

LUX CRUCIS.

The grey mists of morn in the valley are lying,
The hill-tops are swathed in the sun's golden sheen,
The leaves of the forest are drooping and dying,
And nature's bereft of her mantle of green.

The cross on yon church-tower gilt with a splendour,
Reflecting the rays of a bright morning sun,
Invites the poor weary one meekly to render
The homage of man to the Crucified One.

The morning's bright promise may bring yet a sorrow,
And eyes may be dimmed by the loss of the brave,
And hearts that beat fondly, nor heeding to-morrow,
May soon be at peace in the gloom of the grave.

What though in the valley the mists may be lying,
And deep be the shadows, and heavy the loss ;
On the hill-tops above is no sorrow nor sighing,
The sun's golden light is revealed on the Cross.

King's College, 1881.

