

THE SOWER.

REST.

MY feet are weary and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways ;

'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best ;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my
prayer

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield ;

'Tis hard to till and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed ;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way was wound across the desert years
And cares infest

My path, and through the flowing of hot
tears

I pine for rest.

And I am restless still ; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the west

Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

—*Rev. Father Ryan.*