



- 2. Thou, despondently art deeming profitless these mournful days; but with blessings they are teeming, and beyond them light is streaming, opening glory to thy gaze.
- 3. Weakness, languor, pain, depression, all these ills will pass away; steps of slow yet sure progression, to thy lasting rich possession, each will speed, not check, thy way.
- 4. Yet these transient, light afflictions (now, alas! they seem not light) are but needful, kind restrictions, germs full fraught with benedictions, when thou homeward wing'st thy flight.
- 5. He who now is watching o'er thee was like thee "in all points tried," for th' amazing love he bore thee trod the steep ascent before thee, he thy feeble steps will guide.
- 6. Let not doubts of fears assailing, darken more the clouded sky; o'er each obstacle prevailing, through thy Saviour's love unfailing, thou wilt reach thy home on high.

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