

## THE HARVESTER'S PRAYER.

Earth's harvest great is ripe indeed,  
But laborers true, seem few;  
Ah! help me Lord, my heart doth plead,  
Some needful part to do.

Wise as the serpent let me be  
In laboring for thy truth;  
Let it absorb my every thought  
And to my love give proof.

With cunning let me overtake  
Some stranger, and by me  
Thy love reveal, Thy truth impart,  
And charm them Lord for Thee.

And, gentle as a dove I'd be,  
Infused with love and power;  
Go forth to win all hearts to Thee  
Until my latest hour.

Help me Thy wisdom and Thy power  
To show forth with Thy love;  
Thy Justice, too, make clear to view  
And lead their thoughts above.

And while the members of the Bride  
Part from each other here,  
May it my blessed privilege be  
To comfort some and cheer.

By Thy example may we each

Be strengthened, not in vain  
To sacrifice earth's present things,  
The promised prize to gain.

– *Mrs. M. M. Land.*

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