

XVII.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126. 5.

WORKING and waiting still,
Scattering the seed from morn till eventide,
No harvest blessing comes with joy to fill
Our bosom's yearning void.

We watch with weary eyes
For early shower or latter rain ; alas!
The barren earth as iron seems, the skies
A firmament of brass.

Yet must we not give way
To weakening doubt, but trust upon the Lord
That we shall reap in due time, if we stay
Our hope upon His word.

In the approaching years
Some seedling struggling through the clods of earth,
Watered with sighs and prayers in dimming tears,
May spring to glorious birth,

And in our presence grow
To cheer us with the Master's favouring smile,
Reaping with thankful hearts while still below,
The first-fruits of our toil.