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## The Messenger Hours.

By Amy Parkinson.

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 dawning 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 this 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 in His glory share,  
When I answer the summons, solemn yet glad,  
Which the last sweet hour shall bear.  
*Toronto, Ont.*

IN personal piety will be found the secret of  
personal influence.

IN choosing your books, do you apply to them  
the "whatever" standard of the pledge?

BE content to do good in your own way.  
Giants are not slain by Davids in Saul's armor.

IT is only by daily prayer that the fire of de-  
votion can be kept burning upon the altar of the  
heart.

YOU will influence others, not so much by the  
truth which you hold as by the truth which takes  
hold of you.

FOUR P's are essential if you would have suc-  
cessful prayer meetings—Promptness, Point,  
Prayerfulness, Purpose.