

LIFE'S STORMS ARE PASSING.

The storm has broken, and the heavy blast
That stifled morn's free breath, and shook its dew,
Is dying into sunshine; and the last
Dull cloud has vanished from yon arch of blue.

I know it is but for a day; the war
Must soon be waged again 'twixt earth and heaven;
Another tempest will arise to mar
The tranquil beauty of the fragrant even.

And yet I joy as storm on storm awakes; –
Not that I love the uproar or the gloom;
But in each tempest over earth that breaks,
I count one fewer outburst yet to come.

No groan Creation heaves is heaved in vain,
Nor e'er shall be repeated; it is done,
Once heaved it never shall be heaved again;
Earth's pangs and throes are lessening one by one.

So falls the stroke of sorrow, and so springs
Strange joy and comfort from the very grief,
Even to the weariest sufferer; so brings
Each heavy burden its own sweet relief.

One cross the less remains for me to bear;
Already borne is that of yesterday;
That of to-day shall no to-morrow share;
To-morrow's with itself shall pass away.

That which is added to the troubled past

Is taken from the future, whose sad store
Grows less and less each day, till soon the last
Dull wave of woe shall break upon our shore.

The storm that yesterday ploughed up the sea,
Is buried now beneath its level blue;
One storm the fewer now remains for me,
Ere sky and earth are made forever new.

– ***Bonar.***

