

ready to aid a noble cause, and never did the needy apply to her in vain. Her charity knew no bounds: But what she knew best of all was how to give; she was possessed of that rare talent of heart, that exquisite tact and delicacy of soul which adds charm to a

benefit and doubles the value of a gift. During many years she was a zealous supporter of Indian missions and the INDIAN ADVOCATE owes her a debt of undying gratitude. May God bless her gentle soul and reward her many good works!

R. I. P.

### HARVEST.

"The fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain,

I long to toil among the reapers there ;  
What full ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the rain,  
To prove my gratitude for God's dear care."

Thus saying, resolute and proud I stood  
Amid the ever-hurrying, busy throng,  
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,  
The Lord and Master as He came along.

He came, and pressing through the eager throng  
I stood beside Him near the open gate ;  
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong."  
He turned and softly said: "Here stand and wait."

The hot blood to my brows and temples flew,  
I struggled fiercely with the hapless fate.  
"Ah Master, have you naught for me to do?"  
"Yes," He replied at once, "here stand and wait."

He passed along, and through the weary hours  
I stood with restless hands and aching heart;  
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers  
Beneath my feet, as thus I stood apart.

Again He passed, and in my grief I said :  
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait."  
One look of sad rebuke—no word He said,  
But left me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass,  
I watch the reapers cut the ripened grain,  
I see their heavy sheaves and sigh : "Alas,  
That I can only wrestle with my pain."

The night draws near— I see Him once again.  
"Oh! Master, see, 'tis growing dark and late ;  
I have no sheaves." His sweet voice soothes my  
pain :  
"They serve Me best who patient stand and wait."

So patiently I strive to stand and wait  
Through all the glories of the coming years,  
Wait till His hand shall lead me through the gate  
And change to smiles my tears.