

“My God, I am thine ; what a comfort divine !  
What a blessing to know that Jesus is mine !”

Slowly sinking behind the hill in the west, was one star brighter than the rest, and I thought of the “Star that never sets,” the Star

“—————First in night’s diadem,  
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The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.”

The trees on the hillside were still, and in mind I saw the withering leaf of last autumn. It fluttered awhile in the November winds, then was nipped from the stalk by the winter’s frost, and was borne slowly down—down, until it nestled among those that had fallen before it ; and I thought “We all do fade as a leaf.” I saw

“Childhood, youth, and manhood pass,  
And age, with furrowed brow.”

There was the bud of childhood, the green leaf of manhood, and the withering, trembling leaf of old age, fluttering for a while in the autumn winds, then nipped by the frost of death, and borne slowly down—down, and rested in the valley beside those laid there before. “We all do fade as a leaf.”

The murmuring stream was near. It was rippling, gurgling, gurgling along, ever along. I wondered how long it had thus murmured on ; how many drops had flowed by, and where would these be by to-morrow night ; and how long it would take them to reach the great ocean. Then I thought of the great stream of Time. How long has it been flowing ? How many drops of existences have rippled, gurgled by ? How long will it take those that are now flowing by, among which I am one, to murmur on to the great ocean of Eternity ? Truly, “time is short.”