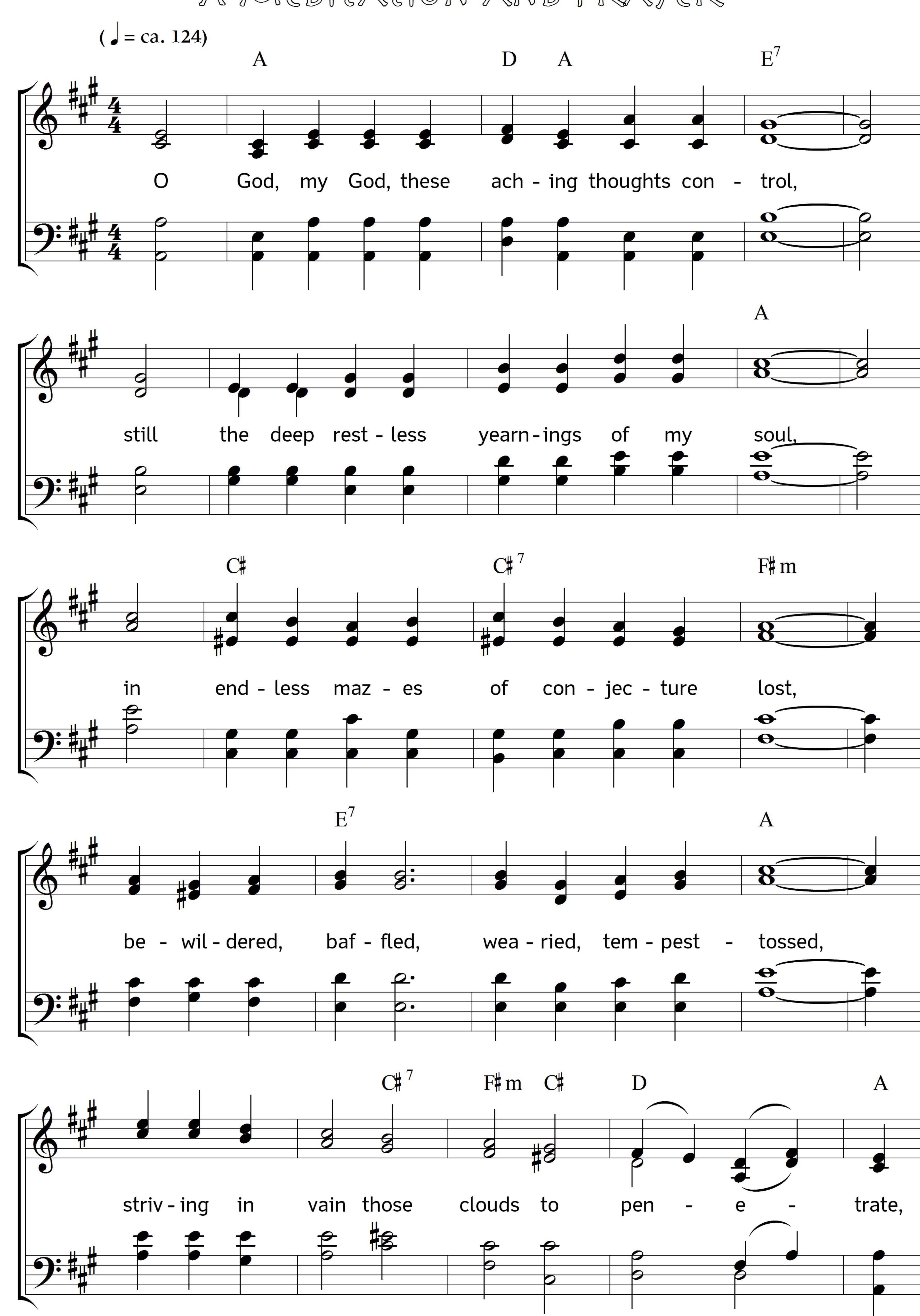
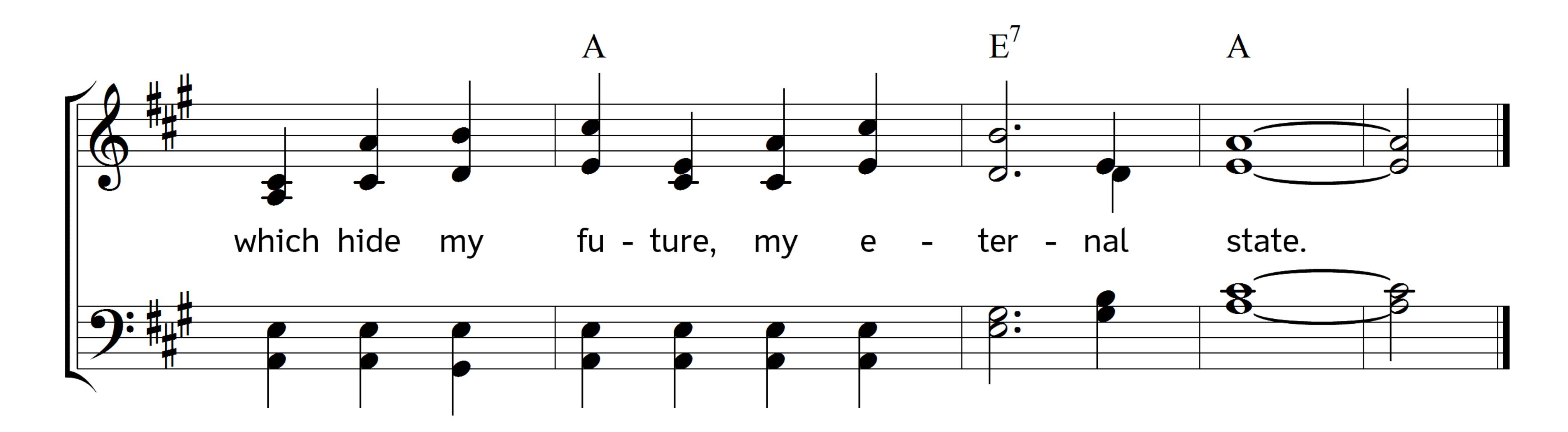
A MEDITATION AND PRAYER





- 2. Check these tumultuous thoughts, so strong, so wild; let me not be by Satan's snares beguiled; the things revealed alone belong to man; why strive deep hidden mysteries to scan?

 "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;"

 Lord! as a little child I fain would be.
 - 5. None has returned from that mysterious bourne; millions have passed away, and those we mourn are living somewhere, but we know not where; faith only tells what blessedness they share; and its bright lamp, hung o'er the gulf of night, "brings life and immortality to light."
- 3. My restless soul! what do those thoughts avail? Why strive to pierce the impenetrable veil? Alas! thy faith amounts not yet to sight! How should the finite grasp the infinite? How should an atom on this earthly ball search out the great First Cause, God over all?
- 6. They fell asleep in Jesus, they are blessed; this must suffice me, on this truth I rest; but the bright marvels of that unknown shore, as yet 'tis not permitted to explore; but yet a little while and I shall know (for God has said it) what I know not now.
- 4. This present life is but my infancy; even the objects which around I see are full of secrets, still but little known, though earth's six thousand years some light have thrown. but all beyond, vast, vast eternity, is veiled from man, an undiscovered sea!
 - 7. "A meek and quiet spirit," this I ask; fulfilling daily my appointed task; sitting, like Mary, at the Master's feet, aiming at nothing high, at nothing great; content from him all knowledge to receive, nor seeking more than he is pleased to give.

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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