.*

“Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God in them.”

*Flavel.*

A thousand years are as a single day  
To Him who doeth all things for the best ;  
Vex not thy soul, do what thou canst, and pray,  
And leave with Him the care of all the rest.

*Anon.*

Every day is a possibility  
Of doing things for Christ ;  
Every hour is an opportunity  
Whose value is unpriced ;—  
Every moment a mighty potency  
Which underlies our will ;  
Every second a gift of destiny  
God's glory to fulfil.

*I. S. T.*

## WALKING WITH GOD.

I care not where the vineyard lies,  
Nor what the work demands,  
Nor if my enemy despise  
The labour of my hands ;  
I only ask that God will lead  
My way thro' shadows dim,  
He knows the discipline I need,  
And I would walk with Him.

I care not what the world may say  
To lure me from my task,  
To learn my Father's chosen way  
Is all my heart would ask ;  
If I could only live aright  
My cup with joy would brim,  
And God will make each burden light  
If I but walk with Him.

I care not who my love may claim—  
The poor, the weak, or blind—  
I would but labour in His name  
Some helpless ones to find :  
My only prayer each day shall be,  
That He my lamp will trim,  
And light the torch of faith for me  
That I may walk with Him.

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

SAFE TO THE LAND.

I know not if the dark or bright  
    Shall be my lot ;  
If that wherein my hopes delight  
    Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years  
    Toil's heavy chain ;  
Or day or night, my meat be tears,  
    On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth  
    With smile and glee,  
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth  
    Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand  
    By breath divine,  
And on the helm there rests a hand  
    Other than mine.

One who has ever known to sail  
    I have on board ;  
Above the raging of the gale  
    I hear my Lord.

He holds me ; when the billows smite  
    I shall not fall ;  
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light :  
    He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land !  
    The end is this ;  
And then with Him go hand in hand,  
    Far into bliss.

*Henry Alford.*

## SUBMISSION.

My Jesus! as Thou wilt!  
Oh, may Thy will be mine;  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign;  
Through sorrow or through joy  
Conduct me as Thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus! as Thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear;  
Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

*Schmolk.*





FRED HINES



## HE KNOWETH.

The twilight falls, the night is near ;  
I fold my work away,  
And kneel to One who bends to hear  
The story of the day.

The old, old story ; yet I kneel  
To tell it at Thy call ;  
And cares grow lighter as I feel  
My Father knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,  
The joy, the grief, the loss,  
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,  
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all : I lean my head,  
My weary eyelids close ;  
Content and glad awhile to tread  
This path, since my God knows!

*Anonymous.*

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,—  
Alike they're needful for the flower ;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?  
Creator, I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to Thee ;  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine ;  
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.  
When falls the shadow cold of death  
I yet will sing with parting breath,  
As comes to me or shade or sun,  
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

*Sarah Flower Adams.*

"NOT WHAT I WILL, BUT WHAT THOU WILT." *St. Mark xiv. 36.*

Do what Thou wilt! yes, only do  
What seemeth good to Thee :  
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,  
It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt; or beating shower,  
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;  
Alike in still or stormy hour,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

"MY SOUL THIRSTETH FOR GOD, FOR THE LIVING GOD." *Psalm xlii. 2.*

Close by Thy side still may I keep  
Howe'er life's various current flow ;  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,  
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine,  
My longing heart implores Thy grace,  
Oh make me in Thy likeness shine !

"THE VOICE OF THE LORD IS UPON MANY WATERS." *Psalm xxix. 3.*

Voice of many waters  
From the heights above !  
Hushing, luring slowly,  
With its influence holy,  
With its song of love.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

## LET US LEAN UPON GOD.

In the night, in the storm, in the gloom,  
In the darkness of death and the tomb,  
In the shade, in the shine, in the bloom,  
    In the spring with its flower-dimpled sod ;  
In the fulness of sorrow and woe,  
In the dimness of teardrops that flow,  
In the time when the heart-tempests blow  
    Thro' it all, let us lean upon God !

In the wreck of our hopes and our fears,  
In the time when our joy disappears,  
In the dreams of our sad wasted years,  
    When in shadowy paths we have trod ;  
In the pulse-beats that number our days,  
In the winding regrets of our ways,  
In the soul-stirring anthems of praise,  
    Thro' it all, let us lean upon God !

In the star-shine that heralds the night,  
In the wrong that is stronger than right,  
In the hope that is only a blight,  
    When the sin-gates are luring and broad ;  
In the promise of joys that increase,  
In the trust of His pardon and peace,  
In the calm when our heart-ache shall cease,  
    Thro' it all, let us lean upon God !

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

## LOVE AND PITY.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my weary heart  
    All taken up by Thee?  
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove,  
The greatness of redeeming love,—  
    The love of Christ to me.

*Charles Wesley.*

Breathe thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,  
    But dwell not with stern anger on his fault:  
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;  
    Were that withdrawn, thou too wouldst swerve and halt.

Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke;  
    Feel as one member in another's pain;  
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,  
    And mighty and eternal is thy gain.

*Edmeston.*

The human heart asks love. But now I know  
    That my heart hath from Thee  
All real and full and marvellous affection,  
So near, so human! Yet Divine perfection  
    Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!  
    Thy love is enough for me.

*Frances R. Havergal.*

## NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,  
Spoken so low that only angels heard ;  
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—  
    These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,  
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain.  
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,  
To busy crowds, who scarcely pause to hear—  
    These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,  
Over soiled robes that once were pure and white ;  
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole—  
    These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladden all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth ;  
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat, like Mary, at the Master's feet—  
    These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord ! for in Thy city bright  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,  
And things long hidden from our gaze below  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know  
    These are not lost.

*Anon.*



## THE WILL OF GOD.

Our souls go too much out of self  
Into ways dark and dim ;  
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,  
Than we who seek for Him.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!  
For all my cares are Thine!  
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gayly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To Him no chance is lost ;  
God's will is sweeter to him, when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill ;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will!

*F. W. Faber.*

## SUBMISSION AND REST.

The camel, at the close of day,  
    Kneels down upon the sandy plain,  
To have his burden lifted off,  
    And rest to gain.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees  
    When daylight draweth to a close,  
And let thy Master lift the load,  
    And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou to-morrow meet,  
    With all to-morrow's work to do,  
If thou thy burden all the night  
    Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day,  
    To have his guide replace his load,  
Then rises up anew to take  
    The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,  
    That God may give thee daily care.  
Assured that He no load too great  
    Will make thee bear.

*Anonymous.*

## HEARTSEASE.

“He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.” *Isa. xl. 29.*

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.”

*Isa. xl. 31.*

“When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.” *Rom. v. 6.*

“Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.” *Ps. lxxiii. 7.*

“When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.” *Micah vii. 8.*

“The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long.” *Deut. xxxiii. 12.*

“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.” *John xiv. 1.*

“Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation.” *Ps. lxxii. 1.*

“My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.”

*Matt. xi. 30.*

“Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God.” *Isa. xli. 10.*

## CLOSER TO THEE.

Closer to Thee! Safe, safe in Thee to hide,  
There let me dwell whatever may betide ;  
No other strength or refuge standeth nigh,  
Thy love alone shall every need supply ;  
When friends shall fail and troubles press me sore,  
Dry every tear, Thy balm of healing pour,  
No earthly friend can help or comfort me,  
O Heart of Love, then let me cling to Thee !

Guard Thou my way, my falt'ring steps attend,  
Be Thou my Guide, my true and changeless Friend  
Strengthen my faith and make my trust complete,  
Come to my soul and hold communion sweet ;  
Be Thou my Light when darkness gathers fast,  
Comfort my heart until the night is past ;  
When morning breaks and darkling shadows flee  
Still let me lean my trembling soul on Thee.





Closer to Thee, in poverty or wealth ;  
Closer to Thee, in sickness or in health ;  
Though Thou shouldst send the bitter pain and loss,  
Still keep me near the shadow of Thy Cross ;  
Teach me Thy love in lessons pure and sweet ;  
Draw me, dear Lord, submissive to Thy feet ;  
Let me receive with patience Thy decree—  
Do what Thou wilt, but let me trust in Thee !

Give me Thy peace, when weary and oppressed,  
Calm ev'ry fear and soothe my troubled breast ;  
Speak to my soul when tempted oft and tried,  
Bid me in Thee be wholly satisfied ;  
Stay ever near in times of joy and mirth,  
Lest I forget how much my Lord is worth,  
Lest to the world's poor refuge I should flee,  
Help me, oh Lord, to hide myself in Thee !

Heart of my heart, when life's brief day is past,  
Safe lead me Home, and shelter me at last ;  
Draw me more near when failing sense and breath  
Mutely announce the sure approach of death ;  
Guide through the gloom, and speak in tender tone,  
Grant me by faith to trust in Christ alone ;  
Let me my King in all His beauty see—  
Close, closer yet my soul uplift to Thee !

*Ida Scott Taylor.*

## RESIGNATION.

Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live :  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.  
If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey ;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by His door.  
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see ;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days ;  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.  
My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

*Richard Baxter.*



