

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."



HE Lord of the harvest walked forth one day
Where the fields were ripe with the ripening wheat,
Where those he had sent in the early morn
Were reaping the grain in the noonday heat.
He had chosen a place for each faithful one,
And bidden them work till the day was done.

Apart from the others, with troubled voice,
Spoke one who had gathered no golden grain :
"The Master hath given no work to me,
And my coming hither has been in vain ;
The reapers with gladness and song will come,
But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest-home."

He heard the complaint, and he called her name :
"Dear child, why standest thou idle here ?
Go fill thy cup from the hillside stream
And bring it to these who are toiling near :
I will bless thy labour, and it shall be
Kept in remembrance as done for me."

'Twas a little service ; but grateful hearts
Thanked God for the water so cool and clear ;
And some who were fainting with thirst and heat
Went forth with new strength to the work so dear.
And many a weary soul looked up,
Revived and cheered by that little cup.

Dear Lord, I have looked with an envious heart
On those who were reaping the golden grain ;
I have thought in thy work I had no part,
And mourned that my life was lived in vain ;
But now thou hast opened my eyes to see
That thou hast some little work for me.

If only this labour of love be mine,
To gladden the heart of some toiling saint,
To whisper some word that shall cheer the weak,
Do something to comfort the worn and faint :
Though small be the service I will not grieve,
Content just a cup of cold water to give.

And when the Lord of the harvest shall come,
And the labourers home from the field shall call,
He will not look for my gathered sheaves ;
But his loving words on my ear will fall :
"Thou gavest a cup of cold water to Me,
A heavenly home thy reward shall be."—*Advocate.*