

And if Thou send us pain or grief,
If loss or anguish e'er befall,
Still teach us, though with quivering lip,
To say, "Thy will be done in all."

Thus did our Lord in anguish pray,
Saying, "Not My will, Lord, but Thine:"
So kneel we at our Father's feet,
And all our wills to Him resign.

36.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

The raven builds her nest on high,
The loud winds rock her craving brood,
The forest echoes to their cry;
Who gives the ravens food?

The lion goeth forth to roam
Wild sandy hills and plains among,
He leaves his little whelps at home;
Who feeds the lion's young?

God hears the hungry lion's howl,
He feeds the raven hoarse and gray:
Cares he alone for beast and fowl?
Are we less dear than they?

Nay, Christian child kneel down and own
The hand that feeds thee day by day,
Nor careless with thy lip alone,
For "all things needful" pray.

God made thy cottage home so dear,
Gave store enough for frugal fare;
If richer homes have better cheer,
'Twas God who sent it there.

But better far than garners stored,
Than bread that honest toil may win,
Than blessings of the laden board,
The food He gives within.