

February 8, 1940

FOOTSTEPS

Tufted footsteps tinkle on the vacant walks of time,
From the misty gloom they come, their steady beating falls
On the soggy ground, and echoes through the endless halls,
Winding to the distance in their ever-upward climb.

Through the darkness of the night they plod and onward grope,
All is strangely silent, save those somber, steady sounds
Of the tinkling footsteps on the wet and wasted grounds,
Human souls so full of sorrow, saved by only hope.

For a single moment can each steady beat go on,
Every one, though faintly, can be in the distance heard,
As it goes through life, each soul is strangely, deeply stirred,
Then, serene in silence, it is dead, completely gone.

But each life, though long it seems, and painful, yet can be
But one moment living in those endless winding walls,
Then, responding inwardly to deeper, greater calls
Vanishes forever in the vast eternity.