

See, yonder traveller in a desert land
 Toils day by day o'er tracts of burning sand ;
 A lurid sky above—beneath, around,
 The dreary desert spreads its wastes profound.

With blistered feet and aching, blood-shot eye,
 Long dimly strained some fountain to descry,
 Onward he toils, while hope, as days depart,
 Grows feebler, fainter at his weary heart.

On the horizon's verge he sees at length
 A shadowy line, and lo, his failing strength
 In a full tide returns !—His weary feet
 Speed gladly on, by courage rendered fleet ;
 He gains the fount, he drinks, and toil and care,
 And dread and danger, all forgotten are !

So, to life's weary pilgrim, Christ is made
 In the drear desert a refreshing SHADE !
 A FOUNT OF LIVING WATER, never dry,
 To all the thirsty yielding full supply,
 A WELL OF WATER, ever springing up
 To life eternal—fount of joy and hope !

Student of nature ! dost thou love, at morn,
 To tread where early flowers the wild adorn ?—
 To view the lowly blossoms of the field,
 In shady nooks half-hidden, half-revealed—
 The wild rose, scenting all the dewy air,
 The graceful lily, bending meekly there ?—

Then think, as with admiring eye you trace
 Those meek, sweet dwellers in each lonely place,
 That He, of whom I sing, well knowing how
 The heart to Nature's lovely gifts would bow,
 Would lead your thoughts with gentle winning force
 Up from created beauty to its Source.