

What is your Life?

II.

LIFE IS SHORT.

A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the future from the past,
Between the cradle and the shroud
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

—Whittier.

The last words of Cecil Rhodes: "So much to do, so little done," have been voiced by every son of Adam who has become aroused to the vastness of life and its brevity.

Yesterday we were children, to-day we are men, to-morrow—well, to-morrow we shall be with God.

We hurry through our years ever longing for the future when we are to be happy. Some day in the mirror we see a streak of white in our hair, and learn to our dismay that grey hairs have begun. Perhaps we pull out the first one we see—the writer did. But that does not help matters. It cannot stop the flight of time, nor stay the turning color. One of the events most likely to set us thinking is the discovery of our first grey hair. It is a notice served on us by nature that we are not immortal. It is a hint from God that we are to meet Him. It shows that death and decay have begun. It is the beginning of the end.