

## REST.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . . Learn of me and ye shall find rest for your souls.—JESUS.

Thou, O Christ, art rest!

Nature's rest!

When the burdened, weary mortal,  
Held in pain's imperious portal,  
Chafing 'neath the bonds of labor,  
With depression for a neighbor,  
Fetter'd, fast, in feudal forces,  
Kept from life's supreme resources—  
Finds in frailty's sad unveiling,  
All it's forceful vigor failing:

Thou art rest.

When I "Come" Thy touch enrhrills me,  
And its vital fulness fills me  
With a rest beyond comparing;  
Tension'd nerve and muscle sharing  
In the burden toil assigned them,  
Loose the pain-fraught bonds that bind  
them—

Find for toil an added zest;  
Thou art nature's life and rest.

Thou, O Christ, art rest!

Mental rest!

'Mid the diverse speculations  
Which invest all observations,  
In the 'tangles of science,  
Putting wisdom at defiance—  
In the *known*, so bleak and vernal,  
With the *unknown*, an eternal—  
"Why?" and "Whence?" at each endeavor

So confronting me forever—  
Dazed, bewildered, doubting, pleading—  
Lo! I see the Spirit's leading  
In this word. His message heeding:  
(How I bless the interceding!)

Thou art rest!

Every truth I have, Thou showest:  
What I know and what Thou knowest  
Gives my thoughts divine concretion;  
Thou art Truth's sublime completion;  
Wisdom's fulness manifest!  
So—in Thee—my mind hath rest.

Thou, O Christ, art rest!

Spirit rest!

Sin's defilements lure and press me,  
All her vain desires distress me;  
Righteousness, indignant, flashes  
Broken law before my lashes;  
Justice rings her conscience-warning,  
All my powers to fear suborning;  
Duty calls and I, offended,  
Leave her mandates unattended;

Ruined, lost—sin's blight congealing  
Every righteous hope or feeling—  
Lo! the word comes with its healing,  
All the power of God revealing:

Thou art rest!

All my sin thou bearest for me;  
Thou dost love and not abhor me;  
Thy unwavering, prompt obedience  
Wins my spirit's sure allegiance;  
I resign—in this providing—  
All my being to Thy guiding.  
Here I find my soul's glad guerdon  
In Thy full and loving pardon!  
When I "Come" (Oh! this is best!)  
Here, my soul finds holy rest.

Thou, O Christ, art rest!

Perfect rest!

*Weary, earth-bound, human, failing,*  
Hoping for the unavailing,  
Reaching for—yet finding never—  
Perfect rest from life's endeavor;  
*Busy mind* for knowledge yearning,  
Still the unattained discerning,  
For the infinite out-reaching,  
Where the finite bounds the teaching;  
*Tired heart*, amid the shadows,  
Longing for the halcyon meadows,  
Where the light—divine, supernal—  
Fills the soul with peace eternal,  
*Hear the word*; The One who speaketh  
Is the Son of God, and seeketh  
In His likeness to upraise thee.  
(Let not perfect love amaze thee!)

Perfect rest!

Is the measure of His grace  
Unto all, before His face,  
Who, by faith, to Him draw near,  
And with unveiled face appear  
In His presence, to receive  
All the glory He can give:  
Rest for body, mind and soul,  
Perfect rest for perfect whole,  
Perfect rest for every part—  
Muscle, brain and throbbing heart.  
Changed into His image, true;  
Each unrestful part made new;  
"We are changed," that each may show,  
In this restless world below,  
(To His likeness thus restored),  
All the glory of the Lord.

I am "like Him" as I gaze—

Jubilation, gladness, praise,

Fill with glory all the days!

Lo! I "Come" —

At Love's request,

Enter into perfect rest.

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