

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH**EVENING**

By ADELAIDE A. PROCTER



THE SHADOWS of the evening hours  
 Fall from the darkening sky;  
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers  
 The dews of evening lie.  
 Before Thy throne, O Lord of  
     Heaven,  
 We kneel at close of day;  
 Look on Thy children from on  
     high,  
 And hear us while we pray.  
 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:  
 So fade with my heart  
 The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
 That one by one depart.

Soon all the bright stars, one by one,  
 Within the sky will shine;  
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in  
     Thee,  
 And trust in things divine.  
 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O  
     God,  
 Upon our souls descend;  
 From midnight fears and perils,  
     Thou  
 Our trembling hearts defend.  
 Give us a respite from our toil;  
 Calm and subdue our woes;  
 Through the long day we labor,  
     Lord—  
 O give us now repose.

*Gift. Dr. Panagiotis*