

The Secret of His Presence

IN the secret of His presence
 How my soul delights to
 hide;
 Oh, how precious are the
 lessons
 Which I learn at Jesus'
 side.
 Earthly cares can never
 vex me,
 Neither trials lay me low,
 For when Satan comes to
 tempt me,
 To the secret place I go.



WHEN my soul is faint and
 thirsty—
 'Neath the shadow of
 His wing,
 There is a cool and pleasant
 shelter,
 And a fresh and crystal
 spring.
 And my Saviour rests
 beside me
 And we hold communion
 sweet :
 If I tried, I could not utter
 What He says, when
 we thus meet.



Le Christ et Saint Jean by Ary Scheffer

Psa. 27. 5.

Psa. 91.1.

ONLY this I know I tell Him
 All my doubts and griefs
 and fears;
 Oh, how patiently He
 listens,
 And my drooping soul He
 cheers.
 Do you think He ne'er
 reproves me?
 What a false friend He
 would be,
 If He never, never told me
 Of the faults which He
 must see.



WOULD you like to know
 the sweetness
 Of the secret of the
 Lord?
 Go and hide beneath His
 shadow,
 This shall then be your
 reward.
 And when'er you leave
 the silence
 Of that happy meeting
 place,
 You will bear the shining
 image
 Of the Master in your face.

—Lardent Card