

Cold infidel, thou sneer'st to see
 A widow in distress,
 Who, thinking on a rocky lee,
 Prays Heaven her boy to bless :
 'Tis well,—thou laugh'st not at her care,
 But at the folly of her prayer.

And know'st thou not she prays to Him
 Who gathers up the storms,
 Whose will around the ocean's brim
 Its only barrier forms ?
 He checks the blast,—a zephyr blows,
 And much-vex'd ocean seeks repose.

Borne on the wings of Jesu's name,
 Prayer mounts above the storm,
 Moves Him that moves creation's frame,
 To listen and perform.
 Thus feeble woman, on her knees,
 Can hush the storm and calm the seas.

Yes, covenanted power is hers,
 And faith her fears allays.
 Sailor, rejoice when danger stirs,
 To think thy mother prays ;
 And when thou gain'st the peaceful shore,
 With her thy Saviour's love adore.

HYMNS FOR YOUTH.

Why should I spend my youthful days
 In folly and in sin ;
 When I may walk in Wisdom's ways,
 And heavenly pleasures win ?

Shall I neglect my soul to save,
 And sink at last to hell ;
 When I may endless glory have,
 And with my Saviour dwell ?

O let me rather, in the morn
 Of life, for heaven prepare !
 This day unto my Saviour turn,
 And seek his love to share.

Then shall I joy unknown obtain,
 And pass my days in peace ;
 And death shall give me greatest gain,
 In joys that ne'er shall cease.