RUTH, THE TOILER

There is that quiet in her face
    That comes to all who toil.
She moves among the sheaves with grace,
    A daughter of the soil.

There is that beauty in her hands,
    That glory in her hair,
That adds a warmth to sun-brown lands
    When autumn cools the air.

There is that gladness in her eyes,
    As one who finds the dust
A lovely path to paradise,
    And common things august.

There is that reverence in her mood,
    That patience sweet and broad,
As one who in the solitude
    Yet walks the fields with God!

Edward Wilbur Mason.