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IT'LL ALL COME RIGHT TO-MORROW.

By Letitia Virginia Douglas.

It's gloomy now—the world looks dark, and your heart is full of sorrow—
But leave the subject to God, my dear—it'll all come right to-morrow !
It'll all come right in the morning bright—no need your woe to borrow ;
Night lends an inky cast to care—it'll be all right to-morrow !
I learned this maxim, when a child, of a happy, old mechanic,
Who used to whistle the whole day long, nor ever yield to panic ;
Tho' trouble came—and it often did—for he lost both home and money—
His face was bright with a chasten'd light and his smile was always sunny !
And ere he died, he sent for me ('twas the pale, gray light o' dawning),
“ My lad,” he said, “ my trouble's o'er . it has all come right this morning !
I have no gold to leave you, friend, I say it to my sorrow ,
But here's a salve for every ill—'twill all come right to-morrow ! ”
This maxim is of purest gold—'Twill stand the wear of ages --
'Tis founded deeper than the lore of polymathic sages.
If trouble should come home to you—and no man's free from sorrow --
Just leave the tangled skein to God—you'll find it straight to-morrow :
You'll find that life's a tangled skein ; just full o' knots and ravel,
And prone to lap in hopeless coils, as thro' this world you travel.
But sing away the livelong day--nor borrow any trouble.
For there's a way of viewing care—they call it ‘ seeing double.’
God keeps a balm for every bruise on hand—So leave your sorrow
To Him who spares the ‘ broken reed,’ and trust Him for to-morrow.”
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And many a day has pass'd away since my wise mentor perished .
But, with his memory ever green, his maxim have I cherished .