

## NOW, AND THEN.

'Tis eventide !  
Shadows deep and dark  
Creep o'er the landscape ;  
Silent the deep death darkness  
Covers all  
With his midnight pall.

I watch amid  
The sable drapery of night,  
And wait returning day ;  
Darker and deeper yet,  
And yet more still,  
The hush has fallen  
On Nature's rosy face,—  
For deepest is the gloom  
Before the dawn.

I wait ; I know  
He will return ;  
The shadows of the night  
Will surely pass away,—  
For I shall see His face,  
And in the morning  
Gaze with raptures wild  
On Jesus.

So 'n the gathering gloom,  
My soul, be still ;  
The cloud shall break,  
And, parting, shade  
The light of yet  
A brighter day.

O. G. LANGFORD.

—*In S. S. Times.*