

MY COMFORT.

He holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad.
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I would that he unlock the day,
And, as the hours swing open, say
"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel his hand – I hear him say,
"My help is sure."

I cannot trace my future way,
But this I know:
I have the smilings of his face,
And all the refuge of his grace
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I can not, he can see,
And in his care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

– *John Parker.*
