

## RAIN FOR THE FARMER.

If gently falls the small, soft, lazy rain,  
To indoor industries he shrewdly steals ;  
And in the barn from some neglected grain  
The choking chaff the clattering fanner reels ;  
Or in the shed the sapling ash he peels  
For handles for the fork with humor blithe,  
Or haply lards the tumbril's heavy wheels,  
Or of the harness oils the leather lithe,  
Or turns the tuneless stone and grinds the gleaming scythe.

But now the sky is black ; and now the Storm  
Prepares his legions for the coming fray,  
While murmurs low prelude the dread alarm,  
As prayed the hosts,—like robèd monks who pray  
Mid slumb'rous incense in a cloister gray,—  
Till from yon cloud the fiery signal given  
Enrages all their terrible array.  
Jove's flaming car is o'er Olympus driven,  
And thunders roll along the threshing floors of heaven.

Hark to the rolling of the sulphurous sea,  
Upon its shores its billows beat amain ;  
In angry tumult, furious to be free,  
It rends the cloud with one tremendous strain ;  
The chasm is closed !—once more !—again in vain !  
Again ! again ! Each time, enraged to yield,  
It hurls its threats in throes of Titan pain ;  
While crouch the cattle 'neath their oak-tree shield  
And horses, frantic-eyed, in terror hoof the field.