

can have it quickly kindled—you will not resist God's voice. Oh, here and now, lift but one honest cry, "Save Lord, or I perish;" and not more quickly did He who walked the waves catch poor Peter, than will He be at your side. We need Thee, Lord Jesus, in all time of our poverty, in all time of our wealth.

If there had any where appeared in space  
Another place of refuge where to flee,  
Our souls had taken refuge in that place,  
And not with Thee.

For we against creation's bars had beat,  
Like prisoned eagles: through great worlds had sought,  
If but one foot of ground to place our feet,  
Where Thou wert not.

And only when we found, in earth or air,  
In heaven or hell, that such might nowhere be—  
That we could not flee from Thee any where,  
We fled to Thee.

*December 10th.*