

HOLD THE LIGHT.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

Peterson's Magazine (1849-1892); Sep 1861; VOL. XL., No. 3.; American Periodicals

pg. 182

H O L D T H E L I G H T .

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

Ho! thou traveler on life's highway

Moving carelessly along—

Pausing not to watch the shadows

Lowering o'er the mighty throng!

Stand aside, and mark how feebly

Some are struggling in the fight,

Turning on thee wistful glances—

Begging thee to hold the light!

Look! upon thy right a brother

Wanders blindly from the way;

And upon thy left a sister,

Frail and erring, turns astray.

One kind word, perchance, may save them—

Guide their wayward steps aright;

Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?

No, but fly and hold the light!

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow

Bursts from the advancing throng;

And a little child is groping

Through the darkness, deep and long;

'Tis a timid orphan, shivering

'Neath misfortune's withering blight;

Friends, home, love, are all denied her:

Oh! in pity, hold the light!

Not alone from heathen darkness,

Where the pagan bows the knee,

Worshiping his brazen image

With a blind idolatry—

Where no blessed Gospel teaching

E'er illumine the soul's dark night,

Comes the cry to fellow mortals,

Wild and pleading, "Hold the light!"

Here, as well, in life's broad highway,

Are benighted wanderers found;

And if all the strong would heed them,

Lights would glimmer all around.

Acts of love and deeds of kindness

Then would make earth's pathway bright,

And there'd be no need of calling,

"Ho! thou traveler, hold the light!"