

ther." Once more I hear, "Ye are bought with a price, be not ye the servants of men." Far and near they are listening to his every tone; he tells of his Lord, who gave Himself a ransom for many; of His death, burial and resurrection from the dead. As I pass through the throng of boats, the last words spoken by the messenger-voice seem to follow me in the shimmering moonlight:—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The river widens, and the air is thick with voices—some filled with tender pity, others ringing with scorn—some overflowing with lamentations—answering voices replete with consolations. Voices, swelling with their own greatness, come rolling on with the billows, rushing over and bearing down with them voices that are very weakness—voices full of evil to come—voices glowing with the brilliant future—voices like the East Wind—voices of perfect calm—voices more full of vileness than the witch's caldron—voices true, patient, loving, hopeful, trustful, God-given.

The myriads of voices have wearied me. I am so tired of voices now, I close my eyes and long for

"The days that are not,"

and the voices that were surely

"Tender and true."

Voices that were brave and cheery when clouds hung lowest and the river was swollen to its utmost; voices that were never lifted up against those who were struggling with the waves and under-currents of the life-stream; voices whose every tone was protection and strength to the weak. Why do I keep repeating to myself those simple words—

"Tender and true?"

because, I suppose, they are as they were,—

"Tender and true."

It is a happy thing to dream of the dear voices gone;—but