

The Man of God

O man of God! thou till'st a stubborn soil
Whereon the dews of grace oft fall in vain;
The useless weeds arise to mock thy toil
And choking tares, where thou didst scatter grain.

Patient and hopeful, wilt thou still remain
On a rude health unworthy of thy care,
Or turn thee to some fairer fertile plain
And reap a harvest for thy master there?

Yet pause: through anxious years of toil and pain
The goodly seed thy labouring hand doth sow,
Blessed by the early and the latter rain
Shall yet perchance a goodly harvest show.

So when thy day of life is on the wane
Thine aged eyes may then rejoice to see
That present loss hath proved a future gain
In harvests plenteous for eternity.