

O hands that lovingly have toiled  
Since morn's first gleam of light!  
O hands by honest labor soiled,  
Soft-folded, rest to-night!

O heart, with many an anguish rent,  
With many a sorrow sore;  
O heart, with life's fierce conflict spent—  
Rest! for the day is o'er.

O brain, o'ertasked with ceaseless strain  
To make time's problem clear;  
O brain, deep-questioning, full of doubt,  
Rest! for God reigneth here.

O friendly hands and loving heart,  
And ever busy brain!  
The restful night is now, but soon  
The morn will dawn again.

And we must wake and work life's work,  
While time's brief years may stay;  
Still looking for the night of death,  
And Heaven's eternal day.

There every questioning doubt shall cease,  
There toil no longer tire,  
And God, the triune God divine,  
Fill all the soul's desire.

Oh heavenly Rest! O holy Rest!  
From every conflict here  
I turn to thee, with bright'ning hope,  
And hail thee drawing near.

THE END.