

## G O D I S N E A R.

There is a time to pray.

'Tis when the heart is full, too full of grief  
To breathe its bitterness to mortal ear,  
'Tis then in prayer the soul may find relief,  
'Tis then the mourner feels that God is near—  
Then is the time for prayer.

There is a time for joy.

When the soul proves that earthly pleasure cloy,  
That all is vain and unsubstantial here,  
And turns to heaven for more enduring joys,  
And finds, with transports finds, that God is near—  
Then is the time for joy.

There is a time for sadness.

'Tis when we mark the young and gay glide fast  
Upon the stream of life, without one fear  
Of future ills, one thought upon the past,  
One hope of heaven, forgetting God is near—  
Then is the time for sadness.

There is a time for praise.

When each new day does some new joy afford,  
And peace and loving kindness crown the year :  
When death, dark angel, stays his fatal sword,  
And spares us, then we feel that God is near—  
Then is the time to praise.

There is a time to mourn.

We mourn, when those we loved, the blest, depart !  
Why weep ye then ? They dwell in yon bright sphere ?  
Nay, mourn, when, lost to heaven, some anguish'd heart  
Lies down in death, without a Saviour near—  
Then is the time to mourn.

There is a time to die.

Yes, all must taste the last, last bitter cup,  
But soar my soul above this chilling fear ;  
Oh ! may I yield my heaven-born spirit up.  
And feel the blest assurance—God is near—  
Then 'twere no pain to die.

\*\* Some complete Sets of the last volume of the *Christian Gleaner*—may be had by applying at James Spike's Printing Office, Granville-Street—Price 6s. the 12 Numbers.