

Poems by Mary Baker Eddy, pp. 12, 13

Christ My Refuge

O'er waiting harpstrings of the mind
 There sweeps a strain,
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind
 The power of pain,
And wake a white-winged angel throng
 Of thoughts, illumed
By faith, and breathed in raptured song,
 With love perfumed.
Then His unveiled, sweet mercies show
 Life's burdens light.
I kiss the cross, and wake to know
 A world more bright.
And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea
 I see Christ walk,
And come to me, and tenderly,
 Divinely talk.
Thus Truth engrounds me on the rock,
 Upon Life's shore,
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,
 Oh, nevermore!
From tired joy and grief afar,
 And nearer Thee, —
Father, where Thine own children are,
 I love to be.
My prayer, some daily good to do
 To Thine, for Thee;
An offering pure of Love, whereto
 God leadeth me.