

SUNDAY SCHOOL BANNER

for
TEACHERS
AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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The Voice in the Twilight.

I was sitting alone toward the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed ;
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing,
For the child of my love and care ;
Some stitches half-wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried ;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done ;
And even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won.

"It is nothing but hay, wood, and stubble,"
I said, "It will all be burned ;
This useless fruit of the talents,
One day to be returned.

Much have I wanted to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried ;
But I'm sure when he sees such building,
He never will let it abide."

Just then as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind ;
My eye caught an odd little bungle,
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes ;
With one of those sweet intuitions,
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me ;
I knew 'twas the best she could do ;
But Oh ! what a botch she had made it,
The grey mismatching the blue.

And yet—can you understand it ?
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me :—
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee ?"

Then straightway I knew his meaning,
So full of compassion and love ;
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down, His temple to view ;
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be buidied anew ;—

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light ;
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right ;—

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her,—
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.