

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 4

OTTAWA, ONT., January, 1905.

Vol. VII

HIDDEN WORTH.

SONNET.

(Written for THE REVIEW.)

I saw the sunbeams on a dark crag fall,
 Flooding with rosy light each gaping seam. ,
 And flower's bright and pure began to gleam,
Where late was but a black and dreary wall !
How many lives that wear a seeming pall,
 Not void of love and merit we should deem :
 When willeth God to make it known, they teem
With holy deeds and prayer, resplendent all !
 We dare not judge the lowliest ; *He* did take
 A humble Fisher for His bosom-friend
 And promised Paradise to sinners hoar !
In trust and holier striving we should make
 Our daily journey towards the endless end
 Where swell the heavenly anthems evermore.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.