

## A VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,  
With spirit troubled and vexed,  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sad y<sup>e</sup> 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 'wood, hay and stubble,'" I said:  
"it will all be burned"—  
This useless fruit of the talents  
One day to be returned.

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

Just then, as I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bangle  
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 gray mismatching the blue!

And yet—can you understand it?—  
With a tender smile and a tear,  
And a half-compassionate yearning,  
I felt she had 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 comes 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 builded 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,

"And, for the true love that is in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as mine,  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight  
I seemed to be clasping a hand,  
And to feel a great love constraining me,  
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,  
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,  
That would tenderly guide and lead me  
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are never more gloomy,  
My faith no longer is dim,  
But my heart is strong and restful,  
And mine eyes are unto Him

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

## "IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD."

"It is well with the child," was a minister's text, as he stood by the side of a little white casket, trying to speak words of comfort to crushed human hearts. It was a beautiful text, very appropriate for the occasion, and the man of God spoke lovingly and tenderly, and if words could have carried comfort and consolation to bleeding souls, then the friends of the little child would have felt the heavy burden lifted, that was crushing them to the earth.

The sweet child had filled the old home with sunlight for many a day, and the parents had worshipped at the shrine nearest to human purity that is found in this world. But the holy dream came to a terrible awakening, for one day the little baby form was brought to them a crushed and mangled thing. A drunken driver had done the deed, they said, and it was very cruelly and carelessly done, too. The young parents were so utterly crushed with grief, that they made no inquiries as to how the deed was done—for they could only weep and moan over the bruised and mangled form of the child.