

Night and Morning.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

THERE could never smile the morning
Were it not for sombre night ;
There could never be the conquest
Without weary toil and fight ;
And ne'er could fall the healing
On the strong man in his might.

Ye who have walked in darkness
Only can tell how fair
Is the loving smile of Jesus
On sorrow's dismal air—
A smile that sets its bright seal
On half-desponding prayer.

When faith has had its trial,
And victory is won
Through the love of God the Father,
Through the strength of Christ the Son ;
How ineffable the peacefulness
When the hard day's work is done !

And only he who lying
On depression's couch so low,
The love of the Restorer
In its fullest sense can know ;
And love as he loves Jesus
Who has saved him from his woe !

O Master, Saviour, Father,
In Thy most tender grace,
After the rain-storm send us
The light of Thy dear face,
That Thy pilgrim children faint not,
Running the great life-race !

Then even here, while dwelling
In rude tents by the road,
We'll catch the fragrance breathing
From the highway's trampled sod ;
Life cannot be all sorrowful
That Thou smilest on, O God.