

FAITH'S TRIUMPH.

A little miss, a beam of bliss,
With face as sweet as a fairy's kiss,
With joyous cry, with spirits high,
One morn in June, went tripping by.
Her golden hair, like sunlight fair,
Shone lustrous through the morning air;
Her deep blue eyes were summer skies,
In whose clear depths no clouds arise.
Her step was light, her smile was bright,
Her image charmed my ravished sight;
"The world is fair," I said, "the air
Is laden with God's love and care;
An angel's hand has touched the land
And painted beauties rich and grand;
Both bird and bee, in bush and tree,
Are chanting heaven's own minstrelsy."
That morn in June passed all too soon,
Like notes from some entrancing tune.
I stood alone; the maid was gone,
And with her form the spell had flown.

In sun and rain I watched in vain,
A glimpse of her again to gain;
I asked her name unknown to fame;
My fond hopes died; she never came;
Then I forbore; my heart was sore.
Would this sweet vision come no more?
One winter's morn, with hopes forlorn,
I saw a form before me borne.
With soft, slow pace, and solemn face,
They bore it to its burial-place.
I saw the bier and dropped a tear
For this fair maid who was so dear.
Life's shattered bowl! Death's final goal!
A shadow fell upon my soul.
"The world is dark," I said, "no spark
Of light to guide life's fragile bark.
Man's certain doom is death and gloom.
Is there no hope beyond the tomb?
Oh, why these tears, these doubts and fears?
Why dread the fate of coming years?
Day follows night. Hope's star is bright.
Faith rends the clouds and heaven's in sight."

George W. Coffman.