

NO TIME FOR GOD?

You've time to build houses, and in them dwell,
And time to do business to buy and to sell;

And none for repentance, or deep earnest prayer;
To seek your salvation, you've not time to spare.

You've time for earthly pleasure, for frolic and fun,
For her glittering treasures, how quickly you run.

But care not to seek the fair mansion above--
The favor of God or the gift of His love.

You've time to take voyages over the sea,
And time to take in the world's jubilee;

But soon your bright hopes will be lost in the
Gloom of the cold, dark river of death and the tomb.

You've time to resort to the mountain and the glen;
Time to gain knowledge from books and from men

Yet no time to search for the wisdom of God,
But what of your soul when you're under the sod?

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