

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly 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.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS. No. 307

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—