

# AUGUST 4TH, 1915

(By permission)

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgression."—Isaiah lviii, 1, and verses from 4 to the end of the chapter.

In anguish sore we cry to Thee,  
LORD GOD of Battles, like a trumpet call!  
We bow the head, and bend the knee;  
Jehovah! LORD! have mercy on us all!

We have been foolish, boastful, weak;  
We sought but pleasure for ourselves each day;  
We yielded to our every whim,  
And heeded not the price we had to pay!

When days were good, we took our fill,  
We fancied that we reaped more we had sown,  
We never asked what was Thy will,  
Nor gave Thee tithes of what Thy hand had grown.

We felt that we could stand alone,  
We thought we owed Thee nothing but our birth,  
No sins admitting to atone,  
And called ourselves the Masters of the Earth.

But *now*, we see the truth of things,  
We know what matters much and matters not;  
Sacrifice seems the only gain,  
And service for our King a happy lot!

And now we know our impotence,  
We know how poor we are without Thy aid!  
Aid, stricken sore, we now confess,  
LORD GOD, be merciful, we are afraid!

Turn us and so shall we be turned,  
Show us, O LORD, the greater things of life;  
Infuse in us a fire Divine,  
And give us strength to conquer in the strife.

Thus if we turn away from self  
If we in truth repent and come to Thee;  
Offering ourselves as sacrifice,  
Thou wilt lift up our heads in victory!

—Catharine Nina Merritt, F.E.L.

Rosebank Cottage, St. Catharines, Aug. 4.