His will, and longs for acquiescence, which
It cannot feel, until His Holy Spirit in
The heart, doth teach it how to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Oh, 'tis
A blessed state, to feel the willings of
Almighty God to be our own! A state,
Wherein the soul may feed on living bread,
And know partaking of that Fount of Life
From which it draws refreshment.

Bow Thine ear,
Unto our cry, oh Mighty Father, if
It please Thee well, and teach us how
To drink the cup which Thou dost give us. So
Direct our aspirations, that we may
Not wish this heavy trial, other than
It is. In heart-felt dedication to
Thy will, we long to bow; to know
Thine everlasting Arms to be beneath,
To bear us up above the billows of
Chatsising love.

Oh, wilt Thou, in Thy Truth
Divine, our patient sufferer sustain, support?
Be Thou his everlasting buckler and his shield;
And as the ties of nature, one by one
Give way, oh may the ties which long
Have bound his spirit to Thy matchless love,
Grow stronger and more firm! Wilt Thou
His consolation be, and evening song;
That when Thou seest meet to say,
"It is enough," and take from him,
The habitation of his earthly house,
He may go forth with joy, and not
With grief, to rest with Thee
Forever in Thy Heavenly Home.