

THE SOWER.

“VANITY OF VANITIES!”

“NOTHING BUT BLANK.”

Lines in answer to a poetic lamentation in an album, that “All was a blank, nothing but blank.”

HAVE you found life a blank? What!
All nothing but blank,
I'm sorry my friend, at your fate:
But perhaps in your ear, if you're willing to hear,
The cause of your “blanks” I'll relate.

Suppose you should go, to the regions of snow,
To raise there the fruits of the sun,
In vain would you sow, not a seed there would
grow,
Nought but “blanks” when your labours were
done.

Suppose you should toil, to win harvests and spoil,
From Afric's hot deserts of sand;
Would you wonder, I trow, if the shares of your
plough
Were bootless, worn out on such land?

In the lottery of life, with its turmoil and strife,
After pleasure, and riches, and rank,
'Tis no wonder to find, that an earth-grov'ling mind
Has found every ticket a “blank.”