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SURRENDER.

A traveller in a desert wide,
Lost on the trackless plain:
A sailor without chart or guide,
Upon the stormy main:
A sheep amid the mountain's bleak,
No shelter where to flee,
Was I, till Jesus came to seek,
And found and rescued me:
Now take me, Lord, and make me. Lord,
What Thou wouldst have me be:

From desert drear He led me home,
And made my wand'rings cease:
He was my beacon o'er the foam
Unto the port of peace.
From mountain top He heard my cry,
And drew me to His breast:
For tearfulness he gave me joy,
For weariness sweet rest:
Now take me, Lord, and make me. Lord,
To be what seemeth best:

No lofty place my worth can fill,
No merit hath the clay:
But to be moulded by His will.
With Him my life I lay.
The coming days, if dark or light,
His eye alone can see: