

Knowest thou hearts that are fearful and sad,
 Dwelling far from the mansions of Hope ?
 Then tell them of strength from the Infinite One,
 Of a joy that is more than the light of the sun,
 And of death as the gate of a new life begun,
 When the old, like a race, has been faithfully run ;
 And they'll enter the doorway of Hope.

Wouldst thou the vision should bless thee
 again,
 As thou gropest along the dark way ?
 Then see that the thoughts that are inmost
 are pure,
 And that heed to the prompting of duty is sure,
 And the terrors of darkness thy soul will endure,
 Of the coveted vision's returning secure,
 As the dawning light heralds the day.

A CHOKED SPRING.

Where there abideth love and understanding,
 Fair gracious lives like summer flowers grow,
 And, like the brooks that broaden into rivers,
 Carry refreshment wheresoe'er they go ;
 But if beside thee precious plants are drooping,
 Scan well thy heart lest it should arid be ;
 Perchance some stone hath choked the
 fountain's outflow,
 'Twere worth thy while to set the waters free.