O for a faith that will not shrink



O, for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by every foe, That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe!

That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chastening rod, But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God.

A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt.

Lord, give me such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, I'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst

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