

—To wield like him the scripture sword,
And vanquish Satan by “the word.”

What in the labour, pain, and strife
Combats and cares of daily life?
In His cross-bearing steps to tread
Who had not where to lay his head.

What, in the agony of heart,
When foes rush in, and friends depart?
—To pray like Him the Holy One,
“Father, thy will, not mine, be done.”

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE END.