

The farmer now, with his bright plow,
Works well the land to sow ;
With careful heed casts the small seed,
Then waits to see it grow.

In faith he sows, because he knows
By sowing he may reap,
Whate'er the seed, or grain, or weed,
Their fruits at length must reap.

And so in life, 'mid peace and strife,
The careless words we speak ;
The little deeds—these are the seeds—
Let us the good c'er seek.

Oh, then may we this lesson see,
And sow our seeds with care !
Till earth's dark night for heaven's light
We leave—our harvest's there.

THE MOWER'S SONG.

In the lazy Summer hours,
When, among the fragrant flowers,
Seeks the bee for honeyed sweets the whole day long ;
When all Nature's bright and fair,
Then, upon the balmy air,
Floats to me, in cadence sweet, the mower's song.