

swiftly, will descend upon us all another and a darker night, and then it will be too late.

How strange and lonely to watch the long day dying, and to look out from the creeping shadows across the way that it has come! Go out by yourself. It is so still that you can hear the echo of the faintest footfall, and the sound of voices that you thought were dead. Listen! and across the quiet air will float words that will startle you, your own angry words hurled in haste, and fraught with sorrow for the hearts on which they fell. And other voices there are, vows that you made in the joy of your heart, born in enthusiasm, only to vanish when the love grew cold. How sad and mocking are their echoes now! Yet other voices break the stillness—strong, helpful words of heaven-sent friends, and of Holy Scripture, and gracious words of Jesus and His earthly ministers, spoken from week to week in love, that might have blessed and lifted up your life. They too are forgotten, and the dim, confused echo comes back to upbraid you. O Lord! as we listen, our hearts