

THE PASTOR'S REVERIE.

The Pastor sits in his easy chair,
With the Bible upon his knee;
From gold to purple the clouds in the west
Are changing momentarily;
The shadows lie in the valleys below,
And hide in the curtain's fold,
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
"I remember the days of old."

"Not clear nor dark," as the Scripture saith,
The pastor's memories are;
No day that is gone was shadowless,
No night was without its star;
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
The portion of his cup,—
"The hand that in love hath smitten," he saith,
"In love hath bound us up."

Fleet flies his thought over many a field
Of stubble and snow and bloom,
And now it trips through a festival,
And now it halts at a tomb;
Young faces smile in his reverie
Of those that are young no more,
And voices are heard that only come
With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first, with fear
And faltering lips, he stood
To speak in the sacred place the Word
To the waiting multitude;
He walks again to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise,
With many whose feet long time have pressed
Heaven's safe and blessed ways.

He enters again the homes of toil,
And joins in the homely chat;
He stands in the shop of the artisan,
He sits where the Master sat—
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.
But who to-day are the poor,
And who are rich? ask him who keeps
The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
With the merry children's din;
He hears their shout at the Christmas tide
When Santa Claus stalks in.