

ONE BY ONE.

BY A. A. PROCTOR.



ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going,—
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each ;
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from Heaven,
 Joys are sent thee here below ;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee :
 Do not fear an armed band ;
 One will fade as others reach thee,
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
 See how small each moment's pain ;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do, or bear ;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passing hours despond ;
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
 Reaching Heaven ; but one by one
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.