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"THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY."

Ye have not sowed in vain!
Though the heavens seem as brass,
And piercing the crust of the burning plain
You scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high;
One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie.

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darkened brow,
The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain;
"The Sower, the Son of man," was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet sign of spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the dry, hard ground shall ring;

But the harvest home ye'll keep,
The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together there.

—[Author of the "*Three Wakings*."]—