

XLIX

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## The Dead Sea



LOOKED upon a sea, And lo! 'twas dead, Although by Herman's snows And Jordan fed.

"How came a fate so dire? The tale's soon told: All that it got it kept And fast did hold. "All tributary streams Found here their grave, Because this sea received, But never gave.

"O sea that's dead! teach me To know and feel That selfish grasp and greed My doom will seal.

"And, Lord, help me my best, Myself to give, That I may others bless, And, like thee, live."

> -Rev. William P. Finn. Missionary Monthly