

OUR WORLD WE MAKE.

OUR world we make.
 Let hearts be dark, then earth is dreary ;
 But suns will shine when hearts are cheery.
 Our choice we take.

Wild my angry heart is throbbing,
 Then the waves incessant rushing,
 Dark with pent-up wrath are crushing,
 And the winds, convulsive sobbing,
 Shriek to heaven in shrill defiance ;
 And the sea-gulls' loud alliance
 Rifts the rocks where hoarse they sit.
 Lightning tears the skies asunder,—
 Gleams, but night new gloom is taking ;
 And the universe is shaking
 With the crashing, crumbling thunder.
 All the hounds of hell are baying,
 Demons dismal prayers are saying
 For a deeper, darker pit.

Heavenly peace my spirit raises.
 Then the waves with crested tumbling
 Seem to worship in their rumbling ;
 Echoing rocks give back the praises.
 And the winds are loudly wailing,
 Weeping that their voice is failing
 For the words they strive to say ;
 And their tears are pouring, pouring.
 Lightnings give a glimpse of glories,
 Thunders tell majestic stories
 Of a universe adoring.
 Through the clouds one star is peeping ;
 Soon the day will cease from sleeping
 And the storm will pass away.

Our world we make.
 If hearts are dark, 'tis night and dreary ;
 But bright the day when hearts are cheery.
 Our choice we take.

J. LOVELL MURRAY.