

THE DIVINE WORD.

BY MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass
away."

Dearer with every passing hour
Is God's sweet word to me,
To its blest truths as to a tower,
In troubled times I flee!
For while the heavens and earth shall last
Its promises are sure –
Yea! when they both are with the past
Its glories shall endure.
The word of Him who cannot lie,
Who by His own will stand,
When the swift whirlwind sweepeth by,
And in the desert land,
Who sendeth out his angel guard
Above his loved ones' way,
And turneth, by his rod of power,
Their darkness into day.
Whose blessings, promised to the meek,
About their pathway rise,
Like blossoms in a wintry-waste,
Or stars in storm-tossed skies.

O, I have proved each word of thine,
My God, as gold is tried –
Never to tear or prayer of mine
Was thy strong help denied.

I bless thee for each step I've trod
By the dark waves of woe;
With faith and peace my feet were shod
Through the wild flood to go!
Hast thou not said, "But for a night
The weeping shall endure –
Joy cometh with the morning light"!
O, promise sweet and sure!
Where is my joy? – to dwell apart
From earth's poor bonds set free,
Hidden within thy faithful heart,
To find my all in Thee.
– Guide to Holiness.
