



## TO-MORROW.

Day after day the old thought comes to me  
 That on the morrow I will mend my way ;  
 A double dawn shall break, the morning see  
 The sunrise of a nobler, better day ;  
 And that lone Better Self, a captive, *free*,  
 From which in blindness I have gone astray.  
 Chains shall be snapped—ties loosed that held me here,  
 And Heaven shall smile although the world may sneer.

To-morrow's leaf a chapter shall begin,  
 In which no thoughts of shame shall scorch the white ;  
 Strong ways shall blot the record of past sin,  
 And write their palimpsest serene and bright.  
 Sweet words, kind actions, and the deeds that win  
 The priceless boon of love's unmeasured might—  
 These my strong portion ! O come swift, to-morrow !  
 Or from to-day thy glory I *may* borrow.

Alas, to-morrow ! One bright mirage thou !  
 A mirror framed in time ; in which are cast  
 Reflections of the better thought, the vow,  
 The dull desire to forget the past.  
 For sin was never half so dear as now  
 When the heart strives, but, coward-like, at last  
 Falls willingly and breathless from the fray,  
 And leaves the conquest to a later day.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.