

“ Time—like an ever rolling stream”—
Bears my trembling bark along ;
From the shores of earth receding ;
Nearer, and nearer still approaching
The endless joys, or grief and woe,
Of that eternal world unseen.

Time rears its lasting monument
To shame, or glory true :
Its changes have in me been wrought,—
In heart, in mind, in deed, in thought !
With sterner brow the things I view
Which did of yore my heart content.

My soul, awake ! no laurel crown—
Which thy immortal brow
Would deign to wear--this earth can twine !
Leap, like a lion, from thy shrine ;
The glitt'ring mirage now
Forsake, and dare to meet its frown.

Ere my mortal frame pass to decay,
And dust to dust dissolve,
My mission, Lord, I would fulfill,
Perform Thy good and righteous Will :
While shining worlds revolve,
Dare I be dark or go astray !

Ah, Thou who in yon distant space
Those worlds like dew-drops strewed,
O by Thy wisdom mark my place,
Help me my Saviour's steps to trace,
And, by Thy Spirit, show
Me the work Thou would'st have me do.

A bubble may I never be
Upon the stream of Time ;
No weak existent of an hour ;
No useless herb ; but a bright flower—
Planted by the Hand divine,—
Which wafts some fragrance back to Thee.