

Poetry.

HOPE.

We rest in hope. Hope sheds a cheering light
Along the darkness of the darkest night.
Our hope no meteor which a moment gleams,
To fade in darkness which then deeper seems.

Fixed Star of Hope! Oh, for thy cheering ray
To brighten ever on our pilgrim way
Through mist and darkness as our paths we grope
Oh, cheer us ever, morning Star of Hope.

In life's glad morn, when skies are clear and fair,
Be thou the fairest light that's shining there;
Touch Youth's bright morning with a living fire
And draw hearts upward to each true desire.

And in life's noonday should some greater orb
Bedim thy shining or thy rays absorb,
Wait for the night, the darkest hours are thine
Blest Star of Hope! Oh then serenely shine.

Now daylight fades, night's darkness comes apace,
We lay ambitions down, here ends life's race;
Death stands awaiting—through the open door
The spirit hastens to the other shore.

There Hope has full fruition. Hope expires
In bright realities, fulfilled desires.
Shine on bright Star of Hope! Oh, cheer us still,
Until these portals open at His will.

Faith, Hope and Love, attendant angels fair,
Unfold your wings and bear the Spirit there;
Faith lost in sight and Hope together flown,
Leaving the Soul with God and Love alone.

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