

AN EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

By J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

SO sweet and low, so sweet and low,
Our whispered words to heaven flow ;
The last sunbeam has kissed the blue
And fast the night comes stealing through.

And Mother, now, we bend our knee
And raise our thoughts awhile to thee ;
Though night be dark we do not fear
For thou art near ; for thou art near.

We seem to feel thy presence rare,
Thy song comes stealing on the air ;
Its words are set in tones of love,
Breathed from above ; breathed from above.

Come, then, and bless thy wayward child,
The shades of night loom dark and wild
And o'er the pathway shadows throng—
The way is long ; the way is long.

And now, in joy, we offer sweet
Our deeds to-day with love replete
And beg thee through the weary years
To dry our tears ; to dry our tears.

And O fond Mother, while we sleep
Pray let thy love a vigil keep
And guard us safe till morning's light
For it is night ; for it is night.