

God's power is mighty, and his mercy great,
The holy Psalmist, in his holy book
Says " Help me, Lord, in thee my trust is sure."
This was belief—Oh, may we thus believe;
And then again in agony he cries,
" Lord, I am desolate, be thou my stay,
The troubles of my heart have been enlarged,
Oh! bring me out of my distress, and send,
My rock, my stay, my fortress, my defence,
Speedy deliverance for thy mercies' sake."
We are o'erwhelmed, Lord, are bowed down,
Thy hand can save us, and thy hand alone,
Then, hear us pray—Pray? we, alas! but weep;
How shall we pray? Where is our gentle friend?
Were she but here, her faithful memory,
Aiding and strengthening ours, might lead our hearts
To plead in words, from God's own holy book.