

IN AN HOUR OF TRUST

When hearts again are beating fast
At thought of rosy joys to come,
At knowledge Fate will smile at last.
Nor stand aloof, no longer dumb.

Why should the consciousness abide
That after light will come the dark,
That Care can not be long denied,
And tears may quench Love's shining spark ?

Our lives are checked with sun and shade,
And Grief is guardian of our doors;
Her clammy hand we would evade,
Our eye the future oft explores,—

Is this the whole ? is this the end ?
Is earth a universal grave ?
Does Death part ever friend and friend,
And mock the virtuous, the brave ?