

A SONG OF HOPE.

WHEN cares beset and sorrows shroud
And dreary seems thy way,
Fear not—behind the darkest cloud
There lurks the brightest ray.

After the winter comes the spring,
After the night, the morn,—
Bleak showers the flowers of Maytime bring,
The wild woods to adorn.

Upon the blackest mould doth grow
The whitest lily-bells;
And from the darkest caverns flow
The purest, sweetest wells.

Warm sunshine ever follows shade,
And day succeedeth night;
The dews, reviving flower and blade,
Are born not of the light.

Therefore let not dark despair
O'ershadow life's pathway,
To-morrow may be bright and fair
If gloomy be to-day.

All those enduring to the end
Are pledged God's promise true
That, when Death's angel doth descend,
They'll rank His chosen few.