"Homeward, down the hill they go."

"WHEN THE SUN SINKS LOW." — P. 34.
WHEN THE SUN SINKS LOW.

When the sun sinks low
And the busy day is done,
Homeward down the hill they go,
Lucy and her little one.
Lucy’s life is full of care,
Hard she toils from day to day;
Many burdens must she bear.
Down the rugged way.

Love can make the labour sweet,
Love can make the shadows bright;
Swiftly tread the tiny feet
Homeward in the crimson light.
Lucy’s heart is full of rest,
Though her steps are tired and slow;
And she loves this hour the best,
When the sun sinks low.

There will come another eve
When the light grows dim and grey,
Lucy will not faint nor grieve
While she treads a darker way.
Ere the sun of life sinks low,
Many joys her soul may fill;
Then her feeble footsteps go
Down the last long hill.

Oh, how sweet the sunset seems
To the worker’s weary breast!
Oh, how fair the golden dreams
Of an everlasting rest!
Though the toilsome day be long,
And the pathway rough and steep,
Comes at last the even-song,
And the promised sleep.

SARAH DOUGNAY.