

T H E

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NOT LOST.

By F. R. Havergal.

Where are the countless crystals, so perfect and so bright,
That robed in softest ermine the winter day and night?
Not lost; for, life to many a root,
They rise again in flowers and fruit.

Where are the mighty forests and giant ferns of old,
That in primeval silence, strange leaf and frond unrolled?
Not lost; for now they shine and blaze,
The light and warmth of winter days.

Where are the early lessons, the teachings of our youth,
The countless words forgotten, of knowledge and of truth?
Not lost; for they are living still
As power to think, and do, and will.

Where are the seeds we scatter, with weak and trembling hand,
Beside the gloomy waters, or on the arid land?
Not lost; for after many days,
Our prayer and toil shall turn to praise.

Where are the days of sorrow and lonely hours of pain,
When works are interrupted, or planned or willed in vain?
Not lost, it is the thorniest shoot
That bears the Master's sweetest fruit.

Where, where are all God's lessons, His teachings dark and bright?
Not lost, but only hidden, till in eternal light,
We see, whilst at His feet we fall,
The reasons and results of all.