

The pure blood in our veins ;
 Christ then will take the reins,
 And fill with joy our hearts,
 For Satan then departs.

When Faith and Works embrace,
 And all our actions grace ;
 Then look ! behold the sign
 Of the Millenium, Time.

All Idols forsaken,
 New life will awaken ;
 Both the body and soul
 Christ will cleanse and make whole ;

For His woes paid the cost,
 And the joys Adam lost
 To this earth will return,
 When God's truth we all learn.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC,

ON MARS ISLAND, 1st April, 1873.

A ship well built as man can boast,
 Has just foundered on the coast
 Of a rocky Island,—Mars by name,
 Sad the nature of its fame.

Ten days had hardly pass'd away
 Since with hearts both light and gay,
 Almost a thousand souls embark'd
 In this ship, this treach'rous ark.

When all on board are wrap't in sleep,
 But the watch, who vigils keep ;
 Just three o'clock, "All's well," they shout,
 "Hark ! breakers ahead ! look out !"