

"IN HIS KEEPING."



Thirteenth Day.

"Look not at the things which are seen."

NEVER mind if midnight shadows
Lie across our onward way ;
Look unto the glorious ending—
Shineth there eternal day.

Never mind if storms break o'er us,
And a rugged path we tread ;
Smoothly stretch celestial roadways,
Tranquil skies above them spread. . . .

Never mind, oh, never mind them—
Tempest, darkness, sadness, pain !
Travel we to the blest country
Where no ills an entrance gain.

—Never Mind !