

SILENCE.

When friends forsake and fortune in despite
Of Thy rich bounty strips me to the wind,
With eye undimmed I mark their faithless flight
Because in Thee a refuge still I find.
To them Thy love I may not tell nor teach
Lest the, bemock not me, but Thee through me;
What Thou dost give I may not give to speech
Because in deeds my speech must ever be.
O let me live so that my life will show
That I have treasure that they know not of,
So if through envy they would seek to know
And rob my secret they will learn Thy love:
For thus the glory will be ever Thine
And the reward of faithful service mine.