

Into the woodland,

Alone I went.

Seeking nothing,

My sole intent.

In the shadows I saw

A flower grow,

Shining like starlight,

Its bright eyes aglow

I went to pick it,

It gently said:

Must I be broken,

Withered, and dead?

So I dug it up with all

Its roots and rich loam,

Carried it to the garden

Of my lovely home.

And planted it again

In a quiet place;

There it spreads out its flowers

Blooming with grace.

How gloriously

Nature gleams for me!

How the sun sparkles!

How the field laughs!

Blossoms burst

From every bough

And a thousand voices

From every bush

And delight and rapture

From every breast.

O earth, O sun!

O joy, O bliss!

O love, O love!

So golden fair

As morning clouds

On yonder hills!

You bless with glory

The fresh field,

In a mist of blossom

The teeming world.

O maiden, maiden,

How I love you!

How you look at me!

How you love me!

The skylark loves

Song and air,

And morning flowers

The hazy sky,

As I with warm blood

Love you,

Who give me youth

And joy and heart

For new songs

And new dances.

Be happy always

As in your love for me!

Flourish greener, as ye clamber,

Oh ye leaves, to seek my chamber,

Up the trellis'd vine on high!

May ye swell, twin-berries tender,

Juicier far, - and with

more splendour

Ripen, and more speedily!

O'er ye broods the sun at even

As he sinks to rest, and heaven

Softly breathes into your ear

All its fertilising fullness,

While the moon's

refreshing coolness,

Magic-laden, hovers near;

And, alas! ye're watered ever

By a stream of tears that rill

From mine eyes-

tears ceasing never,

Tears of love that

nought can still!

Great God, with wonder

and with praise,

On all thy works I look;

But still thy wisdom,

power and grace

Shine brighter in thy Book.

The stars that in

their courses roll,

Have much instruction given;

But thy good Word

informs my soul

How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide

me food, and show

The goodness of the Lord;

But fruits of life and glory grow

In thy most holy Word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,

Here my best comfort lies;

Here my desires are satisfy'd;

And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me

understand thy law,

Show what my faults have been;

And from thy Gospel let me draw

Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn

how Christ has dy'd

To save my soul from hell:

Not all the books on earth beside

Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,

And take a fresh delight

By day to read these wonders o'er,

And meditate by night.

My brethren, count it all joy

when you fall into various trials,

knowing that the testing of your

faith produces patience.

But let patience have its perfect

work, that you may be perfect

and complete, lacking nothing.

If any of you lacks wisdom, let

him ask of God, who gives to all

liberally and without reproach,

and it will be given to him.

But let him ask in faith, with

no doubting, for he who doubts

is like a wave of the sea driven

and tossed by the wind.

For let not that man suppose

that he will receive anything from

the Lord; he is a double-minded

man, unstable in all his ways.