

HOPE IN GOD.

HOPE, hope, and the thickest shadow
Will pass—pass like the night away;
Like a vision of cloud from July's meadow,
Like the mantle of snow in April's day.

Give not thy heart for a fountain of sorrow,
Nor thy cheek to be channelled by brooks of
woe:
Not of the past nor the future, borrow
A fardel of ill or a tomb-like show.

Not for these things was being given,
Not for such things is grace bestowed;
An angel is near thee—an angel of heaven,
To strengthen thy heart and to bear thy load.

Hope, for the FATHER OF MERCIES hath offered
His love in the gloomiest hour to thee:
There is life—life in the blessing proffered,
And the golden links of eternity.
