

The ground of hope that all must needs be well.
Ah! oft we are deceived by outward show
For who the heart's deceitfulness can know?
But time sped on, the days flew swiftly by
And the old faithful servant came to die.
I went to see him ere he passed away,
Ne'er while I live will I forget that day,
Though more than half a century has fled
Since I then sat beside his dying bed,
A new-born Christian who had never been
Before, or since, witness to such a scene.
Oh what a change! the placid look was gone,
With wild unnatural glare the blue eyes shone:
The restless limbs betrayed a restless mind,
The feeble hands refused to be confined
But fumbled with the bedclothes, while the tongue
On which of old such pleasing accents hung,
And which was noted for its quietude
Babbled incessantly, but not of good,
'Twas not of Jesus, blessed Son of God
He spake, nor of the virtue of His blood,
No happy thought came from his trembling lips
His faith had suffered a complete eclipse.
"Being justified by faith we've peace with God,"
Alas! James only felt sins awful load.
And now—the cottage echoing with his groans—
Awakened conscience spake in thunder tones,
For lo! before him stretched the boundless sea
Of dread and fathomless eternity
Into the which he needs must launch away,
No friendly port in view, no sheltering bay,