



THE HOLY HOUR.

HADST thou been in Gethsemane
 That darksome night and dreare,
 When Christ the bitter chalice drained,
 With none to soothe or cheer.
 When all the crimes of sinful men
 His cup filled to the brim,
 And trickling fell the sweat of blood.
 Wouldst thou have wat hed with Him?
 All agony that heart can bear,
 All sorrow earth has known
 He suffered in that cruel hour,
 And suffered it—alone.

The comfort that the angel brought,
 Oh! had it been from thee!
 Oh! hear His cry of wounded love,
 "Wilt watch one hour with Me?"
 His Heart is calling to thee still,
 Canst thou resist its power?
 Go! bow before His lonely shrine,
 To watch with Him—one hour.