

The Question.

I stood in a field in the evening,
When the sun hung low in the west
Troubled was I in spirit,
And my mind fared forth on a quest.

What does the toil of man avail him,
The sweat, the blood, the tears ?
A handful of earth, a worthless husk
Is that the end of all his years ?

The softer darkness falling,
Brings out the twinkling star,
I stand aghast and marvel
At the beam that comes afar.

I reach for that handful of earth
Let the dust sift through my fingers;
While watching the purple twilight
The vision comes and lingers.

The Vision.

Man is but a part of cosmos
Struggling upward to the light;
And if we wish to win the trophy,
Man must strive and man must fight.

If man looks for God and finds Him
In the fields and trees and streams
What matter if he dies tomorrow
He will find the answer to his dreams

What if this earthly body
This human scrap of clay
Should moulder and should vanish
It will rise another day

As surely as the sunlight
Greets the waken'd in the morn
So man's last great adventure
Will end in being reborn.

And waking be engulfed in glory
To which this world can not compare
Then what availeth pain and sorrow;
Can they withstand when God is there ?

Just beyond our mortal vision
He is standing by our side,
He is willing and forgiving
If contritely we have died.

2.

We shall then behold a glory
Near at hand and not afar
That shall dim in all its beauty
All the light of ev'ry star.

Man has but to stop and linger
Where his path ~~leads~~ o'er the sod
Take a moment from his fighting
And turn once more to God.

Norman Leslie Turnbull.

Jan 18/50.

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