

THE SOWER.

ETERNITY.

Eternity, Eternity,
How long art thou, Eternity.

Count the gold and silver blossoms
Spring has scattered o'er the lea ;
Count the softly sounding ripples
Sparkling in the summer sea.
Count the lightly flickering shadows
In the autumn forest glade ;
Count pale nature's scattered teardrops,
Icy gems by winter made.

Count the tiny blades that glitter
Early in the morning dew ;
Count the desert sand that stretches
Under noontide's vault of blue.
Count the notes that woodbirds warble
In the evening's fading light ;
Count the stars that gleam and twinkle
O'er the firmament of night.

When thy counting all is done,
Scarce eternity's begun.
Reader pause—where wilt thou be
During thine eternity ?