The Secret of Rix Prezence

N 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.

thirsty—

'Neath the shadow of His wing,

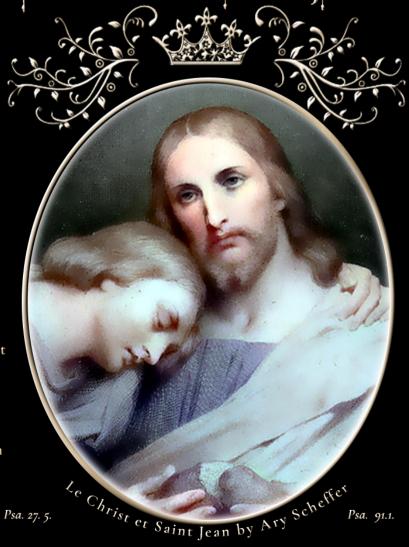
There is a cool and pleasant shelter,

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.



NLY 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.

OULD 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 whene'er you leave the silence Of that happy meeting

place, You will bear the shining image

Of the Master in your face.

—Lardent Card