

Heard the dreadful trumpet thrill,  
 Shaking Sinai's mighty hill ;  
 Saw the cloud, the smoke, the flame,  
 From its riven rocks that came ;  
 Shuddering knelt we, to implore  
 We might hear His voice no more.  
 Yet that voice hath many a tone—

Not in thunder, not in wrath  
 Speaks He to the heart alone,  
 Cheers me on the desert path ;  
 Tells me that His name is LOVE !  
 At the thought, my eyes grow dim ;  
 Blessed proof, all thanks above,  
 He will let me work for Him !

" *He shall have my very best—*  
 Thread, thou must be smooth and fine ;  
 So, while others round me rest,  
 I am spinning for *His* shrine.  
 Rougher work may well be done,  
 While the sun is hot and bright.  
 But the smoothest thread is spun  
 In the dewy cool of night.  
 And a pleasant thought will come :  
 Not alone my work I do,  
 Well I know in many a home,  
 Sit my sisters spinning too.  
 Out of sight, and oft unknown,  
 Thus, our separate work we ply :  
 But, when all our threads are spun,  
 They shall mingle by-and-by.  
 Differing threads, yet all unite :  
 Blue and crimson blend their dyes,  
 While *my* thread is stainless white,  
 As the manna from the skies.