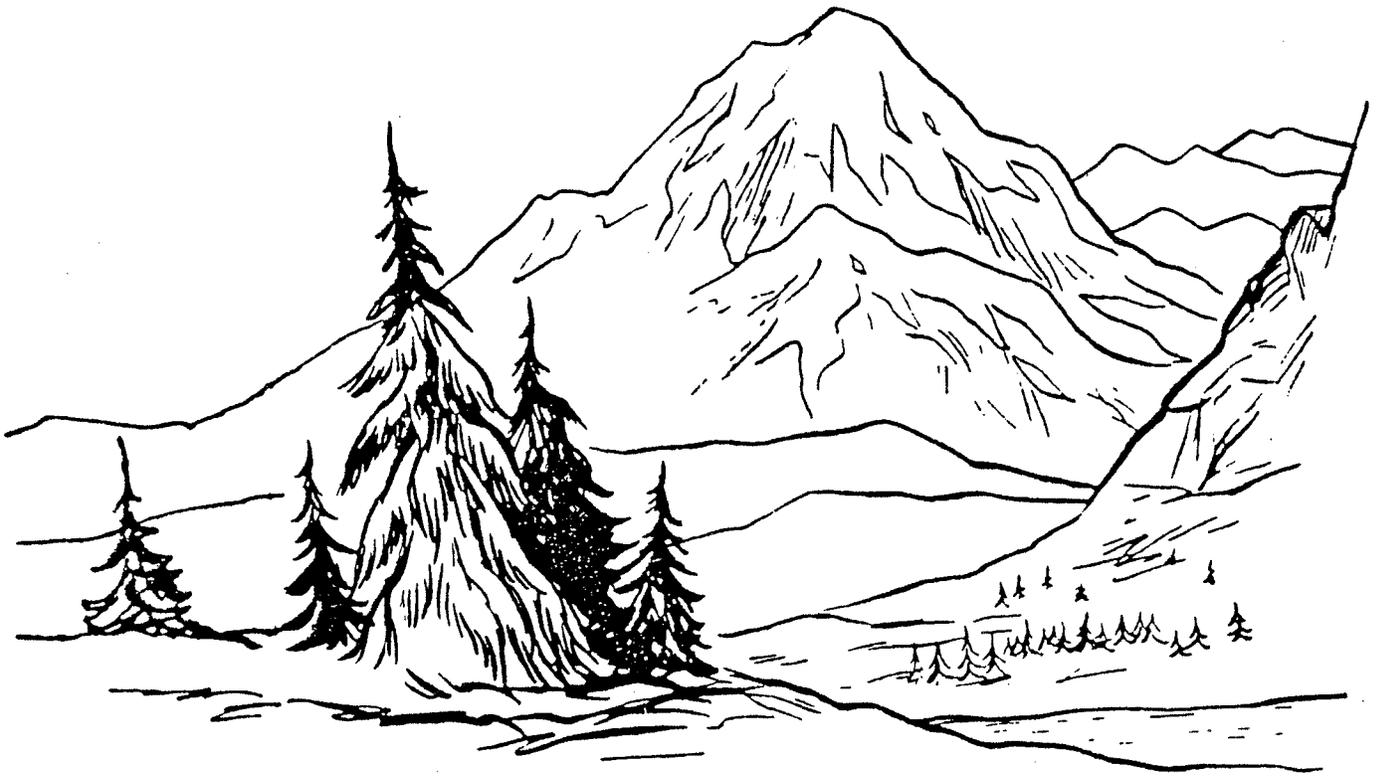


**God is greater  
than any problem  
I have!**

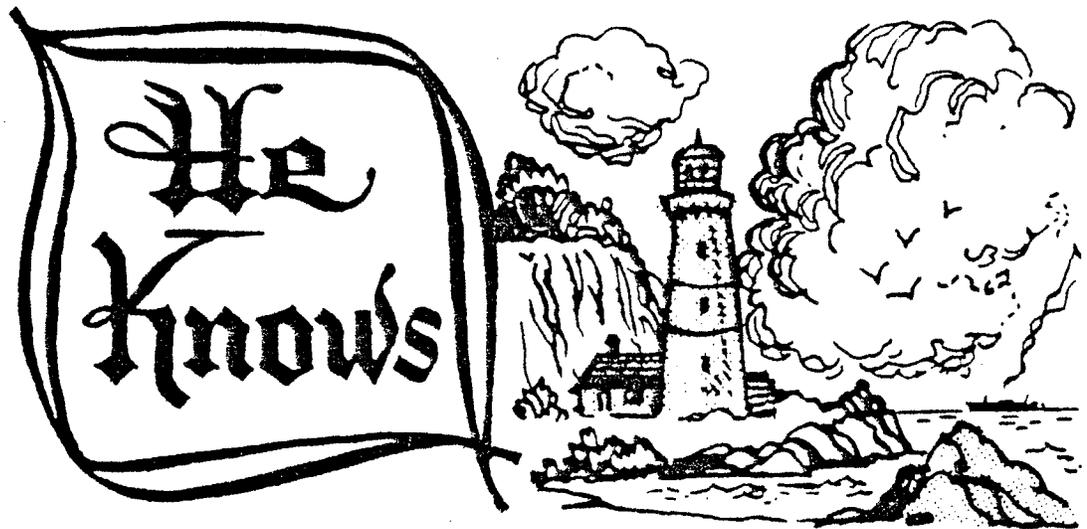


**God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.  
Therefore we will not fear  
(Psalm 46:1-2).**

## Comfort for the Distressed Heart

- ▶▶▶ There most certainly exists an almighty, all-wise and infinitely gracious God.
- ▶▶▶ He has given me in times past and is giving me at present (if I had but eyes to see it), many and signal intimations of His love to me, both in a way of providence and grace.
- ▶▶▶ This love of His is immutable; He never repents of it nor withdraws it.
- ▶▶▶ Whatever comes to pass in time is the result of His will from everlasting, consequently...
- ▶▶▶ ...my afflictions were a part of His original plan, and are all ordered in number, weight and measure.
- ▶▶▶ The very hairs of my head are (every one) counted by Him, nor can a single hair fall to the ground without His knowledge and consent. Hence...
- ▶▶▶ ...my distresses are not the result of chance or accident, but...
- ▶▶▶ ...the providential accomplishment of God's purpose, and...
- ▶▶▶ ...designed to answer some wise and gracious ends...
- ▶▶▶ ...nor shall my affliction continue a moment longer than God sees meet.
- ▶▶▶ He who brought me to it has promised to support me under it and to carry me through it.
- ▶▶▶ All shall, most assuredly, work together for His glory and my good, thus...
- ▶▶▶ "the cup which my heavenly Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?" Yes, I will, in the strength He imparts, rejoicing in tribulation and committing my soul to Him who makes no mistakes.





He knows it all — the winding path,  
The sky o'ercast and grey,  
The steepness of the mountainside,  
The roughness of the way.

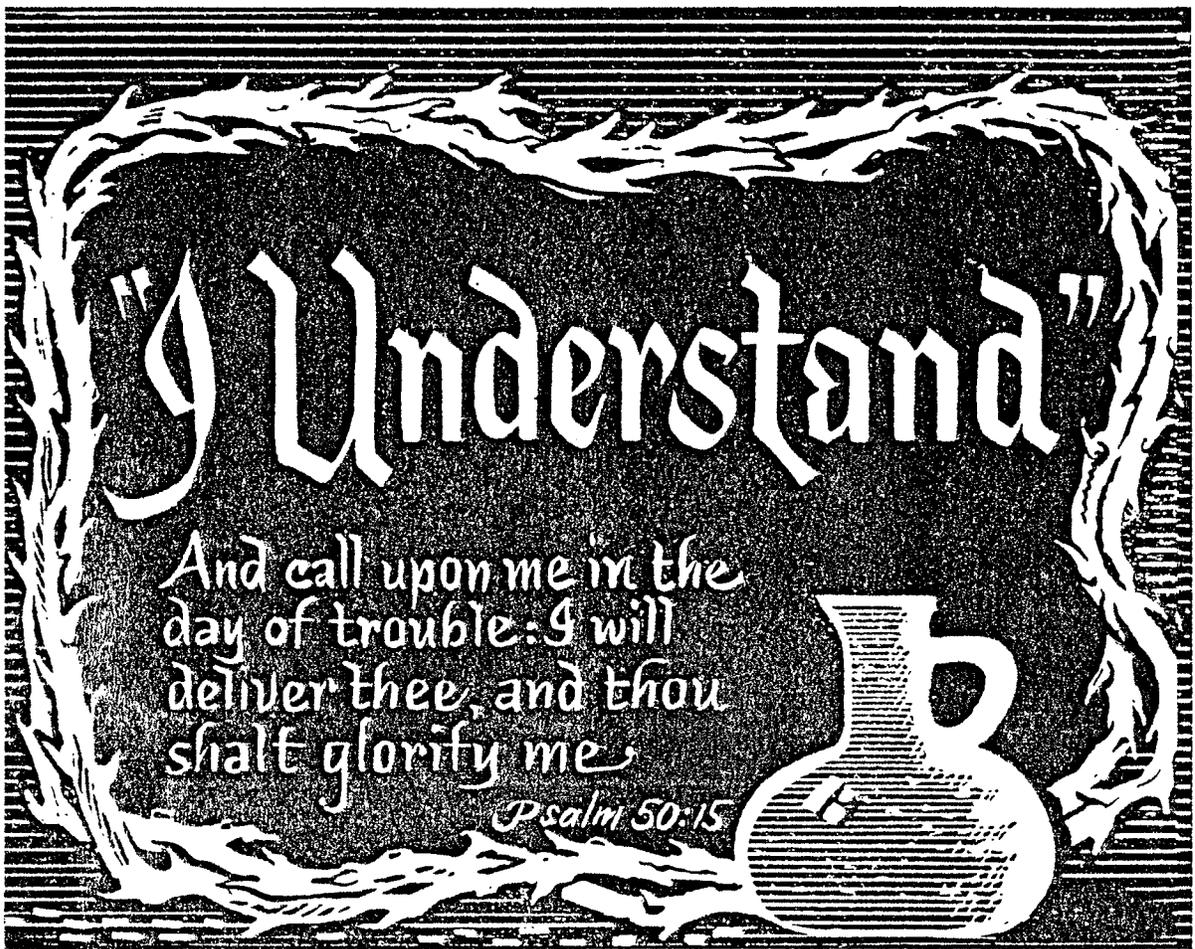
He knows it all — the haunting fear,  
The doubtings that distress,  
The wond'rings and perplexities,  
And all the strain and stress.

He knows it all — each troubled thought,  
Each anxious wave of care,  
And every burden, every grief,  
Or cross that thou dost bear.

He knows it all — thy weight of woe,  
Thine often tear-dimmed eye,  
The stabbing pain, the slow, dull ache,  
And sorrow's broken cry.

He knows it all — but His to choose,  
And thine to take His choice!  
He knows it all! He planned it so!  
Then trust Him, and rejoice!

— E. Margaret Clarkson



Hast thou been hungry, child of Mine?  
I, too, have needed bread;  
For forty days I tasted naught  
Till by the angels fed.  
Hast thou been thirsty? On the cross  
I suffered thirst for thee;  
I've promised to supply thy need,  
My child, come unto Me.

Perhaps thy way is weary oft,  
Thy feet grow tired and lame;  
I wearied when I reached the well,  
I suffered just the same:  
And when I bore the heavy cross  
I fainted 'neath the load;  
And so I've promised rest to all  
Who walk the weary road.

Doth Satan sometimes buffet thee,  
And tempt thy soul to sin?  
Do faith and hope and love grow weak?  
Are doubts and fears within?

Remember I was tempted thrice  
By this same foe of thine;  
But he could not resist the Word,  
Nor conquer pow'r divine.

When thou art sad and tears fall fast  
My heart goes out to thee,  
For I wept o'er Jerusalem —  
The place so dear to me:  
And when I came to Lazarus' tomb  
I wept — my heart was sore;  
I'll comfort thee when thou dost weep,  
Till sorrows all are o'er.

Do hearts prove false when thine is true?  
I know the bitter dart;  
I was betrayed by one I loved —  
Who lay close to my heart.  
I loved My own, they loved Me not,  
My heart was lonely, too;  
I'll never leave thee, child of Mine,  
My loving heart is true.

Have courage, then, My faithful one,  
I suffered all the way,  
Thy sensitive and loving heart  
I understand today;  
Whate'er thy grief, whate'er thy care  
Just bring it unto Me;  
Yea, in thy day of trouble, call,  
I will deliver thee.

— Susanne C. Umlauf

## MY GUIDE

I know not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide!  
With a childlike faith do I give my hand  
To the mighty Friend by my side.  
And the only thing that I say to Him  
As He takes it, is, Hold it fast!  
Suffer me not to lose the way,  
And lead me home at last.

# GOD'S KIND CARE

God hath not promised  
Skies always blue,  
Flower-strewn pathways,  
All our lives thro';  
God hath not promised  
Sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow,  
Peace without pain.

God hath not promised  
We shall not know  
Toil and temptation,  
Trouble and woe;  
He hath not told us  
We shall not bear  
Many a burden,  
Many a care.

God hath not promised  
Smooth roads and wide,  
Swift, easy travel,  
Needing no guide;  
Never a mountain,  
Rocky and steep,  
Never a river  
Turbid and deep:

But God hath promised  
Strength for the day,  
Rest for the labor,  
Light for the way,  
Grace for the trials,  
Help from above,  
Unfailing sympathy,  
Undying love.

— Annie Johnson Flint.

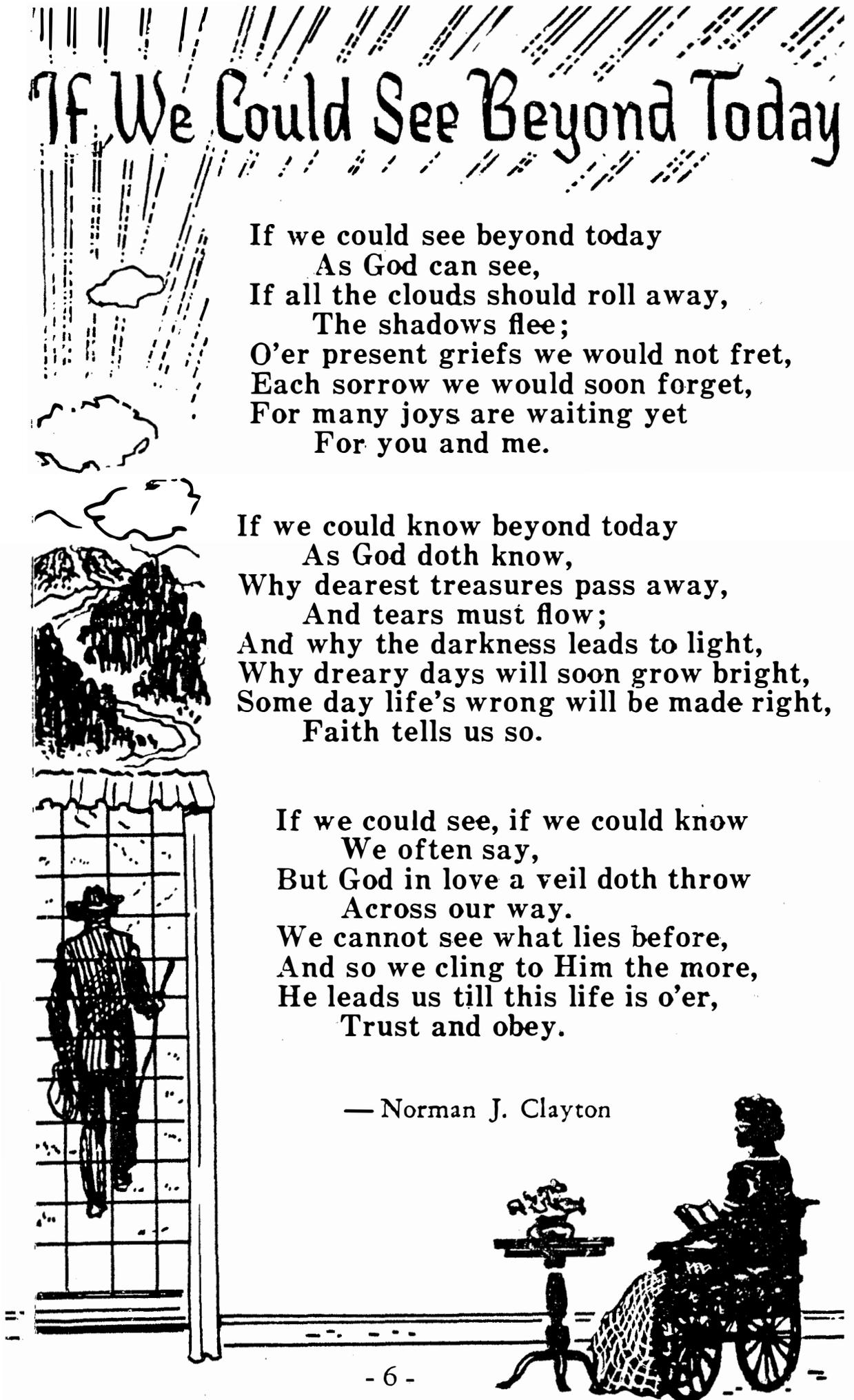
# If We Could See Beyond Today

If we could see beyond today  
As God can see,  
If all the clouds should roll away,  
The shadows flee;  
O'er present griefs we would not fret,  
Each sorrow we would soon forget,  
For many joys are waiting yet  
For you and me.

If we could know beyond today  
As God doth know,  
Why dearest treasures pass away,  
And tears must flow;  
And why the darkness leads to light,  
Why dreary days will soon grow bright,  
Some day life's wrong will be made right,  
Faith tells us so.

If we could see, if we could know  
We often say,  
But God in love a veil doth throw  
Across our way.  
We cannot see what lies before,  
And so we cling to Him the more,  
He leads us till this life is o'er,  
Trust and obey.

— Norman J. Clayton



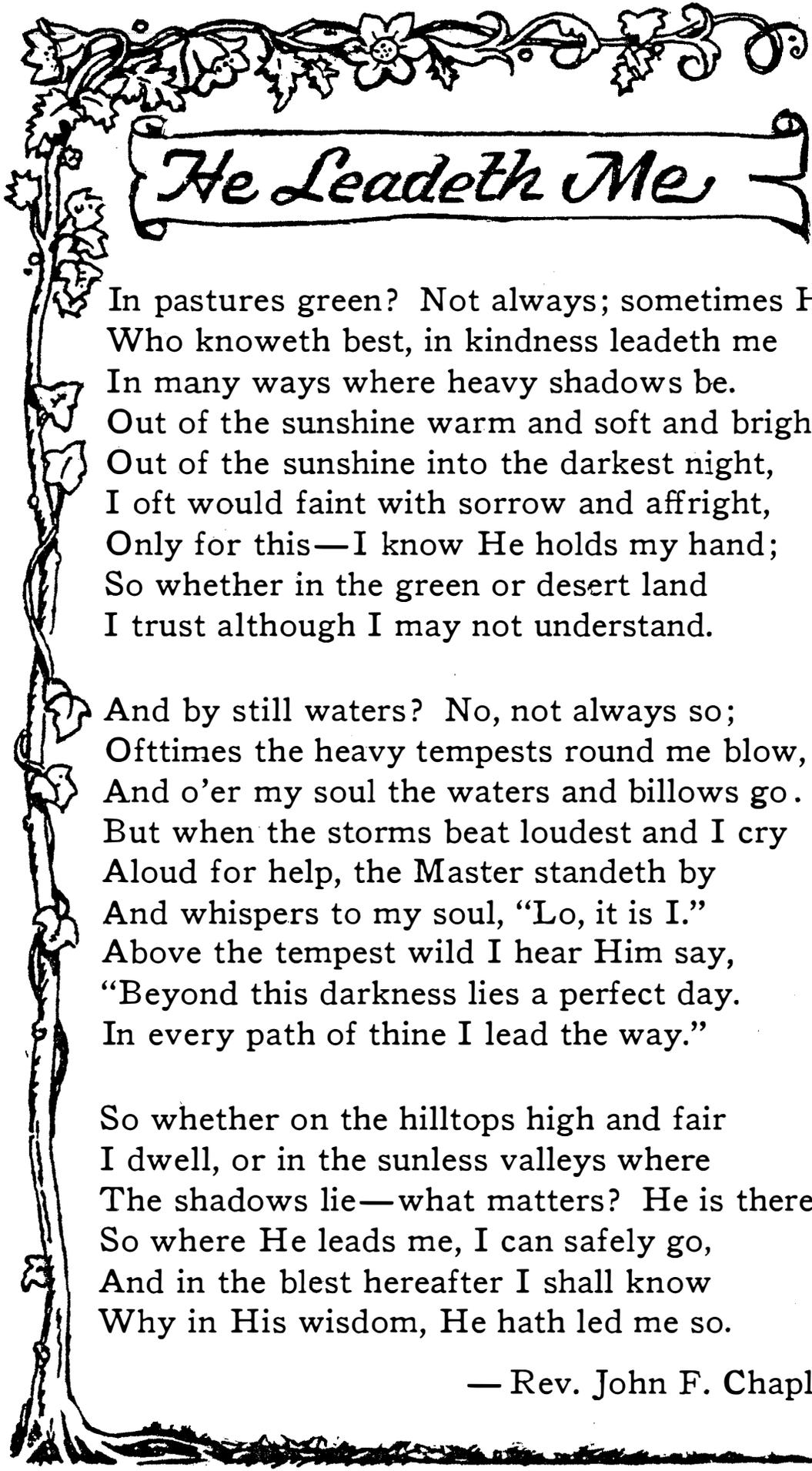
# Thou Passest Through

"When thou passest through the waters"  
Deep the waves may be and cold,  
But Jehovah is our refuge,  
And His promise is our hold;  
For the Lord Himself hath said it,  
He, the faithful God and true:  
"When thou comest to the waters  
Thou shalt not go down, BUT THROUGH."

Seas of sorrow, seas of trial,  
Bitterest anguish, fiercest pain,  
Rolling surges of temptation  
Sweeping over heart and brain —  
They shall never overflow us  
For we know His Word is true;  
All His waves and all His billows  
He will lead us safely through.

Threatening breakers of destruction,  
Doubts insidious undertow,  
Shall not sink us, shall not drag us  
Out to ocean depths of woe;  
For His promise shall sustain us,  
Praise the Lord, whose Word is true!  
We shall not go down, or under,  
For He saith, "Thou passest THROUGH."

—ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT



## He Leadeth Me

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In many ways where heavy shadows be.  
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright—  
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,  
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,  
Only for this—I know He holds my hand;  
So whether in the green or desert land  
I trust although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;  
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waters and billows go.  
But when the storms beat loudest and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."  
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,  
"Beyond this darkness lies a perfect day.  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hilltops high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
The shadows lie—what matters? He is there.  
So where He leads me, I can safely go,  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

— Rev. John F. Chaplain

The Lord is my shepherd;

# I Shall Not Want

*I shall not want rest.*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

*I shall not want refreshment.*

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

*I shall not want forgiveness.*

He restoreth my soul.

*I shall not want guidance.*

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

*I shall not want companionship.*

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me.

*I shall not want comfort.*

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

*I shall not want food.*

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

*I shall not want joy.*

Thou anointest my head with oil.

*I shall not want anything.*

My cup runneth over.

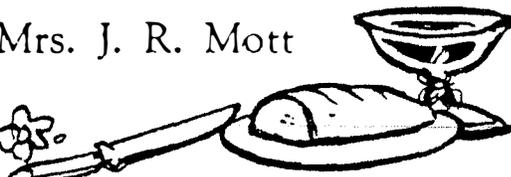
*I shall not want anything in this life.*

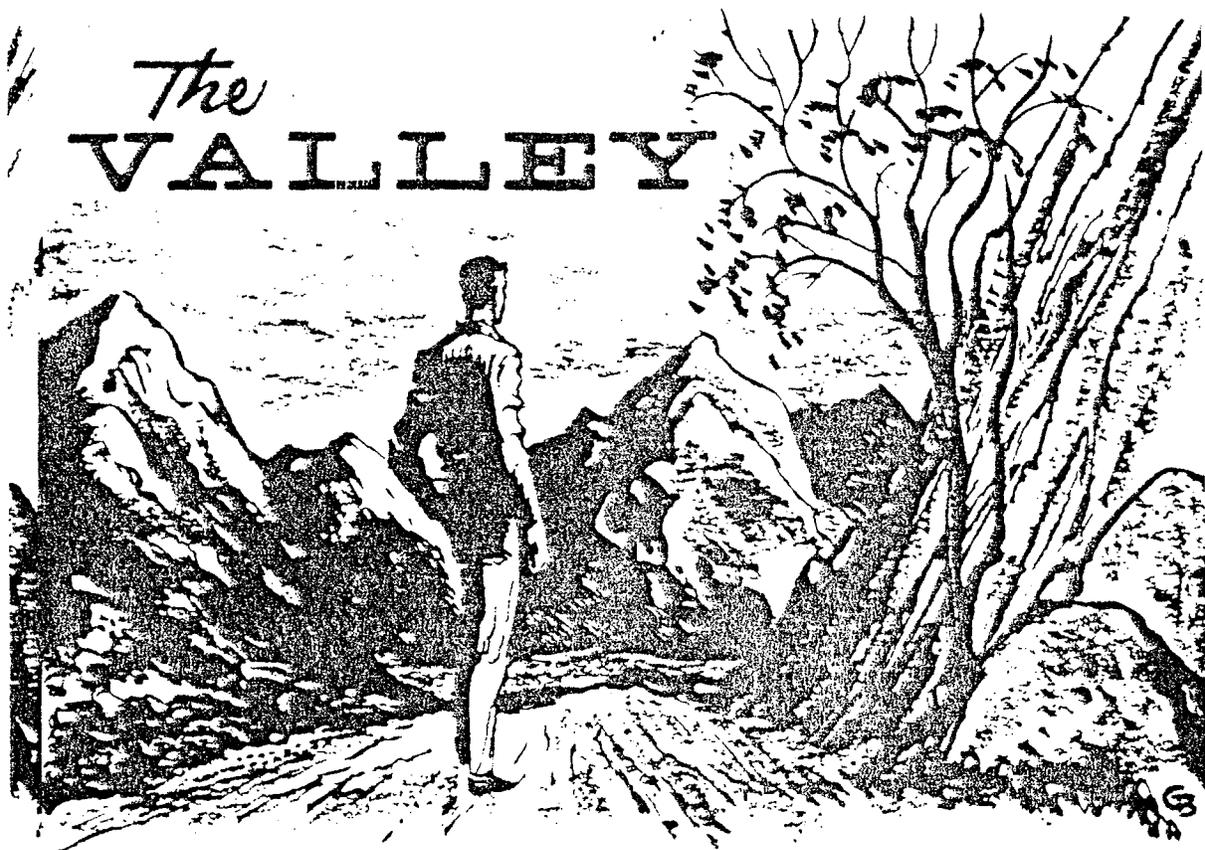
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

*I shall not want anything in eternity.*

And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Mrs. J. R. Mott





I have been through the valley of weeping,  
The valley of sorrow and pain;  
But the "God of all comfort" was with me,  
At hand to uphold and sustain.

As the earth needs the clouds and the sunshine,  
Our souls need both sorrow and joy;  
So He places us oft in the furnace,  
The dross from the gold to destroy.

When He leads through some valley of trouble,  
His powerful hand we can trace;  
For the trials and sorrows He sends us  
Are part of His lessons of grace.

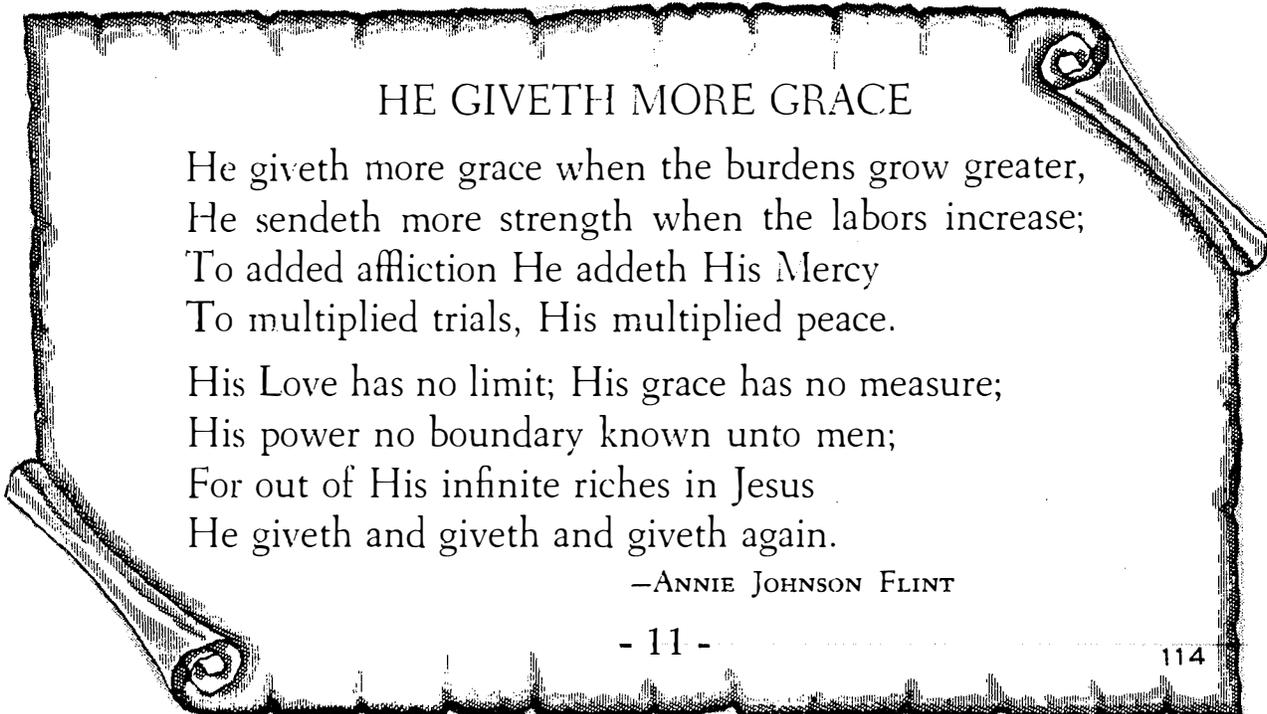
Oft we shrink from the purging and pruning,  
Forgetting the Husbandman knows  
The deeper the cutting and paring,  
The richer the cluster that grows.

Well He knows that affliction is needed;  
He has a wise purpose in view,  
And in the dark valley He whispers,  
“Hereafter thou’lt know what I do.”

As we travel through life’s shadowed valley,  
Fresh springs of His love ever rise;  
And we learn that our sorrows and losses  
Are blessings just sent in disguise.

So we’ll follow wherever He leadeth,  
Though pathways be dreary or bright;  
For we’ve proof that our God can give comfort,  
Our God can give songs in the night.

— Unknown



HE GIVETH MORE GRACE

He giveth more grace when the burdens grow greater,  
He sendeth more strength when the labors increase;  
To added affliction He addeth His Mercy  
To multiplied trials, His multiplied peace.

His Love has no limit; His grace has no measure;  
His power no boundary known unto men;  
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus  
He giveth and giveth and giveth again.

—ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

# SHIPWRECKED ON GOD

*"He bringeth them unto their desired haven."*

(Psalm 107:30.)



RECKED! That one word tells a tale of storms, gales, high seas, perils, losses. WRECKED! Ship gone, possessions gone, friends gone, home gone, everything gone—life itself, almost gone. What a picture of complete helplessness; could anything be more pitiable?

Watch that man as he drifts on that raft—a broken fragment of the vessel which once bore him proudly over the sparkling waters. ALONE—with an “aleness” which is oppressive in its intensity; hungry and thirsty—his soul faints within him; for where is he to find bread to satisfy his hunger, or water to quench his thirst? Exhausted, with the exposure and the mental agony, and almost at the point of death. But, watch! his raft is unconsciously drifting towards a haven of refuge; he will presently find himself wrecked on a hospitable shore in the land of plenty.

Can we read in this a parable of human experience? Ah! yes, indeed; but it is only when the storm-tossed, hurricane-driven, helpless, lonely mariner finds himself wrecked upon God Himself that the experience proves to be a blessing in disguise.

Observation teaches one that it is generally the untoward happenings of life, its limitations, deprivations, and extremities which drive the soul on to GOD.

Have you ever known what it is to find yourself in such circumstances that you are literally at your wit's end? All human helpers have failed, or, possibly, you are cut off from communication with any living being to whom you feel you could open your heart. Troubles gather like storm-clouds, thick and fast, and the winds of adversity blow with relentless fury as you struggle to hold on your way. At length you find yourself *wrecked*; everything is broken up; all your props and stays are gone to pieces; all hope is gone; there is nothing left *but* GOD.

Wrecked upon God. What does that mean? Well, it means to find IN GOD HIMSELF at last, a haven of refuge, a safe retreat, sure protection, ample provision, boundless love, limitless resource; in fact, everything and more than everything that the soul has lost. It means to be wrecked upon ALL-SUFFICIENCY—to find out in actual personal experience that God Himself is *enough*. *God never fails the soul who is utterly abandoned to Him: He employs all His omnipotence and His omniscience on his behalf.*

The one who is thus wrecked upon God *proves* that His "hand is not shortened that it cannot save: neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear," and he is prepared to testify with God's servant of old, "Thou hast been . . . a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat" . . . "an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest." See Isa. 25:4 and 32:2.—A. C. L.

### SHIPWRECKED ON GOD

*Shipwrecked on God! Of all else forsaken!  
All hope of help from every source has fled.  
'Tis then, and only then, we find the Rock beneath us  
That wrecked our keel and stranded us on God.  
Shipwrecked on God! 'Tis not till then we know Him,  
'Tis not till then we trust Him to the uttermost;  
'Tis not till then we prove Him all sufficient  
And feed upon His breast alone.  
Release thy hold of all that binds thee to another;  
Let shore-lines go and dare the swelling tide—  
It will but bear thee safely into haven,  
And land thee safe upon the Rock, shipwrecked on God.  
Shipwrecked on God! O blessed place of safety,  
Shipwrecked on God! No greater place of rest,  
Shipwrecked on God! All shore-lines broke asunder,  
With NOTHING LEFT in all the universe but God.*

*Shipwrecked on God! Then face to face we see Him,  
With naught between to dim the vision of His Love.  
'Tis then we learn the secret of Redemption,  
When we have NOTHING left in earth or heaven—but GOD.  
Shipwrecked on God! 'Tis then we learn to know Him,  
As heart beats to heart in unison of love.  
Then no more twain, but married to another—  
He whom God gave from out the bosom of His Love.  
Shipwrecked on God! 'Tis not till then we vanish;  
'Tis not till then we find we're hid with Christ in God,  
And cease from all our trying and our struggling,  
To find at last that Christ is ALL IN ALL.  
Shipwrecked on God! No land in sight to flee to;  
Where height and depth cannot be reached,  
Or length or breadth be spanned;  
We sink into the mighty sea of God's own fullness,  
To find that NOTHING ELSE REMAINS—but HIM, the Christ  
of God.*

*Shipwrecked on God! With naught but Christ remaining,  
I find Him Life and Breath, Environment—yea ALL!  
I've ceased from all my trying and my toiling,  
I've entered into rest to toil no more;  
He lives His life while I abide within Him.  
And now for me to live is Christ for evermore.*

—C. M. B.

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## THE STORM THRUSH

*“Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil.” (Heb. 6:19.)*



HERE is a bird of the Thrush family, found in the south of Ireland, called “The Storm Thrush,” from its peculiar love of storms. In the wildest storms of rain and wind it betakes itself to the very topmost twig of the highest tree and there pours out its beautiful song—its frail perch swaying in the wind.

### THE STORM THRUSH

*“There’s a sweet little bird in a far-off isle—  
The isle where the shamrocks grow;  
And of all the birds in that dear old land,  
He’s the dearest that I know;  
He is dressed in a suit of sober brown,  
And a speckled breast has he;  
But his eye is bright and his voice is tuned  
To heaven’s own minstrelsy.  
He sits and sings when the sun shines fair  
To his mate in her downy nest,  
But the topmost twig of the tallest tree  
Is the place where he sings best!  
When the rain pours down and the floods are out,  
And the wild winds rage and roar,  
Then, clear and high, o’er the shrieking gale,  
The storm thrush sings the more.*

*“That frail little bird on the swaying twig,  
As his clear voice pierced the gales,  
Dropped a message sweet at my faltering feet,  
Of a Love that never fails:  
Though many a storm has crossed my life,  
And many a grief and fear;  
Yet with heart and voice did my soul rejoice,  
For my Lord was always near.  
So when dark clouds are about YOUR path,  
Like the storm thrush, learn to sing;  
For from topmost height of a lofty faith  
You can always see the King!  
And with eyes that gaze on His blessed face,  
You never need fear or fail.  
The gales may PROVE, but they CANNOT MOVE,  
The anchor ‘within the veil.’”*  
—Mrs. C. L. de Cheney.

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### **KEEP UP THE SONG OF FAITH**

*“Keep up the song of faith,  
However dark the night;  
And as you praise, the Lord will work  
To change your faith to sight.*

*“Keep up the song of faith,  
And let your heart be strong,  
For God delights when faith can praise  
Though dark the night and long.*

*“Keep up the song of faith,  
The foe will hear and flee;  
Oh, let not Satan hush your song  
For praise is victory.*

*“Keep up the song of faith,  
The dawn will break ere long,  
And we shall go to meet the Lord,  
And join the endless song.”*

—M. E. Barber.

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*He does not lead me year by year  
Nor even day by day.  
But step by step my path unfolds;  
My Lord directs my way.*

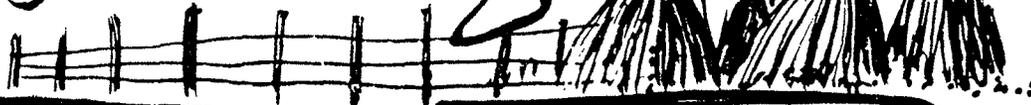
*Tomorrow's paths I do not know,  
I only know this minute;  
But He will say, "This is the way,  
By faith now walk ye in it."*

*And I am glad that it is so.  
Today's enough to bear;  
And when tomorrow comes, His grace  
Shall far exceed its care.*

*What need to worry then, or fret?  
The God who gave His Son  
Holds all my moments in His hand  
And gives them, one by one.*

*—Barbara C. Ryberg*

# Chastening



—HEBREWS 12:11

I know not why His hand is laid  
In chastening on my life,  
Nor why it is my little world  
Is filled so full of strife.

I know not why, when faith looks up  
And seeks for rest from pain,  
That o'er my sky fresh clouds arise  
And drench my path with rain.

I know not why my prayer so long  
By Him has been denied:  
Nor why, while others' ships sail on,  
Mine should in port abide.

But I do know that God is love,  
That He my burden shares,  
And though I may not understand,  
I know for me He cares.

I know the heights for which I long  
Are often reached through pain,  
I know the sheaves must needs be threshed  
To yield the golden grain.

I know that, though He may remove  
The friends on whom I lean,  
'Tis that I thus may learn to love  
And trust the One unseen.

And, when at last I see His face  
And know as I am known,  
I will not care how rough the road  
That led me to my home.

—Grace E. Troy

# He Maketh No Mistake

My Father's way may twist and turn,  
My heart may throb and ache,  
But in my soul I'm glad I know,  
He maketh no mistake.

My cherished plans may go astray,  
My hopes may fade away,  
But still I'll trust my Lord to lead  
For He doth know the way.

Tho' night be dark and it may seem  
That day will never break;  
I'll pin my faith, my all in Him,  
He maketh no mistake.

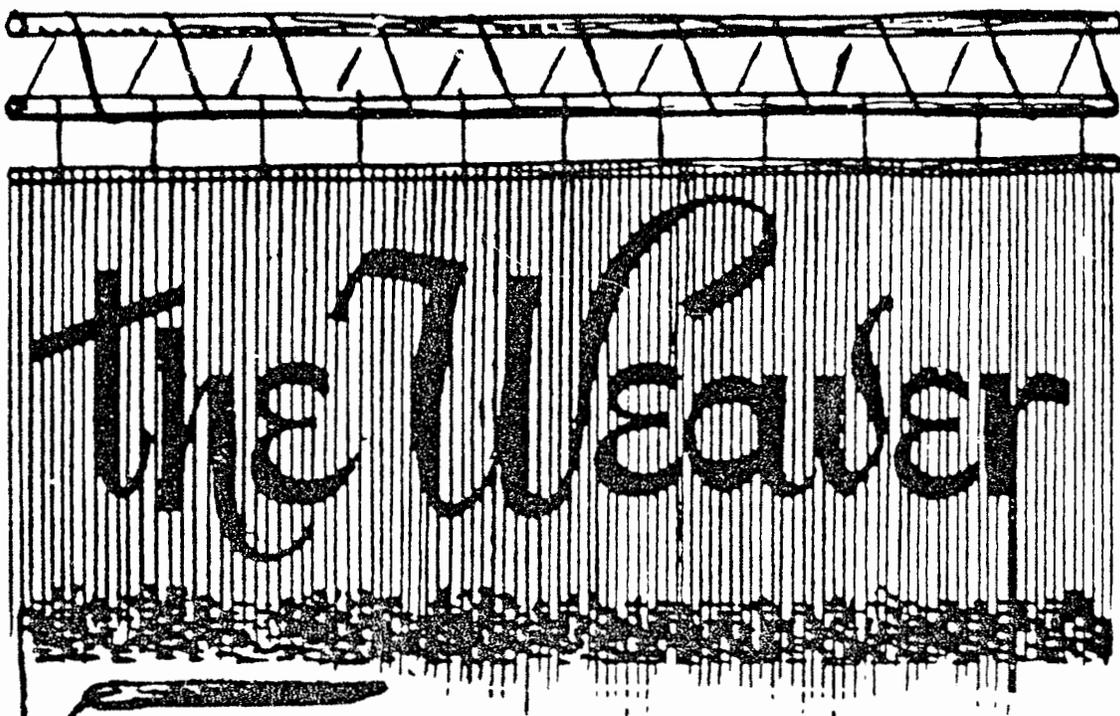
There's so much now I cannot see,  
My eyesight's far too dim;  
But come what may, I'll simply trust  
And leave it all to Him.

For by and by the mist will lift  
And plain it all He'll make.  
Through all the way, tho' dark to me,  
He made not one mistake.

— A. M. Overton

*Now no chastening for the present  
seemeth to be joyous, but grievous:  
nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the  
peaceable fruit of righteousness unto  
them which are exercised thereby.*

—HEBREWS 12:11



My life is but a weaving  
Between my Lord and me,  
I cannot choose the colors  
He worketh steadily.

Ofttimes He weaveth sorrow,  
And I in foolish pride  
Forget He sees the upper  
And I, the underside.

Not till the loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly  
Shall God unroll the canvas  
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are as needful  
In the Weaver's skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned.

-Grant Colfax Tullar

# Have You Taken It To Jesus ?

Have you taken it to Jesus?

Have you left your burden there?

Does He tenderly support you?

Have you rolled on Him your care?

O, the sweet unfailing refuge

Of the everlasting arms;

In their loving clasp enfolded

Nothing worries or alarms.

Have you taken it to Jesus,

Just the thing that's pressing now?

Are you trusting Him completely

With the when, and where and how?

Oh, the joy of full surrender

Of our life, our plans, our all;

Proving, far above our asking

That God answers when we call.

Have you taken it to Jesus?

'Tis the only place to go

If you want the burden lifted

And a solace for your woe.

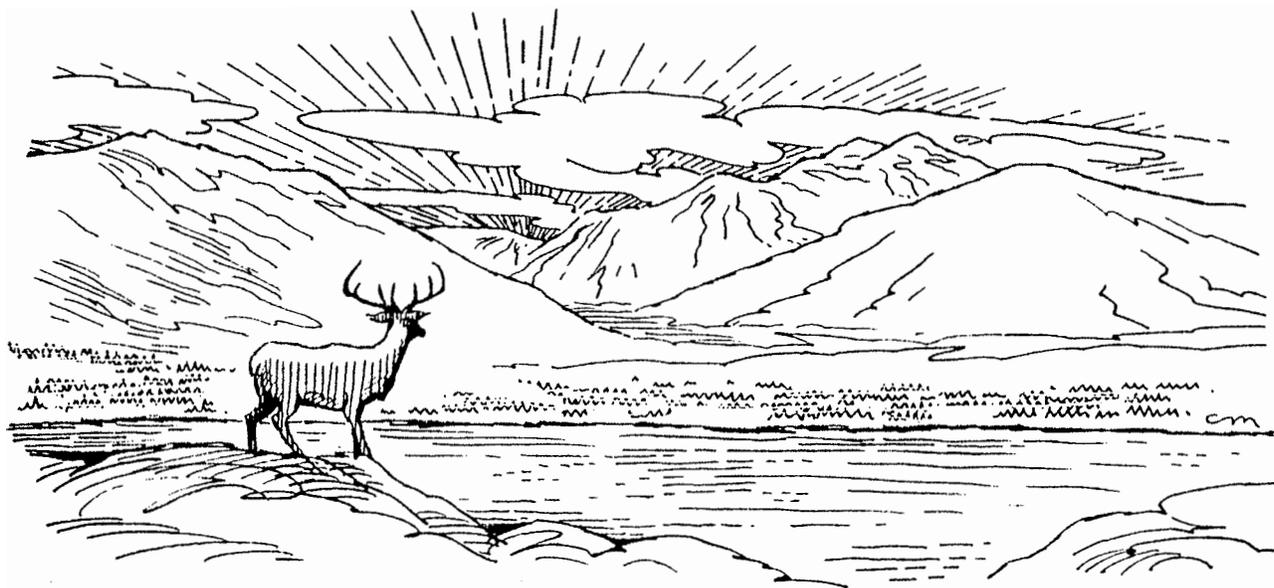
Oh, the blessedness to nestle

Like a child upon His breast;

Finding ever, as He promised

Perfect comfort, peace and rest.

— Mrs. E. L. Hennessay.

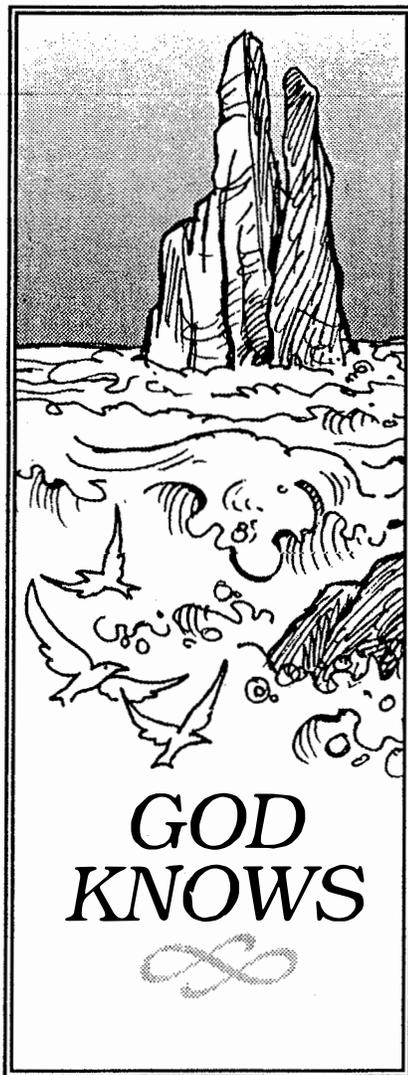


*Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life,  
Where, in spite of all you can do,  
There is no way out, there is no way back,  
There is no other way but through?  
Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene  
Till the night of your fear is gone;  
He will send the wind, He will heap the floods,  
When He says to your soul, "Go on."*

*And His hand will lead you through—clear through—  
Ere the watery walls roll down,  
No foe can reach you, no wave can touch,  
No mightiest sea can drown;  
The tossing billows may rear their crests,  
Their foam at your feet may break,  
But over their bed you shall walk dry shod  
In the path that your Lord will make.*

*In the morning watch, 'neath the lifted cloud,  
You shall see but the Lord alone,  
When He leads you on from the place of the sea  
To a land that you have not known;  
And your fears shall pass as your foes have passed,  
You shall be no more afraid;  
You shall sing His praise in a better place,  
A place that His hand has made.*

*—Annie Johnson Flint.*



When friends forsake; dread foes assail,  
When rough the path; so dark the trail,  
*God Knows!*

When Satan tempts with sinful wrong,  
When good seems weak; but evil strong,  
*God Knows!*

When hope has fled; despair descends,  
When life metes you the bitter ends,  
*God Knows!*

When sorrow comes; sharp pain is real,  
When broken hearts just do not heal,  
*God Knows!*

When efforts fail; success is nil,  
When dreams expire from weakened will,  
*God Knows!*

When pressure builds; raw nerves are tense,  
When minds are tired; when naught  
makes sense,  
*God Knows!*

When nothing tried has come out right,  
When none of life seems worth the fight,  
*God Knows!*

*God knows and cares; let tumult cease,  
Rest in His Word, His love, His peace.*

— Evian Baker

## *Whate'er Thy Will*

Whate'er Thy will, Lord, keep me still.

Thy way is best; So let me rest.

Let come what may To me today,  
Sunshine or rain, Pleasure or pain,  
Gladness or grief, Distress; relief,

May I believe All I receive

Is sent in love Down from above.

So let me rest; Thou knowest best.

Whate'er Thy will, Lord, keep me still.

—Author Unknown

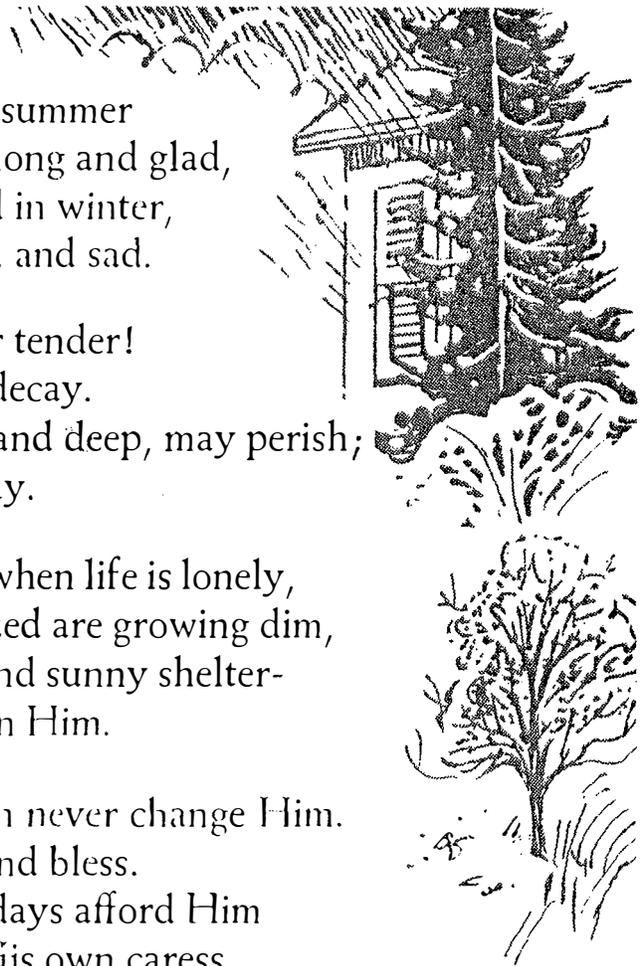
GOD EVER CARES! Not only in life's summer  
When skies are bright and days are long and glad,  
He cares as much when life is draped in winter,  
And heart doth feel bereft, and lone, and sad.

GOD EVER CARES! His heart is ever tender!  
His love doth never fail nor show decay.  
The loves of earth, though strong and deep, may perish;  
But His shall never, never pass away.

GOD EVER CARES! And thus when life is lonely,  
When blessings one time prized are growing dim,  
The heart may find a sweet and sunny shelter-  
A refuge and a resting place in Him.

GOD EVER CARES! And Time can never change Him.  
His nature is to care, and love, and bless.  
And drearest, darkest, emptiest days afford Him  
But means to make more sweet His own caress.

J. Danson Smith



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*A Complete Literature List is Available Upon Request*  
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