

[Sacred Poetry.]

## LEANING ON JESUS.

As, when the tempest rages,  
And rolls the thunder crash,  
The babe on mother's bosom  
Heeds not the lightning flash ;

So safely and securely  
We lean on Jesus' breast ;  
The storm may sweep around us,  
His children are at rest.

Oh, Guardian of our being,  
In vain with tears and strife  
We watch and toil and struggle,  
Thou only art our life.

For all Thy faithful keeping  
We praise Thy gracious name,  
For ever and for ever,  
Eternally the same !

Then suffer us to ask Thee,  
Be with us, Father, still !  
In every time of trial  
Teach us to love Thy will.

And let Thy grace, descending,  
Draw all we love to Thee,  
Older and younger blending,  
One happy family !

Cheer with Thyself the lonely,  
Bring all the wanderers home,  
Pour blessings on the needy,  
And bid the sorrowing come.

Light up the couch of sickness,  
Be Thou the mourner's joy,  
And give to troubled spirits  
Thy bliss without alloy.

And lastly we implore Thee  
Of all Thy gifts the best,  
Oh, let Thy Holy Spirit  
Fill every aching breast.

Guide us from grace to glory,  
And let each new day be  
Even from its very dawning  
An offering to Thee !—*Selected.*