



(ORIGINAL.)

## PRAYER,

WRITTEN FOR A SISTER, AT HER REQUEST,  
WHEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

Oh Lord my God, in mercy hear,  
And to my plaintive cry give ear,  
For I am helpless, frail and weak,  
And in thy strength my refuge seek.

When all the sweets of life seem fled,  
And clouds are gathering o'er my head,  
When fears on fears successive rise,  
Make me submit, for thou art wise.

Though sickness, pain, and slow disease,  
Have banished pleasure, rest and ease,  
Still let me in thy goodness trust,  
For thou art gracious whil'st thou'rt just.

Keep me from fretting at thy will,  
And give me strength to praise Thee still,  
To kiss the rod, to love the smart,  
Which wounds the body, heals the heart.

Oh! cleanse me from each low desire,  
And warm me with celestial fire,—  
May all my wishes point to Thee,  
Thou God of spotless purity!

Oh Lord my God, in mercy hear,  
And to my plaintive cry give ear,  
For I am helpless, frail and weak,  
And in thy strength my refuge seek.

Montreal, 1841.

## GOOD THOUGHTS.

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

Good thoughts are ministering angels sent  
To point a pathway to the firmament;  
The brasen serpent raised amidst our grief,  
On which to look and find a sure relief;  
The bow of promise in our mental sky,  
And pledge of after immortality!

## A WISH.

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

Oh, to be good and pure as aught that's made,  
One gleam of sunshine all untouched by shade;  
Pure as idea of a child can be,  
His first idea of a Deity,  
And good as infants' ere idea springs,  
To teach them of this world's imaginings.

## A THOUGHT.

BY AUGUSTUS NIPCHEESE, ESQ.

I.

See how the many tinted clouds  
Suffuse the ether with their light,  
Yet fade as daylight ~~shakes~~ away,  
Lost in the deeper shades of night!

II.

So shall my life, whate'er of good  
Or beautiful its path illumine,  
Be shadowed by the wings of death  
And fade into the silent tomb!