

They fall—pains, troubles, cares—lying, how meet,
 About the weary, way-worn, wounded Feet ;
 Under the Eye of yore bedimmed with tears,
 The Heart Gethsemane oppressed with fears,
 The Heart that sore afraid
 Strong supplication made,
 And with a sweat of blood the Father prayed.
 Beneath His glance, as snow'neath sunny ray,
 Some of my cares dissolve and melt away,
 And some He takes and smoothes a little space
 The less to chafe, and lays again in place.
 'Tis mystery to me
 How some He smiles to see,
 And how on some His tears fall tenderly.

One I hold up to Him, and pleading pray,
 "This, Lord, just this, in pity take away !"
 And ever comes His word with cheering smile :
 "A little longer, trust Me yet awhile ;
 Each pang of keen distress,
 Each prayer, I mark and bless,
 Each in its hour shall show forth fruitfulness."

That, my life's woe, against a bleeding Side
 Is pressed, and lo ! transfigured, glorified,
 It glows as crystal flushed with rosy ray.
 "O gem unprized ! Restore it, Lord, I pray ;
 As costly gift from Thee
 Dear shall it be to me ;"

And in my heart I hide it lovingly.
 A lightened load He lays on me, all sweet
 With words of love—and thus I leave His Feet,
 With steadier step to plod on day by day,
 With stouter heart to climb the upward way ;
 And when anew life's strain
 Frets me with weary pain,
 I take my load and go to Him again.

