

## THE EBB OF LIFE.

"My days are past, my purposes are broken off."  
—Job xvii. 11.

The illustrious but afflicted patriarch felt now that his whole earthly life had well-nigh ebbed away. Look at the words as a description of expiring life :—

I. THE TERMINATION OF OUR EARTHLY DAYS. "My days are past." (1) Days of secular occupation are "past." (3) Days of domestic life are "past." (4) Days of redemptive discipline are "past."

II. THE BREAKING UP OF OUR EARTHLY PURPOSES. "My purposes are broken off," &c. Man's brain teems with "purposes." These give preciousness to his life. He lives in them and for them. (1) All avaricious pur-

poses, purposes for gain, are broken. (2) All ambitious purposes, purposes for power are broken. (3) All voluptuous purposes, purposes for mere pleasure, are broken. Purposes in fact of all kinds, relating merely to this life, *commercial, literary, artistic and political*, all are broken at death. "What castles in the air" are blown away with the last breath. Oh

What is life?—'Tis a beautiful shell,  
Thrown up in eternity's flow,  
On Time's bank of quicksands to dwell,  
And a moment its loveliness show.  
Gone back to its element grand,  
Is the billow that washed it ashore ;  
So another is leaving the strand,  
And the beautiful shell is no more.

## Poetry.

## ONLY WAITING BY THE RIVER.

We are watching by the river,  
We are waiting on the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman :  
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

He has called for many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side ;  
With our Saviour we shall meet them,  
When we too have crossed the tide.

Though the mist hangs o'er the river,  
And its billows loudly roar ;  
Yet we hear the song of angels,  
Wafted from the other shore.

And that bright celestial city—  
We have caught such radiant gleams  
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,  
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

When we have passed the vale of shadows,  
With its dark and chilling tide,  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall ever more abide.

So we're watching by the river,  
We are watching on the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman ;  
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

## DO THOU BE KIND.

Earth though a lovely place,  
Teems with dark care ;  
Clasping each other come  
Death and Despair ;  
Sorrows on every side  
Frowning we find ;  
Sad hearts need sympathy—  
Let us be kind.

Love, like the sun, can gild  
All things below ;  
E'en tinge with golden light  
Trouble and woe.  
Few in this world of change  
Ever find much ;  
Some souls ne'er feel its warmth—  
God pity such!

Hopeless and heart-broken,  
Living 'mid' gloom,  
Many are toiling on  
Down to the tomb ;  
Others are wandering  
Morally blind ;  
Would we do good on earth ?  
Let us be kind !

What over wealth and fame  
Soars far above ?  
What is most sweet on earth ?  
Friendship and love !  
Who are most beautiful ?  
Who most refined ?  
Those who can pass through life  
Truthful and kind !

God alone knows what pain  
Some hearts endure ;  
How they need sympathy,  
Tender and pure.  
We oft in thoughtlessness  
Grief round them wind ;  
Oh! when we can, to all  
Let us be kind.

MATILDA BURTON.

## THE TWO LIGHTS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue ;  
And some with thankful hearts are filled,  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's great mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied ;  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has in their aid  
(Love that nought ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

R. C. TRENCH.