

"IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY?"

I watched the feet of thousands swiftly streaming
 Down the broad way,
 Youth, summer youth, and those whose hair was gleaming
 With winter gray ;
 The gate was broad, and standing open widely
 For all to pass ;
 Some rushed on swiftly, others sauntered idly,
 And some alas !
 Had fallen as they grasped earth's choicest flowers
 Swept by the hand
 Of one unseen, who called to other bowers
 That thoughtless band ;
 Yet none had thoughts of Him, for all were eager
 To grasp earth's joys,
 Which fade away and give but pleasure meagre
 Which quickly cloy,
 One too I saw, who walked not with the scornful
 But sat apart,
 And called to all who passed, in accents mournful,
 Which cut my heart ;
 O ye that swiftly pass toward death's dark portal,
 Can this be nought
 To you, whose lives are flying, brief and mortal,
 Take ye no thought ?
 Was any sorrow like to my great sorrow,
 Who died for you ?
 Your souls are called for now, to-day, to-morrow ;
 Who ever knew
 What day should call him to the presence dire
 Of God's white throne ?
 Befoul not all your robes with earthly mire,
 When that's unknown.

C. C. WALLER.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Before we can love God and man with a pure heart, fervently, we must receive the baptism of Fire. This fire is God's love in Christ, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. That which led the Son of God to count it all joy to humble Himself and become incarnate, and pour out His soul unto death upon the cross, to put away our sin, was the holy fire of His burning, inextinguishable love. He loved His Father supremely. He loved man even more than He shrank from being made for man's sake a curse. Constrained by that love He took our nature, and in it not only spent Himself in doing good, but as the Captain of