

**"I will lift up mine eyes to the Hills,
from whence cometh my help"**

Down in the valley of dark despair

I trod my way alone, nor dared to raise my head;
My burden born of grief and care
Drove me by this dark way—the valley of the dead.

Night reigned supreme o'er mount and vale,
Darkness above I felt, and all around my way
The damp mists hung, nor could they fall
More deeply to distress and add to my dismay.

Then suddenly I felt a change, my weary eyes I raised,
And lo! upon the mountain top a tiny shaft of light
Tippling the rock with golden ray—the dark amazed
Fell back, and down the mountain fled the shades of
night.

Hope touched my soul and as I dared to look
The shades still further fled away,
The sunbeam warmed and grew, filling up every nook,
Till soon, e'en in my valley, the Light had come to
stay.

My help had come at last, my burden passed,
The mists had fled, and warm, I revelled in the sun;
And joyously my eyes I cast
Up and ever upward—for my day had just begun.