

For thy dear, everlasting arms,  
That bear us o'er all ill and harms;  
For blessed words of long ago,  
That help us now thy will to know,—  
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

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### THE SOLDIER'S HORSE

A soldier was walking along the street one day, when he suddenly stopped and rushed across the street to a horse standing at the other side with an empty cab.

"I know him, I know him; he's my own old Valiant, my dear old fellow."

The poor horse seemed to know the hand and voice, for he laid his ears back and pushed his nose against the soldier.

The cabman came up just then and wondered what the soldier was doing with his horse.

The soldier had his hand in his pocket and was saying: "Yes, you shall have it, if it costs the last copper, you dear old Valiant."