

"THE FATHER HIMSELF LOVETH YOU."

John 16:27.

Be still, my soul, Jehovah loveth thee!
Fret not, nor murmur at thy weary lot;
Though dark and lone thy journey seems to be,
Be sure that thou art ne'er by Him forgot:
He ever loves; then trust Him, trust Him still;
Let all thy care be this – the doing of his will.

Thy hand in his, like fondest, happiest child,
Place thou, nor draw it for a moment thence;
Walk thou with Him, a Father reconciled,
Till in his own good time He calls thee hence.
Walk with him now: so shall thy way be bright,
And all thy soul be filled with his most glorious light.

Take courage, faint not, though the foe be strong;
Christ is thy strength! He fighteth on thy side.
Swift be thy race; remember 'tis not long,
The goal is near; the prize He will provide.
And then from earthly toil thou retest ever,
Never again to toil, or fight, or fear – oh never!

He comes, with his reward; 'tis just at hand;
He comes in glory to his promised throne;
My soul rejoice! ere long thy feet shall stand
Within the City of the blessed One –
Thy perils past, thy heritage secure,
Thy tears all wiped away, thy joy forever sure.

– *Horatius Bonar*.
