

## THE HARVEST HOME.

"That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

From the far-off fields of earthly toil,  
A goodly host they come,  
And sounds of music are on the air,  
'Tis the song of the Harvest Home  
The weariness and the weeping,  
The darkness has all passed by,  
And a glorious sun has risen—  
The sun of eternity.

We've seen those faces in days of yore,  
When the dust was on their brow,  
And the scalding tear upon their cheek—  
Let us look at the laborers now!  
We think of the life-long sorrow  
And the wilderness days of care,  
We try to trace the tear-drops,  
But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of soul-chasten'd joy  
Lit up with sunlight hues,  
Like morning flowers most beautiful,  
When wet with midnight dews:  
There are depths of earnest meaning  
In each true and trustful gaze,  
Telling of wondrous lessons  
Learnt in their pilgrim days.

And a conscious confidence of bliss  
That shall never again remove—  
All the faith and hope of journeying years  
Gather'd up in that look of love.  
The long waiting days are over;  
They've received their wages now;  
For they've gazed upon their Master,  
And His name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely garner'd sheaves,  
And the song has been passing sweet  
Which welcomed the last in-coming one  
Laid down at their Saviour's feet.  
Oh! well does His heart remember,  
As those notes of praise sweep by,  
The yearning plaintive music  
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.