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No. 2

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

What do we live for? Is labor so lowly, Toil so ignoble, we shrink from its stain? Think it not-labor Is Godlike and holy; He that is idle is living in vain.

What do we live for? Creation is groaning, Her desolate places are yet to be built; The voice of the years Swells deeper the moaning, As time rolls along the dark tide of guilt.

What do we live for? The question is sounding Low in the silence and loud in the din; And to each heart-ear With warm pulses bounding, Answers come thronging without and within.