

I heard a far voice calling—
 "Come to the hither light."
How could I care for climbing—
 Alone, alone in the night?—
Then a little child came crying,
 Adown from the holy height.

O, and the force appealing!
 The wee, resistless wail!
O, and the close, warm clasping!
 Who so strong as the frail?

And the clouds broke into smiling
 When baby began to play,
Till bright eyes roving the valley
 Spied where the dear harp lay—
And here on the hills of Beulah,
 Together we sing of the Day!

THE SHIP OF THE WEST.

WHEN bells of the eventide
 Are calling to Labor's rest,
Behold the treasure, laden for Heaven,
 Away at the port of the West!

Day-long, lo, the stately ship
 Slow-coasteth where clouds may climb
To pile upon deck all works of Love,
 Wind-borne from the realms of Time.
For the moth and rust prevail—
 And the children of earth grow wise—
So the West is a-hove with a precious freight
 When the ship sails into the skies.