

When by fire his home had perished,
When its cruel breath had slain
All his loved ones; how that anguish
Burned in tortured heart and brain.

Hark ! There rises from the ruined,
Devastated scene of woe,
From the spirit worn and weary,
Through the malice of the foe,
That which mounts to Heaven's portal,
Gaining fullest entrance there :
'Tis the voice of supplication,
'Tis the voice of humble prayer.

Oh ! the blessed; blessed answer !
Swift descends the summer rain,
"God *hath* power to help" now soareth
Psalm of praise, for cry of pain.
And as cool, refreshing shower
To the thirsty gladness brings,
So hath "news from a far country"
Brought our sufferer precious things.

Evidence indisputable,
Is before accusers laid,
Quenched the fiery breath of slander
Which his ruin had essayed.
As the light, his upright doing
Shines with clearest ray serene,
As the noontide in its brightness,
His just dealing now is seen.

Grant us, Lord, the loving spirit
Which no thought of evil shares ;
O'er our lips keep watch, and guard us
From the sin which thus ensnares ;
Make us shun the idle story,
Which may harsher deed inspire,
Lest we see "so great a forest,
Kindled by how small a fire."