

Where waves of sorrow o'er our life are driven,
When strong grief shakes the heart,
Our souls, o'erwhelmed by the rude blow,
Obscure the face of God, and go
Reeling in shadow thro' their woe,
Nor wish the clouds to part.
"Nothing!" And yet, perchance, the grief was given
To win us back to heaven.

We strive with earnest prayer the goal to win :
We sow thro' weary years ;
But oft the answer seemeth not
Responsive to our suit, tho' fraught
With priceless destinies, and sought
With wrestling and with tears.
Yet God from this our "Nothing" born of sin,
Shall bring rich harvest in.

"Nothing!" Still hangs this screen on human sight
Thro' all the ways of life.
On each an hour of weakness falls,
When Hope, deject, more faintly calls,
And even prayer Unfaith enthalls
In throes of dubious strife.
"Nothing!" our bitter cry ; yet is our night
But ushering in of light.

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