

## I Struck the Cruellest Blow

They crushed the thorns into His brow  
And struck harsh blows that day.  
O Lord, I would not treat Thee so -  
I only walked away.

They drove the nails into His hands  
And raised the cross on high.  
O Lord, that men could be so vile -  
I only passed Thee by.

But blinded eyes and heart of stone  
Will spurn a love like Thine.  
O Lord, I struck the cruelest blows;  
The sharpest thorns were mine.

Victoria Beaudin Johnson

## 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?

Oh, 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. Hennessey



## No Perfect Church

I think that I shall never see  
a church that's all it ought to be;  
A church whose members never stray  
beyond the straight and narrow way;  
A church that has no empty pews,  
Whose pastor never has the blues;  
A church whose deacons always, "Deek,"  
And none is proud, and all are meek;  
Where gossips never peddle lies  
Or make complaints or criticize;  
Where all are always sweet and kind,  
And all to others' faults are blind.  
Such perfect churches there may be,  
But none of them are known to me.  
But still we'll work and pray and plan  
To make our own the best we can.

- Author Unknown

**H**ow seldom we weight  
our neighbour  
in the same balance  
with ourselves.