THE LATTER RAIN.

Is the good seed sown to die?
Does the ploughman labour in vain
When the glory fails from the sky,
When the clouds return after the rain?
Nay; pine not for noonday splendour,
Nor fear for the blinding leaven,
Do not even look for His coming, who shall come in secret to bless.

As yet when He boweth His heaven
There is darkness under His feet,
But the darkness is deep and tender,
And the air is cool and sweet;
And wheresoever He passeth the parched fields are green,
Where the ears wax heavy to harvest, while the Sun of righteousness
Shines seldom upon His chosen with a flash that is felt, not seen.

Though the sky of spring was bright,
And the flowers of spring were gay,
It was only a brief delight,
Ere we tasted it withered away.
But after the blue spring weather,
And the silent summer showers,
The golden corn shall abide, that as many as sow and reap
May comfort themselves for the flowers
In the shorter, brighter days,
And rejoice for awhile together
Till again on the wintry ways
The sower goes to his labour after the harvest mirth,
And One cometh in darkness behind him as the year sinks down to sleep,
As the rain to a fleece of wool, as the drops that water the earth.
When the tale of the years is ended, and summer and winter past,
When the one great harvest ripens over all the earth at last,
The Sun shall shine like lightning, for ever from east to west,
To gather the sowers and reapers to the everlasting rest.

G. A. SIMCOX.