

Consolation

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi., 28.

When Fortune's face assumes a frown,
And dearest friends doth fickle prove ;
When, lonely wandering up and down,
Ye seek for rest and cry for love :
O brother, what is this to thee?—
That inward voice : "Come unto Me!"

Ye could not hear it in the crowd,
Ye would not heed it when alone ;
It speaks not to the soul that's proud,
Nor can it melt a heart of stone.
Now God in trouble calleth thee :
"While thou art humble come to Me!"

Thou'st tried the world, and found it vain
An empty and a passing show ;
Now Grief outpours her fruitful rain,
Shall nothing good within thee grow?
In times like this God offers thee
Sweet consolation "Come to Me!"

There is no comfort such as this
To satisfy the yearning soul.
Spurn not the only lasting bliss
That cheers the life and makes it whole.
Thus near to God, why will ye flee
The invitation, "Come to Me?"

"Come unto Me, O weary one,
And I will give thy spirit rest."
Say but "My God, Thy will be done!"
And thou shalt be supremely blest ;
For God is love Who says to thee :
"Quit thou thy self and come to Me!"