

## THE WAITING ONES.

There are some among the faithful,  
Waiting, watching every day,  
Peering through the misty shadows  
To the clear and lighted way;  
Listening in the dusky twilight,  
Waiting even in the night,  
'Mid the toil and heat of noonday  
Bending forward to the light.

And they speak in eager whispers –  
"Can we see his chariot yet?"  
"Will the Master come this evening?"  
"Will the heavenly Friend forget?"  
So they stand, these earnest servants,  
Waiting, watching evermore  
For the clouds to part asunder,  
And reveal the open door.

There are troubled ones among them,  
Looking through the weary night;  
Some are God's dear little children  
Watching for the dawning light;  
Some are aged pilgrims, longing  
For the Master's spoken word;  
There are some in every country  
Waiting, watching for the Lord.

And they take their daily duties,  
And perform them as for him;  
And they read his loving message  
When their eyes are tired and dim.  
They are living lives of blessing –

Lives of love for his dear sake,  
While they wait with eager longing  
For the morn of joy to break.

Now he doth no longer tarry;  
Soon he'll fold them to his breast;  
He will make his watchers happy  
In this everlasting rest.  
He will give them satisfaction  
For their days of waiting here;  
And their joy shall be unceasing  
When they shall his glory share.

– *Selected.*

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