

“ How swift, alas ! the moments fly !  
 How rush the years along !  
 Scarce here, yet gone already by—  
 The burden of a song.”

But I thought, too, of the “ pure river of water of life,” of which if a man drink he shall never die, and my heart sang :

“ Shall we gather at the river  
 Where bright angels’ feet have trod ;  
 With its crystal tide for ever  
 Flowing by the throne of God ?”

And the remark of Dr. Warren, of Boston, at Woodstock, at the time of the designation of Rev. Jno. McLaurin for the Teloogoos, came to mind. After the singing of that beautiful song by that vast assembly, his deep-toned voice broke the silence that followed, “ worth more than millions of gold.”

I looked down upon the town: the lights, one after another, were being put out; the old mill, too, near by, was still for the night; and I thought of the day when “ those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,” \* \* \* when “ man goeth to his long home.”

But yonder is one light still burning; there is the room of the sick. Oh, how hard comes the breath! for death has been seeming near. How pained is the fevered brow! But the mind breaks free from these scenes below, and goes away beyond yon dome, to that “ Home of the Soul” where there shall be no fading leaves, but where “ the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.” Where there shall be no murmuring stream of time, but “ a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.” Where there shall be no putting out of lights in the windows, no shutting of doors in the street, no ceasing of labour for the night, for “ there shall be no night