

"IN HIS KEEPING."



Third Day.

At evening time it shall be light

Has thy brief day of life
Grown dark in morning hours ? Have hoped-for joys
Flitted across thy path and turned aside
Ere thou couldst overtake them ? and have sorrows
Waited thy coming ? Raise thy tear-dimmed eyes
And watch the west. The evening hours draw near,
When heaven's most glorious light shall make thee glad.
E'en now earth's clouds grow thin and luminous
With the exceeding brightness from beyond :
And soon the veil will be withdrawn and thou
Shalt pass the wondrous gates, within whose portals
Do joys await thee ; and through which no sorrow
Can find an entrance, where the light shines on
Undimmed forever.

— " At Evening Time it Shall be Light. "