

Hopes.

CALLED and elected

By my own will and the world's needs,
Moved and directed
By a great impulse that so leads
As tho' connected
With something vast
And good, beyond my poor conception,
I humbly cast
My all,—and spite of all deception,
Hope to the last.

And the heart swells,
And hopes and hints and solace brings
From unseen wells
Of rapture; and of better things
And happier tells.
Mid the unrest
I trust to moral scholar's brain;
I trust the best
Of effort issues human gain,
And is God-blest.