

## At the Cross.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

**B**EFORE thy cross, dear Lord, I fall;  
 Out of the depths to thee I call;  
 Thou art my Hope, my Help, my All.  
  
 Search, search my heart, surcharged with woe,  
 Till all its idols it forego,  
 And thee, thee only learn to know.  
  
 A thorny path with flints bespread,  
 With bleeding feet I fearless tread,  
 For thy dear hand upholds my head.  
  
 Oh, dearest Lord! thy tender eye  
 Rebukes, yet pities my lone cry,  
 When staggering 'neath my cross I lie.  
  
 The broken cisterns, who shall count,  
 The heart will fill at Earth's dark fount,  
 Ere upward unto God it mount!  
  
 Poor human heart, with human needs!  
 How many are its broken reeds,  
 Grasped till the hand in torture bleeds!  
  
 How many gourds have felt the blight!  
 How many stars have lost their light!  
 How many suns gone down in night!  
  
 All, all are gone, like barques at sea  
 Lost in the dread immensity!  
 And now I stand alone with thee.  
  
 All prostrate at thy feet I kneel,  
 For thou canst all our sorrows feel,  
 And thy dear hand our wounds can heal.  
  
 No more I mark the dreary road  
 My bleeding feet so long have trod,  
 Since it doth lead to thee, my God.