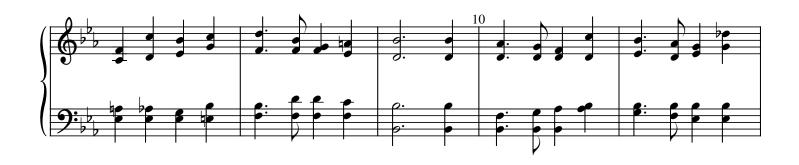
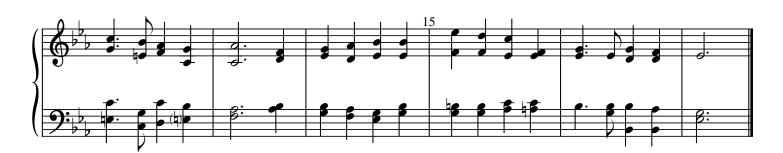


Richard S. Newman, b. 1850

Land of Rest CMD







There is a voice of singing birds, So merry and and so glad; There is a voice of little streams, That sounds both sweet and sad. There is a loud and fearful voice, O thunder in the sky; There is a voice among the leaves, Of breezes passing by.

There is a mother's voice of love, To hush her little child; There is a father's voice of praise, So earnest and so mild. We love to hear these voices speak, We listen to their sound; We should not like so well to have A silence all around. But there is yet another voice, That speaks in gentle tone; I think that we can hear it best When we are quite alone. It is a still, small holy voice, The voice og God most high, That whispers always in our heart And says that He is by.

And even they whose ears are deaf
To ev'ry other sound,
When they have listened, in their hearts
The little voice have found.
And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked Him for His voice,
That taught them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

Little poems by MSC