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## YIELD NOT TO FEAR.

"Poor, fainting spirit, still hold on thy way –  
The day 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 coming night is mournful, but look on –  
The dawn is here!  
Soon will earth's shadowy scenes and gloom be gone;  
Yield not to fear:  
The mountain's summit will ere long be gained,  
And thy bright hopes with joy and peace attained.

"'Joyful through hope!' thy motto still must be –  
The dawn is here!  
What glories will that dawn unfold to thee!  
Be of good cheer!  
Gird up thy loins; bind sandals on thy feet:  
The way is short, though rough; the end is sweet."

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"A little while, our fightings shall be over;  
A little while, our tears be wiped away;  
A little while, the power of Jehovah  
Shall turn our darkness into gladsome day.

"A little while, the fears that oft surround us  
Shall to the memories of the past belong;  
A little while, the love that sought and found us

Shall change our weeping into heaven's glad song.

"A little while! 'Tis ever drawing nearer –  
The brighter dawning of that glorious day.  
Blest Savior, make our spirits' vision clearer,  
And guide, O guide us in the shining way.

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"A little while, O blessed expectation!  
For strength to run with patience, Lord, we cry,  
Our hearts up leap in fond anticipation;  
Our union with the Bridegroom draweth nigh."

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