

If heavy is my cross, sustain
The soul that looks to thee for aid ;
I shall not pray to *thee* in vain ;
Ah meet me in the gloomiest shade.

As Jacob in the lonely night,
When driven to the wilderness,
Found all his darkness turned to light,
So may thy power thy servant bless.

THE VICTORY.

Written on the Night of the Illumination.

FOR "THE NEWS."

Shine, brilliant lights, and tell the story
Of England's joy and France's glory ;
Their flags o'er Russian tow'rs are shown,—
The work, the mighty work, is done.

O'er Alma heights they came in power,—
There was their first and glorious hour ;
Through gloomy mists at Inkermann
Their steel in triumph conqu'ring ran.

O'er stormy wilds, o'er treach'rous foes,
'Mid labours that scarce knew repose ;
In dire disease, in winter's cold,
Still were they valiant, patient, bold.