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AT REST.

HE knoweth what I need, my Father knows!
Oh, sweet and blessed is the confidence
His children have in Him, the Lord of all,
The Maker and Preserver of the worlds.
The Mighty yet the Loving One, my God.
My poor and trembling heart finds refuge sweet
Beneath the shadow of His father-hand,
And yields up every wish and thought beside,
Still longing to abide shut up in Him,
Watching His eye and listening to His voice.
Not always have I thus been free, at rest,
Serving by only listening to oley ;
But busy seeking here to work, and there
Looking to gather fruit; and fretting sore
Because my path of usefulness seemed closed.
My path was closed, but His path opened up,
And His voice sweetly bade me walk therein ;
Then I arose to go, not readily,
Desiring that the purpose might be changed
And I might follow in the way *I* chose.
My love went out to earthly treasure fair,
“And surely,” said I of my wayward heart,
“Her truest rest shall be in gaining that,
Then ever working on with added joy,
And zeal for God drawn from this pleasant spring.”
With earnest prayer and would-be-powerful faith
The thing I wished I wearied to obtain,
But found it not, till God, in pitying love,
Showed He, who knew the best my deepest need,
Would, when I waited, grant a full supply.
My springs are all in Him, no creature good
Has power to come between my Lord and me,
No anxious thought but blissful helplessness,
And hope and gratitude filled up my breast,
For He, my heavenly Father, is my all.

--Selected.