

And its burden all is blessing,  
 And its accents all are song;  
 For Thou hast refreshed its slumbers,  
 And Thy strength hath made it strong.

My voice shalt thou hear this morning,  
 For the day is all unknown;  
 And I am afraid without Thine aid  
 To travel its hours alone.  
 Give me Thy light to lead me,  
 Give me Thy hand to guide,  
 Give me Thy living presence,  
 To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,  
 Sun that can ne'er decline,  
 Day that is bright with unfading light,  
 Ever above me shine.  
 For the night shall all be noontide,  
 And the clouds shall vanish far,  
 When my path of life is gilded  
 By the bright and morning star.

*George Matheson in Sunday Magazine.*

## HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

How little we know of each other,  
 As we pass through the journey of life,  
 With its struggles, its fears, and temptations—  
 Its heart-breaking cares and its strife.  
 We can only see things on the surface,  
 For few people glory in sin;  
 And an unruffled face is no index  
 To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other!  
 The man who to-day passes by,  
 Blessed with fortune, and honour, and titles,  
 And holding his proud head on high,  
 May carry a dread secret with him  
 Which makes of his bosom a hell,  
 And he, sooner or later, a felon,  
 May writhe in the prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!  
 That woman of fashion, who sneers.