

O my Lord and Savior,

in your arms I am safe.

Keep me and I have

nothing to fear.

Give me up and I have

nothing to hope for.

I do not know what will

come upon me before I die.

I know nothing about the

future,

but I rely upon you.

I pray that you would give

me what is good for me.

I pray that you would to

take from me whatever

would imperil my salvation.

I do not pray that you

would make me rich.

I do not pray that you

would make me very poor.

I leave it all to you,

because you know and I do

not.

If you bring pain or sorrow

on me,

give me grace to bear it

well—

keep me from fretfulness

and selfishness.

If you give me health and

strength and success in this

world,

keep me always on my

guard

lest these great gifts carry

me away from you.

O Christ, you died on the

Cross for me,

even for me, sinner as I am.

Help me to know you,

to believe in you,

to love you,

to serve you,

to always aim at bringing

you glory,

to live to and for you,

to set a good example to

all around me.

Allow me to die just at

that time and in that way

which is best for your glory,

and best for my salvation.

Blessed be the God and

Father of our Lord Jesus

Christ, who according to

His abundant mercy has

begotten us again to a

living hope through the

resurrection of Jesus

Christ from the dead,

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

Beloved, thou hast brought

me many flowers

Plucked in the garden,

the summer through

And winter, and it seemed

as if they grew

In this close room,

nor missed the sun and

showers,

So, in the like name of

that love of ours,

Take back these thoughts

which here unfolded too,

And which on warm and

cold days I withdrew

From my heart's ground.

Indeed, those beds and

bowers

Be overgrown with bitter

weeds and rue,

And wait thy weeding;

yet here's eglantine,

Here's ivy!— take them,

as I used to do

Thy flowers, and keep them

where they shall not pine.

Instruct thine eyes to keep

their colours true,

And tell thy soul,

their roots are left in mine.

"Yes!" I answered you last

night;

"No!" this morning, Sir,

I say!

Colours, seen by

candle-light,

Will not look the same by

day.

When the tabors played

their best,

Lamps above, and laughs

below —

Love me sounded like a jest,

Fit for Yes or fit for No!

Call me false, or call me

free -

Vow, whatever light may

shine,

No man on your face shall

see

Any grief for change on

mine.

Yet the sin is on us both -

Time to dance is not to

woo -

Wooser light makes fickle

troth -

Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith

Nobly, as the thing is high;

Bravely, as for life and

death -

With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive

boards,

Point her to the starry

skies,

Guard her, by your truthful

words,

Pure from courtship's

flatteries.

By your truth she shall be

true -

Ever true, as wives of

yore -

And her Yes, once said to

you,

SHALL be Yes for evermore.

I think we are too ready

with complaint

In this fair world of God's.

Had we no hope

Indeed beyond the zenith

and the slope

Of yon gray blank of sky,

we might be faint

To muse upon eternity's

constraint

Round our aspirant souls.

But since the scope

Must widen early, is it well

to droop,

For a few days consumed

in loss and taint?

O pusillanimous Heart,

be comforted,-

And, like a cheerful

traveller, take the road-

Singing beside the hedge.

What if the bread

Be bitter in thine inn,

and thou unshod

To meet the flints?—

At least it may be said,

“Because the way is short,

I thank thee, God!”

"O Dreary life!" we cry,

"O dreary life!"

And still the generations

of the birds

Sing through our sighing,

and the flocks and herds

Serenely live while we are

keeping strife

With Heaven's true

purpose in us, as a knife

Against which we may

struggle. Ocean girds

Unslackened the dry land:

savannah-swards

Unweary sweep: hills watch,

unworn; and rife

Meek leaves drop yearly

from the forest-trees,

To show, above,

the unwasted stars that

pass

In their old glory.

O thou God of old!

Grant me some smaller

grace than comes to these;—

But so much patience,

as a blade of grass

Grows by contented

through the heat and cold.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.