

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE

What is the Christian's hope? The question rose,
And stayed, and pressed, and would not be put by,
For long I had been pondering on those
Who hopeless live, and as they live, so die.
What is the Christian's hope—the hope that cheers
When human arts and human solace fail,
That wings the passing spirit, calms its fears,
And lights its passage through the darksome vale?

Is it the promised and the blessed rest
That for God's weary ones doth yet remain,
So precious to the eyes by sleep unblest,
So precious to the pilgrim of the plain,
So precious to the toiler in the field,
Depressed by thoughts of services remiss,
As he has marked in every season's yield
Tares mingled with his wheat? Ah, more than this!

Is it surcease of sickness and of pain,
Of longing for the night when it is day,
Of longing for the light of dawn again,
As night's slow-footed watches drag a way?
Is it an end of weeping and of woe
O'er riven ties and broken promises—
For God Himself shall wipe away, we know,
All tears for evermore? Yea, more than this!

Is it a mansion in the City fair
By saintly hand unfolded to our sight,
Where falls no night, where comes no death, and
where
No curse can enter with its breath of blight: