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*I asked the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for him;
To fight amidst his battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn;
I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.*

*He placed me in a quiet home,
Whose life was calm and still,
And gave me little things to do
My daily round to fill;
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.*

*Small duties gathered 'round my way;
They seemed of earth alone.
I, who had longed for conquest bright
To lay before His throne,
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.*

*So as I thought my prayer unheard,
And asked the Lord once more
And open wide the door---
That He would give me work for Him,
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.*

*Then quietly the answer came---
"My child, I hear thy cry;
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring the victory;
The battle has been planned by Me,
Let daily life thy conquests see."
---Selected.*