

Past, Present, and Future.

I WOULD be thankful, Lord, to Thee
For all the mercies Thou hast given,
In Thy great love to set me free
From earth, and raise my soul to heaven.

To me the earth is very fair,
Knowledge is sweet, though I but wet
My lips within her fountain rare,
Nor drink her copious stream as yet.

And even in life's daily round
Joy is not wanting ; that first day
Has yet to come wherein is found
No token of Thee by the way,

No message from Thee to my heart,
Convey'd by various means : may be
Dear friendship's sympathies impart
A thrill that can but spring from Thee ;

Or kindness from some saint of Thine
Whose heart Thy pure love richly knows,
Imparts a happiness to mine,
And bears me upward as it flows.

Or Thy blest Spirit's influence
That cometh as the gentle wind,
Breathing, though unperceived by sense,
Leaving a holy joy behind ;

Giving the gracious power in all
Thy varied dealings love to see
That, whatsoever may befall
Are means to draw me nearer Thee.

Teach me to love Thee not alone
For what Thou'st done, art doing still,
But for those bright hopes only known
To those who seek Thy perfect will.

The store of love and knowledge vast
To which my quickened powers shall rise,
When all the mists of earth are past,
And I soar upwards to the skies ;

When, as eternal ages roll,
Creating and redeeming love
Unfolding to my raptured soul
Shall fill the round of life above.

E. S. H.