

SOWING

'Tis better in this world of pains
To sow a few life-giving grains
Of love and virtue all along,
Than take a world or city strong;
They may choke out some rusty stains,
And raise a soul to speech and song.

Then when the numbered days shall roll
Across that once unwary soul,
We'll bless the Lord of Harvest-Time,
And thank him for His Love Divine
That saved it from the tempter's scroll,
And set it in the broad sunshine.

Toil on, rake on, gather and weep;
Sow we the seed, but God will reap!