

Cling to the Pardoning One  
He speaketh peace;  
Cling to the Healing One,  
Anguish shall cease.

Cling to the Bleeding One,  
Cling to His side;  
Cling to the Risen One,  
In Him abide.

Cling to the Coming One,  
Hope shall arise;  
Cling to the Reigning One,  
Joy lights thine eyes.

### EVENING HYMN.

Blessed be thy Name forever  
Saviour, life's great guard and giver!  
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping  
Heal the heart long broken, weeping!

God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the desert and the ocean,  
Of the mountain rock and river;  
Blessed be Thy Name forever!

Thou that slumberest not nor sleepest,  
Blest are they 'Thou safely keepest!  
God of evening's parting ray,  
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day,

That rises from the azure sea  
Like breathings from Eternity,  
God of life that fail shall never,  
Blessed be Thy Name forever!

### A LAST PRAYER.

Written by Helen Jackson [H. H.] four days  
before her death.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,  
So clear I see, now it is done,  
That I have wasted half my day,  
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought  
Were right or harmless, were a sin;  
So clear I see that I have sought  
Unconscious, selfish aims so win;

So clear I see that I have hurt  
The souls I might have helped to save;  
That I have slothful been, inert,  
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,  
Father, the humblest spot give me;  
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,  
Let me repentant work for thee!

### FOR THOSE WHO FALL.

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,  
The world has cried for a thousand years,  
But to him who tries and who falls and dies  
We give great honor and glory and tears!"

Give glory and honor and painful tears  
To all who fall in their death's sublime;  
Their ghosts are a host in the van of years,  
They were born with time in advance of time.

Oh great is the hero who wins a name,  
But greater many and many a time  
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame  
And lets God finish the thoughts sublime.

And great is the man with sword undrawn,  
And good is the man who refrains from wine  
But the man who fails and yet still fights on;  
Lo, he is the true twin-brother of mine.

### JAPAN'S CRY TO JESUS.

"O Galilean! art Thou, too, forlorn,  
Who wouldst the ruin of the world repair?  
Art thou a failure, as thy foes declare,  
Who fain would crown Thee still with barren throne?"

Shall generations evermore be born  
To hopes deferred, that wither to despair?  
Shall sorrowful humanity still wear  
The grievous yoke that it has ever worn?"

"O, folly! whatsoever of good or great  
Rules in this world o'er what is base and vile,  
This is His work, which He will consummate  
At His good pleasure; therefore with a smile,  
We, who believe in Him, can calmly wait  
His triumph, knowing all is right the while."

### JESUS IS ALMIGHTY.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain!  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train  
Hallelulah!

Jesus comes, and comes to reign!

Now redemption long expected,  
See in solemn pomp draw near!  
All His saints by man rejected  
Rise to meet Him in the air;  
Hallelulah!

See the day of God appear.

Yes, Amen—let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne:  
Saviour take the power and glory;  
Make Thy righteous judgment known—  
O come quickly!  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own!

### "WHO CAN ABIDE HIS COLD?"

"Pray that your light be not in the winter."

Is it not hard to live one day,  
When God His face has turned away,  
When prayer is wingless other wing,  
When drops earthward like some weary thing

Yet did no bent and broken light  
Pierce the dark vault of utter night,  
Of hope or memory array,  
Who could abide his cold one day?

Summer and Winter, sun and rain,  
The soul needs for her golden grain,  
Warm sun, warm rain, the ear to fill,  
His cold love's selfishness to kill.  
Come, Winter, come to kill dull self,  
Love of His sweetness not Himself.