

THOUGHTS ON TIME.



H Time! how awful is thy flight,—
 But, ah, more awful still,
 That I, with wings as swift as thee,
 Must earth's decaying portals flee,—
 As heavy, dull, and chill,
 Ye draw the deeper shades of night.

"Time—like an ever rolling stream"—
 Bears my trembling bark along ;
 From the shores of earth receding ;
 Nearer, and nearer still approaching
 The endless joys, or grief and woe,
 Of that eternal world unseen.

Time rears its lasting monument
 To shame, or glory true :
 Its changes have in me been wrought,—
 In heart, in mind, in deed, in thought !
 With sterner brow the things I view
 Which did of yore my heart content.

My soul, awake ! no laurel crown—
 Which thy immortal brow
 Would deign to wear—this earth can twine !
 Leap, like a lion, from thy shrine ;
 The glitt'ring mirage now
 Forsake, and dare to meet its frown.

Ere my mortal frame pass to decay,
 And dust to dust dissolve,
 My mission, Lord, I would fulfil,
 Perform Thy good and righteous Will :
 While shining worlds revolve,
 Dare I be dark, or go astray !

Ah, Thou who in yon distant space
 Those worlds like dew-drops strewed,
 O by Thy wisdom mark my place,
 Help me my Saviour's steps to trace,
 And, by Thy Spirit, show
 Me the work Thou would'st have me do.

A bubble may I never be
 Upon the stream of Time ;
 No weak existent of an hour ;
 No useless herb ; but a bright flower—
 Planted by the Hand divine,—
 Which wafts some fragrance back to Thee.—J. MANN.