

Alas for ~~death~~! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth

Mar 6th /67.

Luther says in one of his letters to Spemlin
It is a wretched righteousness which will
not deal with others, because it deems them
evil, & seeks ^{the} solitude of the desert, instead
of doing good to such, by long suffering, by
prayer, & example. If thou art the lily &
the rose of Christ, know that thy dwelling
place is among thorns.

March 9th. 1867.

Could you not watch an hour?
Be ready! as the bridal train
And bridegroom, with his dowry,
May sweep along again in vain

Miserere mei!

9th March /67.

Hope on, hope ever.

When sorrows above you tower,
And joy seems fled forever,
Your watchword in the darkest hour
Should be, "hope on, hope ever."

The darkest ~~hour~~ will pass away,
The wildest tempest cease;
The heart when sorrow long held sway,
Shall be the abode of peace.

"Hope on, hope ever," life is not
A scene alone of tears,
~~And though the present dark appears,~~
For many a bright and "sunny spot,"
Along our path appears.

"Hope on, hope ever," dry those tears
That flow for earthly sorrow.

And though the present dark appears,
Look for a light tomorrow

Poplar Grove Sept /66