

## Flying to Shelter.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

WHEN slanderous tongues do me assail,  
And lying lips do on me rail,  
Thy help, my God, will not me fail.

They turn their evil ways on me ;  
Such as they are, would make me be.  
But I am known, all known to Thee.

Known unto Thee the secret thought  
Within the soul's deep chambers wrought,  
And hence to me great peace is brought.

I lift to Thee my sorrowing cry ;  
Turn unto Thee my streaming eye ;  
Unto Thy sheltering Rock I fly.

O'er mastered by these woes at last,  
I in its cleft will hide me fast,  
Until the storm be overpast.

Thrice, thrice the dreadful bolt has sped.  
I saw it fall on each dear head,  
And lay them lowly with the dead.

One sleeps beside yon tranquil lake ;  
O'er one dear grave the palm trees wake ;  
And over one the billows break.

Oh, do ye mock from your bright sphere,  
The anguish which we suffer here—  
The bursting sigh, the bitter tear ?

Oh, doth the venom'd whisper fly  
From this dark earth to your pure sky ?  
Or here doth Slander live and die ?

Great God ! in Thee my help I find !  
The mills of time may slowly grind ;  
They can not crush the constant mind.