

## TRAVELING WITH GOD.

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My plans were made, I thought my path all bright and  
clear,  
My heart with songs o'erflowed, the world seemed full  
of cheer,  
My Lord I wished to serve, to take him for my guide,  
To keep so close that I could feel him by my side ;  
And so I traveled on.

But. suddenly, in skies so clear and full of light  
The clouds fell thick and fast, the days seemed changed  
to night ;  
Instead of paths so clear and full of things so sweet,  
Rough things and thorns and stones seemed all about  
my feet.

I scarce could travel on.

I bowed my head and wondered why this change should  
come.

And murmured—"Lord is this because of aught I've  
done ?

Has not the past been full enough of pain and care ?  
Why should my path again be changed to dark from  
fair ?"

But still I traveled on.

I listened—quiet and still, there came a voice—  
"This path is mine, not thine, I made the choice ;  
Dear child, *this* service will be best for thee and me,  
If thou wilt simply trust and leave the end to me."

And so *we* travel on.

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