


No. 92.



Abiding Rest.

Dr. J. J. MAXFIELD.

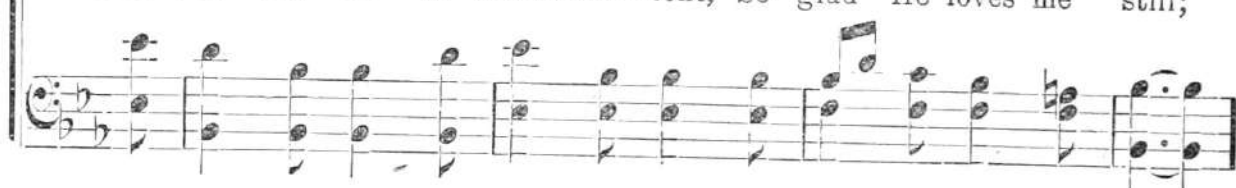

W. A. OGDEN.





1. My soul has found a - bid - ing rest, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow,
 2. All gird - ed for the vic - tor's race, I run to win the prize
 3. I see the shin - ing way He went To do His Fa - ther's will,

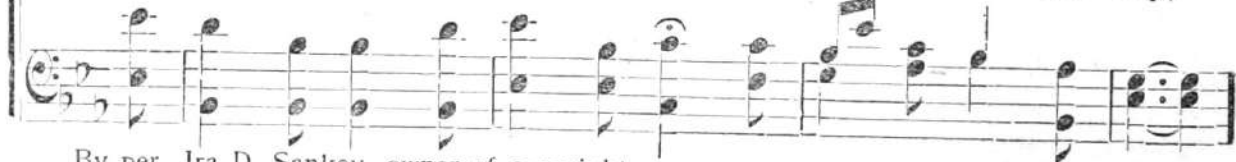
Where vales are in their ver - dure dressed, And Sha - ron's ros - es blow,
 That Je - sus of - fers by His grace To faith's as - pir - ing eyes,
 And fol - low on in sweet con - tent, So glad He loves me still;

'Tis but a step to Sy - char's well, Where Je - sus speaks to me,
 I trust Him still when for - tune frowns, His serv - ice is so sweet;
 And if I may but serve Him here, In my own hum - ble way,

And oft by faith I seem to dwell By His dear Gal - i - lee;
 I lay my heav - y bur - dens down At my Re - deem - er's feet;
 I know that I shall have no fear In that e - ter - nal day;



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