

Thou link between this woe-seared earth of ours  
Had happier spheres where, throned in jasper bowers,  
Chaired angels sing their peerless paens of praise,  
Thou knowest that our strength wanes with our hours—  
That, weak at best, we stumble though we creep  
Afraid to walk, and oft repentant weep—  
Thou knowst, too, the short mede of our days,  
In our behalf exert a mother's powers.

As one who leaves the dark, tempestuous sea  
To watch the joyant dawn, from self to thee  
I turn, and drown my gloom in thy glad light.  
Thy visioned glow hath changed my threnody  
To peals of joy; once more a calm-browed child  
I kneel before thy shrine, with aspect mild;  
Thou shinest star-like o'er our mundane night,  
To gaze up to thy face is Heaven to see.

W.

