

"IN HIS KEEPING."



Sixteenth Day.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee"

PEAR Lord, my heart hath sorrows it would confide to Thee,
And fears that it would ask Thee to dispel,—
Bend Thou more closely o'er me, to catch the whispers low,
And breathe Thy sweet "Tis I, all shall be well."

While Thou dost stay and comfort the feeblest cannot fall,—
The saddest souls smile, even through their tears,
And, 'neath the sure protection of Thine Almighty Wing,
Hearts that grew faint triumph o'er boding fears.

Before Thy children call Thee Thou answerest, O Lord!
E'en now my head reclines against Thy breast!
And Thou wilt soothe my sadness, banish my every fear,
And safely bring me to Thy Endless Rest.

—"Present Help."