

Lines.

Written on finishing the reading of Prof. Goldwin Smith's
"Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," Aug. 20, 1897.

Keep me, Christ, through thy salvation,
Mid the surging of the waves ;
Beneath swings keel without foundation ;
Above, the howling tempest raves.

Darkness broods upon the waters,
Lights are dim upon the shore,
Faith, in strongest bosoms, falters :
Keep me, keep me evermore !