

As the Years are Going by

ONWARD, like a mighty river,
Sweeping, surging to the sea,
Time is speeding, hasting ever,
Onward to Eternity;
Bearing good ships, treasure-laden,
Drifting wrecks that shattered lie,
Onward to the shore eternal,
As the years are going by.

Bearing hence upon his bosom
What for you and what for me?
Witness of our care or folly—
Flotsam or fair argosy?
Are we thinking, planning, toiling,
For the part that cannot die,
Or for that which faileth, fadeth,
As the years are going by?

Are we sowing in life's furrows
Precious seed that yet shall yield
Golden fruitage for God's garner,
When his lab'ers reap the field?
Are we sowing tares, unheeding
That the harvest draweth nigh,
That our scattered seed increaseth
As the years are going by?

On the only sure foundation
Are we building true and square?
Will our work the subtle testing
Of the Master-Builder bear?
For the day is surely coming
When the fire its worth shall try.
Are we building "hay and stubble"
As the years are going by?

While we press with eager footsteps
Onward to our cherished goal,
Will each pause and put these questions,
Solemn questions, to his soul?
For the prints our feet are leaving
In the folded years shall lie,
And will bear their silent record
When the years no more go by.

