

Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoe'er estate,  
 I have a fellowship with men  
 To keep and cultivate,  
 And a work of lowly love to do,  
 For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
 To none that ask denied,  
 And a mind to blend with outward strife  
 While keeping at Thy side ;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 So Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
 In my cup of blessing be,  
 I would have my spirit filled the more  
 With grateful love to Thee ;  
 And careful, less to serve Thee much,  
 Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path  
 That call for patient care ;  
 There is a cross in every lot,  
 And an earnest need for prayer ;  
 But a lowly heart, that leans on Thee,  
 Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
 There are no bonds for me ;  
 For my inmost heart is taught the truth  
 That makes Thy children free :  
 And a life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty.

### ANONYMOUS.

#### THE NIGHTMARE.

##### I.

I come in gleams from the land of dreams,  
 Wrapped round in the midnight's pall ;  
 Ye may hear my groan in the night-wind's moan,  
 When the tapestry flaps on the wall.  
 I come from my rest in the death-owl's nest,  
 When she screams in fear and pain,  
 And my wings gleam bright in the wild moonlight,  
 As it whirls round the madman's brain,  
 And down sweeps my car like a falling star,  
 When the winds have hushed their breath,  
 When ye feel in the air from the cold sepulchre,  
 The damp sad smell of death.