

that as there is not a sparrow falls to the ground, nor a flower that blossoms, without the Father, so, as sorrow turns up, and thorns and briars come in our path, to know that the Father is in it all; to be able to say in everything, "There is my Father," and so passing on quietly without care, knowing that every detail of life is watched by a Father's eye.

And when He comes, to unroll our whole life since we believed, will it grieve us for Him to know it all?

When you have failed in any way, and God has brought the sense of it to your soul, do you want not to settle it till a future time? or is it not a positive relief not to cover it up but to feel that the thing has been judged? Nothing will do but making a clean conscience before God, not letting a spot remain, but confessing and taking the whole blame; rejecting the thing and condemning it in yourself first.

Precious thought, "My Father knoweth,"  
 In His love I rest,  
 For whate'er my Father doeth,  
 Must be always best.  
 Well I know the heart that planneth  
 Naught but good for me,  
 Joy or sorrow interwoven,  
 Love in all I see.

Precious thought, "My Father knoweth,"  
 Careth for His child,  
 Bids me nestle closer to Him  
 When the storm beats wild.  
 Though earthly hopes are shattered,  
 And the tear drops fall,  
 Yet He is Himself my solace,  
 Yea, my all in all.

Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth,  
 Roll on Him the care,  
 Cast upon Himself the burden,  
 That I cannot bear,  
 Then without a care oppressing,  
 Simply to lie still,  
 Giving thanks to Him for all things,  
 Since it is His will.

Oh, to trust Him then more fully,  
 Just to simply move,  
 In the conscious, calm enjoyment  
 Of the Father's love,  
 Knowing that life's chequered  
 pathway  
 Leadeth to His rest,  
 Satisfied the way He taketh  
 Must be always best.