

A SAINT IN THE SHADOW.

I walk through darkened paths, yet know
My Father marks the way I go.
I cannot see his tender smile,
But feel his clasping hand the while;
And since he heeds the sparrow's fall,
I trust his love, in spite of all.

Borne through the dark by loving arms,
I sometimes shrink with vague alarms,
Yet closer cling that I may hear
The voice that whispers in mine ear.
"O trembling soul," it says to me,
"Rest in the love that clings to thee!"

I cannot tell if long the way
By which I go, through night to day;
But, soon or late, I know my feet
Will walk in sunshine, broad and sweet;
And, soon or late, before mine eyes
The radiant hills of peace uprise.

– *Selected.*
