

Hope on, hope ever, though to-day be dark, the sweet sunburst
may smile on thee to-morrow. —*Massey*.

Not far the hour, not long the day,
Ere we shall pass, far, far away,
The tree, whose bending branches bear
The one loved name, will yet be there,
But where the hand that carved it?—Where?

—*Swift*.

Fancy, sweet sprite, she can bestow
A pleasing respite to our woe,
That our corroding cares beguile,
And make the way-worn face to smile. —*Combe*.

There never was a cloud so thick and black,
But it may sometime break, and on its track
The glorious sun come streaming. —*Carlton*.

Above the stars there is rest,
Suffer, in patience confiding,
Life with its harass and chiding,
There peace eternal abiding,
Maketh the weary one blest. —*Bailey*.