

'There is a God! 'mid deepest gloom  
 'The christian warrior fears no harm ;  
 E'en through the blackness of the tomb  
 A hand shall guard when foes alarm,  
 The Hand of God.

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A PRAYER.

Oh! Thou who can'st a worm create,  
 Who can'st a worm destroy,  
 Help me, e're it shall be too late,  
 To know that purer joy ;  
 That joy which to thy saints is given,  
 That joy akin to bliss of Heaven.

Help me while on life's tossing wave,  
 To find that anchor sure,  
 Which from the storm alone can save,  
 Which 'mid the gloom secure ;  
 Till safe upon a waveless sea  
 Of love, I rest in light with Thee.

From Thy high throne of stainless white  
 Look down in mercy now,  
 While in the darkness of the night  
 Low to Thee, Lord, I bow ;  
 E. thou alone can't give me peace,  
 Thy voice can bid temptations cease.

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HOW SOON. OH ! HOW SOON.

How soon, oh! how soon, do the hopes of man vanish.  
 Life dreams of an hour they hasten away ;  
 To-day he is happy, to-morrow in anguish  
 He mourns o'er the joys that no longer could stay.

I saw a proud vessel go forth on the ocean,  
 To sweep, like a palace of light, o'er the wave :  
 I watched her departure with throbs of emotion,  
 Nor thought that e're night she would sink to her grave.

Her banners gleamed bright in the sunlight of heaven  
 With colors of beauty unfurled to the sky ;