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"ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE."

– (PSA. 87:7.) –

A brook goes brightly on its way,
Its ripples on the pebbles ring
Incessant, day by day;
It has a living spring.

A life moves buoyantly along,
Tireless its walk; heart, glad and free,
Breaks out to God in song –
My springs are all in Thee.

God sets his seal upon the heart,
The holy unction from above,
His new name to impart;
Transcendent spring of love!

He gives the running-over cup,
Water of life, without alloy,
Forever welling up;
Perennial spring of joy!

God's mercies, every morning new,
Bid every anxious worry cease,
Distilling like the dew
To fill my spring of peace.

A watered garden is the soul,
Where grows the branch within the vine.
Thou dost sustain the whole,
O Spring of Life divine!

– F. I. PARMENTER.
