

# **THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS**

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Thoughts for quiet hours by M. K. M.

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**M. K. M.**

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THOUGHTS  
FOR  
QUIET HOURS.

By M. K. M.,

AUTHOR OF

"SCENES AND VERGILS FROM HISTORY, WITH OTHER POEMS."

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## Thoughts for Quiet Hours.

### THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

"And Jacob said, ..... This is the gate of heaven."—GEN. xxviii. 17.

Not where bright clouds are thronging  
The sunset sky so fair,  
Albeit to heaven, and not to earth belonging,  
Yet the gate is not there ;  
Not though we gaze until the eye, in pain,  
Seeks for repose the common earth again,  
And sad thoughts rise, dim as the closing day,  
To see such glory, yet so far away.

Not where the moonbeams, blending  
With ocean's solitude,  
Create a silvery pathway, ever tending  
On to infinitude ;



Not though we sigh, and deem it well might be  
A passage to the world which knows no sea ;  
Not though we yearn to walk upon the main  
Like Peter—we would follow, yet in vain.

Nowhere in nature's keeping  
Then doth its portal stand ?  
Is it afar ? Wide as the winds are sweeping,  
Oh, know they not the land ?  
No ; though we read of golden streets, yet hues  
Of sunset tell them not ; nor may we choose  
The clear pale moonpath stretching to the sky,  
As shadowing forth those gates of pearl on high.

And must we ne'er be greeting  
The goal of which we dream ?  
The favour'd spot where heaven and earth are  
meeting  
Whence floods of glory stream ?  
Oh ! many a nook on this cold earth might show  
Such light descending—dark with sin and woe  
Howe'er it be—and we so frail and tried ;  
Yet is the thing we wish for at our side.

The weary Outcast, shrinking  
From toil and danger's face,  
Lay on his lonely pillow, little thinking  
How holy was the place.  
Yet 'twas but common ground, a desert plain--  
And we may learn e'en thus (Oh blessed gain !)  
To see an open heaven o'er our head,  
And find a Bethel too, where'er we tread.

Life may be glad around us,  
Life may be lone and drear ;  
Alike the portals of the kingdom bound us,  
The world unseen is near.  
Wherever prayer may rise, and blessings fleet  
In swift return, there at our very feet  
A ladder springs like that to Jacob given,  
And e'en our daily paths may prove the gate of  
heaven.

## THE WAITING SAINTS.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1 7.

THEY are waiting, they are waiting, in those grassy  
village graves,  
Where the shadow of the ancient yews so fitly o'er  
them waves ;  
No murmur of a jarring world the quiet hush to  
break,  
They slumber on so peacefully : Oh, when will they  
awake ?

They are waiting, they are waiting, far beneath the  
ocean's breast,  
Where never step may visit them, nor gaze of kin-  
dred rest ;  
But one all-seeing eye is near to watch and number  
all,  
And through those sounding caves at last shall ring  
the trumpet's call.