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# Church Work.

WE SPEAK CONCERNING CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR..... REV. JOHN AMBROSE.

Vol XI.

DIGBY, N. S., APRIL, 1887.

No. 8.

## INTO THY HANDS, MY GOD.

INTO Thy hands, my God, I gladly fall,  
Resigning there my life, my will, my all;  
Do as Thou wilt, O Lord, for I am  
Thine:  
Whatever Thy blest will is also mine.

Into Thy hands, my God, for there at  
length,  
Through my poor weakness shall I find  
Thy strength:

Thy grace shall triumph over all my sin,  
And Christ's dear blood shall make me  
pure within.

Into Thy hands, my God—those hands  
of love.

Which sweetly reached and drew me  
from above;

Those hands which countless daily mer-  
cies give,

Those hands by which I every moment  
live.

Into Thy hands, my God—my Father's  
hands;

Near them a living Saviour pleading  
stands.

O love! He pleads for me, how can I fear  
With such a Father, such a Saviour  
near?

In Thy dear hands, my God, there let  
me rest;

Send pain or sickness, if Thou seest  
best;

Do as Thou wilt—Thy love I cannot  
doubt,

For perfect love casts fear and sadness  
out.

Safe in Thy hands, my God, a little  
child,

I look to Thee through Jesus reconciled,  
I dare for His dear sake to call Thee  
mine;

For this sweet bliss I would all else re-  
sign.

Into Thy hands, my God, I cast my will;  
Bid every murmuring, restless thought  
be still;

My only wish while on the narrow road,  
Tranquil to lie in Thy dear hands, my  
God.

How happy is life, if we love those  
with whom we live.

Pro W. J. Ambrose  
March