

LOVE THROUGH ALL

Thirty-First Day . .

All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over
me.—*Ps. xlii. 7.*

WITH all sails set, swift gliding down Time's river
Toward the broad ocean of Eternity;
Take Thou the helm, Thou mighty to deliver,
And steer my frail barque safely through the rapids,
And on to that calm sea.

When thou passest through the waters, I will
be with thee; and through the rivers,
they shall not overflow thee.

—*Isa. xliii. 2.*