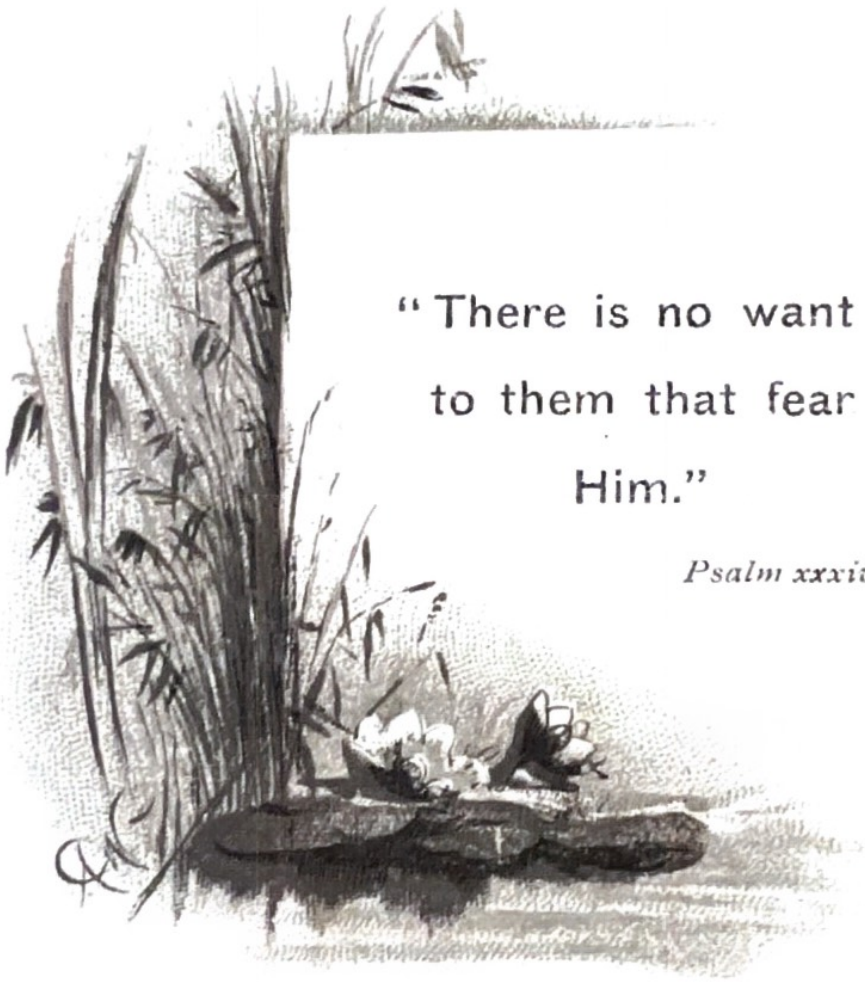






LONDON:  
JAMES E. HAWKINS,  
7, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 36, Baker Street, W.  
TORONTO—S. R. BRIGGS.



A black and white illustration of a pond. On the left side, there is a dense cluster of tall reeds or grasses. In the foreground, there are several lily pads floating on the water. The background is a simple, light-colored wash, suggesting a bright, open space.

“There is no want  
to them that fear  
Him.”

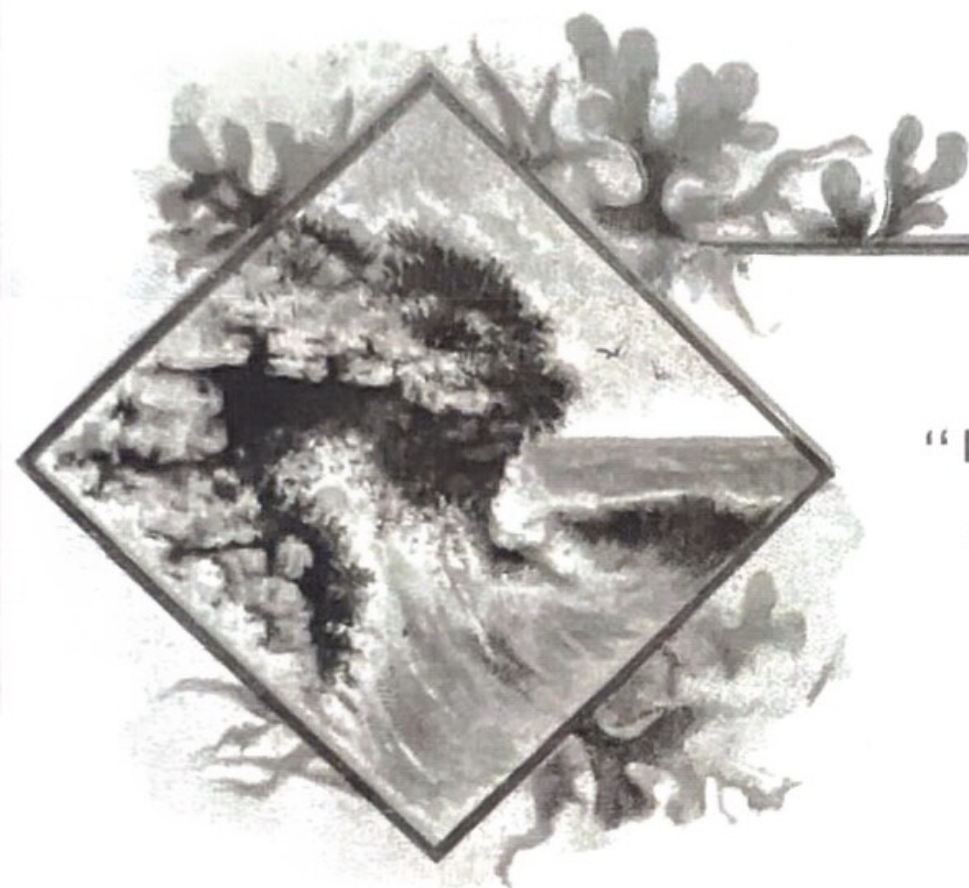
*Psalm xxxiv. 9.*

THY children, Lord, lack nothing,  
Thy promise bears them through,  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will surely clothe us too.

Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed,  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

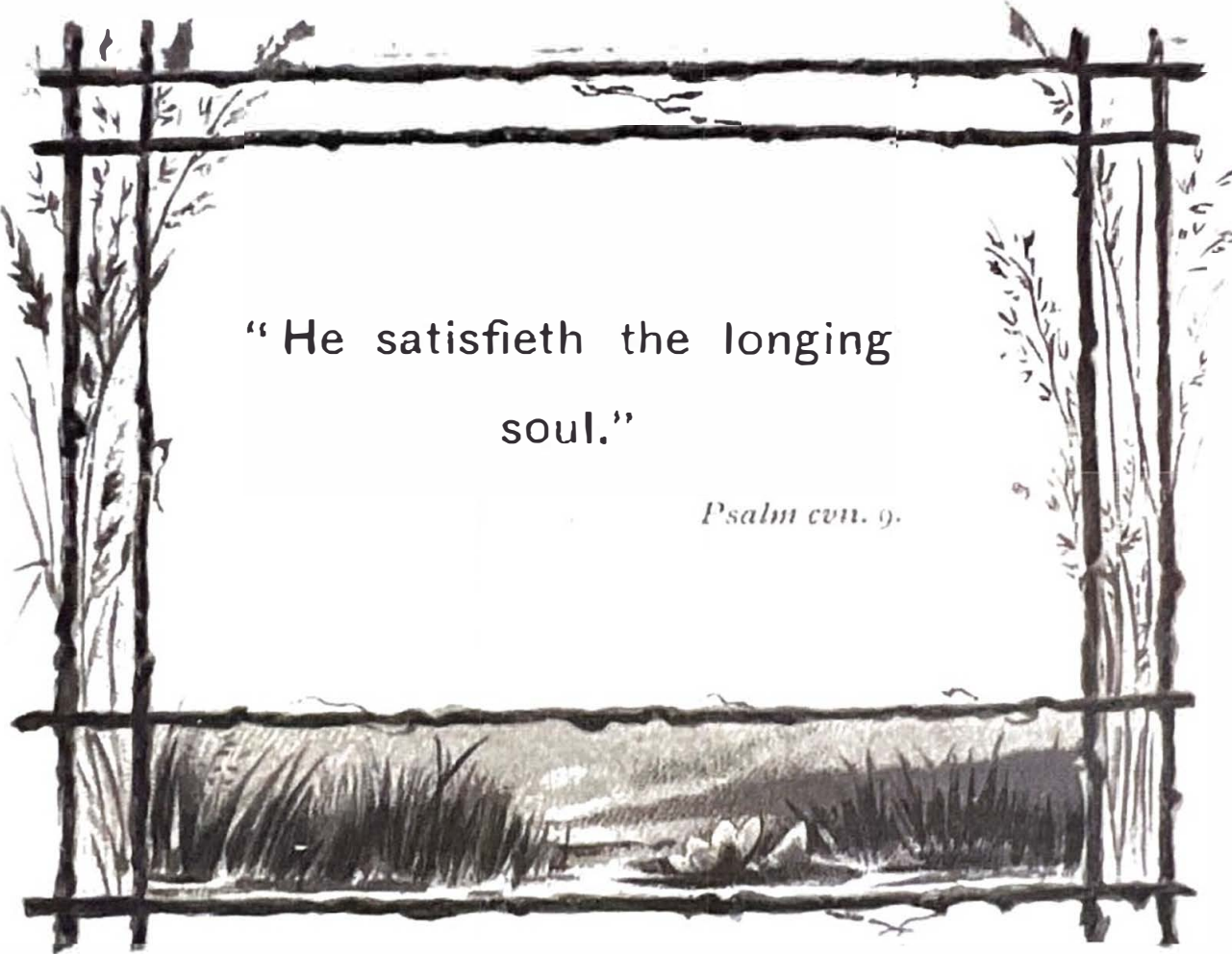
OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed,  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone!



"I will put My  
Spirit within  
you."

*Ezekiel xxxvi. 27.*



“He satisfieth the longing  
soul.”

*Psalm cxx. 9.*





SATISFIED with Thee, Lord Jesus, I am blest ;  
Peace which passeth understanding on Thy breast,  
No more doubting, no more trembling,

Oh, what rest !

Taken up with Thee, Lord Jesus, I would be,  
Finding joy and satisfaction—all in Thee,  
Thou the nearest and the dearest

Unto me.

NOW the sowing and the weeping,  
Working hard and waiting long;  
Afterward, the golden reaping,  
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now the long and toilsome duty,  
Stone by stone to carve and bring;  
Afterward, the perfect beauty  
Of the palace of the King.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

"In due season  
we shall  
reap,



if we faint  
not."

*Galatians vi. 9.*



"His banner over me  
was love."

*Canticles ii. 4.*


**M**Y tongue shall spread the Saviour's fame,  
Whose grace I daily prove ;  
For since my soul has known His name,  
His banner has been—Love.

He spread the banquet, made me eat,  
Bid all my fears remove ;  
Yea, o'er my guilty, rebel head  
He placed His banner—Love.




I CAN do nothing without Thee  
My strength is wholly Thine;  
Withered and barren should I be  
If severed from the Vine.

Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,  
Refreshing dews shall drop;  
And when the rain and tempest beat,  
Thou still wilt bear me up.



"I will be as the  
dew unto  
Israel."

*Hosea xiv. 5.*

A decorative illustration in the bottom-left corner of the page. It depicts a pond scene with several tall, slender reeds or grasses on the left side. In the center of the pond, there are two lily pads; one is dark and round, and the other is lighter and more open, possibly showing a flower. The background of the illustration is a textured, stippled grey. The entire illustration is rendered in a classic, hand-drawn style.

“All my springs  
are in Thee.”

*Psalm lxxxvii. 7.*

S PRINGS of life in desert places  
Shall thy God unseal for thee ;  
Quickening and reviving graces,  
Dewlike, healing, sweet and free.

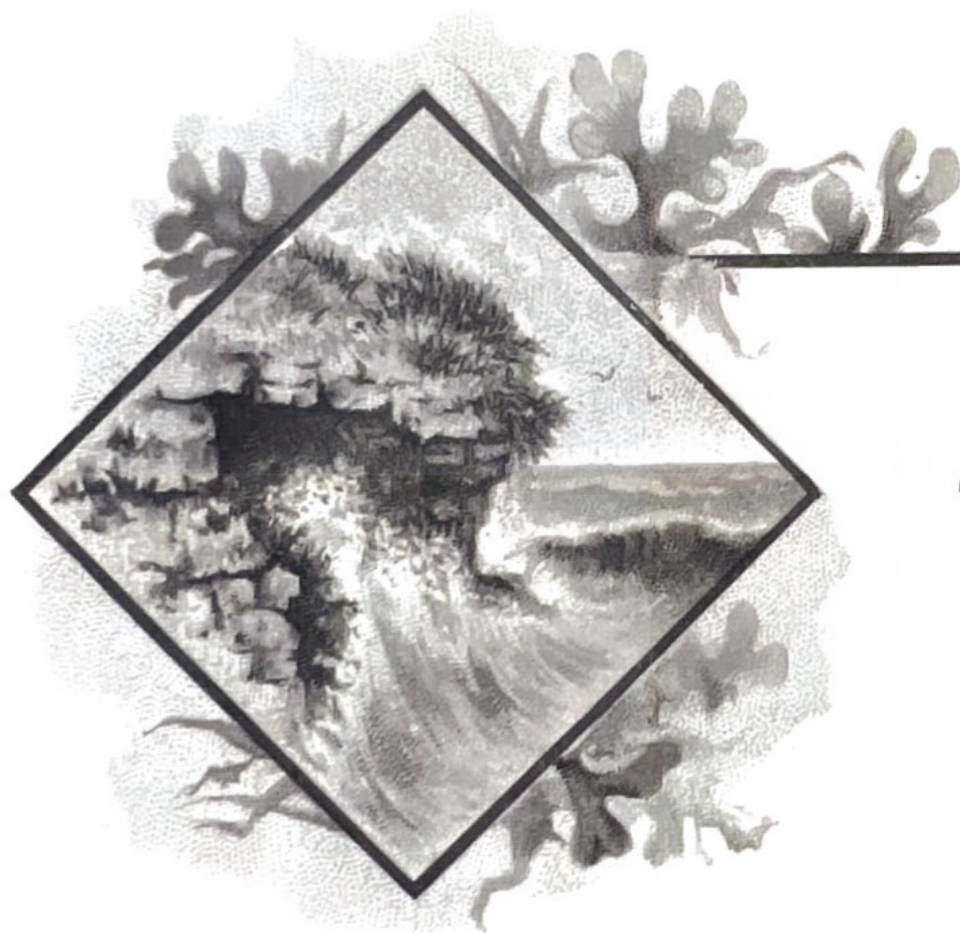
Springs of sweet refreshment flowing  
When thy work is hard or long,  
Courage, hope, and power bestowing,  
Lightening labour with a song.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

IT is Thy will that I should cast  
My every care on Thee ;  
To Thee refer each rising grief,  
Each new perplexity.

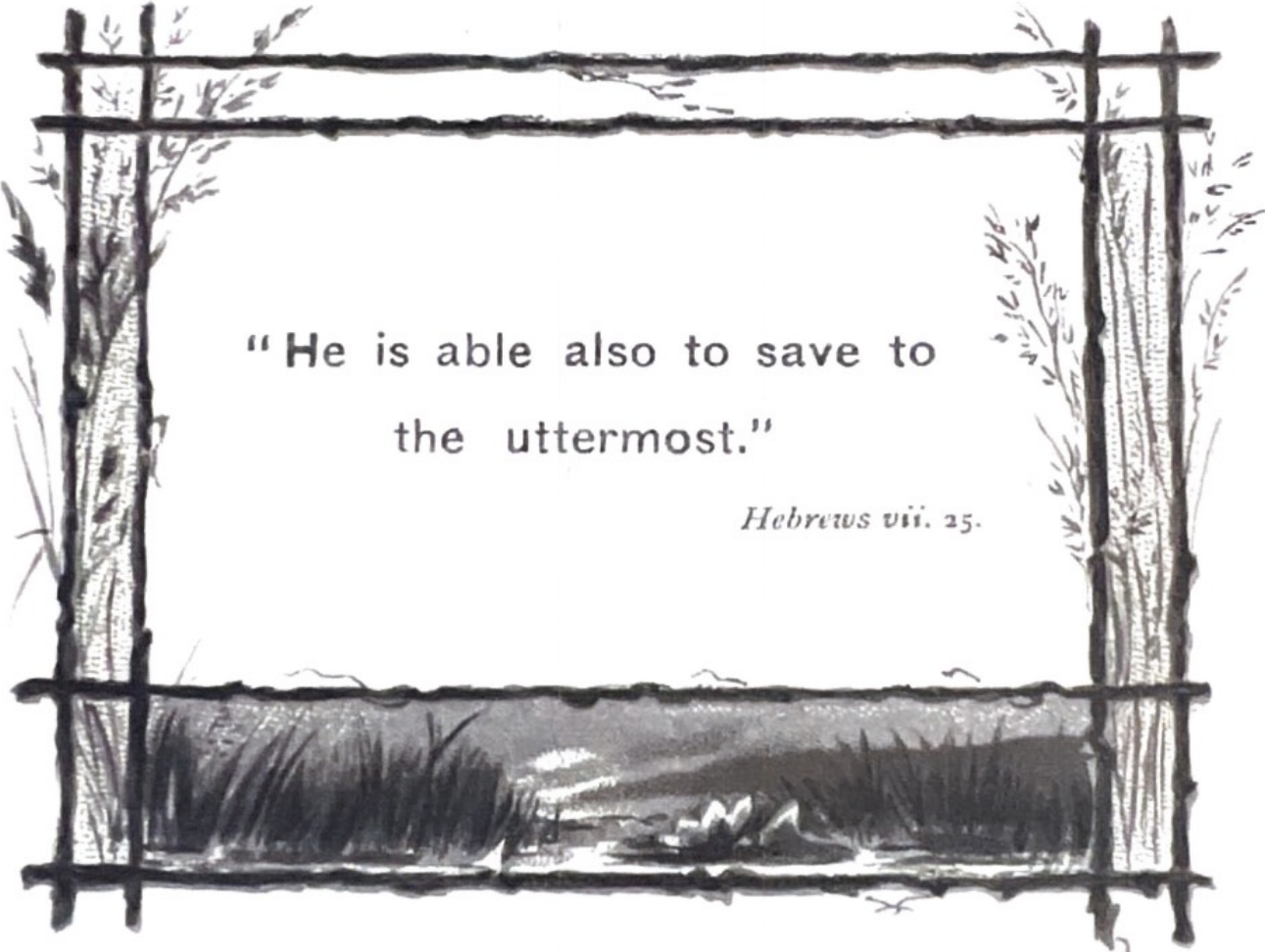
That I should trust Thy loving care,  
And look to Thee alone,  
To calm each troubled thought to rest,  
In prayer before Thy throne.





“He careth  
for you.”

*1 Peter v. 7.*



"He is able also to save to  
the uttermost."

*Hebrews vii. 25.*

THY Substitute, on Calvary's cross when dying,  
Put all thy sins away for evermore ;  
And from that prison-tomb where He was lying,  
God raised thy Surety by His mighty power.

Then, doubting soul, behold in Jesus risen  
The glorious proof that God is satisfied !  
Thy debts are paid—thy Surety freed from prison —  
Justice acquits—the law is satisfied.

M. J. M.

**A**BIDE in Him, if thou wouldst fruitful be,  
The branch bears not when severed from the tree ;  
Without His Spirit's power, poor sapless bough,  
No fruit thou'lt bear, for thou canst nothing do.

Abide in Him—live thou upon His love,  
And thou wilt taste the bliss of saints above ;  
In Him thou shalt have peace, in Him find rest,  
Though storms should rage around, or cares molest.

C. H. I.

"He that abideth  
in Me,  
the  
same



bringeth forth  
much  
fruit."

*John xv. 5.*





"Joy cometh in the  
morning."

*Psalm xxx. 5.*

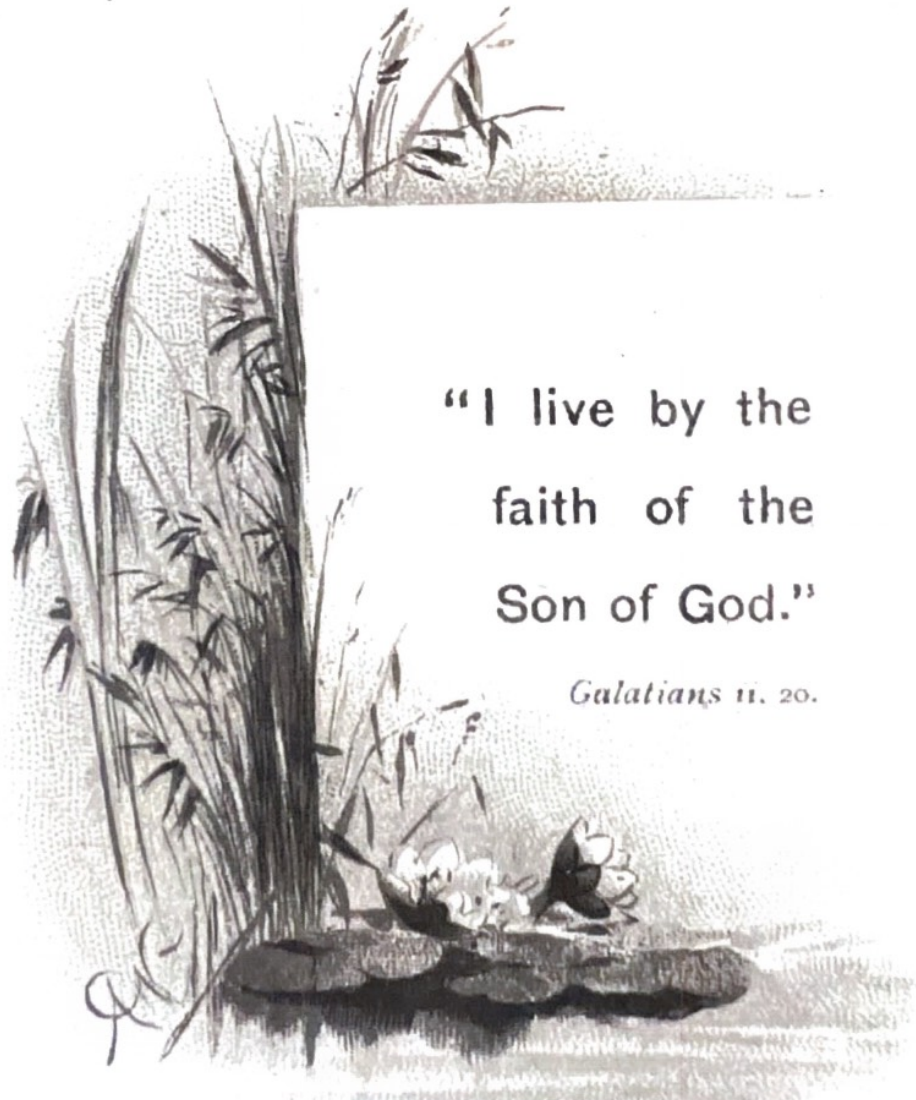
**I**N the morning cometh singing,  
Cometh joy and cometh sight,  
**W**hen the sun ariseth, bringing  
Healing on his wings of light.

In the morning cometh singing,  
Songs that ne'er in silence end,  
**A**ngel minstrels ever bringing  
Praises new with thine to blend.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

TEACH me to live—Thy purpose to fulfil,  
Bright, for Thy glory, let my taper shine;  
Each day renew, remould my stubborn will,  
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee—  
Looking from earth, and earthly things away;  
Let me not falter, but untiringly  
Press on, and gain new strength and power each day.



"I live by the  
faith of the  
Son of God."

*Galatians 11. 20.*



“God give thee of  
the dew of  
heaven.”

*Genesis xxvii. 28.*

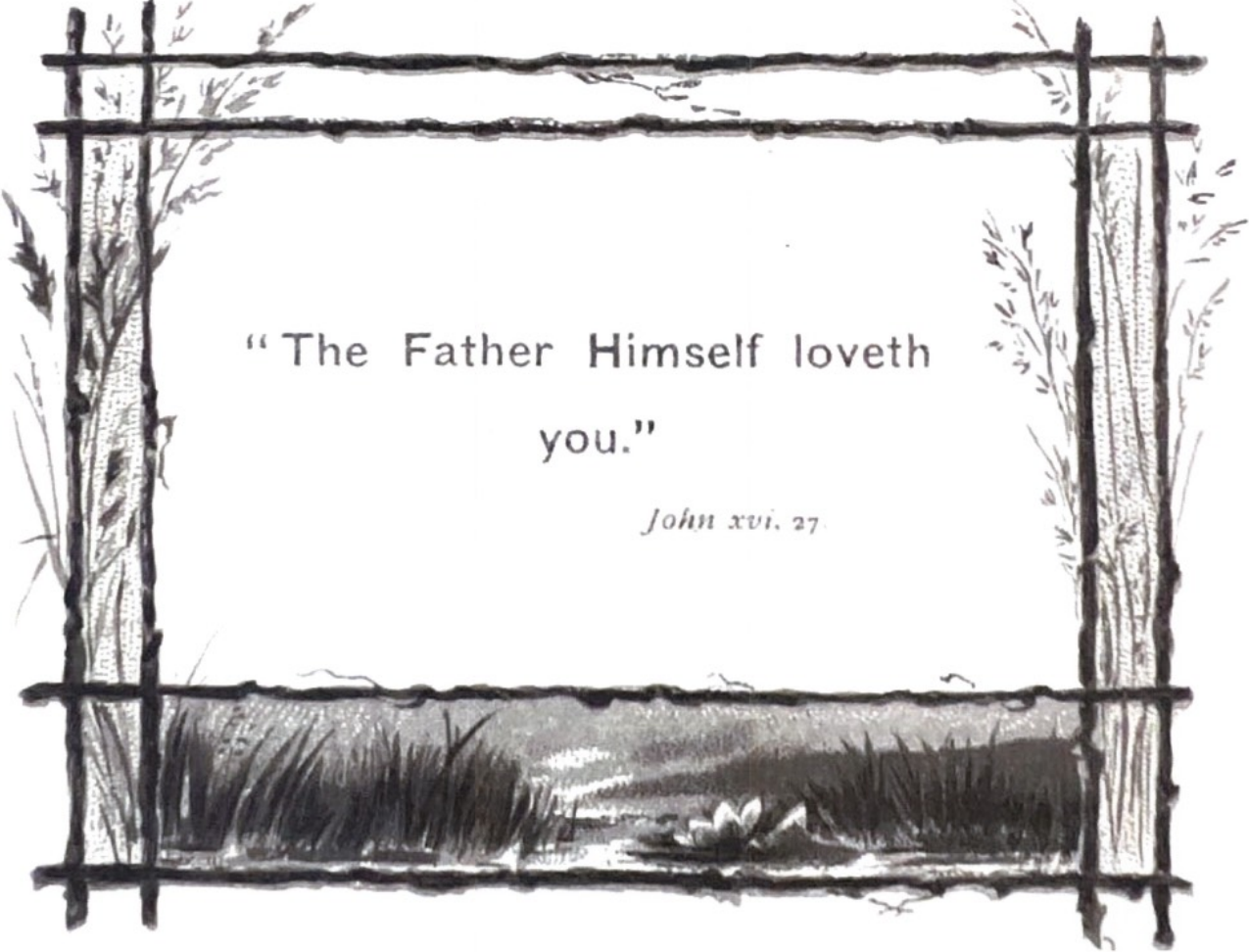


THERE'S only One whose pity falls  
Like dew upon the wounded heart;  
There's only One who never stirs  
Though enemy and friend depart.

O blessèd Jesus, Friend of friends!  
Come, hide us 'neath Thy sheltering arm;  
And while amid this evil world,  
Keep us from all its guilt and harm.

**H**E will rest in His love. Oh, most glorious truth!  
Whose sweetness gives life to the vigour of youth ;  
Its assurance is health, its enjoyment is peace ;  
For the love of Jehovah can never decrease.

His love is unbounded : 'tis certain ! 'tis sure !  
It flows from the fountain whose waters are pure  
It is higher than heaven, 'tis deeper than hell ;  
Its wonderful greatness no creature can tell !



"The Father Himself loveth  
you."

*John xvi. 27.*



“From Me is  
thy fruit  
found.”

*Hosea xiv. 8.*

JESUS, I will trust Thee ; in Thee I must abide ;  
Like the feeble coney, in my Rock I hide :  
Weakest little tendril growing in the Vine,  
Living in Another—thus Thy fulness mine !

Jesus, I will trust Thee. May I fruitful be !  
Nought of nature suffered—all must come from Thee :  
What the Vine produces, that will God approve,  
Christ—His faith and patience, gentleness and love. •

M. J. WALKER.

ABIDE in Thee, in that deep love of Thine,  
My Jesus, Lord, 'Thou Lamb of God divine!  
Down, closely down, as living branch with tree,  
I would abide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee,  
And Thou in me.

Abide in Thee ; 'tis thus I only know  
The secrets of Thy mind e'en while below ;  
All joy and peace, all knowledge of Thy Word,  
All power and fruit in service for the Lord,  
It doth afford.



"Abide in Me, and I  
in you."

*John xv. 4.*



"The Lord will  
bless  
His



people with  
peace."

*Psalm xxix. 11.*

O H, talk with me, my Saviour ! let my heart  
Kindle with holy joy to feel Thee near ;  
The strength, the peace, Thy presence gives impart,  
That my whole life Thy glory may declare.

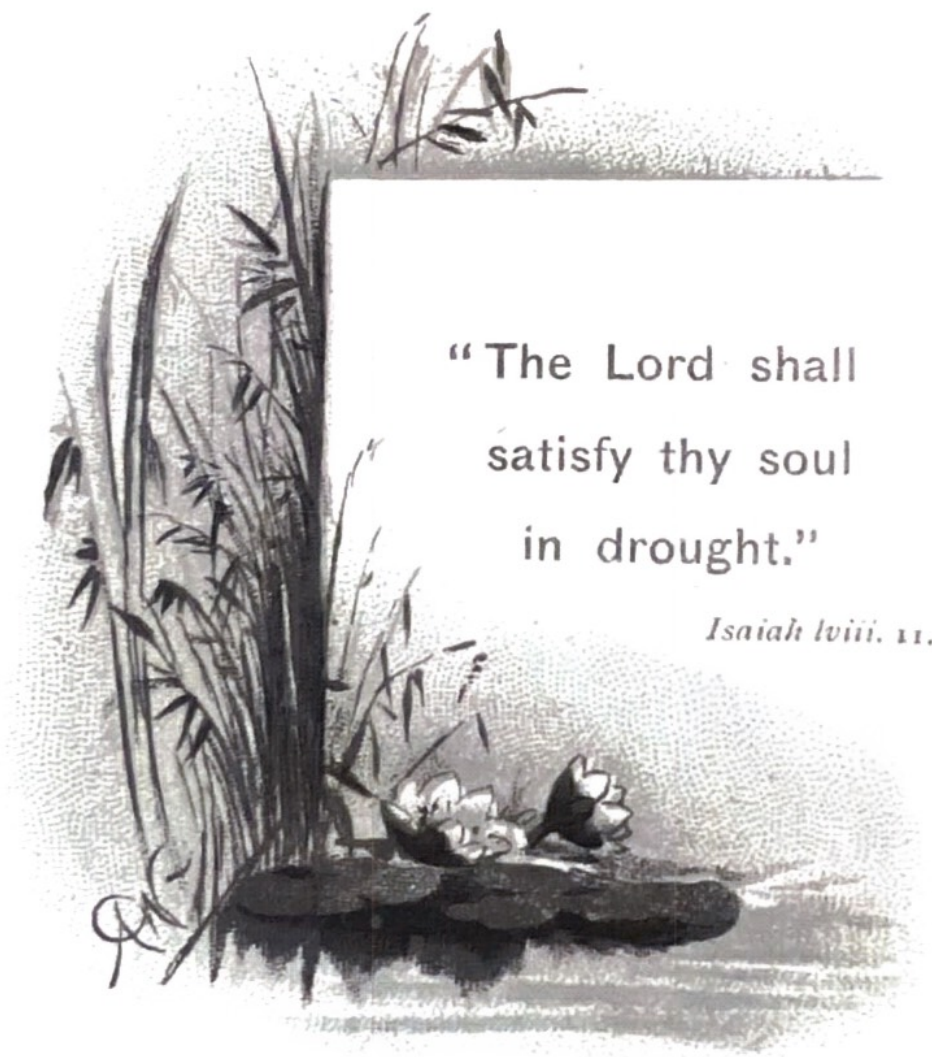
I am Thine own—the purchase of Thy blood—  
Bind me, my Lord, with cords of love to Thee—  
Come, make this heart Thy home, Thy loved abode ;  
Oh ! manifest Thyself, my Lord, to me.

M. J. M.

IN sultry climes, beneath the citron boughs,  
The weary traveller findeth food and rest ;  
So 'neath Thy shadow let my soul repose  
With great delight when weary and opprest :  
Thy fruit—the wondrous work wrought out by Thee,  
Thy life, Thy death, Thy *risen* life—prove sweet to me.

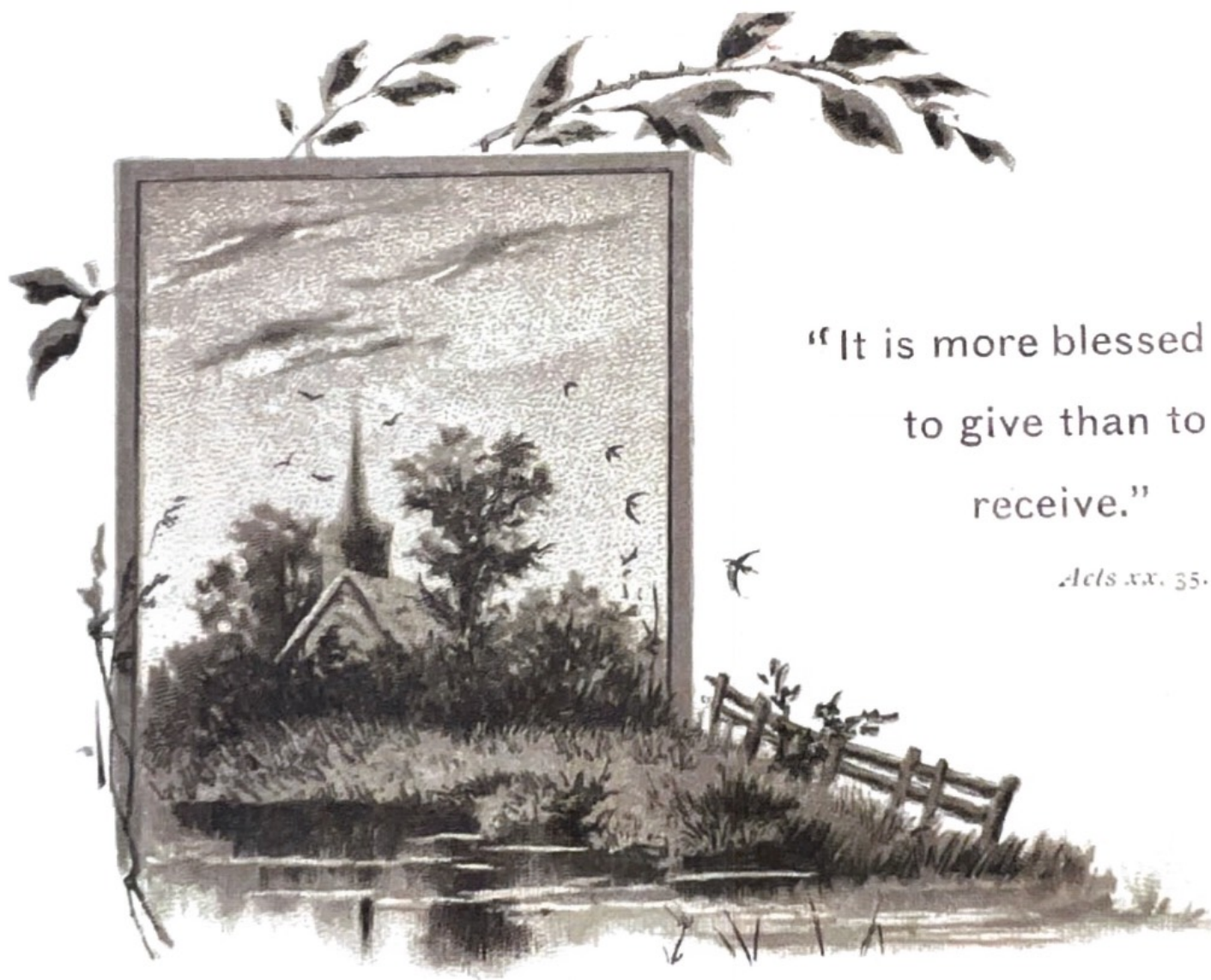
What will I, Lord? All through this “little while”  
I'd walk with Thee, as friend doth walk with friend ;  
I'd look into Thine eyes, and see Thy smile  
Of sweet approval all my way attend ;  
And when with grief and anxious cares opprest  
Find in Thy love my refuge and my rest.

M. J. M.

A black and white illustration of a pond. On the left, a tall, dense cluster of reeds or grasses grows out of the water. In the foreground, there are several lily pads floating on the water's surface, with two lily flowers in bloom. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with more reeds visible in the distance. The overall style is a fine-lined, stippled illustration.

“The Lord shall  
satisfy thy soul  
in drought.”

*Isaiah lviii. 11.*



"It is more blessed  
to give than to  
receive."

*Acts xx. 35.*


IS thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,  
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy  
brother :

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew ;  
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving ; all its wealth is living grain,  
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.  
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden ; God will bear both it and thee.

LOVE so vast that nought can bound ;  
Love too deep for thought to sound ;  
Love, which made the Lord of all  
Drink the wormwood and the gall ;  
Love, which led Him to the cross,  
Bearing there unuttered loss ;  
Love, which led Him to the gloom  
Of the cold and darksome tomb ;  
Love, which made Him hence arise  
Far above the starry skies ;  
*There* with tender loving care,  
All His people's griefs to share.





"The Lord direct your hearts  
into the love of God."

*2 Thessalonians iii. 5*



“Whom have I  
in heaven but  
Thee?”

*Psalm lxxiii. 25.*

NONE BUT CHRIST: His merit hides me,  
He was faultless—I am fair;  
NONE BUT CHRIST: His wisdom guides me,  
He was out-cast—I'm His care.

NONE BUT CHRIST: His life sustains me,  
Strength and song to me He is;  
NONE BUT CHRIST: His love constrains me,  
He is mine and I am His.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The Scripture assures us, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

His call we obey, like Abram of old,  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;  
For though we are strangers we have a sure Guide,  
And trust, in all dangers, "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."



“Jehovah-jireh—  
the Lord  
will provide.”

*Genesis 22:14*

"All things work  
together for  
good to



them  
that love  
God."

*Romans viii. 28.*

ALL things, dear Lord? Is there no thread of wee  
Too dark, too tangled, for the bright design?  
No drop of rain too heavy for the bow  
Set in the cloud in covenant divine?

I know that all Thy full designs are bright:  
That darkest threads grow golden in Thy hand;  
That bending lines grow straight—the tangled right—  
The bitter drops all sweet at Thy command.