



CONFIDENCE.

*J*ESUS, think me not complaining
 When I tell Thee of my care ;
 Often when vexations harass,
 Life seems more than I can bear,
 Morning comes with disappointment ;
 Noontide brings but weary pain,
 And the evening with its shadows,
 Echoes back a sad refrain !

*Blame me not, then, if I hasten
 To Thy Shrine, where I may lay,
 At Thy Feet, in sweet confiding
 All the burden of the day.
 Bear with me because none other
 Have I near whom I may trust ;
 Thou art ever faithful, loving,
 And rely on Thee, I must.*

AMADEUS, O. S. F.