

LOVE ABUNDANT

From God sometimes I see to slip –
Through greed and grief and pain –
So far away, I wonder how
I'll e'er get back again.

If I some mountain great have scaled
In manner bold and grand,
I've little joy if I have lost
My hold on God's strong hand.

And if by chance I've won renown
And given God no part,
I find there's not a semblance left
Of joy within my heart.

But when I look with honest eyes
Upon my wayward track,
God's love enfolds me like a song
And bids me welcome back.

by Alice W. Norton

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