

UNITY.

I am one with the stars and the night wind,
And the deep slow moving sea,
I am one with the sweet birds singing
I am one dear God with Thee.

I am one with the crags of the mountains,
And the storm tossed forest tree;
I am one with the sun-kissed meadows,
I am one dear God with Thee.

I am one with the striving worker ,
With the children laughing in glee;
I am one with the soul sick sinner
I am one dear God with Thee.

For the ebb and flow of Thy life breath,
Which maketh all things to be ;
In the heart of the Infinite silence ,
I am one dear God with Thee. (John Worthington , "In right thinking")

His Garment.

If you knew that our Lord was walking
As He walked on this earth of yore,
That to day He was healing and teaching
The multitudes as before ;
How eagerly you would hasten
To Him with your own distress,
How strive but to touch His garment
As you won to His side in the press.

And yet in the world He is walking
As truly as long ago;
He is standing right now beside you,
And longing for you to know;
He is closer to you than breathing,
His raiment is all about
For in Him, and of Him are all things .
Not a mote in the sunbeam left out.

He is clothed in the grass uprising ,
Is clothed in the lily fair,
In desert or valley or mountain
Tread softly for He is there.
He dwells in the dew drops glisten,
He shines in the glowing sun;
He is wrapped in the sunset's glory
The wind is His garment's hem.

The clouds are His royal mantle ,
He covers Himself with the deep,
He is veiled in the evening shadows
When He hushes His world to sleep.
All nature His seamless vesture
Is woven His sacred stole ;
Reach forth but a trembling finger
And your FAITH--it will make you whole.

THE RIVER OF TIME

The river of time flows away through the years,
Afloat on its breast, human barks, drift along,
Some heavily laden with sorrow and tears,
While others are freighted with laughter and song.

Yet onward they go, where the swift river flows,
Each hoping to find, at the end of the way
That fair land of promise which nobody knows,
Yet fancy has pictured as "eternal day."

But some who are steering their barks down this stream
Have found a true chart that will guide them aright.
They know that this fancy is only a dream,
That NOW-the God Law would change darkness to light.

No waiting for death to find Eden or Hell,
The mighty God Power that rules over all
Is waiting and eager to ring the last knell
On sorrow and failure, if only we call.

To those who are trusting this wonderful power,
And to its demands remain faithful and true,
There comes the sweet knowledge that life, like a bower
Is fragrant and beautiful, all the way through.

The source of this river has never been found,
Its ending, a secret, that no one has guessed.
But He who produced it, with wisdom profound,
Made ample provision, that all may be blessed.

J. H. Thompson