

"TILL HE COMES."

(To Miss Jennie Casseday.)

"A beautiful time for the harvest,"
Said Pauline, the reaper, one day.
"My sheaves shall be many and golden
When the Master cometh this way.
My place is where grain is ripest,
And my hands are young and strong,
Nor care I for heat and labor
As I sing the reaper's song:
Gathering, gathering for the King,
Hands may grow weary but glad hearts sing
Till He comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,
And she paused in her happy haste
Where, for want of a skillful reaper,
Ripe grain was going to waste.
"Pauline, leave that sheaf unbinded,
And come now aside with Me."
Was the Master's word of greeting;
"I something would say to thee."
And she heard the happy ringing
Of the reapers in their singing,
"Till He comes."

"Wait here, and help on the harvest,"
Were the Master's strange commands,
When she reached a lonely corner,
And folded her eager hands.
She waited in painful silence,
Waited with weary heart,
For how could she help the reapers
If she did not do her part?
Afar she could hear them calling,
"Thy beautiful grain is falling,
Pauline, Pauline, art thou hiding?
Thou wilt have nothing but chiding
When He comes."

Her heart was heavy with sorrow,
And desolate was her cry,
"Oh, why, when I love the Master,
Am I like a weed thrown by?
I left the world and its treasures,
Nor heeded a moment it's cost,
To take my place with the reapers,
And now all my talents are lost.
Never more will I be singing,
Where the ripest grain is springing,
Till He comes."

"Pauline!" 'Twas the voice of the Master,
"The harvest is Mine, not thine;
If waiting gives Me the best service,
Surely thou needst not repine."

Another has taken thy sickle:
It only is left to thee
To see, in this low hidden corner,
What work can be done for Me.
There can be no place so dreary,
There can be no hands so weary,
But that all may help in bringing
Golden sheaves with happy singing
When I come."

So she smiled, and gave a welcome
To Pain, who would be her guest;
Then Patience and sweet Submission
Came soon with their peaceful rest.
With their help, in her shadowed corner,
Like stars through the evening gloom,
There sprang for Pauline fairest blossoms,
That filled every spot with bloom.
Then the Master came so often
It was called a holy place,
And the busy reapers lingered
For more love and lowly grace.
And they went their own way singing,
"We will all be ripe grain bringing
When He comes."

"Thou canst plan for the busy gleaners,"
Pauline heard the Master say,
And she joyfully took the message
And said, when one came her way,
"Take flowers to the darkened prison,
And blooms to the bed of pain,
And blossoms to weary mothers;
Thy labor will not be vain."
They heeded her gentle bidding,
And fragrance went everywhere,
And tired eyes were uplifted,
While sad hearts were saved despair.
In her quiet room came ringing
Back the echo of their singing,
"Till He comes."

"'Tis time that the sheaves were garnered,"
Said the Master when eve had come,
And the reapers in the gloaming
Were all singing their harvest home,
Then Pauline beheld with wonder,
As they entered the sunset gate,
Her name on sheaves rich and golden
That were gathered early and late.
And the Master smiled approval,
And He said, when she meekly came,
"Thine is the crown of the toilers
Who gathered for Me in thy name."
And the bells of heaven were ringing,
While the angel choir was singing,
"He has come."

—Myra G. Plantz, in "Union Signal."