

**THE DAWN.**  
—BY WILLIAM J. FISCHER, M.D., WATERLOO, ONT.  
—

We know not when 'twill be, but Death one day  
Will come, like some black thief in gloomy night,  
And close our eyes forever 'gainst the light  
Of sun and moon and stars—then steal away,  
While swift our soul speeds from her human clay  
To meet the Saviour's face so tender, bright,  
Waiting her sentence, after life's drear fight—  
Hell's endless night of woe or Heaven's day!

O what is life, that we should thus forget  
The joyful dawn that waits beyond the gloom  
To greet our souls, while in the cold, sad tomb  
We turn to earth? Why should we doubt it yet?  
There is a life that crowns Sin's battle won,  
A life of rest in far-off glowing spheres,  
Where angels sing love-hymns through endless years,  
Where Christ's the Light—the soul's eternal Sun.