

Say not your case is hopeless,
 For many a slave of drink
 Has sought the help of Jesus
 And been saved from ruin's brink.
 Then do not be discouraged,
 But go this very hour,
 And ask the Lord to save you
 From temptation's fatal power.

The Flower Lesson.

On my wearisome couch I feebly lay,
 Lonely and sad one stormy day ;
 Counting each long and tedious hour,
 When a friend came in and brought a flower.

It looked so sweet, and fresh, and fair,
 My heart was lifted from its care ;
 It brightened the rest of the dreary day,
 For it seemed to me I heard it say—

“ Your Heavenly Father has sent me here,
 Your sad and drooping heart to cheer ;
 Just take a look at my yellow eye,
 Whenever you feel disposed to sigh.

I know I'm only a delicate flower,
 But still I show my Maker's power.
 I've been by Him preserved alive,
 And made to bud, and bloom, and thrive.

He who thus on a flower has smiled,
 Will not forget His weary child ;
 Then trust His love from day to day
 However dark may be your way.

His plans are hidden from mortal sight,
 But then you know they are always right.
 Yield not to gloom for He loves you well,
 He has sent me here this truth to tell.