

There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

THE BORDER-LANDS.

FATHER, into Thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border-lands,
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.