

COMPANIONSHIP.

(*John xi. 35.*)

We thank Thee, Lord, for weary days
When desert-springs were dry,
And first we knew what depth of need
Thy love could satisfy.

Days when beneath the desert-sun,
Along the toilsome road,
O'er roughest ways we walked with One,
That One the Son of God.

We thank Thee for that rest in Him
The weary only know—
The perfect wondrous sympathy
We needs must learn below :

The sweet companionship of One
Who once the desert trod :
The glorious fellowship with One
Upon the throne of God ;

The joy no desolations here
Can reach, or cloud, or dim—
The present Lord, the living God,
And we *alone* with Him.

We know Him as we could not know
Through heaven's golden years ;
We there shall see His glorious face,
But Mary saw His tears.

The touch that heals the broken heart
Is never felt above ;
His angels know His blessedness,
His way-worn saints His love.