

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.

"I am often so weary of sorrow,
So weary of struggling with sin,
So timid concerning the morrow,
So faithless of entering in
To the beautiful rest that remaineth
Secure in the city of God,
Where shall enter no evil that staineth,
Nor ever the spoiler hath trod.

"But aye when the struggle is sorest,
And dark are clouds on my soul,
Dear Lord, the sweet cup that thou pourest
Has balm, and I drink and am whole.
From the quenchless old well of salvation
I quaff the pure waters divine,
And a sense of triumphant elation
Is thrilled through this spirit of mine.

"No hand but thine own, blessed Master,
Could comfort and cheer in the day
When the touch of a sudden disaster
Has cumbered and tangled the way.
No look but thine own could illumine
When night gathers black o'er the land,
And strength that is failing and human
Lies prone on the desolate strand.

"But ever thy help is the nearest
When help from the earth there is none,
And ever the word that is dearest
Is the word of the Crucified Son;

And aye, when the tempest-clouds gather,
I fly for sweet shelter and peace
Through the Son to the heart of the Father,
The terror and tremor doth cease.

"He restoreth my soul, and I praise Him
Whose love is my chism and crown;
He restoreth my soul; let me raise him
A song that his mercy will own.
For often so weary of sorrow,
So weary of fighting with sin,
I look and I long for the morrow
When the ransom'd their freedom shall win."

– *Selected.*

