

THE
CABINET
OF
SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRY

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

The youth, whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,
With idle gaze, delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath;
But should a fleeting storm arise,
To shade awhile the watery way,
Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.
'Tis thus down Time's eventful tide,
While prosperous breezes gentle blow,
In Life's frail bark we gaily ride,
Our hopes, our thoughts, all fixed below;
But let one cloud the prospect dim—
The wind its quiet stillness mar,
At once we raised our cry to Him,
Whose light is Life's best Guiding Star.

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