

Refreshment.

HAST thou had hours when life seemed
empty all,
And waste the garden thou wert set
to till;

Like tide-swept sands that only white and
still

Unanswering lay beneath the heaven's gray
pall?

No ripening fruit to offer at His call,
Discouragement hath waited on the will;
And did some human voice, that bro't a thrill
Out of the silence, on thy hearing fall:

"I could not rest till I had come to see
And tell you how your life hath blessed mine
own"?

Burst a cool spring; the heart, refreshed and
free,

Went on its way under a smiling sun.

If ever this had happened unto thee,
Thou knowest a joy that's next to God's
"Well done!"