

Thou art the partner of my life,
And dost direct me in the strife ;
In business cares or social glee,
I'm always safe because of Thee.

If small my faith and weak my will,
The Holy One remains there still ;
And as in purpose I am true,
The Victor always takes me through.

5 **Abrahamic Faith.**

[Tune, EVAN.]

No written word, no church divine
Had faithful Abraham ;
No human laws could him confine,
Though writ in prose or psalm.

With faith's keen eye, his God was seen ;
He knew his Lord was near,
And spake Him back, with lordly mien,
As friend to friend most dear.

His voice once heard, he could dispense,
With every doubt and fear,
With seer, with book, with common sense,
Rivals, to moderns, dear.

'Twas common sense to hear God's call,
To hear, then to obey ;
Book, seer and sense, he had them all,
When once he took God's way.

Faith in God's voice we too can show,
Since it to us is given ;
Like him of old, we then shall grow
True favorites of Heaven.

6 **Knowledge of Salvation.**

[Tune, BOYLSTON.]

I know I love the Lord,
I know I do His will,
For He is now my constant guard
And all my cares are still.

My fears and doubts are gone,
My faith claims victory,
For all my hopes are built upon
The Lamb of Calvary.

My steps of Him are led,
Who manifests the Son,
By Him of whom the Saviour said
He would show things to come.

And thus I wend my way
Through life's entangled maze.
Content alone to hear Him say
My eye doth on thee gaze.

Such blissful trust have I,
My love is undefiled,
For He who came down from the sky
Hath conflicts reconciled.

Who would not Jesus know ?
His Spirit now receive ;
For He will make all graces grow
And teach you how to live.

7

The Changed Life.

[Tune, ST. AGNES.]

To gaze upon Thy face, dear Lord,
Is my supreme delight ;
To know Thou art my friend meanwhile,
Gladdens my every thought.

Time seems to lag, to cease its flow,
Eternity's begun ;
Whilst thus I dwell in thoughtful mood,
On Thee, Eternal Son.

And when I turn my eyes around,
And scan Thy works abroad ;
Still do I seem to gaze on Thee,
I'm present with my God.

E'en when my life I closely scan,
Lived at its best for Thee ;
Thy handiwork, it all appears,
Thyself, in it I see.

Like picture fair or landscape sweet,
Fresh from its Maker's hand ;
No spot or flaw is seen to mar
Or contrite tear demand.

Once 'twas not so, but every part
Was marred and blotched by me ;
Between us both, 'twixt mine and Thine
There was no harmony.

Hail Holy One ! by whom 'tis wrought,
Thou, who to me art given !
Companion of my happy hours !
Thou earnest sure of Heaven !

8

Peace.

[Tune, SWEET BYE-AND-BYE.]

There's a peace that is founded in God ;
Like a river its deep flowing stream ;
On its banks all true pilgrims have trod,
To its rest all the faithful have been.

CHORUS.

Oh ! this peace of the soul,
Which the Comforter now doth unfold,
Not while ages do roll,
Can its fulness in language be told.

To my heart this sweet peace is now giv'n,
Through the Spirit whom Jesus hath sent ;
Making earth like a foretaste of heaven,
And in rest all my life shall be spent.

Oh, the bliss of this rapturous peace,
Which the Lord grants the sons of His
love,
For its fulness of joy cannot cease
While on earth, or in heaven above.

But this peace is bequeathed to the few
Who the words of the Saviour obey ;
To the saints who are faithful and true,
To whatever the Spirit may say.