

We trust too much to our own poor might,  
 Forgetting the Gentle Hand  
 Which is ever ready to give the strength  
 By which alone we can stand.

O ye who would have your garners full  
 Of a life-long precious store,  
 Who fear the faults that, like evil birds,  
 Would mar it for evermore.  
 Trust not to the scarecrows of your will.  
 For these can never avail,  
 But lean on the sure defence of Him  
 Who hath promised, and cannot fail.—M. E. R.

### MR. P. P. BLISS'S LAST HYMN.

[The following singularly appropriate hymn is said to have been the last one penned by Mr. Bliss, who, with his wife, recently met with such a terrible death on an American Railway. Mr. Bliss was the author of "Hold the Fort," and many of the most popular hymns sung by Mr. Sankey.]

"I know not what awaits me,  
 God kindly veils mine eyes,  
 And o'er each step on my onward way  
 He makes new scenes arise;  
 And every joy He sends me comes  
 A sweet and glad surprise.

#### CHORUS:

"Where he may lead I'll follow,  
 My trust in Him repose,  
 And every hour in perfect peace  
 I'll sing 'He knows, He knows.'

One step I see before me,  
 'Tis all I need to see,  
 The light of heaven more brightly shines  
 When earth's illusions flee;  
 And sweetly through the silence came  
 His loving 'Follow Me.'

"O blissful lack of wisdom,  
 'Tis blessed not to know!  
 He holds me with His own right hand,  
 And will not let me go,  
 And hushes my troubled soul to rest  
 In Him who loves me so.

"So on I go, not knowing,  
 I would not if I might;  
 I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
 Than go alone in the light;  
 I'd rather walk by faith with Him  
 Than go alone by sight."