

LIFE'S WHIRLPOOLS.

GLIDING down the stream of life, seemingly safe and secure in my little barque, listening to the songs of the waters,—the same as the melody sung on land, but with different accompaniments.

The grass is quite green close to the banks of the river, but in the distance I see barrenness. Trees o'erhang the waters, sheltering the inhabitants of the river.

Seemingly everything is peaceful and harmonious, but suddenly my little vessel is caught in the meshes of a whirlpool and its sides cry aloud from the strain. I lose my serenity and I become another whirlpool in my anxiety for self. I know nothing until another shock strikes my vessel and drives it free of the whirling waters.

These whirlpools are on land as well as on the waters ; they are in the air—in our every day lives. We are seemingly safe in love and happiness, when suddenly it seems we are lost. Those hours of happiness come at full tide, but alas! the tide must ebb and the tide must flow.

Whirlpools we have had: whirlpools we always will have. When we understand whirlpools we need not fear them.

The laws of nature do not teach us selfishness, but the opposite. We see in all nature the universal law of sacrifice (willingly or unwillingly) for progress and development in death.

The thoughts and deeds of men survive, but these only for a time, and they again become the mother as it were of more advanced thoughts and deeds. They do not perish, but on and on we build for eternity.