Rengious Miscellaup,

Weeping may endure for a night,

who morning."

Walt till the morning comes, what till the heaven't homes Open at his command. What guides thee 1; the hand, Thefo, at the godden gates, this cown, His welcome waits. Thy cross, for His dear sake, a little longer take. For many wear'y years the bore carries toil and tears; But oh how tenderly Through life, He leadeth thee!

His arm to lean upon His arm to rean upon,
His rest when work is done,
His smile to light thy way,
His plessing for thy stay,—
With these caust thou not bear
Thy little load of care f

What though some flowers fade, What though some heavy shade Makes all the Future dim: Lift up thine eyes to Him! Shadows and earthly night Vanish before His.) ght.

When human hopes depart, Draw closer to His heart, His voice bids sorrow fly, His love can satisty; His streams in deserts flow, 'Mid thorns His roses blow.

Then live and de His work!
Let no repinings lurk
Within that heart which He
Leveth so faithfully,
Render Him love for love
Like angel sonis above.

Then when the work is done The crown, the rest all won, Not crown nor rest shall be What most delighted thee; But gladness most divine,—

The Dorthalt of White Common for Section 1. The control of the con

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