

*Thoughts by the Way.*

## FORGET ME NOT.

When Sir Jacob Astley, who commanded the Royal Infantry at Edgehill, was about to charge, he uttered this prayer, "Lord, if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me."

Ready equipped for life's mystical battle,  
Helmet fastened and sword in hand,  
Half afraid of the loud death-rattle,  
On the edge of a hill of spears I stand,  
One of a band;

This is my war-cry—"Do not forget me,  
Lord of the battle, God of might;  
Do not forget me, though I forget Thee;  
Lord, stand by me, and help the right."

Stand by me now! I halt to listen  
To beating drum and to clashing sword;  
Forests of weapons flash and glisten,  
And forth I go in the name of the Lord,  
Strong in His word.

Do not forget me, O God of power!  
Do not forget me amid the fight;  
Though I forget Thee in this dread hour,  
Still stand by me and help the right.

Closer and closer they press around me,  
Men who scorn me and foes who hate;  
And at times when the fire and the smoke surround me,  
I am alone and desolate;

But for Thee I wait.  
Do not forget me, O God of heaven!  
Do not forget me amid the night;  
Let the strength of my foes to-day be riven,  
Stand by me, God, and help the right.

Thee, O Lord, would I look to ever;  
Thou art my Captain evermore;  
But still as I fight in my mad endeavor  
My ears are deafened with shriek and roar;  
So o'er and o'er

I can but cry to Thee: "Do not forget me,  
Do not forget me, O God of might!  
Though in the battle I should forget Thee,  
Still stand by me and help the right."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

That man leads the most angelic life whose life is fullest of adoration, and thankfulness, and praise, but none except the Lord's redeemed can lead that life. None will cry: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good," who have not first tasted that "mercy which endureth forever." And just as there is no real gratitude which does not come down from above, so there is no acceptable thank-offering which does not go up through a mediator. "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

## SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

She breathed a prayer to the Master,  
A feeble, broken prayer,  
And yet its answer bore away  
Her neighbor's load of care.

She spoke a word for the Master,  
A simple little word,  
And yet a lonely sin-sick soul  
Found comfort as she heard.

She did a deed for the Master,  
'Twas but a humble deed—  
And yet it fitted perfectly  
A weary sister's need.

She gave her mite to the Master,  
A mite was all she had—  
And yet, oh, wondrous power of love,  
It made the Master glad!

Every human soul has a complete and perfect plan cherished for it in the heart of God—a divine biography marked out which it enters into life to live. This life, rightly unfolded, will be a complete and beautiful whole, an experience led on by God and unfolded by his secret nurture as the trees and flowers by the secret nature of the world. We live in the divine thought. We fill a place in the great, everlasting plan of God's intelligence. We never sink below His care, never drop out of His counsel.

The soul that knows the sweetness of His presence and His face shining on it will account no place nor condition hard, providing it may be refreshed with that; as the saints have been in caves and dungeons enjoying more of that light in those times, when other comforts have been abridged. Then they have had a beam from Heaven into their souls in their darkest dungeon far more worth than the light of the sun, and all the advantages the world can afford.

## AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

O give me a message of quiet,  
I asked in my morning prayer;  
For the turbulent spirit within me  
Is more than my heart can bear.  
Around there are strife and discord  
And the storms that do not cease,  
And the whirl of the world is on me,  
Thou only canst give me peace.

I opened the dear old Bible  
And looked at a page of psalms,  
Till the wintry sea of my trouble  
Was soothed by its summer calms.  
For the words that have helped so many,  
And that ages have made more dear,  
Were strong in their power to comfort,  
And they brought me my word of cheer.

They did not find it easy,  
Those writers of long ago,  
To live in this world of sorrow  
And its lights and shades to know.  
They were often sad and weary,  
Their hearts were sore afraid,  
But they knew in whom they trusted,  
And they were not quite dismayed.

Like music of solemn singing  
Their words came down to me:  
"The Lord is slow to anger,  
And of mercy great is He.  
Each generation praiseth  
His works of long renown.  
The Lord upholdeth all that fall  
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted  
I knew that the Lord was nigh  
All that was making me sorry  
Would be better by and by.  
I had but to wait in patience,  
And keep at my Father's side,  
And nothing would really hurt me,  
Whatever might betide.

I found that when He gives quiet  
No other can trouble make;  
Pardon and peace and safety  
Lie in the path I take.  
So, stronger to carry the burden  
I met my day of care,  
For my heart was lightened and joyous  
With the peace of an answered prayer.

Marianne Farningham.

The tiniest daisy that smiles so sweetly at our feet owes its existence to the patient pushing upward of the small germ against all the obstacles of soil and stones; and, were it conscious it might tell a tale of daily difficulty and danger sturdily met and bravely overcome. So in humanity itself all that is finest and most beautiful is intertwined with difficulty.

## WHEN GLAD JOY COMES.

When cruel sorrow comes, we kneel and pray  
For strength to bear, for patience to endure,  
For courage high, for faith serene and sure  
For light to guide us in the darkened way.

But when joy comes, with song and laughter sweet,  
With bounty in her hands and prophecy  
Of better things that we shall know and be,  
And casts her treasures at her happy feet.

Rarely we own unto our soul the need  
Of grace to bear the blessing that she brings;  
Of strength to listen to the song she sings,  
Of clear, sure light to walk where she doth lead.

Yet he who joy's glad journeyings doth share  
Who knows her bounty and her bounty, hath  
(Not less than he who walks in Sorrow's path)  
The sorest need of humble, trustful prayer.

Let us serve God in the sunshine, while He makes the sun shine.  
We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark, when He sends the darkness. It is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.

## HE KNOWS!

He knows!  
Yes, Jesus knows! just what you cannot tell  
He understands so well!  
The silence of the heart is heard,  
He does not need a single word,  
He thinks of you;  
He watcheth, and He careth too,  
He pitieth, He loveth! All this flows  
In one sweet word; "He Knows!"