

## Poetry.

### Drought.

BY ALICE B. MAYNARD.

"All my springs are in Thee."

The storms of life, are sent by Thee known,  
The winds, to root and strengthen good desires;

The rain to cause all fruitful deeds to grow;

The frost to work as purifying fires.

Learning to grow more holy and more pure,

To gain strength from faith to sight;

This knowledge long has helped us to endure;

And trust the end, when tempests bid the light.

Yet we have murmured, seeing not Thy hand;

In droughts that parch and wither day by day;

Till dry and asperges, barren lives we stand;

Seas lifting hands to work, or thoughts to pray.

So wandering onward, heavily and sad,

Believing only what was understood;

We wake to find—oh thankful hearts and glad!

That even this is working unto good.

And outward effort but exhaustive proved;

Thoughts passed to words half-formed, and half-availed;

Less by high-hopes, more by ambition moved,

What wonder deeds and prayers together failed.

Drawn by our aid by dry and parching heat;

Up springs the living water, welcomed now;

Our eager hearts the blessed influence meet;

Renewed to thanks, and prayer, and earnest vow.

*All my springs are in Thee.*

*—Alice B. Maynard.*

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