



Then sing, sing on, in your simple faith,
Your instinct is verily true;
No cross is too hard to be borne with Him
Who died on the cross for you.

LILLIES OF THE VALLEY

LILLIES of the valley! By express,
A box filled with the dainty, fragrant flowers,
So pure, so simple in their loveliness,
Such fairy offspring of this world of ours.

Gentle hands did water, nurse and tend them,
Growing in some secluded garden spot;
A girlish figure stooped to pluck and send them,
With the sweet message, "Thou art not forgot."