

WAIT ON THE LORD

Wait, O thou weary one, a little longer,
 A few more years—it may be only days;
 Thy patient waiting makes thee all the stronger;
 Eternity will balance all delays.

Wait, O thou suffering one, thy days of sorrow
 Bring to thy soul its richest gain.
 If thou a Christian art, a brighter morrow
 Will give thee ten-fold joy for all thy pain.

Wait, O thou anxious one, the cloud that hovers
 In gathering gloom above thy aching head
 Is sent of God in mercy, and He covers
 Thee with His heavenly mantle overspread.

Be patient and submissive; each disaster
 Will bring thee nearer to thy loving Lord.
 These trials make thee like thy blessed Master,
 Who knows them all, and will his grace afford.

Be patient and submissive; strength is given
 For every step along the weary way,
 And for it all thou'lt render praise in heaven,
 When dreary night gives place to perfect day.

Yes, perfect day, the day of God, eternal,
 When not a shadow shall flit o'er the scene;
 In that fair land where all is bright and vernal,
 And we will be with Christ, and naught between.

Wait, then, dear heart, control thy sad emotion,
 God will subdue each angry wind and wave,
 And when the voyage ends across life's ocean,
 Into the haven of sweet rest will save.

—New York Observer.

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— September, 1882 —



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