

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Calling softly in the twilight,
 Comes a voice of former years;
 Speaking softly in the sad light,
 Casting out our bitter fears,
 It is memory, joyful, beauteous,
 Bringing hope within its train,
 For we trust the good, so bounteous,
 God will surely give again.
 Side by side, there comes with mem'ry,
 Rising o'er the wrecks of time,
 Sweet, a voice within the twilight
 Bidding hope be ever thine.
 Hope thou for the good and noble,
 Trust in God in every mood,
 For with every strife and struggle,
 Equally there comes the good.
 O'er the past we look with trembling,
 Sometimes seeing naught but pain—
 Oh, sad heart, cast out thy fearing,
 Hope, sings in a brighter strain.
 Gladsome, joyful were thy blessings—
 Life held little of the dross—
 Learn then this with other lessons
 It is good to bear a cross.
 It is good because it strengthens,
 Making sturdy what is weak;
 It is good because it brightens
 Up the other life we seek.
 'Tis the mem'ry of the conflict
 Shining out from other years,
 That can lead us to the onset—
 That can calm our darkest fears.
 And the voice within the twilight,
 Bids us hope and struggle on;
 Speaking softly in the sad light
 Saying to thee, "Thou *hast* won;
 Be thou strong, be brave, courageous;
 Strife will not be to thee long."
 For the burdens all grow lighter,
 Growing easy to the strong.
 Mem'ry coming in the twilight,
 That sweet voice of other years,
 Gives thee strength to meet the future,
 Drives away thy thoughtless fears.

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