

## THE PILGRIM'S SONG OF CONFIDENCE.

" I will trust and not be afraid."—BIBLE.

**M**Y path is in the wilderness,  
 My way is in the desert wild,  
 And dreary wastes and loneliness  
 Mingle with rocks, in terror piled ;  
 Yet One has promised He will guide  
 To lands whose treasures have no rust ;  
 I have upon His strength relied—  
 Can He sustain me ? " I will trust ! "

My path is through the waters cold,  
 And billows rise on every side ;  
 I hear the noise where breakers rolled—  
 I feel their overpowering tide ;  
 A hand is on the flowing mane  
 Of ocean's charger—halt it must—  
 One holds the breakers' bridle-rein,  
 And can He curb them ? " I will trust ! "

The noontide sun is high in heaven,  
 Its rays are bending o'er my brow ;  
 No streamlet 'mid this sand is given—  
 No green oasis near me now ;  
 Nearer it comes—the siroc storm—  
 Scorching and burning is its dust ;  
 Yet I saw One in human form—  
 The Good Physician—" I will trust ! "