

Margaret Howard felt a concern to visit the Friends of Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting. Way seemed to open and she with several Friends from Millville visited that section. Meetings were appointed at Catawissa and Roaring Creek, and they attended the midweek meeting at Bear Gap.

Much satisfaction was expressed with these meetings, and no doubt good seed was sown which will bear fruit in the future. K.

THE MESSENGER HOURS.

AMY PARKINSON, TORONTO.

Of the following verses Professor Goldwin Smith has this to say:

They are written from a bed of sickness and misfortune. If my taste does not deceive me, they are as good as anything that has come from a Canadian pen.

I.

I thought, as I watched in the dawning dim
The hours of the coming day,
That each shadowy form was surely robed
In the selfsame hue of grey;
And that sad was each half-averted face,
Unlit by a cheering ray.

But as one by one they drew near to me,
And I saw them true and clear,
I found that the hours were all messengers,
Sent forth by a friend most dear,
To bring me whatever I needed most—
Of chastening or of cheer;

And though some of them, truly, were
grave and sad,
And moved with reluctant feet,
There were others came gladly with smiling eyes,
And footsteps by joy made fleet;
But whether with gladness or sorrow fraught,
The message each bore was sweet.

For even the saddest, and weighted most
With trial and pain for me,
Yet breathed in my ear, ere it passed
from sight,
'This cross I have brought to thee
Comes straight from the Friend, Who, of
all thy friends,
Doth love thee most tenderly;

'He would rather have sent thee a joyous
hour,
And fraught with some happy thing,
But He saw that naught else could so
meet thy need
As this strange, sad gift I bring;
And He loved thee too well to withhold the
gift,
Though it causes thee suffering.'

II.

So, now, as I watch in the dawning dim
The hours of each coming day,
I remember that golden threads of love
Run all through their garments grey,
And I know that each face as it turns to me,
Will be lit with a friendly ray.

And, whether they most be sombre or glad,
No hour of all the band
But will bring me a greeting from Him I
love,
And reach out a helping hand
To hasten my steps, as I traverse the road
That leads to the better land.

For the Lord of that land is the Friend I
love,
And I know He keeps for me
A home of delight in His kingdom fair,
That I greatly long to see;
And the hours that shall speed me on my
way
I must welcome gratefully.

III.

And soon I shall trace through the dawn-
ing dim
'Mid the hours of some coming day,
A figure unlike to its sister forms,
With garments more gold than grey;
And the face of that one, when it meets
my gaze,
Will send forth a wondrous ray.

So I watch for that latest and brightest
hour
Which my Lord will send to me;
I know that its voice will be low and
sweet,
And thus shall its message be:
'Come quickly and enter thy Home of joy,
For the King is calling thee.'

I shall go to Him soon! I have waited
long
To behold His beauty rare;
But I surely shall see Him and hear His
voice,
And a part of His glory share,
When I answer the summons, solemn yet
glad,
Which the last sweet hour shall bear.

—Montreal Witness.