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## "IN THE WINE-PRESS ALONE."

"In the dusk of our sorrowful hours,  
The time of our trouble and tears,  
With frost at the heart of the flowers,  
And blight on the bloom of the years,  
Like the mother-voice tenderly hushing  
The sound of the sob and the moan,  
We hear, when the anguish is crushing,  
'He trod in the wine-press alone.'

"And, therefore, he knows to the utmost  
The pangs that the mortal can bear:  
No mortal has pain that the Master  
Refuses to heal or to share.  
And the cries that ascend to the Loving  
Who bruised him, for us to atone,  
Are hushed at the gentle reproving,  
'He trod in the wine-press alone.'

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"How sudden so e'er the disaster  
Or heavy the hand that may smite,  
We are yet in the grace of the Master,  
We never are out of his sight.  
Though the winnowing winds of temptation  
May forth from all quarters be blown,  
We are sure of the coming salvation –  
The Lord will remember his own.

"From him, in the night of his trial,  
Both heaven and earth fled away;

His boldest had only denial,  
His dearest had only dismay.  
With a cloud o'er the face of the Father,  
He entered the anguish unknown;  
But we, though our sorrows may gather,  
Shall never endure them alone."

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