

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 un-
furled :

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 mean-
ing of Life,

Now when in pain we have reaped.

W. Fothergill Robinson.

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