

**HYMNS AND
MEDITATIONS: WITH
SELECTIONS FROM
SEVERAL AUTHORS**

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Hymns and Meditations: With Selections from Several Authors by Anna Letitia Waring

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HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS.

I.

"My times are in Thy hand."—PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will,
That hurries to and fro,

Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—than to serve Thee *much*,
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;

But a lonely heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

II.

"Thou maintainest my lot."—PSALM xvi. 5.

SOURCE of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me pleasant things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,

Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And, in Thy own exceeding peace,
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear,
As air we breathe—as light we see ;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

III.

"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—
JOHN xiv. 14.

My prayer to the promise shall cling—
I will not give heed to a doubt ;
For I ask for the one needful thing,
Which I cannot be happy without.

A spirit of lowly repose
In the love of the Lamb that was slain,
A heart to be touched with His woes,
And a care not to grieve Him again :

The peace that my Saviour has bought,
The cheerfulness nothing can dim,
The love that can bring every thought
Into perfect obedience to Him :

The wisdom His mercy to own
In the way He directs me to take,—
To glory in Jesus alone,
And to love, and do good, for His sake.

All this Thou hast offered to me
In the promise whereon I will rest ;
For faith, O my Saviour, in Thee,
Is the substance of all my request.

Thy word has commanded my prayer,
Thy Spirit has taught me to pray ;
And all my unholy despair
Is ready to vanish away.

Thou wilt not be weary of me,
Thy promise my faith will sustain,
And soon very soon I shall see
That I have not been asking in vain.

IV.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you."—ISAIAH li. 12.

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away;
Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.

Oft in a dark and lonely place,
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith;
And feel my safety in Thy hand
From every kind of death.

O there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will;