

A BRUISED REED.

"Lord, all thy wondering saints have told
Thy faithfulness from years of old;
Yea and amen, thy word shall be,
Though flame devoureth land and sea,
That changeless word my trust I make,
'A bruised reed he will not break.'

"When tempests sweep the noon-day sky
And bow the forests with a cry,
Though trembling in the rush I wait,
So weak, so lone, so desolate,
Sure shelter still this rock doth make,
'A bruised reed he will not break.'

"When in the midnight gloom I fear
The nameless terror prowling near,
Out of the night's immensity
This star of promise shines for me;
My refuge in this word I take,
'The bruised reed he will not break.'

"A bruised reed! a worthless thing,
With every light breeze shivering!
By earth forgotten or unknown,
Yet sheltered by a heavenly throne,
His promise all my trust I make –
'A bruised reed he will not break.'"

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