



Trust in Love.

M. S. Pine.

LORD, dost Thou love me?" all my being cries,
 Bowed deep in dust of weakness and of sin,
 O'ershamed that base distrust my soul should win.
 And, lo! before me, clad in sanctities
 Above the altar, Thy most loving eyes
 Look down on me; and o'er the murmurous din
 Distrust and all her wasps have waked within,
 Thy voice with sweet compelling bids me rise:

"Have I not loved thee with eternal love?
 And therefore have I drawn thee unto Me.
 Lo! I the net-work of thy being wove —
 My mercy then enthroned thy misery;
 For thee on Calvary I poured My Blood;
 And daily, O Beloved, I am thy Food!"