

they live on still, and those who have wrought them live in them. And yet how few of us have made ourselves all we might be. If he does his best, as Shakespeare says, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! in form and movement, how express and admirable!" Few indeed, as yet, can be said to reach this high ideal.

How blest must be the recollection of those, who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Since our earthly life is so brief, "and the night will soon come when the murmur and hum in our days shall be dumb ever more" it were well to have milestones by the way pointing to a better land.

The tree falls in the forest, but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The traveller who goes round the world prepares himself to pass through all latitudes, and to meet all changes. So man must be willing to take life as it comes, to mount the hill when the hill swells, and to go down the hill when the hill lowers; to walk the plain when it stretches before him, and to ford the river when it rolls over the plain. A perfect life is not attained in a day. Men cannot cut cross lots, or take an air line for the kingdom of heaven.

If we had our way we should have the bud, the blossom, and the ripened fruit at the same time, but this is not God's method. He gives us first the blade, then the ear, afterward the full corn in the ear.

Our path cannot always lie along the sunny highways of life, we must have patience and perseverance, believe that there is still a future before us, and we shall at last reach the haven where we would be. It is when we are robbed of our friends that we fully realize how much we are indebted to God for them, and how much we owe for what still remains to us.

WHEN WE DIE.

Read at Old Blue River Memorial Meeting.

When unto us the hour has come,
When soul and body part,
And that "white messenger" called Death,
Has stilled the throbbing heart.

When low within the narrow house
These forms are laid to rest,
And gently o'er the coffin lid
The friendly clods are pressed.

When this is past, and we are seen
No more of human kind,
Then will this life seem all the same
To those we've left behind?

We do not doubt but that the earth
Would still roll on its way;
Nor would it have one beam the less
From the glorious orb of day.

Nor do we doubt that Nature, kind
And faithful to her trust,
Would bring the spring time then as now,
And strew with flowers our dust.

And off, too, in the busy world,
The restless tide of men
Would ebb and flow on just the same
As if we had not been.

But would the hearts that we have loved
Forget to love us still,
And feel a void that nothing but
Our presence e'er could fill?

And would the friends who gather round
The sacred spot of home,
Keep green the memory of our lives
When we no longer come?

A mem'ry that is not washed out
By the first few farewell tears,
But shines with radiance all undimmed
On through the changing years.

Will they think with loving faith that we
Had laid earth's burdens down,
And only gone awhile the first
To wear the starry crown?

Could we but pass the pearly gates,
And leave them slightly ajar,
So that our loved could see the light
Shine from our homes afar.

Then would the brightness of that life
To which our souls had flown,
Forever shed a heavenly glow
Of halo round their own.

If this of certainty were ours,
This bliss beyond the tomb,
Then would the "king of terrors" lose
His fearfulness and gloom.