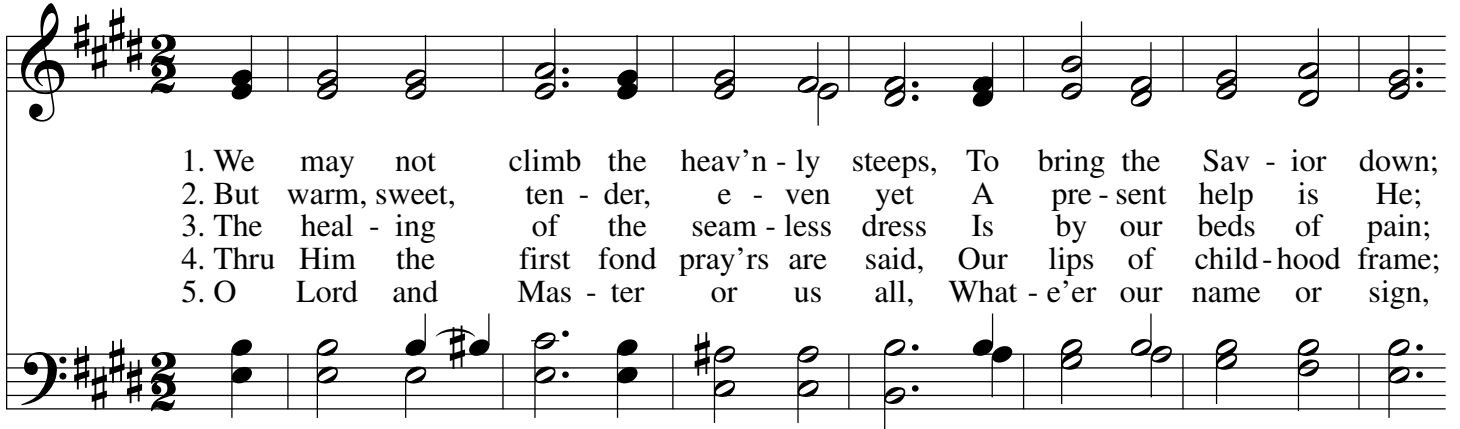
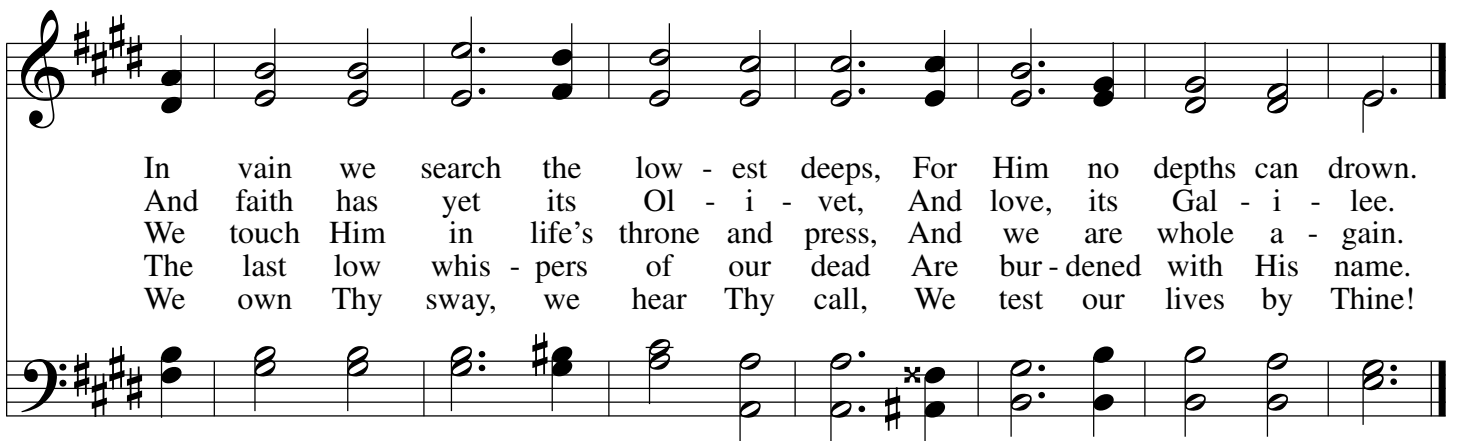


A Present Help

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1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps, To bring the Sav - ior down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pre - sent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thru Him the first fond pray'rs are said, Our lips of child - hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter or us all, What - e'er our name or sign,



In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love, its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throne and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!