

MAN'S HOPE.

HERE fades the last red glimmer of the sun ;
Ere day is night, when on the glittering bar
The waves are foaming rubies, and afar
Streaks of red water, gold on the horizon,
On summer ripples rhythmically run ;
Ere dusk is weaned, there sails on silver car
From the expectant East, the evening Star ;
And all the threads of sorrow are unspun.

So He who ordered this shall still work thus,
And ere life's lamp shall flicker into death,
And Time lose all his empire over us,
A gleam of Hope, of Knowledge, shall arise,
A star to silver o'er Death's glooming skies,
And gladden the last labouring torch of breath.