

For thou wert my benefactor kind,
In hours, dark hours of gloom.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

Be not weary tho' the road
Seemeth long and rough and dreary,
No longer than for thee is needful,
Shall thy Lord and Saviour tarry.

Be not weary tho' oft cares,
Press thee with an iron hand,
Soon thy freed and joyous spirit,
Shall join the holy Angel band.

Be not weary tho' the tempest
Gather darkly o'er thy head,
A few more tossings on life's billows,
And the darkness shall have fled.

Be not weary tho' sorrow's waves,
Roll in quick succession o'er,
Each dark billow bears thee nearer,
Nearer to a purer shore.

Be not weary tho' before thee,
Many loved ones reach the goal,
They are taken from life's evils,
Thou art left to watch for souls.