

IN THE DESERT.



HE waste my barb hath bounded o'er
Is glinting palely to the east,
Where dying night, grown faint and frore,
Feels that her reign hath well-nigh ceased.

And from the orient breathes a wind
Of wondrous sweetness o'er the sand ;
O, surely Love treads there-behind—
Treads toward me from the Happy Land.

Lo ! I have wandered far and wide,
Awaiting still that princely Guest :
And though He sate my tent inside,
I saw not when the couch He prest.

For all along the earth I lay
Before the glory of His eyes,
Until He rose, and passed away
Into the land of Paradise.

Oft have I heard His coming tread,
And hasted out to meet my Lord ;
Yea, and my Prince hath broken bread,
And shared the salt, at my poor board.

Yet never have I seen His face ;
And, when I pressed Him still to stay,
Ever He said—"Nay, till thou grace
A Stranger so as Me to-day.

For I will send a Messenger—
A stranger coming in My Name.
Seek till thou find, yet seek in fear,
Nor haste the coming of the same."