

THE

# Expositor of Holiness.

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For the EXPOSITOR.

## TWILIGHT.

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How calm the length'ning shadows rest,  
At close of Sabbath-day,  
On Nature's dear old furrowed face,  
And smoothe her cares away.

So to my weary heart there comes  
A sweetly peaceful shade,  
That wraps within its calm embrace  
Like murmuring brook in glade.

Thy loving hand my shade imparts,  
My Saviour and my Friend ;

LONDON.

Thy care, my rock and shadow are  
My covert to defend.

So resting, sheltered safe in Thee,  
Each eastern wind that blows,  
And summer's every scorching ray,  
Is tempered to repose.

And gently o'er my spirit comes  
This sweetest Sabbath calm,  
Like perfume of a summer rose,  
Or music of a psalm.

B. B.

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## "CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM."

1 Peter v. 7.

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H. W. B.

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What! *all* our burdens—every little trial—  
The cares that seem so very, very small?  
We know that heavy griefs He soothes and lightens,  
But does He note, and will He carry all?

When at our waking everything seems dreary,  
And all day long our spirits are at strife  
With little, never-ending, ever-changing  
Annoyances that fill the thread of Life.

And when we do our best, yet fail of pleasing,  
And they to whom our very lives are given,  
So little comprehend, so little heed us—  
Do *these* things touch the heart of Christ in heaven?

And may we tell Him all things, nor offend Him?  
Will He not weary of our ceaseless 'plaint?  
And does He care to have us bring before Him  
Our *every need* with childlike unconstraint?