

He turned to the cross before me,  
And I thought I heard Him say :  
“ My child, thou must bear thy burden  
And learn thy task to-day.

I may not tell the reason,  
‘Tis enough for thee to know  
That I, the Master, am teaching,  
And give this cup of woe.”

So I stooped to that weary sorrow ;  
One look at that face Divine  
Had given me power to trust Him,  
And say, “ Thy will, not mine.”

And thus I learnt my lesson,  
Taught by the Master alone ;  
He only knows the tears I shed,  
But He has wept His own.

And from them comes a brightness  
Straight from the Home above,  
Where the School Life will be ended,  
And the cross will show the love.