We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps—Concluded.

In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has yet its olive, And love its Galilee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
The last low whispers of our dead, Are burdened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

127 If the Lord My Saviour Comes.

MARIETTA C. PRINCE. LEWIS S. CHAFER.

1. If the Lord my Saviour comes, At the dawn ing,
2. If the Lord my Saviour comes, At the noon time,
3. If the Lord my Saviour comes, In the shadows,
4. If the Lord my Saviour comes, In the quiet,

In the morning, Of a golden summer day, Will He
In the hurry, 'Mid the toil and press ing care, Will I
Of the twilight, When the cares are laid aside, Will He
Of the midnight, When the earth is hushed to rest, Will He

find me waiting, watching, For His call to come away?
hear His sweet voice calling, Hear that shouting in the air?
find my soul still hark ing, For His summons to His bride?
find my lamp all ready, Bid me enter with the blest?

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