

home, my old associations, and my old life—the lines are hard to bear—"Thy will not mine be done."

Once I thought my cross to heavy,  
And my heart was sore afraid,  
Summoned forth to stand a witness  
For the cause of truth betrayed.

"Send, O Lord," I prayed, "some Simon,  
As of old was sent to Thee."  
"Be a Simon," said the Master,  
"For this cross belongs to me."

Still is crucified my Saviour,  
I myself must a Simon be;  
Take my cross and walk humbly  
Up the slopes of Calvary.

