

'Tis the present moment, then,
 This alone is surely mine ;
 To improve it wisely, when
 Shall I learn the art divine ?
 For, what mighty interests may
 On that single moment press—
 All a dread eternity—
 All its woes or blessedness !

Should this moment be in vain,
 Should it pass unheeded by,
 Not another may remain ;
 Ere another I may die.
 Then the past, unheeded yet,
 No repentance can repair ;
 All the beyond is vain regret ;
 All the future is despair.

Then awake to serious thought,
 Deep reflection, calm review ;
 Let me ponder, as I ought,
 All I've done or have to do.
 Ponder well my business here,
 Look with anxious eye at home,
 Lest a loiterer I appear,
 When the righteous judge shall come.

Lo ! he stands before the door ;
 Brief the warning he may give :
 In the solemn midnight hour
 I the summons may receive :—
 “ Where is now the vast amount—
 Time and talents lent to thee ?
 Render up thy great account ;
 Give my own, with usury.”

O, for mercy in that day ;
 Day of vengeance and of fear,
 When these heavens shall pass away,
 And the judge of all appear.
 In his righteousness array'd,
 Trusting in his faithful word,
 May I meet him undismay'd !
 Reign forever with the Lord !