

How many a noble triumph have these streets
 Beheld in ancient days when Zion was her own,
 When still who sate in Judah's royal seats
 Did kingly homage to Jehovah's throne !
 What proud processions, too, her streets have shown
 Of pagan pomp ! How glorious, too, within
 A week ago when palms beneath were strewn !
 But nobler this than all that yet have been :
 The Prince of Heaven went forth to conquer Death and Sin.

—*Wm. M. MacKeracher.*

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THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
 Of the loom of life, and near and far
 It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
 As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom ;
 In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
 The wheels are turning early and late,
 And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack ! there's a thread of love wove in :
 Click, clack ! another of wrong and sin ;
 What a checkered thing will this life be
 When we see it unrolled in eternity !

Time with a face like mystery,
 And hands as busy as hands can be,
 Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,
 To catch in its meshes each glancing thread

When shall this wonderful web be done ?
 In a thousand years, perhaps, or one ;
 Or to-morrow. Who knoweth ? Not you or I,
 But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-wep, say ?
 Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day ?
 It were better then, O my friend ! to spin
 A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad eyed weaver ! the years are slow,
 But each one is nearer the end, I know ;
 And some day the last thread shall be woven in,
 God grant it be love instead of sin.

—*Selected.*