

COMFORT.

When gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few ;
 On Him I lean, who not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain.
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way :
 To fly the good I would persue,
 Or do the thing I would not do :
 Still He who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Despised by those I prized too well ;
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
 By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
 Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When mourning o'er some stone I bend
 Which covers all that was a friend ;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while ;
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O ! when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last ;
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.