

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."

Ob, '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.

