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LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

SHED no more tears upon the
lonely hearth,
Though night be gathering
round thy earthly way;
In the thick darkness of that
unknown path—
It shall be day!

There is no new philosophy to
dread,
Poor broken heart—why sit
and fret alone?
The slothful, and the craven
souls are dead—
The brave—live on!

It is not always night upon the
sea,
Though waves be dark, and
hearts are tired and worn,
Keep but thy vigil, and again,
for thee,
It shall be morn!

Lift up thy feeble hands unto
the skies,
Claim thy great kinship with
the Powers that be.
No humble effort of the brave
e'er dies
On land, or sea.

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[From photo: Frau. Hanfstaengl, Munich.]