

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Father, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,
 And the changes that will surely come,
 I do not fear to see ;
 But I ask Thee for a present mind
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching, wise
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
 And a heart at leisure from itself
 To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 Seeking for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know ;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatso'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts,
 To keep and cultivate ;
 And a work of lowly love to do
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
 To none that ask denied,
 And a mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at Thy side ;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If *Thou* be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
 In my cup of blessing be,
 I would have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee ;
 And careful—less to serve Thee *much*,
 Than to please Thee *perfectly*.

There are briars besetting every path,
 Which call for patient care ;
 There is a cross in every lot,
 And a need for earnest prayer ;
 But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
 Is happy any where.

In a service which 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 !

A. L. W.—*Hymns and Poems.*