

And since I first was brought so near
 The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
 I think that it has grown more clear
 And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the golden gate
 Unfolding yet to welcome me;
 I cannot yet anticipate
 The joy of heaven's jubilee;

But I will calmly watch and pray
 Until I hear my Saviour's voice
 Calling my happy soul away,
 To see His glory, and rejoice.

“ALL, ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE.”

“When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou
 knewest my path.”

MY GOD, whose gracious pity I may claim,
 Calling Thee Father—sweet, endearing
 name!

The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
 All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
 Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
 But oh! the thought does tranquillise and heal—
 All, all is known to Thee.