

THE DAY IS AT HAND.

Poor, fainting spirit, still hold on thy way –
The dawn is near!

True, thou art weary; but yon brighter ray
Becomes more clear.

Bear up a little longer; wait for rest:
Yield not to slumber, though with toil oppressed.

The night of life is mournful, but look on –
The dawn is near!

Soon will earth's shadowy scenes and forms be gone;
Yield not to fear!

The mountain's summit will, ere long, be gained,
And the bright world of joy and peace attained.

"Joyful through hope," thy motto still must be –
The dawn is near!

What glories will that dawn unfold to thee!
Be of good cheer!

Gird up thy loins; bind sandals on thy feet:
The way is dark and long; the end is sweet.

– Selected.