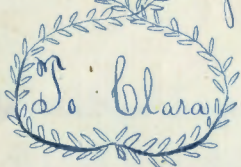


# Twilight-Musings



Oh! say hast thou never a deep, earnest longing,  
For something far better to thee upon earth;  
Than is found in the crowds, that so often are thronging,  
The temples of pleasure, of music and mirth?

It'er comes there in some lone, still hour of thy dreaming,  
The voice of a loved friend, that's just gone before;  
And calling thee softly, in tones that are seeming  
Like echoes, to come from a far distant-shore?

Nor comes there to thee, in this life's daily labor,  
When wearied with toiling, thou sighest for rest;  
No words of sweet cheer, from the dear blessed Saviour,  
To tell thee, that thou shalt forever be blest?

Then now might thou hear His sweet voice gently calling,  
And asking thee truly, and quickly to come;  
And the soft-breathing accents, in gentleness falling,  
Lead thee onward, and upward to seek for a home.

Oh! how often when dark clouds above me have hovered,  
Shutting out from my view the glad sunlight of heaven;  
The wings of God's goodness, and mercy have covered,  
And sheltered me, cheered by the strength He has given.

And so unto me, the lightnings bright-flashing,  
And the loud, pealing tones of the thunder's grand song;  
Or the roar of mad billows, in wild fury dashing  
Against rocks, as the tempest-howls fiercely along,

Are tokens always, of a great Divine Master,  
The Author, and ruler of all life and light;  
And only with rapture, my heart-beateth faster,  
When He showeth the glory and power of His might.

And methinks unto thee, oft would be the same feeling,  
When danger surrounds thee, on earth, or in air;  
Couldst thou know, 'twas the hand of a Father was dealing  
In mercy, yet justly in sending us care.

Slipanon July 24<sup>th</sup> 1875

For 'tis thus that we learn e'er to trust Him more fully,  
And daily to ask Him, to lead us along;  
Nor tremble and shudder, no matter how surely,  
Or direfully, vengeance may fall upon wrong.

Then O! my dear friend, by the faith that I cherish,  
I ask that thou too, the dear Saviour might love;  
For well do I know, that when earthly hopes perish,  
If we trust Him, He'll send trust-joy from above.

And thus will the cords, of His friendship grow stronger,  
As the river of time is still bearing us on;  
Till at last we shall land, on the shore, where no longer  
We shall wait for the joys, of a bright, glorious dawn.

Till then, may we faithfully stand up to duty,  
Nor heed the proud world, though it laugh us to scorn;  
There'll be sweet, peaceful rest, in those mansions of beauty,  
When we wake to the glories, of heaven's golden morn.

G. H. W.