

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet,
 Above her shook the starry lights,
 She heard the torrents meet.
 Then stept she down thro' town and fold,
 To mingle with the human race,
 And part by part to men revealed
 The fulness of her face.
 Her open eyes desire the truth,
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears ;
 That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes."

WAITING.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

I AM waiting ; only waiting ;
 Waiting, Lord, to know Thy will ;
 Waiting 'mid the clouds and darkness,
 For Thy quiet, "*Peace be still !*"
 I am waiting, only waiting ;
 Waiting, Lord ! upon Thee still.

Dark the Night has closed around me,
 And I do not see my way,
 But I wait. For thine appearing
 Turns the darkness into day,
 And I'm waiting ; simply waiting ;
 Waiting for its faintest ray.

To the hills mine eyes I'm lifting,
 Whence the Morning comes to view,
 And the midnight clouds in drifting,
 Let the struggling brightness through.
 And I'm waiting ; simply waiting ;
 Till its radiance reach me too !

While I wait, new vigour fires me,
 Like the eagle's, in its flight ;
 And a heavenly zeal inspires me,
 With a sweet, new-born delight ;
 And in waiting, simply waiting ;
 Darkness kindles into Light !