

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.