

When earth was young
 Had some true prophet sung
 What now we see—
 Men talking 'cross great oceans vast,
 Upheaved by storm, by tempests lashed,
 As easily
 As face to face—how loud, how quick,
 'Twould been denounced a pious trick.

Ah! foolish man!
 Thy utmost wisdom can
 But glimpses catch,
 Now here, now there, of things profound;
 Nor hope the truth, full orb'd and round,
 From heaven to snatch.
 Wait! mortal, wait! in stronger light
 All will in perfect whole unite.

SOWING SEEDS.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
 Countless seeds of good and ill,
 Scattered on the lovely lowland,
 Cast upon the windy hill;
 Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
 Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
 Seeds that rest upon the surface
 Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
 Of the lowly mountain glen;
 Seeds cast out in silent places,
 Trodden under foot of men;
 Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
 Flung at random on the air;
 Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
 Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
 Lifeless on the teeming mould;
 Seeds that live and grow and flourish
 When the sower's hand is cold;
 By a whisper sow we blessings,
 By a breath we scatter strife;
 In our words and looks and actions
 Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
 Leave us not to sow alone!
 Bid thine angel guard the furrows
 Where the precious seed is sown,