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Beyond the Shadows



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33
"How should we reach God's upper light,
If life's long day had no 'good night.'"

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I


THE winds blow hard ; what then ?

He holds them in the hollow of His hand ;
The furious blasts will sink when His command
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark ; what then ?

To Him the darkness is as bright as day ;
At His command the shades will flee away,
And all be light again.

II

 DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin ;

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

WHALL I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

III

“**F**AIN'T, yet pursuing,” speed thee on thy journey,
The night is nearly gone ;
See o'er the distant hills those rays of glory,
Soon endless day shall dawn.

Then in the dazzling light of that blest morning,
All clouds shall flee away,
And thou shalt learn with grateful heart to praise Him
Who led thee on thy way.

IV

THE friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting, as we feel it who must stay
Lamenting, day by day,
And knowing when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one beloved face.

YET holding, in the midst of our afflictions,
That death is a beginning not an end,
We cry to them and send
Farewells, that better might be called predictions,
Being foreshadowings of the future thrown
Into the vast unknown.

Ⓕ BUT faith o'erleaps the confines of our reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was said,
Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again.

V

NOW safe within another Home's warm keeping
Are all my friends of old ;
They are where changes come not ; and no weeping
Is heard within that fold.

For heaven is full of strong abiding places ;
O God, that I may see,
When morning breaks, the dear, familiar faces
That are at home with Thee !



VI

IF in his furnace He refine my heart
To make it pure,
I only ask for grace to trust His love—
Strength to endure;

And if fierce storms beat round me,
And the heavens be overcast,
I know He will give his weary one
Sweet peace at last.



VII

REST comes at last! O weary heart,
Fevered and fainting, racked by care,
And toiling 'neath thy earthly cross,
Too great for mortal strength to bear.

Take courage—faint not, but endure!
Soon shalt thou say, “The day is past!”
At eventide the end shall come,
And bring thee quiet rest at last.





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