

# **"THE CLOUDS THAT SHUT ME OUT FROM HEAVEN."**

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**BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.**  
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**Ye shadowy things that wander on  
O'er the shoreless seas of space—  
Ye voiceless things ! can ye find no tone  
To tell of the spirits' place ?**

**I've seen ye oft when ye floated white  
Through the mid-day sky's deep blue—  
Dyed with sunset's golden, purple light,  
I have gazed upon ye, too.**

**And in the chaos of autumn's storms,  
When the wildest winds rushed by,  
I've watched the robes of your weird forms  
Trail black through the dreary sky.**

**And I've asked ye oft when the spirit's flight  
Was seeking the unknown sphere,  
If ye saw not mist-like forms of light,  
And knew that we loved them here ?**

**But now that I know such quest is vain,  
Oh, ye silent clouds ! no more  
Will I breathe wild words of the shadowy train  
That's gone to the shadowy shore.**

**Yet I'm weary, and there is a place of rest—  
Earth is dark, and Heaven has light ;  
Then part, oh, clouds ! that the loved and blest  
May welcome my spirit to-night.**

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