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'Tis Always Morning Somewhere.

BY MARGARET E. CANNON.

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,"
Always morning somewhere,
Sit ye in darkness? Know the morn will come.
Not always yours to bear,
The sorrows and the burdens of the world,
For he hath borne your share,
That ye may be no longer stricken-dumb.

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,"
Always morning somewhere.
See'st thou already yonder breaking dawn?
The morn bids thee beware!
Flee darkness! rise with sun to cheer the world.
He will thy soul prepare,
And give thee strength and courage to press on.

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,"
Always morning somewhere.
And souls are waiting for your loving tone,
Your willing hand to share
Their burdens, make for them an easier world,
They are too weak to bear
Temptations, and life's trials all alone.

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,"
Always morning somewhere.
How we rejoice to feel and understand
In part, his tender care,
And know his hand doth lead through all the world,
Doth all our burdens bear,
And safely guide to other side the strand.

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,"
Always morning somewhere.
And soon for us will dawn on sea and land,
Resplendent morn most fair:
Its glory then will fill the whole wide world,
And he will own us there,
On that eternal morn—at his right hand.