

REST IN CONFLICT.

As a torn flag falls flapping by the mast,
As a poor bird borne helpless by the blast,
Or wounded warrior when the battle's past,—

My soul's aweary with the toilful strife;
Borne by fierce winds upon the sea of life,
Wounded and fallen while the danger's rife;

Saddened by failure, overcome with grief,
Peering the dim horizon for relief,
Whirled on bewildered as an autumn leaf.

Weird flashing lightnings blur my feeble sight,
Deep thunders pealing fill me with affright,
The darkness deepens deeper into night.

Wounded I seek for balm to heal my wound,
Weary I cry, "O where can rest be found"—
Wandering in wildering silence round and round.

Far in the distance dim a gleam of light
Falls, like a glow of glory, on my sight,
Swift soul-thrill tremors fill me with delight;

The morning star of hope arises high,
Soft murmurs of a restful peace are nigh,
Faith scans with searching gaze a leaden sky.

God of the storm, my soul may rest in thee!
Calm my disquiet, as on Galilee
Thy faintest whisper hushed the foaming sea.

"Not as the world" give thou thy peace to me,
But on thy tranquil bosom may I be
Borne upward, onward through eternity.

O. G. LANGFORD.