

The evening cometh ; I would rest,
And in forgetfulness repose,
But rain-drops stream upon my breast,
Forbidding my wonted eyes to close ;
Yet 'mid the tempest's hollow moan,
The lightning's glare, the whirlwind gust,
I surely heard a soft, low tone—
I know its whisper—"I will trust !"

As on my weary way I passed,
A bright star lit my midnight sky ;
I prized its beauty—but a blast
With heavy clouds went sweeping by—
A voice came murmuring from above,
"Mourner, yield not to sad mistrust ;
Again shall gleam that star of love,
Fond and for ever." "I will trust !"

Oh! can it be there waits on high
A mansion now prepared for me?
And can I bear each weary sigh
Until those golden gates I see?
Can He who loves preserve from harm,
Re-animate my mould'ring dust,
Fold me within His shelt'ring arms,
Happy for ever? "I will trust!"

THE END.