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AND

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“THE BURDEN.”

To every one on earth  
God gives a burden to be carried down  
The road that lies between the cross and  
crown ;  
No lot is wholly free ;  
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,  
Open and visible to any eyes ;  
And all may see its form and weight and  
size ;  
Some hide it in their breast,  
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,  
And it will make the bearer calm and strong ;  
Yet, let it press too heavily and long,  
He says, Cast on Me,  
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed His voice,  
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,  
Have quiet hearts that never can despair.  
And hope lights up the way  
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou the burden thus  
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet,  
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,  
Or pain, or sin, or care,  
Upon the darkest day.

It is the lonely load  
That crushes out the life and light of heaven ;  
But born with Him, the soul restored, for-  
given,  
Sings out through all the days  
Her joy, and God's high praise.  
—*Marianne Farningham.*

“No greater harm is done to Christendom  
than by the neglect of children ; therefore,  
to advance the cause of Christ, we must  
begin with them.”—*Martin Luther.*

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY F. R. HAVERGAL.

Another year is dawning :  
Dear Master, let it be,  
In working, or in waiting,  
Another year with thee.

Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace ;  
Another year of gladness,  
In the shining of Thy face ;

Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise ;  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence “all the days ;”

Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love ;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning :  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year for Thee.

“I AM.”

Art thou weak, afflicted soul ?  
I *am* strong to make thee whole.  
Art thou fainting on thy road ?  
I *am* near to bear thy load.  
Art thou hungry, thirsty, poor ?  
I *am* rich to bless thy store.  
Art thou much with grief opprest ?  
I *am* come to give thee rest ;  
I *am* ready at thy side,  
At thy right and left to guide.  
I *am* life, and love, and peace ;  
I *am* joy which ne'er shall cease.

—*Selected.*