

LITTLE THINGS

Just a little thought,—
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
But, it touched a wonderful spring,
It quickened a soul,
Away from the goal,
O what little things will tell!
Just a little word,—
Written in love's own way,
But, it soothed the aching heart;
It calmed the heaving breast,
Of the one, that just sought rest,
O, what little things will pay!
Just a little treasure,—
Mingled with prayer and hope and
 spring,
But, it reached the Ear above;
It whispered all its longing,
In the realm of endless dawning,
O, what little things will bring!

The rain brings the sunshine,
And the darkness the day,—
So, too, your weary suffering
Will some time pass away.