

Poetry.**WHAT ART THOU DOING WITH
THY LIFE?**

Though words at best, have scarce the
power

To shadow forth a thought;
The strangely solemn question comes,
With deepest import fraught.

It bids the vanished long ago,
The scenes of days gone bye,
Again, in slow and sad review,
To pass before the eye.

The bright and precious morning hours,
For holy labour bent,
And all the golden noontide too,
In idle folly spent.

And while behind the western hills,
Descends the evening sun,
What art thou doing with thy life,
When life is almost done?

What art thou doing with thy life?
And if the head must bow,
With shame and sorrow for the past,
What art thou doing now?

'Tis not enough that thou regret,
And weep for wasted years,
With earnest work not yet begun,
In vain are all thy tears.

The past is gone, the present still
Thy gifts and powers demand,
In service to the Lord and men,
Of willing hearts and hands.

And as the truth is thine to keep,
So time is thine to use,
As He who meets it out requires,
And not as thou mayest choose.

What art thou doing with thy life?
A deathless soul is thine,
Created in a higher sphere
To live a life divine.

The earthy house in which it dwells,
To dust shall be brought low,
The soul unsheltered, houseless then,
Ah! whither shall it go?

If blissful immortality
Bought at such priceless cost
Offered long, rejected long,
Beyond all hope is lost.

It cannot face the depths below,
It may not look above,
Shut out forever from the ark,
Of everlasting love.

What art thou doing with thy life?
Thy course is nearly run,
And if the never fading crown
Can ever yet be won.

The fleeting moments pass away,
It is unsafe to wait,
To grasp the prize a trembling hand
May be outstretched too late!

And tho' alas! the darkened eyes,
The earthward bending gaze,
Must heavenward directed be
When dim with length of days.

Far better this than wandering on,
To meet a coming night;
Whose gloom shall never be dispelled
By beams of morning light!

The Eight Evangelization report of the Free Christian Church in Italy, just issued, is prefaced by a statement from the Rev. J. R. McDougall, Treasurer and foreign Secretary, addressed to the friends of the evangelization of Italy. Mr. McDougall writes:—

Not only has the Florence Town Council continued its annual grant to our schools, but in Rome the Mayor has accepted of our buildings, for the King and Queen, the Ministry, and the royal household to occupy every year, at the illumination of the Castle of St. Angelo.

It is stated that the Rev. James McColl, formerly of Earltown, has been elected minister of the parish of Cum-boden, Argyleshire, Scotland. The income is said to be £250 sterling, with manse and glebe.