

THE
Expositor of Holiness

Vol. X.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 10.

WHEN?

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
 That the next sun
 Which sinks should bear me past all fear and
 sorrow
 For anyone
 All the fight fought, all the short journey
 through,
 What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
 But just go on
 Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to
 alter
 Aught that is gone ;
 But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and
 pray.
 For one more day ;

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
 Say in that ear
 Which hearkens ever, " Lord, within Thy
 keeping,
 How should I fear ?
 And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer
 still,
 Do thou Thy will ! "

I might not sleep for awe, but peaceful,
 tender,
 My soul would lie
 All the night long ; and when the morning
 splendor
 Flushed o'er the sky,
 I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
 " It is His day. "

But if a wondrous hand, from the blue
 yonder,
 Held out the scroll
 On which my life was writ, and I with
 wonder
 Beheld, unrolled,
 To a long century's end its mystic dew,
 What should I do !

What could I do, oh ! blessed Guide and
 Master,
 Other than this :
 Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
 Not fear to miss
 The road, although so very long it be,
 While led by thee ?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
 Although unseen ;
 Through thorns, through flowers, whether
 the tempest hide thee,
 Or heavens serene,
 Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
 Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
 Thy counsels wise ;
 Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
 No voice replies
 To all my questioning thought the time to
 tell,
 And it is well.

Let us keep on, abiding and unfearing
 Thy will always,
 Through a long century's ripening fruition,
 Or a short day's ;
 Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can
 wait
 If Thou come late.

—Susan Coolidge.

GOOD THOUGHTS.—" For me to live is
 Christ. " If so, then for me to think is
 Christ. Trains of thought are incessantly
 passing through the mind. The flow is
 almost as constant and involuntary as
 the circulation of blood in the veins. If
 they be good thoughts, true, pure, high,
 sweet, heavenly, whose thoughts are
 they ? " I think, yet not I, but Christ
 thinketh in me. " — *New York Evangelist.*