

Between the Lights.

A little pause in life while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers
And soft grey shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of suns that long have set ;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me ; through the dusk returning,
I hear the echo of departed feet ;
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning ;
What is the charm that makes old things so sweet ?

“Peace! peace!” The Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife ;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear River of Eternal Life.

Serve Him with daily work and honest living,
And faith shall lift thee to her sunlit heights,
While a sweet psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Shall fill the hour that comes “between the lights.”

Trusting God.

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step on my onward way
He makes new scenes arise ;
And every joy he sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Where he may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, “He knows, He knows.”