

Contentment.

"Be content with such things as ye have."

WE pray to be contented,
As we march along the road,
Lest in our vain repining
We miss the smile of God!
We see not when we murmur
A thousand blessings sweet,
That are richly scattered round us,
That are lying at our feet.

There never falls a trouble,
There never frowns a care,
But is hushed, and soothed, and lightened
By the very breath of prayer:
To the faintest cry arising
From the spirit's depth of shade,
Floats softly down the answer,
" 'Tis I, be not afraid ! "

Oh would we gain possession
Of the wondrous key of gold,
That opens the great storehouse
Of pleasures manifold,
We must bind around us gratitude
For the sunshine that is given,
And leave joy's full fruition
For the shining streets of heaven !

A Saviour's love is ours,
A Father's watchful care,
God's promises as jewels
Of value rich and rare ;
Through the clouds around, above us,
We can see the distant shore ;
The Eternal Arms beneath us—
Brothers, what need we more ?

Nearer and nearer Jesus
We must ever strive to be ;
His voice to hear—His smile of love
On our pilgrimage to see ;
Then on life's dusty high-road,
With the Master at our side,
In spite of weariness and toil,
We shall be satisfied.

D. L.

G. S. Fen
J. F. McF
J. H. McF
J. Boyd.
James Re
Thos. He

MIS

YOU

Dr

J.

HENRY S
JOHN DR
JAMES SA

J.
J.