

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

\$1.50 per Annum.

OTTAWA, MONTREAL, TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

Single Copies, 5 Cents.

HE CARETH FOR ME.

What can it mean? Is it aught to him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can he be touched by the grief I bear,
Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair?
About his throne are eternal calms,
And the strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife.
How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me
While I live in this world where sorrows be!
When the lights lie down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When the shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do,
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that heart above,
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for he is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bows me down he bears,
And loves and pardons because he cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our father stoops from his throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for he is nigh,
Can it be trouble, which He doth share?
O rest in peace, for the Lord will care!