



TO THE W. C. T. U

I stand alone amid the throng,
 The restless, busy crowd of feet,
 Which up and down the busy street,
 Press on the pedals of the world's great organ.
 My heart is thrilling with the song,
 The notes of work and the notes of woe,
 For they sing them over and over again,
 That surging crowd of hurrying men,
 While up from the pipes of the world's great organ
 Swells out the symphony, high or low.

I hear the notes of wild despair,
 The wailing, sobbing chord of pain,
 From those who struggle and toil in vain.
 Then, clearer than chords on the world's great organ,
 Fall strains of promise through the air,
 A song of hope and of conquest divine;
 And the angels sing it again and again,
 To those who worked for the tempted men,
 Far grander than chords on the world's great organ
 "The promise in Eden, O woman is thine."

It was thy God the promise gave,
 "Thy seed shall bruise the tempter's head."
 E'en now the morning clouds are red,
 Work on, thy labor brings the coming day.
 O earnest, faithful band and brave,
 Ye sow in tears but ye reap in joy,
 And the song of hope in a clear sweet strain,
 Ye never pray for your sins in vain.
 Pray on in faith, until the coming day
 Blots out the grief of the coming years.

DEMILL LADIES' COLLEGE, October 1st, 1886.

L. E. A. R.



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