

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

“It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty,
And that’s all it needs to be.

“So to the fountain he took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel,
To be of some use to him.

“His own hand had drawn the water,
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But he used the earthen vessel,
To convey the living showers.

“And of itself it whispered,
As he laid it down once more;
Still will I lie in his pathway,
Just where I did before.

“Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain;
And, perhaps, some day he may use me
To water his flowers again.”

—**Selected.**

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— November, 1885 —



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