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## 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?

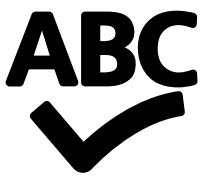
Or, terror-stricken, will I then discover  
 A glorious Presence ‘twixt the sea and sky,  
 Treading the waters!—Earth’s Imperial lover,  
 His words of cheer,—“Be not afraid,—’tis I!”

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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— May, 1880 —



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