

His heart, touched sudden, at the core,
forthwith grew strangely sad.
When next the beggar left that door,
His heart as strange grew glad:—
Christ, standing by,
Went nigh.

PROFESSION.

That man, in life's full sun, was wont to say,—
"There is no God!"—I turned and went my way,
To hear from out the cloud, on bended knee,—
"O God, my God, be merciful to me!"

This man, through days and nights of ease, would praise
The goodness of the Lord, and bless His ways:
Quick sympathy I took, beneath the rod,
And found him, in a frenzy, cursing God.

WHATSOEVER.

Whatsoever man sows in his field,
He shall reap in due season; and know,
Whether spirit or flesh be the yield;
Whatsoever man reaps shall he sow!

AT EVENTIDE.

At eventide, when purple light
Kisses to sleep each dreamy height,
A spirit broods above the hills
Whose subtle benediction fills
The twilight hour, ere falls the night: