

TWO WORKERS.

THE man who plants a seed of corn
And watches o'er it night and morn,
And prays the heaven for kindly cheer
To nurse its heart with dewy tear,
Is doing work of goodly part
Which gladdens hearth and home and mart,
And gives his name an honored place
Within the compass of his race.

But he who builds for future time
Strong walls of faith and love sublime,
Who domes with prayer his gift of toil,
Whom neither fate nor foe can foil,
Is doing work of godly part
Within the kingdom of the heart,
And wins him honor brighter far
Than ray of light from heavenly star !