



## The Waiting Heart.

*THE darkness gathers, My child ;  
 Out of its shadow come to Me :  
 Come from the storm, for thy spirit too wild ;  
 Come to thy Heart-home, waiting for thee.*

*Waif from the tempest of life,  
 Long have I yearningly watched for thee :  
 Come, I will shelter thee from the strife—  
 Lonely one, weary one, come to Me.*

*E'en tho' thou heard'st Me not  
 When the voice of the world was sweet to thee,  
 All but thy sorrow shall be forgot  
 In the Heart that is calling thee back to Me.*

*Come, for a home is thine—  
 'Mid thy straying 'twas saved for thee ;  
 Welcome hast thou from no heart but Mine ;  
 Come, lone wanderer, come to Me.*

*Come, and thy grief, too deep  
 For human hearing, tell to Me ;  
 Unheeded thou shalt not sorrow nor weep  
 In the Heart that ever thy home will be.*

*Come, that the few brief days  
 Of earth may be dreams of peace to thee,  
 Thy restless spirit at rest always :  
 Come to thy Heart-home,—come to Me.*

by T. DOUGLAS J. GALLAGHER.