

Scatter Seeds of Kindness—continued.

3.

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

4.

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by and by!

No. 13.

The Prodigal Child.

“I will arise, and go to my father.”—LUKE xv. 18.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been
 2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the

dark, . . . And so lone - ly and wild. . . O pro - di - gal child! Come
 gate, . . . While the sha - dows are piled. . . O pro - di - gal child! Come

home! oh, . . . come home! } Come home!
 home! oh, . . . come home! } Come, oh come home, come home!
 Come, oh come home, come home!

come home! come home! Come! oh come home!

3.

Come home! come home!
 From the sorrow and blame,
 From the sin and the shame,
 And the tempter that smiled:
 O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh come home!

4.

Come home! come home!
 There is bread and to spare,
 And a warm welcome there;
 Then, to friends reconciled,
 O prodigal child!
 Come home, oh come home!