

On His Heart



Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell within my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the date, the day
As onward from that spot I passed,
A lingering look, behind, I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my name away.

. . . Unknown

But, my name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Imprest on His heart, it remains
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The souls of the blessed in heaven.

. . . A.M. Toplady