

All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, and intellect, and health
May not *always* last.
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

Oh the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by !
Oh the good that might have been,
Lost without a sigh !
Love, that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thyself,
Take and hold it fast—
"The mill cannot grind"
With the water that is past."
Sudbury Leaflets.

"CHRIST WILL TAKE ME IN, MOTHER."

The last words of a young wife, suddenly laid on a dying bed, were, "Christ has opened the door, mother, and He will take me in."

The light is fading fast, mother, life's sun is nearly set,
And ne'er on earth we'll meet again, where we so oft have met :
I see the golden gates appear, the city free from sin,
The doors are open wide, mother, and Christ will take me in.

My life on earth has not been long, and yet, my mother dear,
I've drunk the cup of sorrow deep, and shed the weary tear ;
But shadows ne'er shall cross my path upon the sapphire floor,
And Christ will take me in, mother, he opens wide the door.

Then, mother, do not weep for me ; and father, do not sigh ;
You'll come and meet me yonder in our home beyond the sky—
Beside the pearly gates, mother, I'll watch and wait for you ;
The Christ who took your Maggie in, will make you welcome too.

And sisters, you must meet me there, amid the angel band ;
Our eyes shall never be downcast in that happy, happy land ;
The air is free from fevered dreams and tainted breath of sin ;
The doors are open wide, mother, and Christ will take me in.

I left Him long outside, mother, aye knocking at my heart,
But still He's proved a Friend to me, whom death can never part ;
He washed my crimson stains, mother, He made me white as snow ;
He opens the golden gates, mother, and bids me onward go.

I do not grieve to leave the world, with such a home in view,
And Jesus still on earth remains to guide you onward too ;
On angel wings I'll watch you, from you star-gemmed azure floor ;
And Christ will make you welcome all, He opens wide the door.

Farewell ! farewell ! earth's shores grow dim,
—I see the light of day,
The angels wait on snowy wings to bear me far away ;
It's only for a little while,—soon, soon again we'll meet ;
I trust you there, my loved ones, 'mong the stars at Jesus' feet.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

B. Messenger.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (MARK viii. 36).

Comes a voice like love's own music
To a heart which hope hath fled,
Falling like the dew of evening
On the earth long parched and dead ;
Spreads it like the morning breaking,
Pensive as the evening's light,
On the listening ear soft stealing,
Like a distant harp at night ;—
"O ye sad and weary wanderers,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
Cease your efforts, cease your toiling,
Come and find your rest in Me !"

Steals his voice o'er childhood breaking
Like the light of early morn,
Flooding age with truth's own beauty,
And the joy of wisdom born ;
In our work and days of brightness,
In our sickness, in our pain,
Comes this voice all pensive pleading,
Pleading still and yet again ;—
"What is all your sowing, reaping,
Binding sheaves of golden grain ?
Weary worker, will you answer
What the worth of all your gain ?

"Thoughtless wanderer o'er life's ocean,
Aged pilgrim, bent with care,
Anxious statesman, toiling merchant,
Joyous maiden bright and fair ;