

## My Path.

I KNOW not where my feet may tread in future years,  
Thro' garden walks of dreamy flowers in fragrant  
bloom,  
Or down the narrow, thorny way beset with toil,  
That winds thro' vales of sacred tears.

I know not if the purple morns will ope for me  
Rich gifts of pearls and jewell'd crowns;  
My path may be a lonely waste of blighted hopes,  
Nor lamp, nor star lend kindly cheer that I may see.

I only know that faith will light my future way;  
That, torch in hand, I cannot fear the darkest hour  
That 'round my path may spread its gloom,  
If heaven direct my steps thro' endless day.