

**Selections.**

**Bulwer's Last Poem.**

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer  
shower,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hanging moss they bear;  
The forest trees drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves we  
fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass  
away—  
They only wait through wintry hours  
For coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent  
tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then—we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest  
flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous notes  
Made glad these scenes of sin and  
strife,  
Sings now an everlasting song  
Amidst the trees of life.

And when he finds a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,  
He bears it to that world of light  
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead.

**A Meditation.**

A good brother and I were standing  
in my garden by a rose tree all full of  
sweet roses. They were filling the air  
with their perfume, and were making  
it evident that a Divine hand had  
made them, and was blessing them,  
and through them other creatures of  
His hand. As we were admiring the  
beautiful flowers so lavishly spread  
out before us there came a bee and  
alighted on a beautiful rose. The bee  
was not there evidently to admire its  
beauties but as one of the world's  
toilers. It may be that it had some  
sense of the beautiful touch of the  
Divine hand. We know not whether  
bees share with human beings in this  
pleasure. One thing we know. God  
has made the world very beautiful.  
Whether we look at the deep blue sky  
with its brilliant ornaments, or at the  
outspread flower-carpeted earth with  
all its power to excite pleasurable  
emotions, we are made to feel that  
God made all things and pronounced  
them very good. So they are good  
and our hearts constantly rejoice in  
the goodness of God. But to return  
to the bee and the flower.

In the first place our meditation  
has the thought that the bee is a  
worker, and it is out on a mission  
which calls for the use of all its  
powers in a special work. My medi-  
tation likens the Christian to the bee.  
The Christian is a worker. Every  
Christian is a worker. "Work out  
your own salvation with fear and  
trembling." "And purify unto Him-  
self a peculiar people, zealous of good  
works." "Workers together with  
God." How blessed a thing it is when  
Christians can realize that God has  
called them to a work in His vineyard.  
Work strengthens, invigorates, blesses.  
Idleness weakens and is a curse to

any soul. What a blessing has come  
to every Christian if there once gets  
hold of him the thought that by virtue  
of his position in the church he is a  
worker.

In the next place my meditation led  
me to the thought that this busy work-  
ing bee was, in no sense, an *opened*  
bee. As it worked away into the  
depths of the flower it did not seem to  
have had its energies paralyzed by  
some real or fancied grievance. It was  
obviously not an offended bee. Some-  
times we have known Christians who  
have been full of good works, and very  
busy all the time in the work of the  
Lord, suddenly fall away from their  
work, and when enquiry is made about  
them the fact is revealed that they  
have been in some way or other  
offended at somebody or at something,  
and then their energy is gone and they  
are doing nothing. In my meditation I  
wondered if bees ever became offended  
and refuse to go out on their mission  
of labor and blessing. My conclusion  
was that in their instinct they never  
did. It required the highest blessing  
of reason to enable proud man to act  
so foolishly and senselessly. Man,  
thou art proud of thy reason, and dost  
with conscious elation, compare it with  
instinct, and yet thou dost sometimes  
fall below the workers in the lower  
realms. In my meditation I felt sor-  
row for those poor Christian souls who  
once had been workers, and had fallen  
from their high estate. May the Lord  
have mercy on them and rouse them  
from their lethargy.

Thirdly, my meditation led me to  
the thought that the bee was using all  
its powers to gather sweetness, was  
seeking and finding sweetness where-  
ver it went. My thought was this,  
what ever we seek for we usually find.  
The bee found what it sought for. It  
may occur to some that all Christians  
do not seek for sweetness. It is very  
true that some seek for sourness, and  
find it to. These contrary people, these  
awkward people to work with, these stiff,  
unyielding people who have never yet  
learned how to be subject "one to an-  
other"; those imagining that it is their  
business in the world to look for things  
sour. It is astonishing how full of  
sour things they think the world is.  
The whole world is seen by them in  
the mirror of their own natures, and  
hence it is all wrong, and they are  
lumpy in being sour. Brethren, be-  
ware of sour things and look for sweet  
things. Put away ill temper, hasty  
tempers, sour tempers, and be gentle,  
and let light and sweetness fill your  
souls.

Fourthly, in my observation it was  
clear that this bee as it lit upon the  
flower did not stop to see what the  
other bees on adjacent flowers were  
doing, before it began its work. It did  
not seem to stop to ask its neighbour  
how it fared and what was the pros-  
pect for a supply of pollen, but went  
straight to work. It was evident this bee  
had a mission, and it did not concern  
itself to know what others were doing.  
It had its work to do, and it must be  
about its business. It seemed to take  
no notice whatever what the rest were  
doing but went straight to its own  
work. In my meditation it seemed to  
me how grandly some might succeed  
in church work if they would go at it  
and do it instead of observing whether  
others did their work or not. How  
many there are who think they could  
instruct an evangelist, or older, or  
deacon, or Sunday school teacher in  
their work, and yet never do anything  
themselves. This bee teaches us all a  
lesson. We should each one mind his  
own business, and take special care  
that we do mind it. And now my  
meditation must close. Brethren, let  
us be diligent, let us be earnest, let us  
be fervent in the service of the Lord.  
—T. J. Gore, in Christian Pioneer

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