

Francis E. Alexander  
1884.



*THE CHANGED CROSS,*

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

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IT was a time of sadness, and my heart,  
Although it knew and loved the better part,  
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,  
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me—  
My trial tests of faith and love to be—  
It seemed as if I never could be sure  
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might  
Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"  
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,  
The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear:

Far heavier its weight must surely be  
Than those of others which I daily see.  
Oh! if I might another burden choose,  
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.