

Thought Seeds

The years are coming, the years are going,
And ever some seed-thoughts we are sowing ;
Giving our work into God's kind keeping,
Knowing not when, or by whom the reaping.

Some of the days of our years are glad,
And some are gloomy, and some are sad ;
But glad, or sorry, we still go on,
Living in hope that when life is done,
Somewhere we'll find our seedling thought
Into some form of beauty wrought—
A lily bud, or a rose full blown,
A nation's song, or a book well known,
A truth once scorned, now freely taught
Because of the living seeds we've sown.

Reward

Earth's treasured gold is tested in the furnace,
And fire that purifies is fierce and strong ;
Rare statues gain the graces of perfection
By skilful stroke of chisel wielded long.
The view from sunlit heights is for the climber,
The harbor's calm for ships beyond the bar,
The fountain's coolest draught is for the thirsty,
The sweets of home for those who've wandered far.