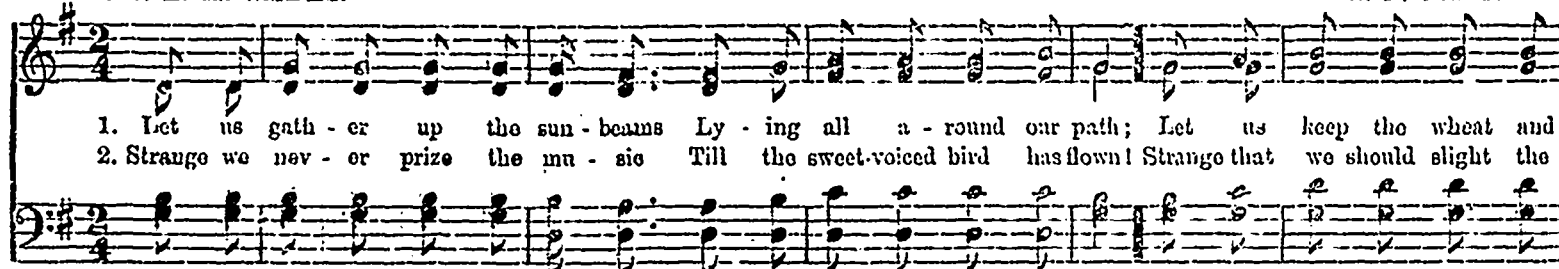


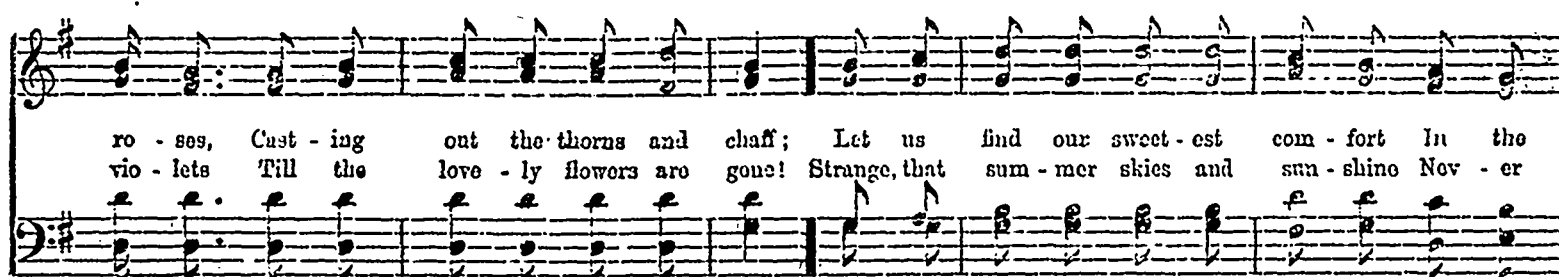
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

MRS. E. H. GATES.

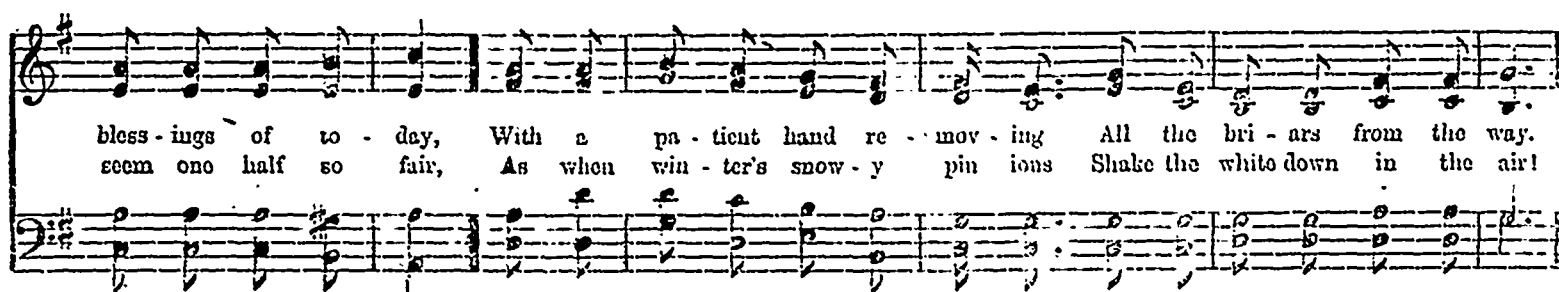
S. J. VAIL.



1. Let us gath - er up the sun - beams Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us keep the wheat and
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange that we should slight the

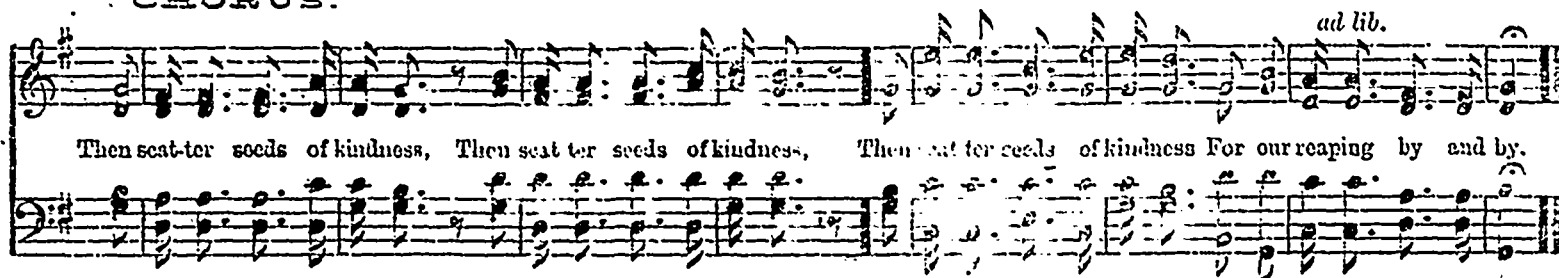


ro - ses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweet - est com - fort In the
vio - lets Till the love - ly flowers are gone! Strange, that sum - mer skies and sun - shine Nov - er



bles - ings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way.
seem one half so fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pin ions Shake the white down in the air!

CHORUS.



Then scat - ter seeds of kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of kindness For our reaping by and by.

3

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Then scatter seeds, &c.

4

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!
Then scatter seeds, &c.