

IN SUSPENSE

A thousand fears perplex me,
A thousand hopes delude ;
I wait and watch and wonder
With doubt and faith imbued.

Shall it be, or shall it not,
And have I long to wait ?
My pulses beat but faster
Although the hour is late.

I cannot rest a moment,
I cannot find a book
To rivet my attention,—
I may not choose but look.

I stand beside the window,
My face against the pane,
Intent upon the glimmer
Of lamplight through the rain.