

TRUST IN JESUS.

Words by Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Music by J. H. TENNEY. By permission.

mp

1. May we al-ways trust in Je-sus; Will He he-ver, ne-ver fail us; Trust Him all the time,
Trust Him all the time;

dim. rit.

Trust Him ou the storm-y wa-ters, E-ven when our cour-age fal-ters, And our faith grows dim.
And our faith grows dim.

CHORUS. a tempo.

Yes, we'll e-ver trust in Je-sus; Sure of this, He ne'er will leave us When the cloud lies low;

cres.

In the dark-ness He is near-est, 'Tis the thought for e-ver dear-est That our hearts can know.

Trust Him in the deepest sorrow,
Trust Him with the cares of morrow,
At the set of sun;
Trust Him in the early dawning,
Trust Him in the glowing morning,
For the day begun.

Yes, we'll ever trust, etc.

Trust Him in the midday brightness,
When our hearts are filled with lightness,
And our cup runs o'er;
Trust Him when our tents we're leaving,
When the billows dark are heaving,
Till we reach the shore.

Yes, we'll ever trust, etc.

A GLORIOUS TERMINATION.

SERGEANT LAVERACK has written a book entitled "Straight Street," which we should like all our readers to see. It is most curious in its character, but the faithful warnings are timely, and greatly called for. After some 400 pages, describing the temptations and triumphs of those living in "The Street," the author goes on to say:—

"Enjoyment of God's favour and smile, methinks, ought to prompt us, not to sit idly down behind the gate, but to climb some of the higher heights where the wonders of creation and redeeming love may be seen to greater advantage, and where the grassy sward is greener, and the corn is yellower, and the water is deeper, and the air purer, and the sky clearer, and the prospect wider, and the golden hues richer, and the sunbeams the brighter, and the breeze is fresher, and the fruit the sweeter, and the words are kinder, and the music softer, and the faith stronger, and the experience riper, and the peace profounder, and the people are gentler, and actions are nobler, and the golden chain is drawn closer, and hearts and lives are holier, and the people are happier, and the joys are fuller, and the flame of love is hotter, and souls are humbler, and God is nearer.

"And unless we are progressing in the Divine life, it seems that we have but little taste for the sublime and pure. To sit down just over the border does not betoken much desire to possess the goodly heritage. To rest within the gate does not certainly evince much determination to take the kingdom by force. To take it coolly at the starting point does not indicate much desire to win the prize. To lie down under the juniper tree seems to prove that the journey at the very beginning is too great for you. To think that all your foes are slain when only a few of the worst have been wounded, is to covet and ensue defeat yourself. To think that,

because your head is well protected by the helmet of salvation, you can lay the breastplate of righteousness and the shield of faith aside, is to invite attack from the enemy by your unprotected state. To see the river of life dashing up its silvery spray, a few drops of which may possibly fall upon your parched soul, cannot be considered as wise and refreshing as to step into the life-giving stream and "drink abundantly." Just one taste of the luscious grapes of Eshcol, brought by friends from a distance, cannot be as satisfying as the precious clusters gathered by your own hands. To rest for an hour within the beautiful gate, cannot be compared to abiding within the sacred precincts of the magnificent temple itself. It may be a great blessing to be permitted to be an outer-court worshipper, but it cannot be compared to an entrance into the holiest of all. It is delightful to give utterance to the first note of praise from a new-born soul, but more delightful still to have the heart, like a well-strung instrument, ever making melody unto the Lord. It is blessed to catch one ray of heavenly light beaming from the countenance of our Redeemer, but more blessed still to dwell in those heavenly sunbeams. What joy we experienced when we first heard a word of comfort spoken by our blessed Lord! but who can describe the joy of those whose ears are ever attentive to His word? Blessed, indeed, is it to be in His presence for one hour, but it is not to be compared with leaning, like the beloved disciple, on Jean's breast. It is a glad some thing to have a solitary ray of light to illumine the dark abyss within, but not so glad some by a thousand degrees as to 'walk in the light, as he is in the light,' then 'we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' It is a blessed thing to have a place in the household of our God, even as servants, but how much more blessed is it to 'receive the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirit, that