

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise:
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.”

PSALM XXXI. 13.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.