

THE HARVESTING.

THIS did we know ;

That there was life, and an endless loveliness

Scattered the length and breadth of a living world :

All that there lay before and around was holiness

Colouring all, could we look on the canvas unfurled :

This in truth did we know.

Thus did we sow ;

Awhile of the life which gave of a boundless store

We chose what seemed were the easiest creeds to hold ;

We looked for the cheapest things of life to adore

And then? Could we blame the world that our hearts were cold?

Thus as fools did we sow.

Now we have reaped ;

Like souls in torment, learning of good from others,

We with our vision cleared in the purge of strife,

Have been taught in our pains the only truths from our brothers ;

Now we have learned, and compassed the meaning of Life,

Now when in pain we have reaped.

W. Fothergill Robinson.

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