

THE GOOD NEWS.

January 1st, 1862.

CRY.

WHAT SHALL I CRY?

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever."—Isa. XL. 6-8.

Among the events of public importance in the past year, that require our notice, and the most recent, is the death of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the consort of our beloved Queen. This event, which happened on Saturday the 14th of last month, was so unexpected, that the intelligence not only struck every one with surprise, but drew forth the most genuine expressions of sympathy for our Queen and her fatherless children. The people mourned with no common sorrow, and when they reflected that he was cut down in his prime, in the midst of all the comforts, enjoyments, and honours of life, and surrounded by all the means and appliances of medical skill for preserving life, they could not help exclaiming, truly "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field."

"*All flesh is grass.*" There is no exception. The prince as well as the peasant. The inhabitant of the palace as well as the lonely cot. The rich as well as the poor. The learned as well as the ignorant. The man surrounded by all that skill, kindness, and attention can contribute, as well as the man unnoticed and unknown, must all pay the debt of their fallen nature. Each must fade and go the way of "*all flesh.*"

All flesh is grass. It is grass in its duration. How short is the existence of grass. In early summer it appears looking fresh and green, but ere long the burning sun will scorch whatever is not cut down,

and long ere the dawn of another year the spires of grass which wave so gracefully in its season, will be numbered among the things that were.

The short period of spring, summer, and autumn comprehends its growth, its era of existence, and its decay. And just as it is with a crop of grass, so is it with generations of men. They sprang up in their season, fulfilled the end for which they were made, and when their work was done, they withered away, and the place that knew them then, knows them now no more for ever. Though some of them should live their threescore years and ten, that period is short compared with the years that are past, and the ages that are to roll on when even time itself shall be no more; for—

"Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drop of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chops the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;—
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight called in and paid to-night;
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,—
The dew dries up. The star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot."

The existence of grass is not only short; it is also uncertain. The blades which at one moment are waving luxuriously in the gentle breeze, may in a little be destroyed by some animal that may chauce to be browsing there, or be cut down by the ample swoop of the farmer's scythe. As it is with the grass, so is it with man. His life is uncertain. In the morning he may be in the vigour of health, regaling himself with the luxuries and enjoyments of life, planning and purposing many things that he means to do in the future. But ere night, by some of the thousand accidents that occur, the scythe of death may lay him low, and number him among the ones that were. In the period of childhood, youth, or of riper age. While the flush