

Though painful the cross you have to bear,
 Jesus is ready its weight to share ;
 And heavier far was the cross He bore
 When He suffered upon this mortal shore.

Though trials around your path may fall,
 Let not the tempter your heart appall ;
 But strive to do God's holy will,
 And never forget that He loves you still.

When your weary days on earth are o'er,
 You then will go home to the Heavenly shore ;
 And 'sorrow and sighing shall flee away'
 When you enter the land of eternal day."

The Resting Place.

"Come unto me . . . I will give you rest."

Dear Father in Heaven, look down upon me,
 The world is all dark, but I'm trusting in Thee ;
 I bring Thee a burden of sorrow and sin,
 Forgive me and make me more holy within.
 O gather me close to Thy kind, loving breast,
 I've come to thee Father for pardon and rest.

I've knelt at thy mercy-throne often before
 My sins to confess and thy grace to implore ;
 But still thou hast never once turned me away,
 Nor to my heart's pleadings and longings said,
 "Nay."

Now gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 I find nowhere else such sweet comfort and rest.

I know I'm a wayward and wandering child,
 And often by Satan allured and beguiled ;
 But when I have grieved thee, my soul is cast down,
 For I cannot be happy while under thy frown.
 O gather me close to thy kind, loving breast,
 Thou knowest how much I am longing for rest.