

# Dominion Presbyterian

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## "UNTIL THE DAY BREAK,"

A human soul went forth into the night;  
Shutting behind it Death's mysterious door,  
And shaking off with strange, resistless might  
The dust that once it wore.  
So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped—  
As when by skilful hand a bow is bent  
The arrow flies—those watching round the bed  
Marked not the way it went.

Heavy with grief, their aching, tear-dimmed eyes  
Saw but the shadow fall, and knew not when,  
Or in what fair or unfamiliar guise,  
It left the world of men,  
It broke from sickness, that with iron bands  
Had bound it fast for many a grievous day,  
And Love itself with its restraining hands  
Might not its course delay.

Space could not hold it back with fettering bars,  
Time lost its power, and ceased at last to be;  
It swept beyond the boundary of the stars,  
And touched Eternity.  
Out from the house of mourning faintly lit,  
It passed upon its journey all alone;  
So far not even Thought could follow it  
Into those realms unknown.

Through the clear silence of the moonless dark  
Leaving no footprint on the road it trode,  
Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,  
The soul went home to God.  
"Alas!" they cried, "he never saw the morn,  
But fell asleep outwearied with the strife;"  
Nay rather, he arose and met the Dawn  
Of Everlasting Life.

—CHRISTIAN BURKE, in Pall Mall Magazine