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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Daiton, Ont.

Coming.

'At even, or at night, or at cock-crowing, or
in the morning.'

It may be in the evening,
When the work of day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea.
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With the thoughts of Me;
While you hear the village children
Pass along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sounds of 'my' feet;
Therefore, I tell you: 'Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be in the gloaming
I will come.

'It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And when the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

'It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The river's chill.
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

'It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done;
But remember that 'I' may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore;
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,

And it may be in the morning
I will come.'

So he passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea;
Till he came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and the laburnum-tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,

He passed the end of the cottage
Towards the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
'Weep not,' he said, 'for unto you is given



And lifted his hands in blessing—
Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall,
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering and wondering
When he would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God most high.

To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
To work and watch will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.'

So I am watching quietly
Every day;
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
'Surely, it is the shining of His face!'
—And look upon the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea,
For I know he is coming shortly