

Premonition

“Where 'mid these clouds shall I my Saviour find
In this dark night?
Whence, 'mid these storms and tempests wild shall come
My heavenly light?
How long to wait before my task is done,
And Christ shall lead me to His heavenly home?”

Be still O soul! and thy complaining cease,

Thy Saviour still

Shall guide thy faltering footsteps safe unto

His holy hut;

There at His Feet shall all thy wanderings cease,

Thy soul be bosomed in eternal peace.

Fight on awhile, for soon thy toil shall end,

Thy Guide shall come

With His own hand across the narrow sea

To lead thee home;

There shall the toils that troubled thee the while

End in the perfect glory of His smile.

S. G. A.

*Susan Georgia
Archibald*