

That but a little ray of light do leave,—  
Perhaps mere airy hope ; Faith's ladder we  
Must make it, that we climb until we see  
The stars of love,—let us with patient heart,  
Be calm, and brave, and true, and do our part  
With uncomplaining trust, and be assured  
That he, who to the end hath toil endured,  
Will yet have peace, and rest, and joy, where clouds  
Are not, where nought the Glorious Dayspring shrouds.