

We look for whitest garments in the fold,  
 But learn e'en those who bring their tribute there  
 Confirm too oft a tale unsavory told,  
 That sometimes baser coin is passed for gold.

## XXVII.

Oh ! when the glowing, golden sun goes down,  
 And dew distils o'er thirsty flower and tree ;  
 When man's mad worldly worship cannot drown  
 Still nature's prayer o'er hill and fount and lea ;  
 Then let me, Father, be alone with Thee ;  
 And if I out from doubt and darkness call,  
 And wrestle till Thou sett'st my spirit free,  
 Oh ! let not voice of priest or prophet fall  
 Between my soul and Thee,—Thou knowest all !

## 1.

O Lord of Life ! How far ! How far !  
 How far the hand that I would hold !  
 How bright and high Thy dwellings are,  
 How pure, how distant, and how cold !  
 How dark the paths in which we stray !  
 Oh ! lead us in Thy brighter way.

## 2.

O Lord of Life ! what light can guide,  
 If reason's lamp uncertain be ;  
 If sometimes folly, sometimes pride,  
 Allure our hearts and thoughts from Thee ?  
 How dark the paths in which we stray !  
 Oh ! lead us in Thy brighter way.

## 3.

O Lord of Life ! I held Thy hand,  
 And felt it strong, and knew not fear ;  
 I thought Thy promises would stand,  
 That now so far and faint appear.  
 How dark the paths in which we stray !  
 Oh ! lead us in Thy brighter way.

## 4.

O Lord of Life ! once Thou wert near,  
 Above, around, it seemed not far ;  
 I knew that Thou couldst see and hear,  
 And knew how weak Thy children are ;  
 Forever prone from Thee to stray,—  
 Oh ! lead us in Thy better way.

## 5

Oh Father ! Father ! let me hide  
 Beneath the covert of thy wings ;  
 Washed from my guilt, free from my pride,—  
 Oh ! teach me higher better things.  
 I hold Thy hand—I cannot stray,  
 Oh ! keep me in Thy perfect way.

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