

Or again, with the binnacle burning, by the compass that
vibrates so truly
To its deified pole in the heavens and the spirit of faith in
the heart.

Wrecks? Yes, there are wrecks and disasters; but deny my
words, if you can,
When I say that the mariner steering where honor has
pointed the way,
If his hand be firm on the wheel, can steer as well as the man
Whose guide is the fire by night and the pillar of cloud by
day.

Which would you rather trust: an honest doubter, or one
Who accepts the religion of Christ as perhaps the easiest
thing;
Who goes through his months and years with an unmeant
prayer on his tongue,
And dies on a hypocrite's bed in terrified wondering?

I hope in the evening of life, when the shadows fall over the
sea,
Two vessels will enter the harbor: a crucified Pilot on one,
The other directed by honor and courage and probity;
Both making the final port and dropping their anchors at
home.

Vain hope; for thy vessel is frail and human skill is but small;
The storms are many and fierce, the ocean is wide and vast,
And only *one* Pilot has strength to guide us safely through all,
By reef and shallow and bar, to the haven home at last.