

OUR LITTLE LIFE

One small life in God's great plan;
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may or strive what it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb;
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of the true intent
Mars the perfect plan that the Master meant.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Is it not high time we now prepare for long eternity?

Life is ebbing fast. Time shall soon be no more.

We do well to lay to heart these words....

Thus the stream of time rolls on, and we are constantly borne forward
by it to the ocean of eternity.

May my preparation for it bear some proportion to the swiftness of the
stream and the capacity of the ocean.

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"I never hear the striking of a clock,
Without a warning and an admonition,
That time is on the wing, and we must quicken
Our tardy pace in journeying Kingdomward,
As Israel did in journeying Canaanward."

FOR EMPHASIS

What do I think of the President of the United States? I do not think
of the President...It is the business of the President to think of me.
That is what he is paid for...

In the light of current events among Nations..."Behold with what folly
and how little wisdom the world is governed."

Human Government always decays...As rust is the canker of iron, and
worms destroy wood, and as these substances, even though they may
escape a violent end, at last fall a prey to the decay, as it were,
natural to them: in the same manner likewise, in every kind of govern-
ment there is a particular vice inherent in it which is attached to
its very nature, and which brings it to a close; thus royalty degen-
erates into tyranny, aristocracy into oligarchy, and democracy into
savage violence and anarchy...