

that you are nearing the shallows? In that mirror do you not see yourself? Time has not spared you; its pencil has lined your face; its rough hand has wiped away the dew of your youth, and with the rest you too have aged. *Take soundings.* Be honest with your own souls, and try the water's depth! You may die at twenty, thirty, or forty years of age; but at whatever age the call may come, you are nearing the shore and you ought to be prepared for landing.

*Consider yourself.*—Is it not true that each year as it comes, finds you weaker than did its predecessor, and leaves you weaker still? We hear people say, "The winters—they try me more than they did." What does *that* mean? Mean! It means that the waters are becoming shallow. The physicians and the dentists have done their best, but still the 'keepers in the house tremble'—the sound of the grinding is getting low—those who look out of the windows are being darkened, and the daughters of music are ceasing their song. The land cannot be far away! Every grey hair is a weed, which, drifting upon the waters, tells that the land is near. The vessel is fast driving on; soon the keel of the frail craft will grate the mysterious shore. Out there yesterday you sounded and it was twenty fathoms—none too much water then—you sound to-day, and you find fifteen fathoms—time, surely now, to think; to-morrow you may sound again, and ten fathoms will be the result; and to-day it will be five. And what then? Are you ready to step out of the vessel and to stand upon the shore of