

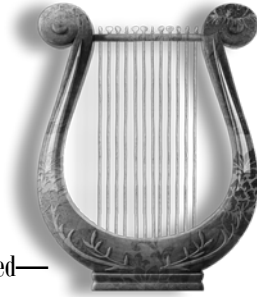


## —MY BEAUTIFUL SECRET—

“I have learned a beautiful secret,  
I know not how or where—  
But I know it is sweet and precious,  
And true, and glad, and fair;  
And that God in heaven reveals it  
To all that have ears to hear.

“And I know that ere I learned it,  
My way was weary and hard,  
And somewhere in life’s music  
There was always that which jarred—  
A hidden and dreary discord,  
That all its sweetness marred.

“But my harp of life was lifted  
By One who knew the range  
Of its many strings—for he made it,



And he struck a keynote strange;  
And beneath the touch of the Master  
I heard the music change.

“No longer it failed and faltered;  
No longer sobbed and strove;  
But it seemed to soar and mingle  
With the song of heaven above;  
For the pierced hand of the Master  
Had struck the keynote—Love.

“Thy heart’s long-prisoned music  
Let the Master’s hand set free!  
Let him whisper his beautiful secret  
To thee, as he hath to me:  
‘My Love is the Golden Keynote  
Of all my will for thee.’”

—*E. D. Cherry*

ZION’S WATCH TOWER, JANUARY 1st, 1905.

