



THE  
**S**HADOW:OF:THE:ROCK:  
AND THE  
VOICE:IN:THE:TWILIGHT.

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TORONTO:  
HART & RAWLINSON  
5 KING STREET WEST.

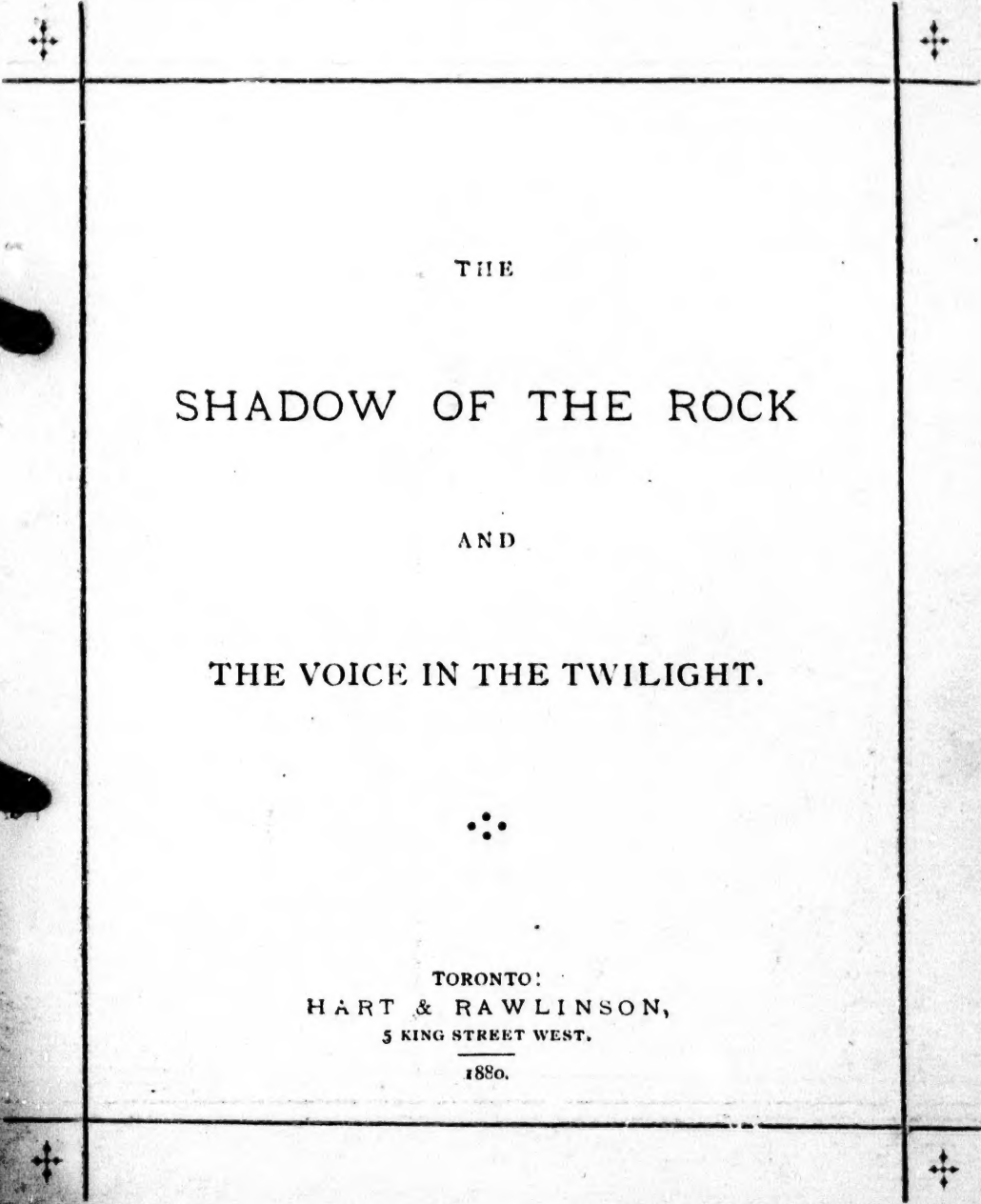
1880.



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THE  
SHADOW OF THE ROCK

AND

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.



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HART & RAWLINSON,  
5 KING STREET WEST.

1880.

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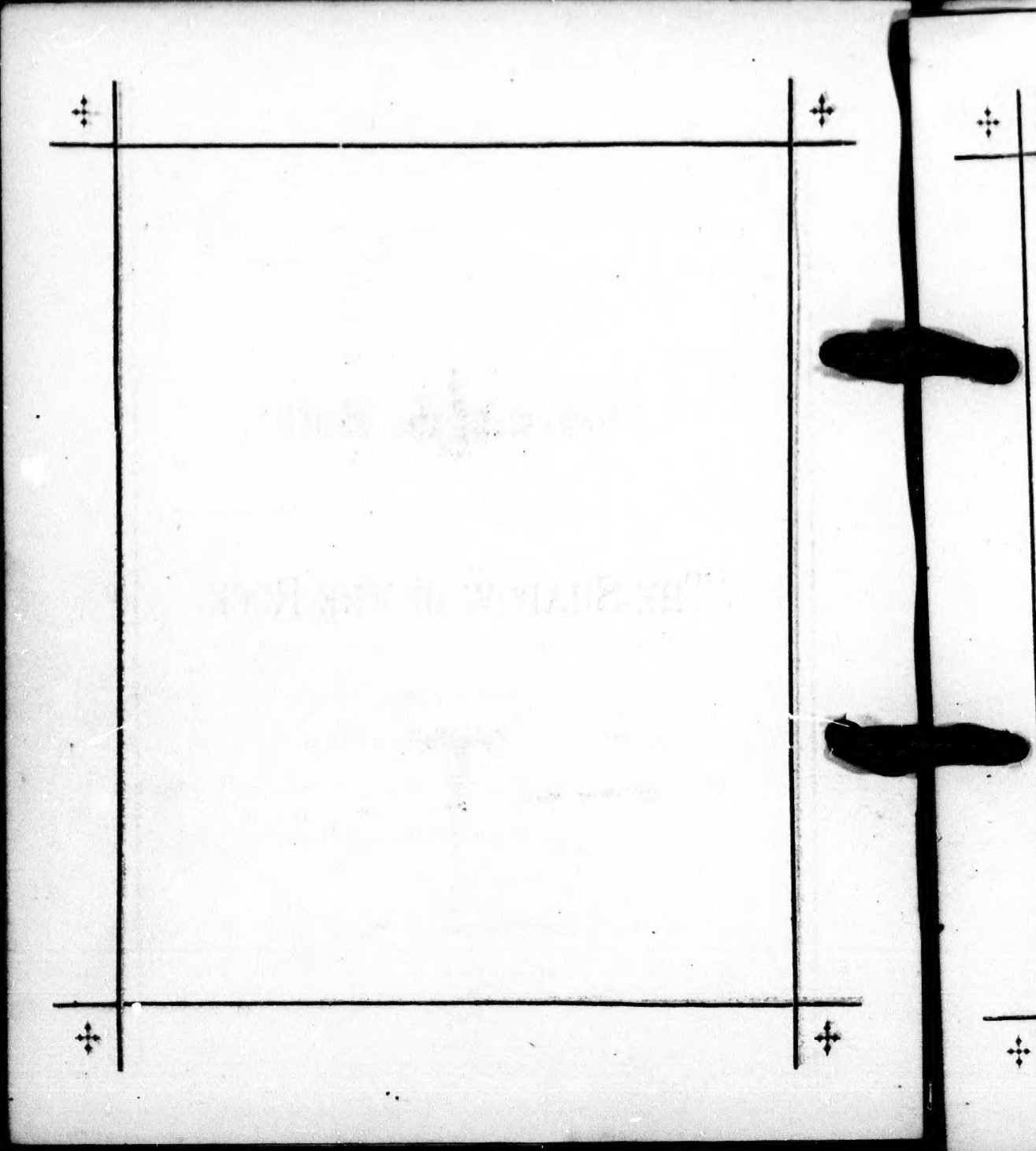


APR 5 - 1945



THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.





THE

# Shadow of the Rock.

+

**T**HE Shadow of the Rock!

Stay, Pilgrim, stay!

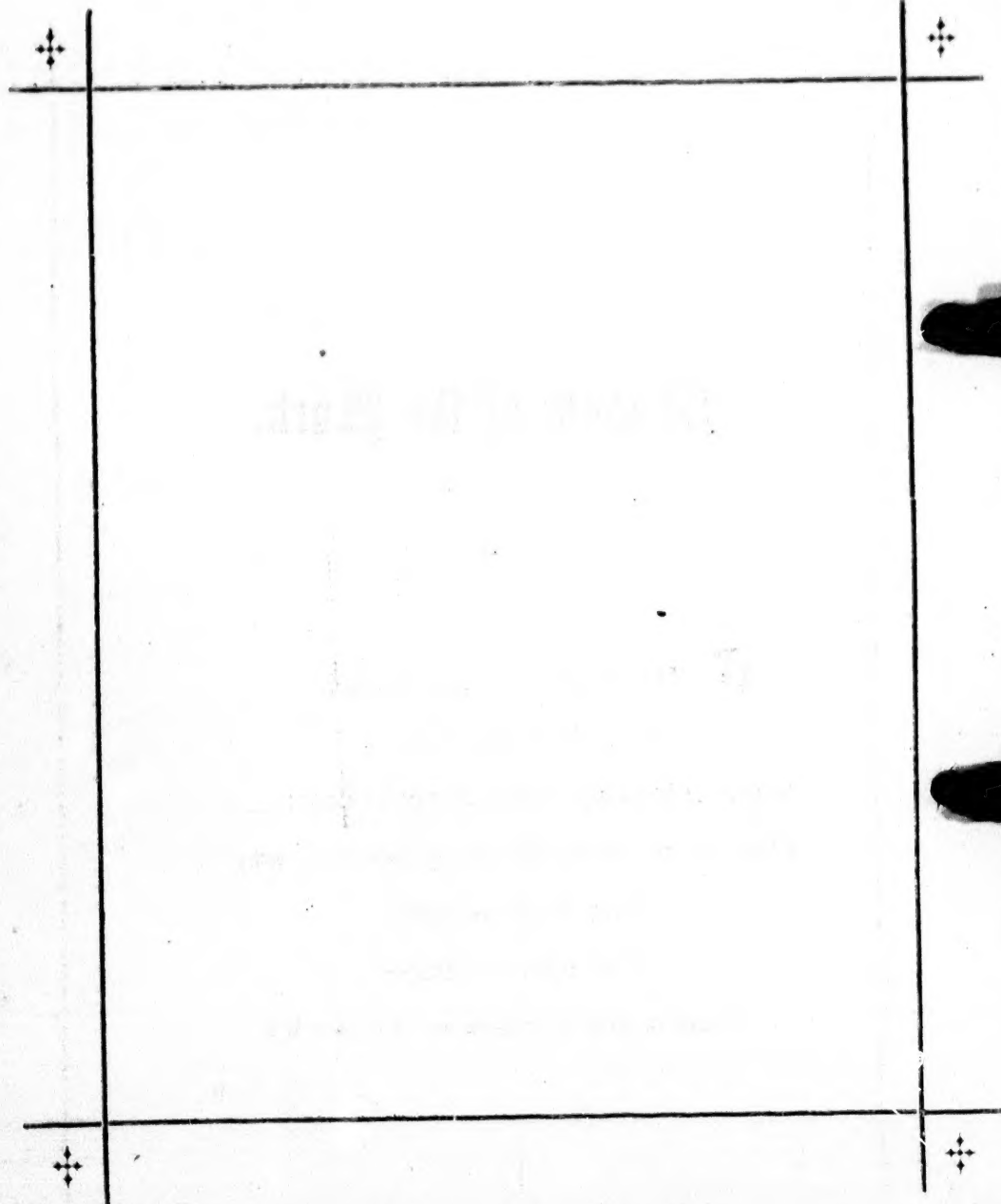
Night treads upon the heels of day;

There is no other resting-place this way.

The Rock is near,

The well is clear—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!



**The Shadow of the Rock !**

The desert wide  
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,  
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.

The sun is gone,  
Thou art alone—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

**The Shadow of the Rock !**

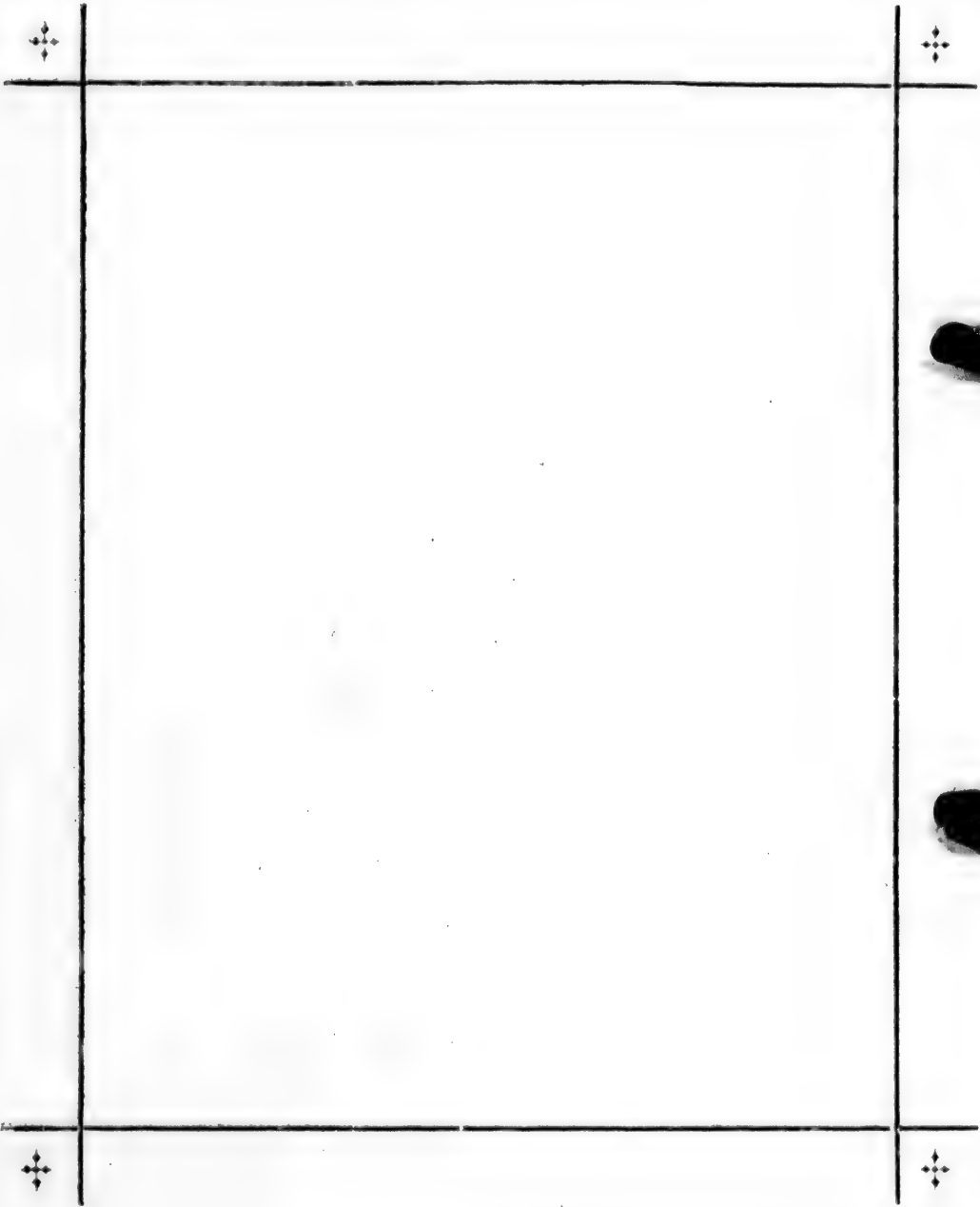
All come alone ;  
All, ever since the sun hath shone,  
Who travelled by this road have come alone.

Be of good cheer—  
A home is here—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !



The Shadow of the Rock!  
Night veils the land;  
How the palms whisper as they stand!  
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!  
Cool water take  
Thy thirst to slake—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!  
Abide! Abide!  
This Rock moves ever at thy side,  
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.  
Ages are laid  
Beneath its shade—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!



The Shadow of the Rock !

Always at hand,  
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,  
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.

It comes in sight

Only at night—

Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !

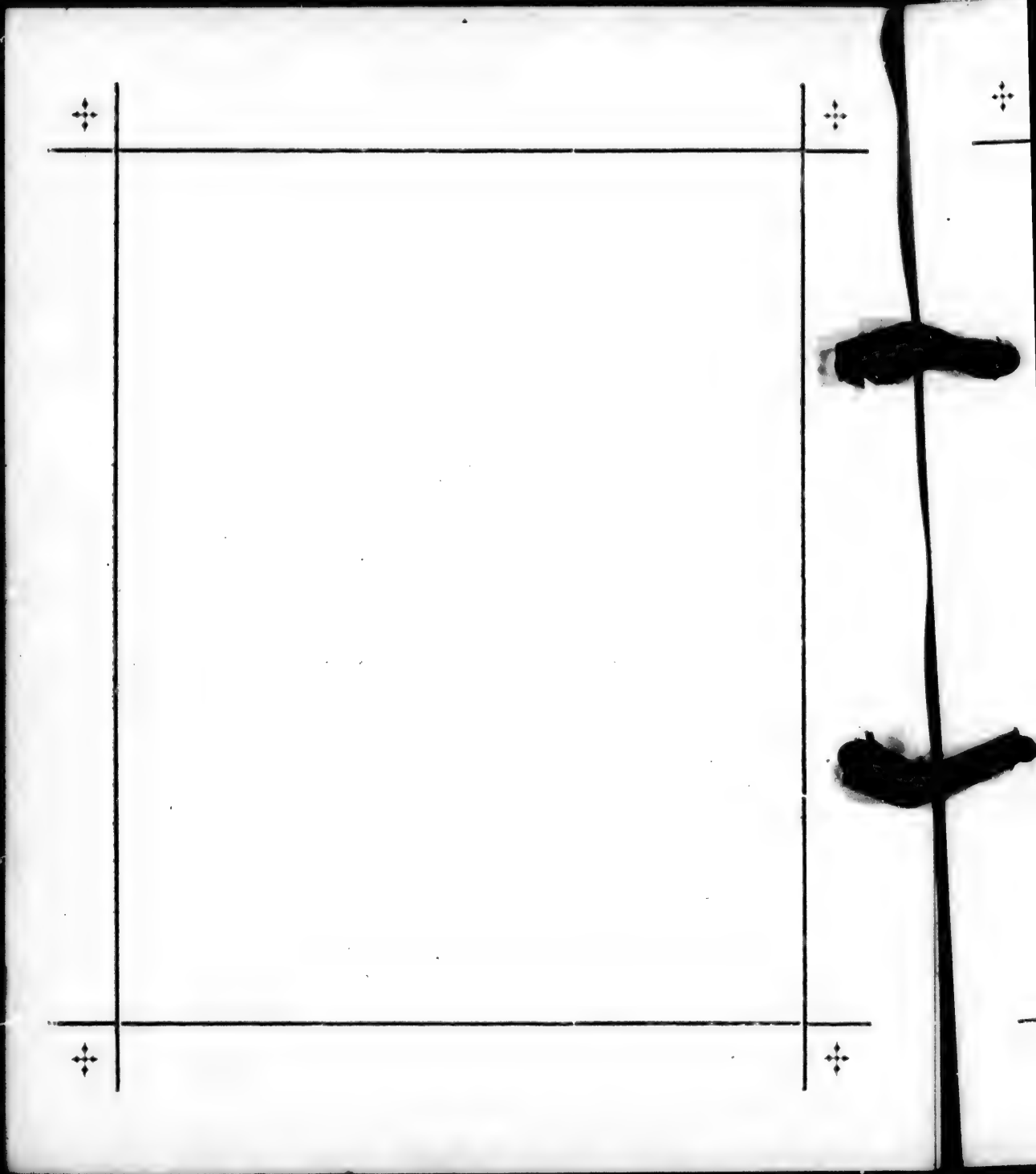
The Shadow of the Rock !

'Mid skies storm-riven  
It gathers shadows out of heaven,  
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.

Through the charmed air

Dew falls not there—

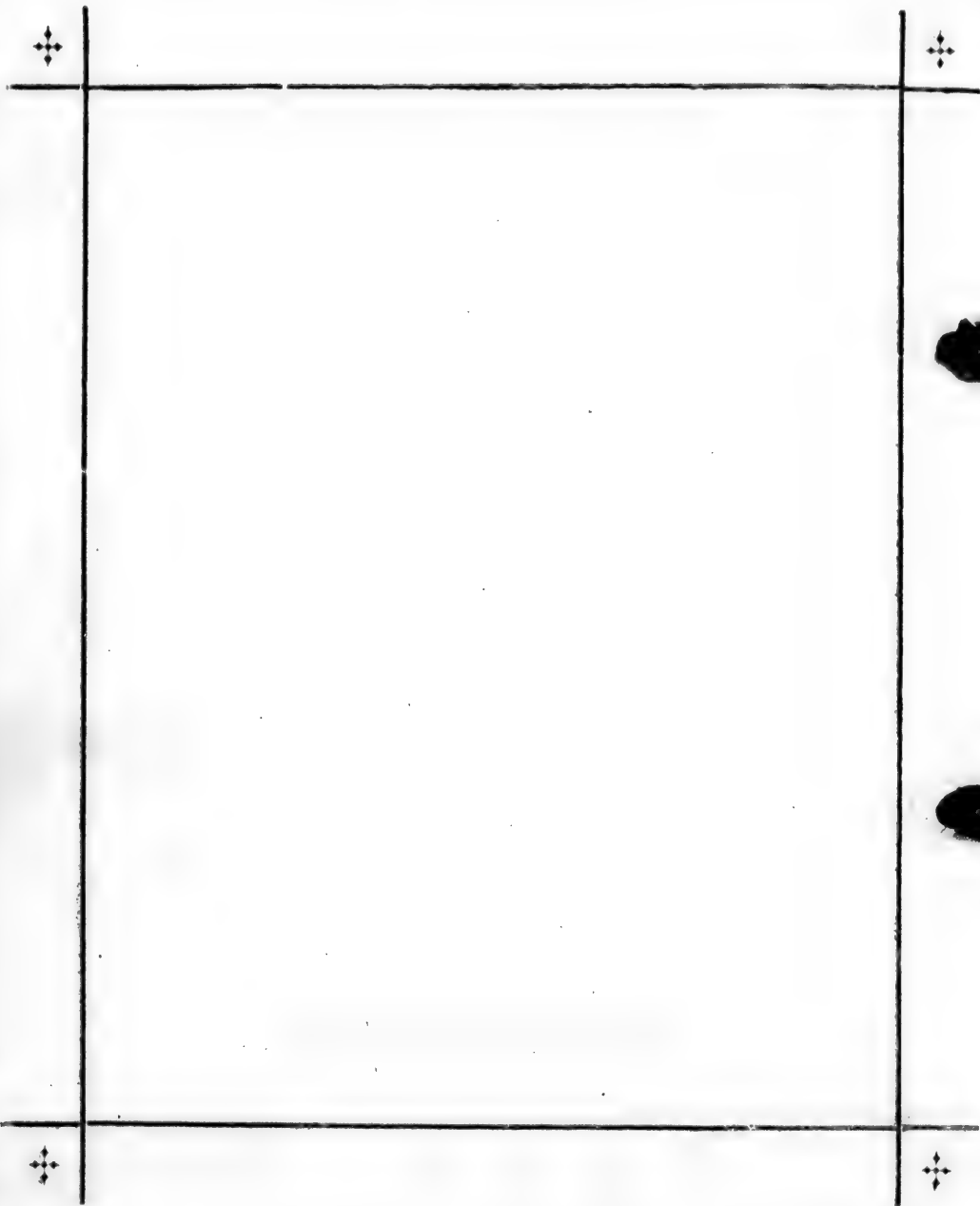
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock !



*THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.*

The Shadow of the Rock!  
To angels' eyes  
This Rock its shadow multiplies,  
And at this hour in countless places lies.  
One Rock, one shade,  
O'er thousands laid—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!  
To weary feet,  
That have been diligent and fleet,  
The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet.  
O weary, rest!  
Thou art sore pressed—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!



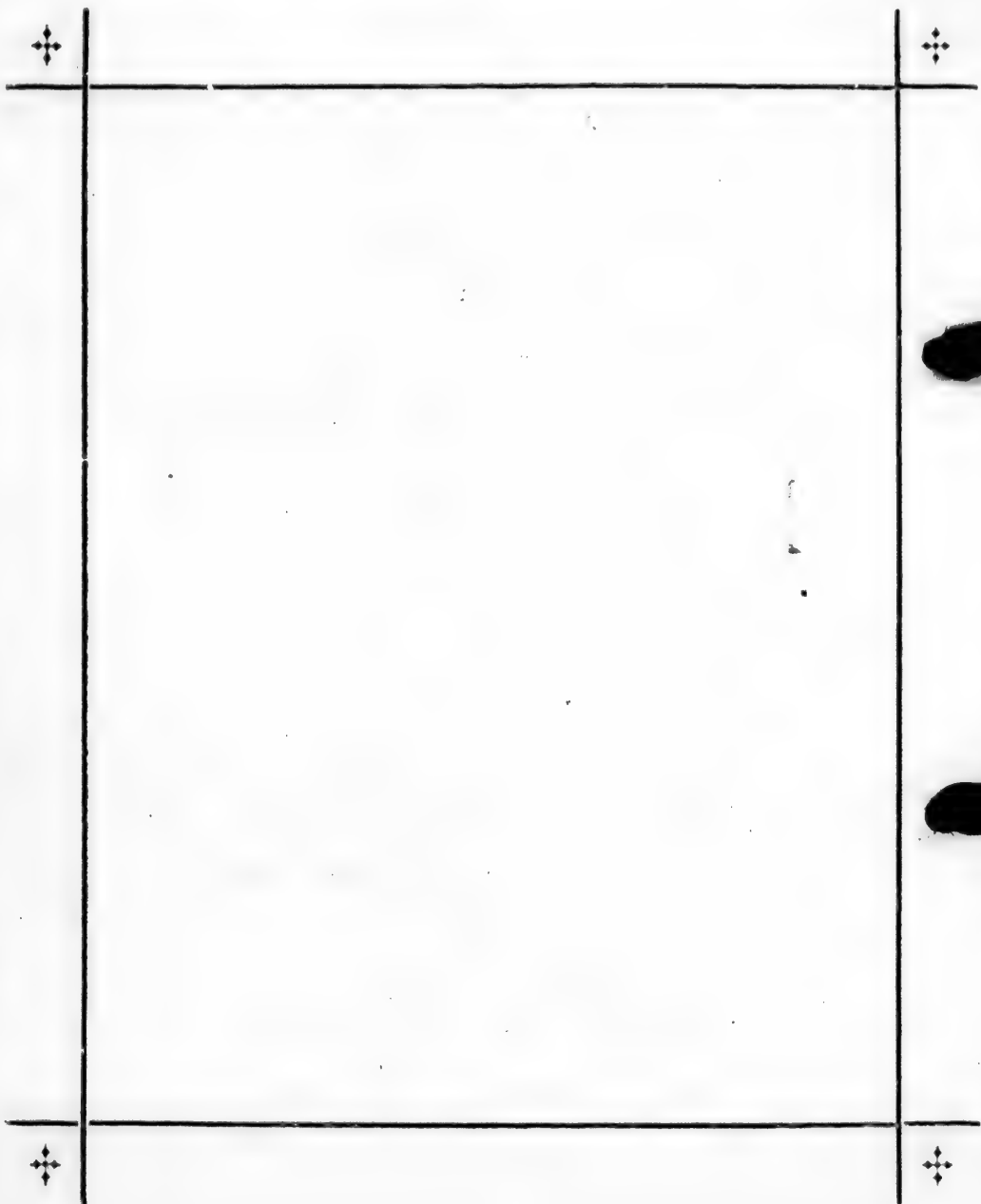
The Shadow of the Rock!

Thy bed is made ;  
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid  
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.

They who rest here  
Wake with Heaven near—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

The Shadow of the Rock!

Pilgrim! sleep sound ;  
In night's swift hours with silent bound,  
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,  
Gaining more way  
By night than day—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!



The Shadow of the Rock!  
One day of pain,  
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,  
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain  
And only wake  
In Heaven's daybreak—  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock!

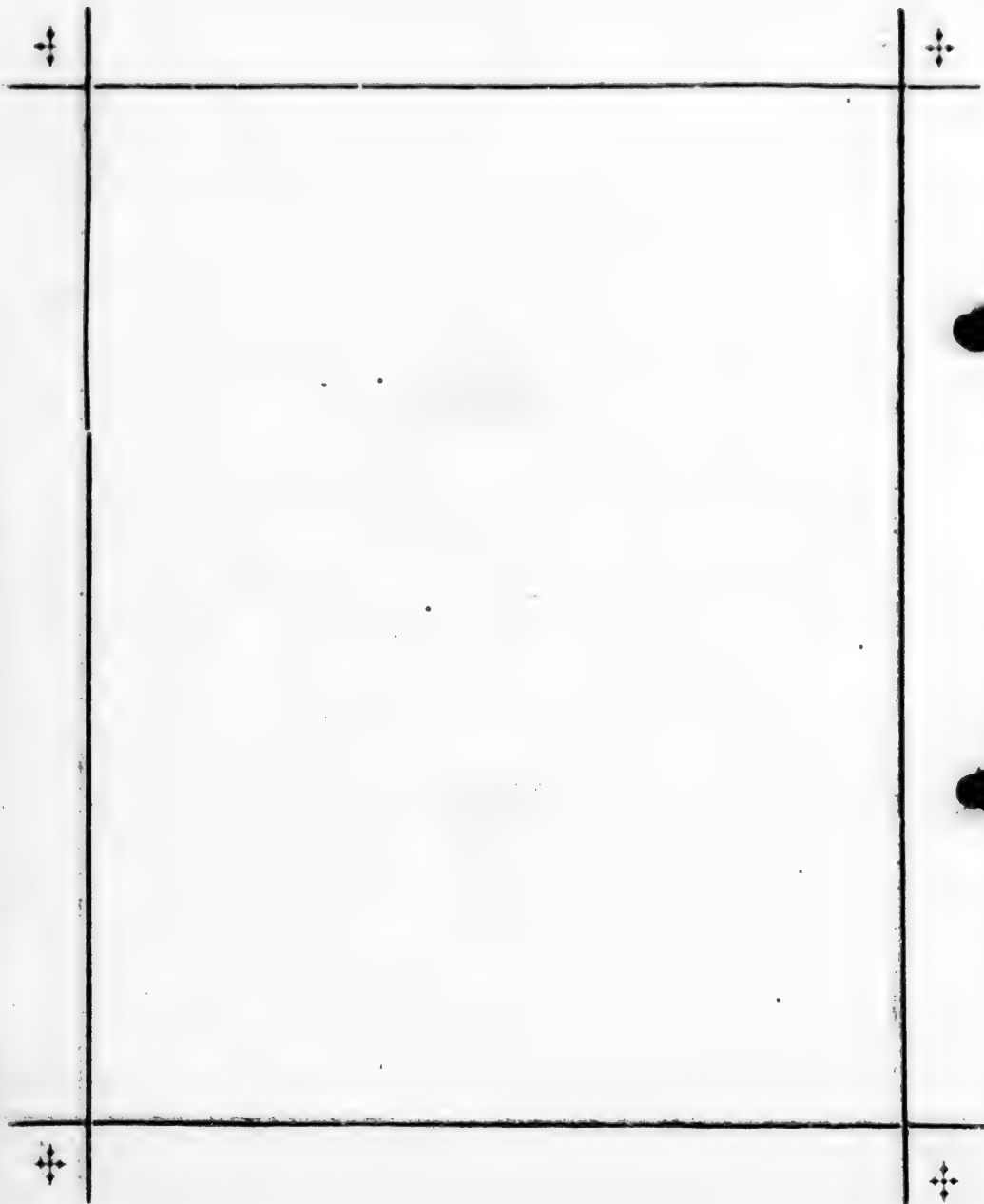






THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.





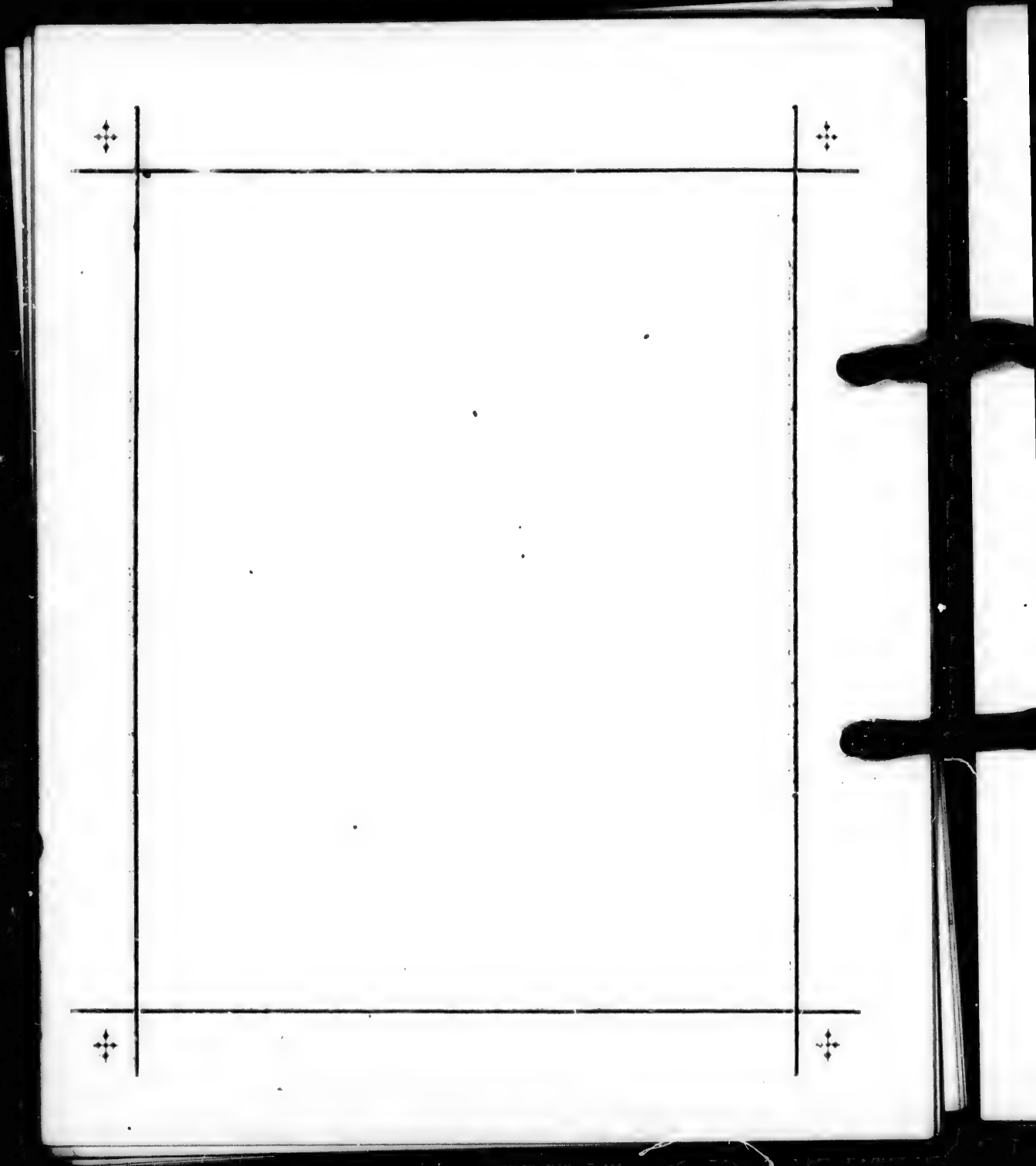


THE

VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

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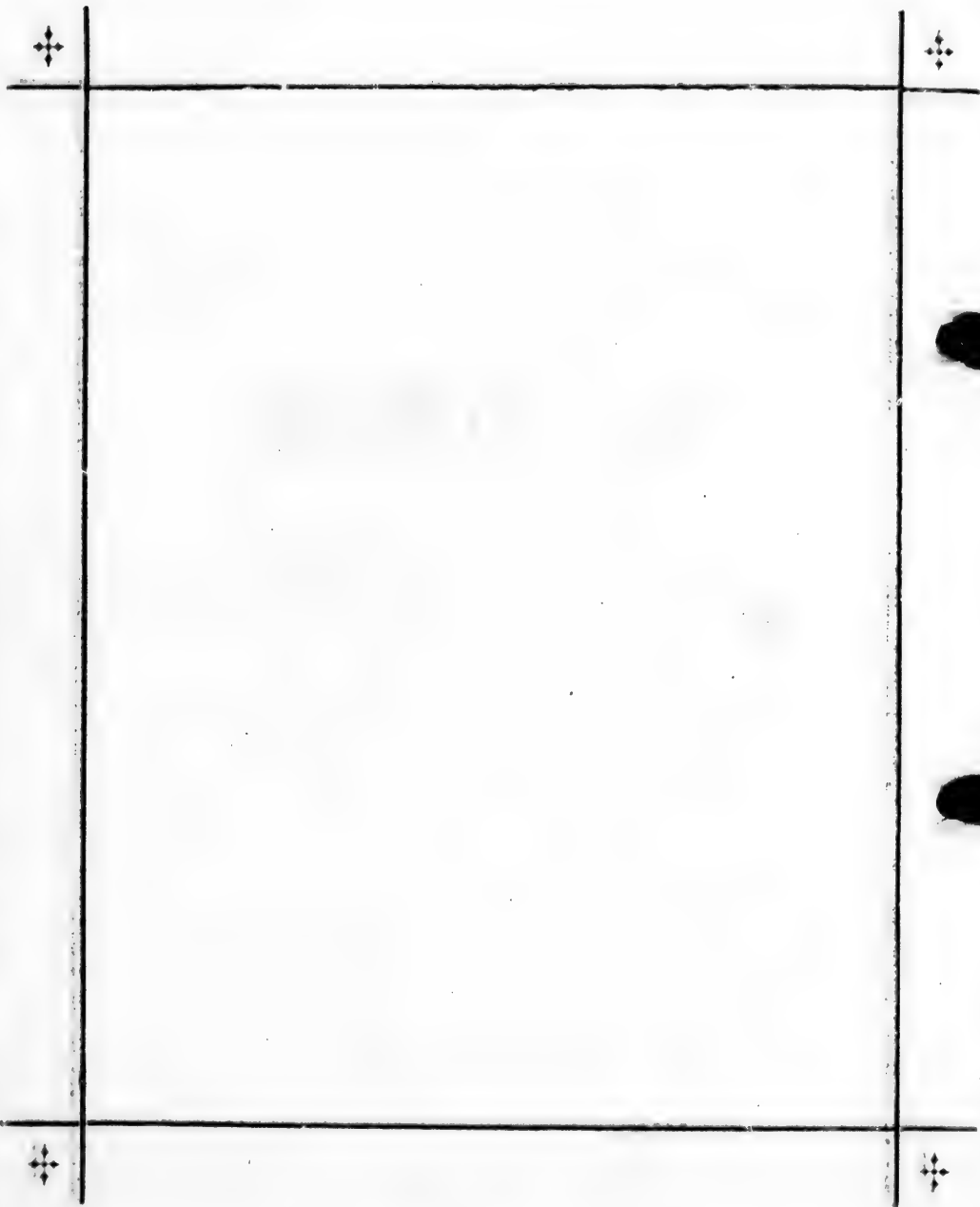


*THE*  
**Voice in the Twilight.**



**I** was sitting alone towards the twilight,  
With spirit troubled and vexed,  
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,  
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

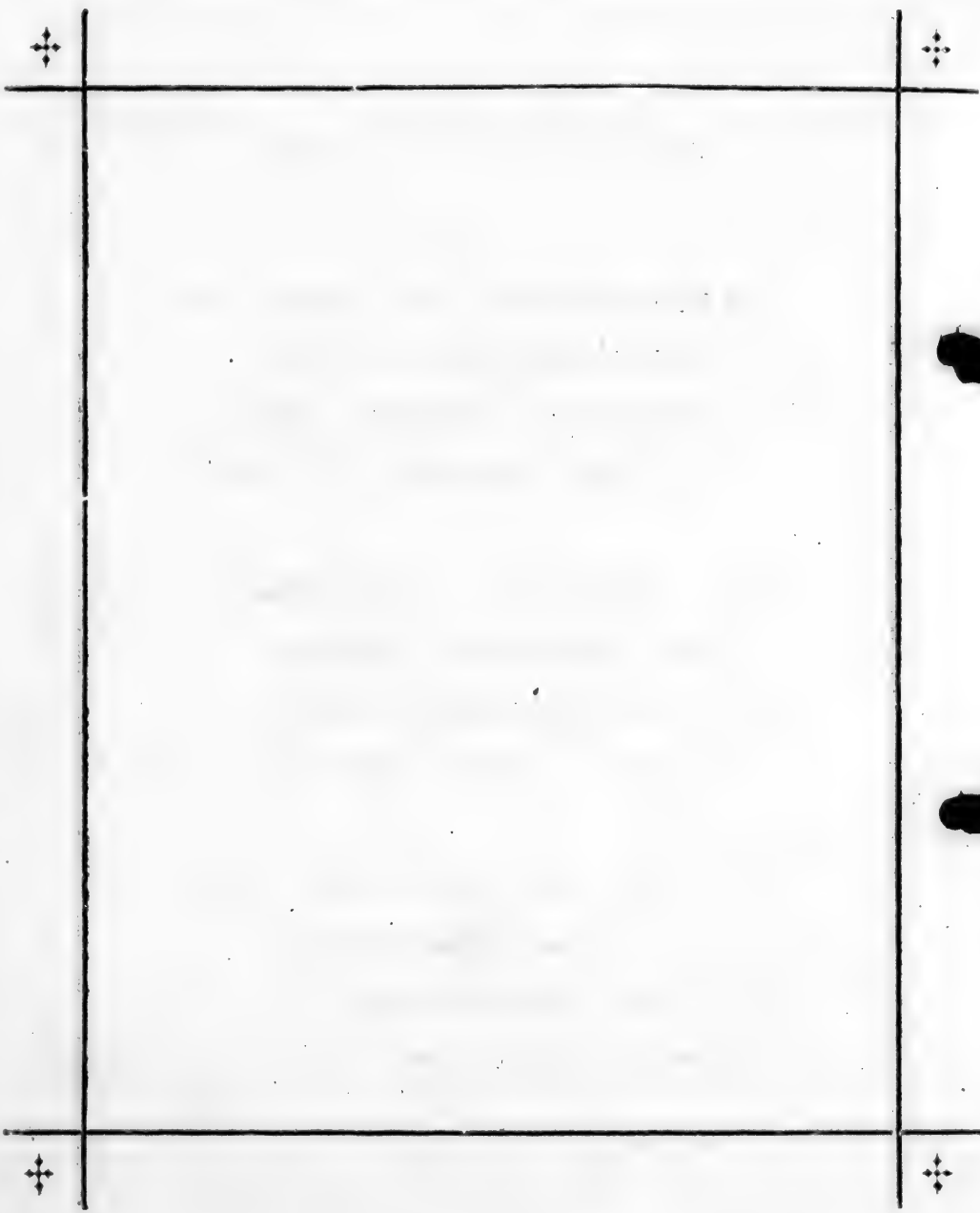
Some homely work I was doing  
For the child of my love and care,  
Some stitches half wearily setting,  
In the endless need of repair.



But my thoughts were about the "building,"  
The work some day to be tried;  
And that only the gold and the silver,  
And the precious stones, should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,  
The wretched work I had done,  
And, even when trying most truly,  
The meagre success I had won:

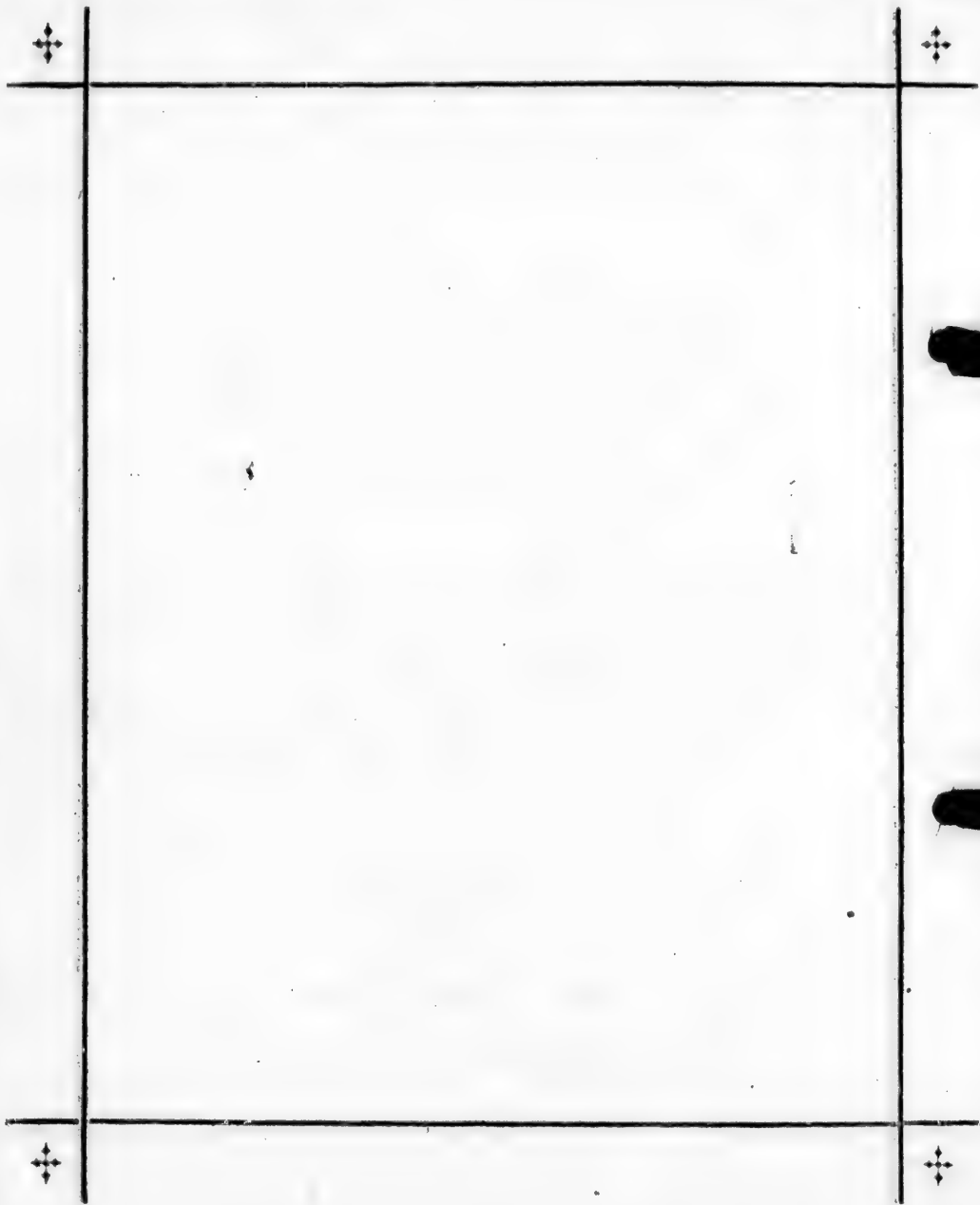
"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble,'"  
I said; "it will all be burned,"—  
This useless fruit of the talents  
One day to be returned.



“And I have so longed to serve Him,  
And sometimes I *know* I have tried ;  
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,  
He will never let it abide.”

Just then, as I turned the garment,  
That no rent should be left behind,  
My eye caught an odd little bungle  
Of mending and patch-work combined.

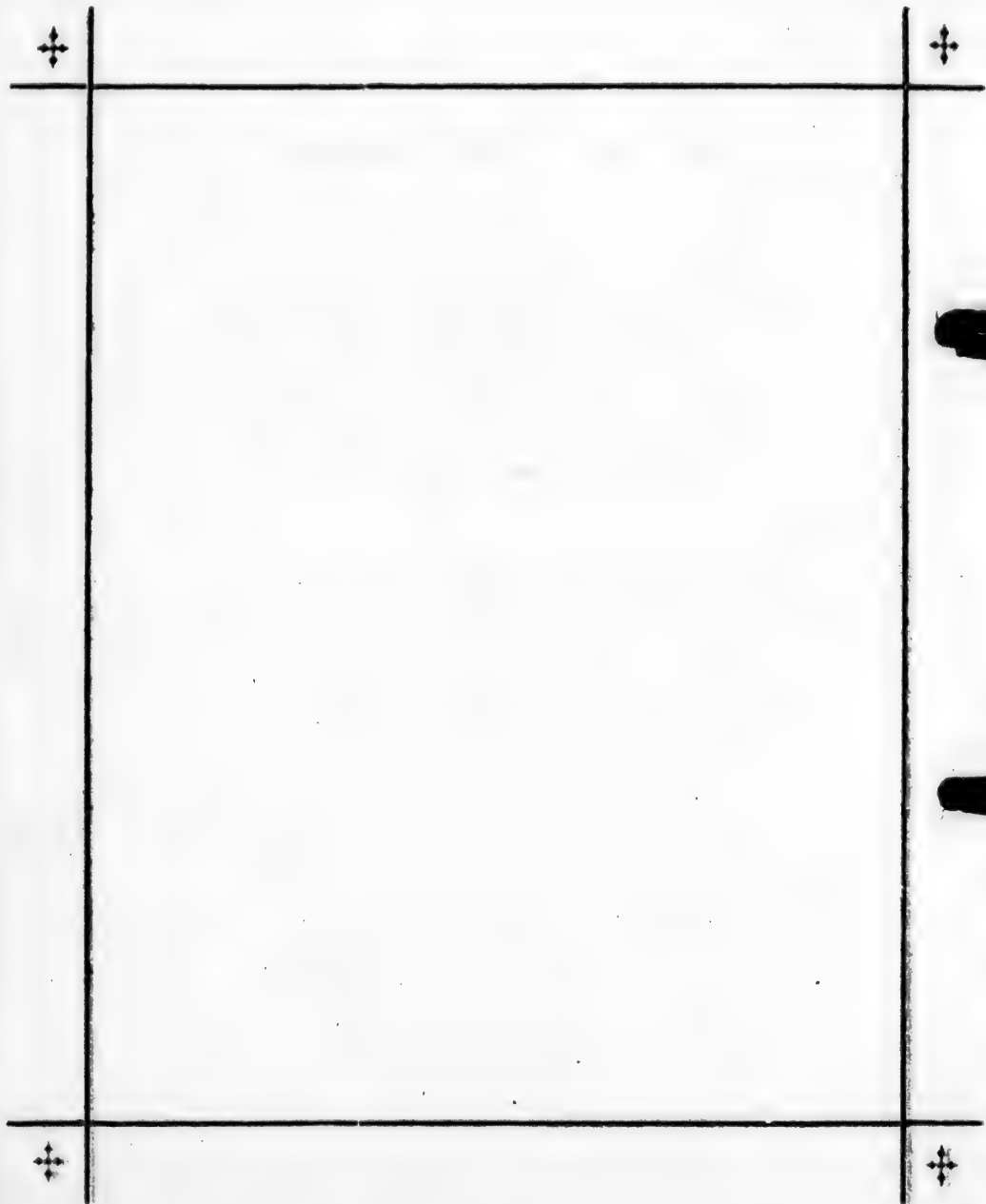
My heart grew suddenly tender,  
And something blinded my eyes,  
With one of those sweet intuitions  
That sometimes make us so wise.



Dear child! She wanted to help me,  
I knew 'twas the best she could do;  
But oh, what a botch she had made it—  
The gray mismatching the blue!?

And yet—can you understand it?—  
With a tender smile and a tear,  
And a half-compassionate yearning,  
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,  
And the dear Lord said to me,  
“Art thou tenderer for the little child  
Than I am tender for thee?”



Then straightway I knew his meaning,  
So full of compassion and love,  
And my faith came back to its Refuge  
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master-BUILDER  
Comes down His temple to view,  
To see what rents must be mended  
And what must be builded anew,

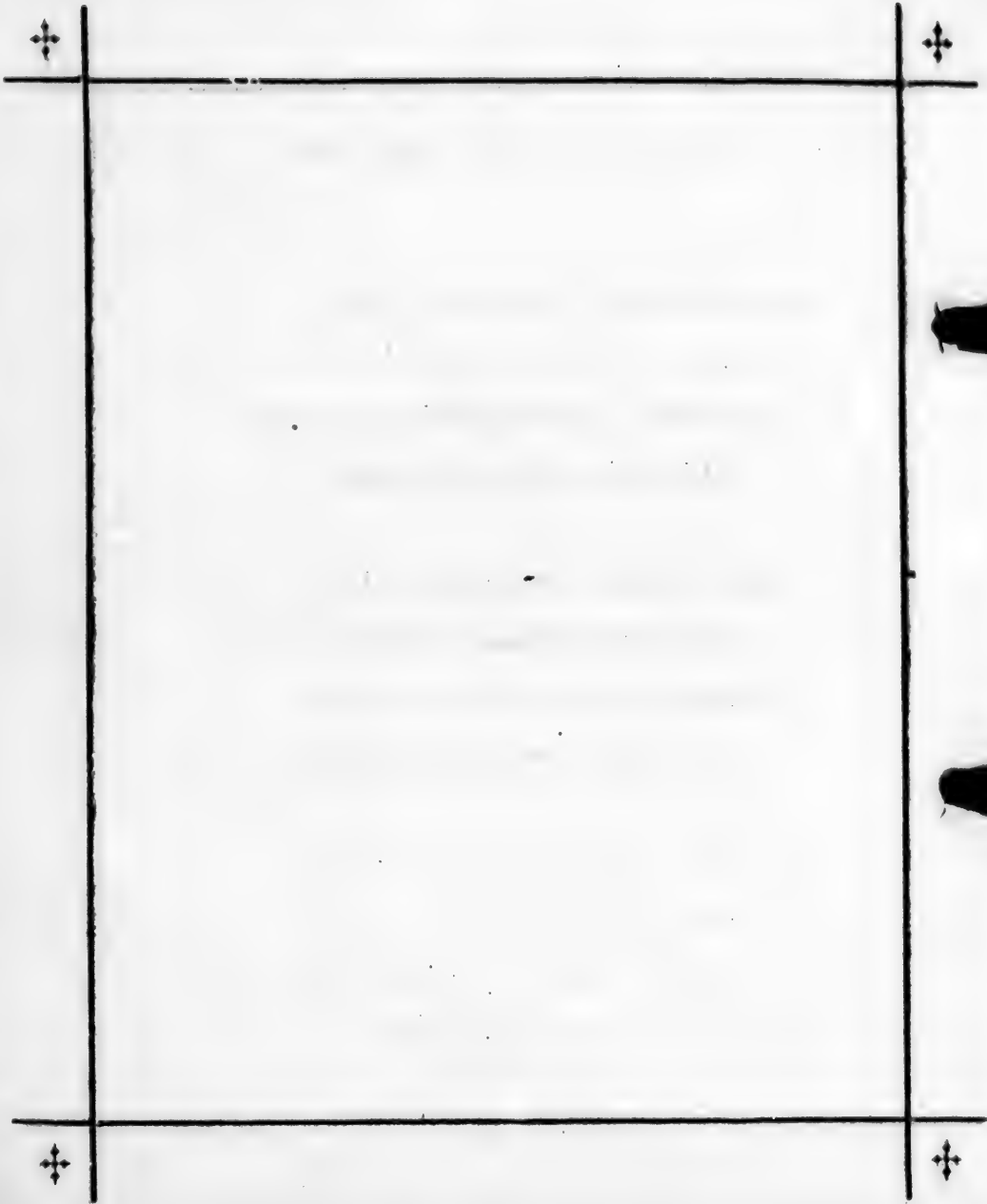
Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,  
He will bring my work to the light,  
And seeing the marring and bungling,  
And how far it all is from right.



He will feel as I felt for my darling,  
And will say, as I said to her,  
“Dear child! She wanted to help me,  
And love for me was the spur.

“And, for the true love that is in it,  
The work shall seem perfect as mine,  
And because it was willing service,  
I will crown it with plaudit divine.”

And there in the deepening twilight  
I seemed to be clasping a hand,  
And to feel a great love constraining me,  
Stronger than any command.



Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness,  
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,  
That would tenderly guide and hold me  
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,  
My faith no longer is dim,  
But my heart is strong and restful,  
And mine eyes are unto him.

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.





*[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*





