

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS

A little talk with Jesus,—
How it smoothes the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There is naught can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest;
But I still will wait his bidding,
For his way is always best.
Then his promise ever cheers me
‘Mid all the cares of life:—
“I am coming soon in glory
To end thy toil and strife.”

Ah, that is what I am wanting,
His lovely face to see—
And, I’m not afraid to say it,
I know he’s wanting me.
He gave his life a ransom
To make me all his own,
And he’ll ne’er forget his promise
To me, his purchased one.

The way is sometimes weary
To yonder nearing clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Has helped me many a time.
The more I come to know him,

And all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing
To know him more and more.

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— *March, 1880* —



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