

HOPE THE HERMIT

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68-70  
1723

A NOVEL

BY

EDNA LYALL

AUTHOR OF "DOREEN," "WAYFARING MEN," "DONOVAN," "IN THE  
GOLDEN DAYS," "TO RIGHT THE WRONG," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
LONDON AND BOMBAY

1898



644735-68

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Press of J. J. Little & Co.  
Astor Place, New York

Once in a blithe greenwood, liv'd a hermit wise and good,  
Whom the folks from far and near  
For his counsel sought, knowing well that what he taught  
The dreariest of hearts would cheer.  
Though his hair was white, his eye was clear and bright  
And he thus was ever wont to say:  
Though to care we are born, yet the dullest morn  
Often heralds in the fairest day!"

Pray, is the hermit dead? from the forest has he fled  
No, he lives to counsel all  
Who an ear will lend to their wisest, truest friend,  
And Hope, the hermit's name they call;  
Still he sits, I ween, 'mid branches ever green,  
And cheerly you may hear him say:

Though to care we are born, yet the dullest morn  
Often heralds in the fairest day!"

—From Chappell's "*Old English Ditties*."

**Dedicated**

TO

THE REV. CANON AND MRS. RAWNSLEY

IN MEMORY OF PLEASANT HOURS AT

CROSTHWAITE