

## **THE TIME OF TROUBLE.**

The time of trouble nears, – "it hasteth greatly;"  
Even now its ripples span the world-wide sea;  
Oh! when its waves are swollen to mountains stately,  
Will the resistless billows sweep o'er me?

Or, terror-stricken, will I then discover  
A glorious Presence 'twixt the sea and sky,  
Treading the waters! – Earth's Imperial lover,  
His words of cheer, – "Be not afraid, – 'tis I!"

Will a hand, strong, yet tender as mother's,  
From the dark surging billows lift me out?  
With soft rebuke, more loving than a brother's;  
"Of little faith! O, wherefore did'st thou doubt?"

Montrose, Pa.

A. L. F.

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