

ould learn.
rovidences
crush our
true disci-
and serv-
with us,
what lines
whether he
When he
er stand-
our plans,
l through
s because
world's

XXVI.

COMING TO THE END.

"Life, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning:
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-night!' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning!'"

Mrs. BARBAULD.

WE are always coming to the end of something;
nothing earthly is long-lived. Many things
last but for a day; many, for only a moment.
You look at the sunset-clouds, and there is a glory
in them which thrills your soul; you turn to call a
friend to behold the splendor with you, and it has
vanished, and a new splendor—as wondrous, though
altogether different—is in its place. You cross a
field on an early summer morning, and every leaf
and every blade of grass is covered with dewdrops,
which sparkle like millions of diamonds as the
first sunbeams fall on them; but a few moments