

Let's use them to lessen the lone widow's grief,
 To fatherless children give welcome relief ;
 The doubting and fearful, to them let us bring
 Those tidings of mercy that cause us to sing.
 Then let us " to-morrow, and even to-day,"
 Be true to our mission while down here we stay.

Yes, let us with ardour the present redeem---
 Our joy and our glory to imitate Him,
 The Shepherd, who travail'd his lost sheep to save,
 And His blood for their ransom on Calvary gave.
Self was never His object ; Himself He denied ;
 For others, each moment, He liv'd and He died !
 We are left here to learn, and to copy His grace,
 While He in the heavens secures us our place.

Then, Lord, while my spirit so yearns to get home,
 I'd learn to be patient till Thou for us come ;
 E'en now is my spirit so happy in Thee,
 I can bear here to tarry till Thcu call for me.
 In the patience of hope I will spend Thy delay,
 'T would be selfish to wish e'en to hasten the day,
 Assur'd Thy long-suffering alone stays the hour
 When the " Day of the Lord " shall display its
 dread power.

My Master ! I pray Thee to purge from my breast
 All hard, selfish pining for ease and for rest.
 Oh, make me delight in Thy service of love,
 My heart all responsive to Thy heart above !
 The time of my sojourn, how soon it may end !
 Instruct me more wisely its " twelve hours " to
 spend ;
 That be it " to-morrow, or be it to-night,"
 To win Thy approval be still my delight.