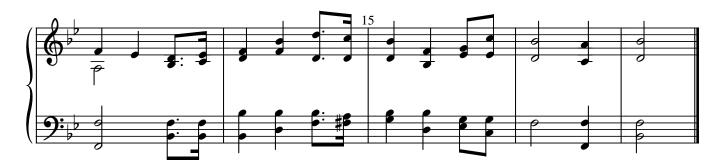
## I'm a pilgrim and a stranger







I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, Rough and thorny is the road, Often in the midst of danger, But it leads to God. Clouds of darkness oft distress me; Great and many are my foes; Anxious cares and thoughts oppress me; But my Father knows.

Oh, how sweet is this assurance, 'Midst the conflict and the strife, Although sorrows past endurance Follow me through life. Home in prospect can still cheer me: Yes, and give me sweet repose, While I feel His presence near me, For my Father knows. Yes, He sees and knows me daily, Watches over me in love; Sends me help when foes assail me, Bids me look above. Soon my journey shall be ended, Life is drawing to a close; I shall then be well attended— This my Father knows.

I shall then with joy behold Him; Face to face my Savior see; Fall with rapture, and adore Him For His love to me. Nothing more shall then distress me— In the land of sweet repose: Jesus stands engaged to bless me— This my Father knows.

Mrs. Mary E. Maxwell

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