

FAITH.

"Faith soars and sings on her tireless wings;
Though woe assail, with her blinding hail,
And pain come near
With her words of fear.

"Through all the day on her love-tracked way,
Her burnished eye is turned to the sky,
As if something there
That were wondrous fair,

"Her soul has bound, in its gold threads round;
And ne'er again, can the hand of pain,
Nor aught of woe
That we mortals know,

"Bring Faith's wings back from the shining track,
Whose end she sees by the healing trees,
Where waters run
In a glowing sun,

"And days are bright with seven-fold light,
And the moon is clear as the sun is here;
Where gates of pearl
In their colors whirl,

"Like rainbows blent in the Orient;
And walls are fair with their jewels rare –
Oh, her anchor holds
To the streets of gold!

"And she soars and sings on her tireless wings,

For some day she in that nest shall be,
When it cometh down
On the mountain's crown!

"And his feet are set on Olivet
Who went away at the close of day
To return again
With a kingly train.

"Oh! naught faith cares for the scorn she bears:
Will not her Lord bring sure reward,
In the coming hour
Of his pomp and power?

"When the waste shall bloom and the robber tomb
Engulf no more on the sea or shore,
And knowledge be,
Like the deep broad sea?

– *S. Roxana Wince.*

