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THE QUESTION AND ANSWER.

THE QUESTION.

My spirit longeth for Thee
To dwell within my breast,
Although I am not worthy
Of so divine a guest.

Of so divine a guest,
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to Thee.

Until it come to Thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found
But in Thy bleeding love ;
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above !

THE ANSWER.

Cheer up, desponding soul !
Thy longing, pleased I see ;
'Tis part of that great whole
Wherewith I longed for thee !—

Wherewith I longed for thee ;
And left my Father's throne,
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for my own !

To claim thee for my own,
I suffered on the cross ;
Oh, were my love but known,
All else would be as dross !

All else would be as dross :
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gains but loss,
To live for ever mine.