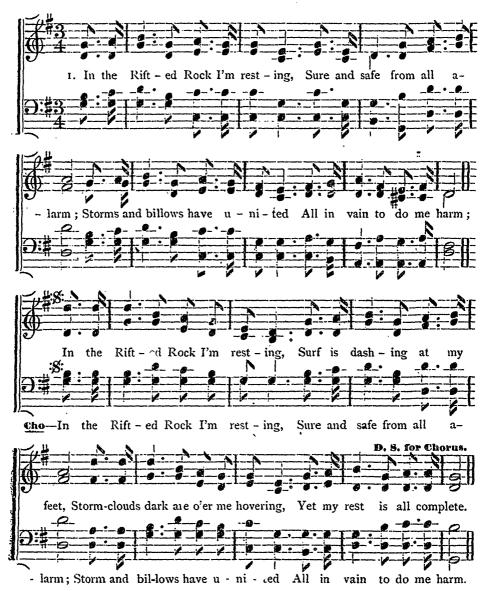
THE RIFTED ROCK.

"He smote the rock."-Ps. Ixxiii. 20.



Many a stormy sea I've traversed,
Many a tempest-shock have known,
Have been driven, without anchor,
On the barren shores, and lone:
Yet I now have found a haven
 Never moved by tempest-shock,
Where my soul is safe for ever
In the blessed Rifted Rock.