

Death regards no times nor seasons,
But destroy each hope and plan.

It is seed-time now, when harvest comes
Will I be there to reap?
Or will death, that dread reaper,
Close my eyes in their last sleep?

Will I reap? No man can answer,
It is God alone that knows;
Mysterious all his ways, and he
Doth none to man disclose.

But there was a greater seed-time,
And we are the seeds then sown;
By God's own hand we sprang to life,
Sustained, preserved, and grown.

There will be as great a harvest,
We must all be present then;
When His angels will be reapers,
And the grain the souls of men.

I SOWED IT, I HAVE REAPED IT.

When I had finished sowing the last piece of grain in spring,
a striking thought passed through my mind. The thought was,
"I have sowed it, who will reap it?" Now, that harvest is
over, the second thought naturally arose in my mind, "I have
reaped it." The following lines will give a faint idea of my train
of thoughts from sowing until reaping:—

Yes, I sowed it, I have reaped it, but no thanks to
self or man,

It was only through God's goodness in extending
my life's span.

Just as the last grain was scattered, ah this thought
passed through my head—

Long before those seeds have ripened, I may sleep
among the dead.

Health and hope still kept me trusting, though I
did not know my fate,

And meanwhile those seeds had softened, and be-
gan to germinate.

As I watched the green blades peeping, from the
fruitful, fertile soil,

Wondering still, if I should gather in the fruits of
all my toil.

I beheld the round stem pointing, and with rapid
growth it grew,

Nourished by day with sun and shower, and by
night with pearly dew;

Still, I thought, before it ripened, weeks and
months must come and go,

Long before the busy harvest, death, perhaps,
would lay me low.

Showers refreshing, growth amazing, brightest
prospects then appear,

Living, hoping, trusting, waiting, I beheld the
opening ear;

Looking forward to the future, in my ear there
seemed to chime

A voice, saying: "Man, remember the uncertain-
ty of time."

Many sowed their seed in seed-time, with life's
hope's more bright than I,

But alas! before the harvest, in their silent graves
they lie.

I thought upon death's summer roll, perhaps God
placed my name,

And summoned death to call me off before the har-
vest came.

Not so, his mercy bore me through another season's
strain,

With wondering eyes and grateful heart, I viewed
the golden grain;

I watched the sharp blades cut the stems, as one by
one they fall—

True emblem of the sword of death, in time will
reap us all.

Whether sowing or when reaping, may each far-
mer's heart abound

With true love to God that spares him, while each
season passes round;

When he sows his fields in seed-time, a short period
he should stop,

And crave God's richest blessing on his health, and
life, and crop.

Yes, I sowed it, I have reaped it, unto God be all
the praise,

Through His gracious, sparing mercy I have seen
the harvest days;

And I thought while I was reaping, that a great
harvest doth remain,

Then death's angels will be reapers and all flesh
shall fall like grain.

THE AGE OF SHAM.

'Tis a strange world this that we live in, dear me!

Not the world but the people that's in it;

A sketch of a few I will give unto thee,

But I scarcely know where to begin it;

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