



THE
Canadian
Epworth Era

Toronto

April . . . 1908

Vol. X

No. 4

LIFE—WORK

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul ;
Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal ;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils ; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room ;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
“ This is my work : my blessing, not my doom ;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.”

—Henry Van Dyke.