

IN LOWLY VALLEY.

Go forth, my heart, and seek some lowly valley,
Beneath a sky of bright and tender hue,
From which kind stars rain down their mystic splendor
And wake the earth with tears of heavenly dew ;
Let not the summit peaks of distant glory
Shut out the peace that reigns within the plain ;
Better the flowers that bloom within the valley
Than tempting heights lit up with arid gain.

Go forth, my heart, nor dream of each to-morrow
That mocks the hopes and sunshine of to-day,
For life hath joys that grow within the present,
But ripen not if touch'd by future ray.
In lowly valley, peace broods sweet and holy,
Full of the vesper-tide of thought and prayer,
Bound by the golden clasp of love and duty—
In lowly valley, life is void of care !