

Does it seem wisdom thus to live,
And all our energies to give ;
To gather what we cannot keep,
And sow where we so little reap ?

Gold is a useful thing, 'tis true ;
All have a right to get their due ;
But if for it our minds we strain,
Then slyly Satan twines his chain ;

Making us selfish, mean and vain,
The glory of this world our aim ;
The heart grows cold, the eye grows dim,
All from this great and grievous sin.

Even the monkey has more sense,
He prefers nuts to any pence ;
Darwin's theory must be wrong,
For man's improving is his song.

SABBATH BREAKING.

Am I robbing God or not,
If I use the Sabbath day
To work out my worldly plots,
Or to mingle with the gay ?

Six days work, one day of rest,
Is our Maker's own command ;
Man seems to think it's a jest,
And heeds not this wise demand.

Those we love, we try to please,
Gladly we devote to them
All our thoughts, our time, our ease,
Giving all to sinful men ;