

*Thy thoughts can only stray."*  
*'Tis but for one brief moment*  
*I turn My face away.*

*In weariness and weakness,*  
*In pain aridity,*  
*Thy prayer is most availing,*  
*And pleasing unto Me,*  
*I chose thee 'mid the furnace*  
*Of thy great poverty.*

*What canst thou do without Me ?*  
*'Tis this I'd have thee learn,*  
*'Mid struggle and distraction,*  
*To Me with trust to turn,*  
*Ah ! didst thou know the longing*  
*With which My heart doth yearn !*

*Thy faults do not repel Me,*  
*Nay, nay I love thee more,*  
*The greater be the weakness*  
*That thou dost oft deplore.*  
*I never will forsake thee*  
*Amid thy trouble sore.*

*Fear not for I am with thee,*  
*Thy Lord and Friend Divine,*  
*For thee I'm ever pleading,*  
*Within my Altar Shrine,*  
*Child ! I am always with thee*  
*And all I have is thine.*

*Fear not, when thou art kneeling*  
*In silence at My Feet,*  
*When wayward thoughts do wander*  
*Far from My Presence sweet.*  
*When words of welcome fail thee*  
*My visits oft to greet.*

*I dwell on earth to help thee,*  
*Let chill distrust ne'er sever*  
*Thy heart from Mine which longeth*  
*To be all thine forever.*  
*" But put Me in remembrance.*  
*And let us plead together."*

M. P.