

at so near  
the Dead Sea,  
ore clear  
to be.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,  
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,  
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din—  
All, all are known to Thee.

me;

e;

pray!  
voice

ice.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,  
Or in the night but little sleep can take,  
This brief appeal submissively I make—  
All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned—  
Each drop that fills my daily cup; Thy hand  
Prescribes for ills none else can understand.  
All, all is known to Thee.

TO THEE."

in me, then. Thou

The effectual means to cure what I deplore;  
In me Thy longed-for likeness to restore;  
Self to dethrone, never to govern more—  
All, all are known to Thee.

ty I may claim,  
sweet, endearing

veary frame,  
o Thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state  
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,  
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await—  
That can I leave to Thee.

nceal  
y feel;  
llise and heal—  
Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,  
When I recall the SON of Thy dear love;  
The cup Thou would'st not for *our* sakes remove—  
That cup He drank for *me*.