

## THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

In the secret of His presence  
How my soul delights to hide:  
Oh, how precious are the lessons  
Which I learn at Jesus' side.  
Earthly cares can never vex me,  
Neither trials lay me low,  
If when Satan comes to tempt me,  
To the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty,  
,Neath the shadow of His wing  
There is cool and pleasant shelter,  
And a fresh and crystal spring,  
And my Saviour rests beside me,  
As we hold communion sweet;  
If I tried, I could not utter  
What he says, when thus we meet.

Only this, I know, I tell Him  
All my doubts, and griefs, and fears;  
Oh, how patiently He listens,  
And my drooping heart he cheers.  
Do you think he ne'er reproves me?  
What a false friend He would be,  
If he never, never told me  
Of the sins which he must see.

Do you think that I could love Him  
Half so well, or as I ought,  
If He did not plainly tell me  
Of each sinful word and thought?  
No! for He is very faithful,  
And that makes me trust Him more,  
For I know that He does love me,

Though sometimes he wounds me sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness,  
Of that secret of the Lord?  
Go and hide beneath His shadow,  
This shall then be your reward.  
And whene'er you leave the silence  
Of that happy meeting-place,  
You must mind and bear the image  
Of your Master in your face.—**Selected.**

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— August, 1884 —