

All through a long, glad day, for one
Who for us true, loving work has done :
To arrange the seat where the warm rays come—
 Where the fairest view is caught,
 And a little picture shall meet the eye
That the dear hand painted in years gone by ;
 To gather and place our guarded flowers,
 And set out all our choicest things,—
 Chiding slow Time through the counted hours
 That *will* fold so close their wings ;—
Coming pausingly back, ere the step we meet,
To make sure of all we have planned, to greet
 With voiceless welcomings.

 And the joy—in our home made fair,
 Yet again to clasp a hand ;
To meet the full light of dear, trustful eyes,
And watch for the smile of glad surprise
 At Love's simple triumphs there ;
While the day is fading off the land,
As the sun shuts slowly his opal gate,
 And in the tremulous, fragrant air,
All through the hush of the hours we wait
For the sentinel stars that come forth late,
 In their gleaming watch to stand.

Ah ! we dare not grudge to the Master His joy
 In her gaze of speechful love
At the unpriced treasures HIS LOVE has bought,
 The gathered bliss of Eternal Thought ;
 In the hidden face raised wonderingly
At a memory of fervent words inwrought,
An echo of her own music caught
 In the melodies above :
 As the dim earth sinks wearily
 Beneath the verge of a waveless sea,
 And so near her Saviour's breast,
From the white-robed ones who round her press