

## A LITTLE WHILE.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly:  
Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." – Rev. 22:20.

"Quickly," beloved! I know thine heart is beating  
With deep emotions to behold my face,  
But for "a little while" wilt thou not spread the tidings  
Of the sweet message of my love and grace?

Fear not, beloved! mine eye is ever watching:  
Thy tears are numbered in my deep, deep love;  
Thy weary sighs, and all thine heart's deep yearnings  
Are registered by me in heaven above.

Trust, trust, beloved! I know the world frowns coldly,  
But this should only drive thee nearer me.  
Earth's broken links make heaven's affection stronger,  
The cross will only make the crown more bright for thee.

Look up, beloved! tread firmly on the billows,  
Thou canst not sink beneath life's troubled sea.  
Look up! then shalt thou learn the needful lesson meekly,  
How my own hand hath planned thy path for thee.

Rest, rest, beloved! thine head upon my bosom;  
Lean on my arm, and tell thy griefs to me.  
My heart is thine in all the full perfection  
Of sympathy none else could give to thee.

Weep not, beloved! because thou yet must tarry;  
Wilt thou not serve me heart and hand meanwhile?  
Some hearts around thee pine in lonely sorrow;

Couldst thou not give one kindly look or tender smile?

Go forth, beloved! life's ministry is earnest,  
Crushed hearts throng round thee, in thy path below;  
Fond hopes once cherished, now by death are blighted;  
Knowest thou not a balm to soothe their woe?

Yes, Yes, beloved! I read thine heart's glad answer;  
Yes, thou wilt do this work of love for me.  
Only "a little while," and earth's sad scenes of sorrow  
Shall change to glory bright – prepared by me.

Then, then, beloved! heaven's songs of joy awaking,  
Triumphant "hallelujah" thou shalt raise,  
Then shalt thou gaze upon my face, and ever,  
"Knowing as known," pour forth thine endless praise.

– *Titbury*.

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