TIME.

BY THE EDITOR.

A WISE philosopher with gloomy look
Sat in his easy chair before his desk;
And, thinking of old King Solomon,
Said, "All is vanity beneath the sun."

Then he took pen in hand, and thus he wrote:
"'Tis Time which maketh all things vain:
The past is gone as if 't had never been;
The future, ever distant, never comes
But as the present; and the present, lo—
The moribund, the ever-dying present—
It disappears into the dread, dead past,
Never to rise again from out its tomb.
What difference then between the rotten bones
Of noble lion and of cursed cur,
Of king or hero, and a wretched beggar!
What difference then how life be spent! 'Tis Time
Which stamps its woeful seal of vanity
On all existence. Now'we live and flourish;
We glory in our strength, yet are we doomed;
Alas! The morrow finds our place no more.
Oh, tyrant Time! Oh, King of Vanity!
Thy breath 'tis makes the sweetest roses fade;
Thy breath acts like a bane; it proves the curse
That blights life's health and glory, and brings death."

There loomed a figure from the living present
Awful in majesty yet wondrous mild.
'T was Time himself in his unfading glory,
The ever young and yet the ever old,
Eternal Time, archangel of creation,
And smiling he looked down upon the sage.
Quoth he:

"Poor mortal, blinded by thy wisdom
Thou dost not know what Time Eternal means.
I harbor in my bosom all that was,
That is and ever will be: All the past
Is here, here in the ever-living present.
And all the future lies within my grasp.
I shape it; it will be my handiwork!
Whate'er I touch is actual, it partaketh
Of the eternal, of my own true being.
The thoughts of God I render real, change
Things possible to facts."

Aloft rose Time,
And with divine compassion he looked down
Upon the ignorant of human kind,
Upon the frivolous, the multitudes
That do not think, and as a still small voice
In deepest depths of their subconscious conscience,
He made appeal to them: "Ye thoughtless, hear!
Hear, ye deluded mortals, and give heed!
And what I tell you is the truth of God,
'T is th' eternal truth that never changes:

"'T is not indifferent whate'er ye do,
Evil or good. Whate'er ye do is done
For better or for worse. No power on earth,
No god in heaven can make a deed undone.
Whate'er ye do, forsooth, becomes established,
And thence 't will be immutable for aye.
Imbedded in the universal structure,
'T will be a building block of your own make
As an enduring part of cosmic life.
And mind the truth, 'Ye are your own creators.'
Whate'er ye do, ye are yourselves; and ye
Are called upon to make the best of life,
To change, each in his sphere, the world for better.
Yea, ye can do it! Therefore heed my word:
Whate'er ye do is not indifferent.
In all your doings ye do shape yourselves
As ye shall be for all eternity,
And thus ye shape eternity itself.
With God Almighty, as His own true children
And His co-workers, ye participate
In moulding this great Universe of His.”

Time paused awhile and let his searching eye
Glance o’er the motley crowd of human kind
Which throngs the world’s kaleidoscopic show.
How all these puny creatures hate and love,
How wildly do they struggle; and they scramble
For worthless goods but leave the pearls of life
Unheeded by the wayside! Father Time,
Their guardian, endureth patiently
Their many follies, wickedness, and crimes.
He stands unmoved by errors and by failures,
And smiles at their uncounted vanities.
Divine forbearance hushes in his mind
The bitterness and the contempt he feels,
And now his speech rings with benevolence:
“Surely, I cherish all whoe’er they be
As types of the attempts at actualizing
The aspirations that ensoul their hearts.
I treasure every one of them, be they
Marked characters of greatness that would boldly
Not shrink from aught and dare to be themselves,
Or be they weaklings, commonplace and humble.
They all are welcome, I preserve them all,
Yea, even for the wretch I have a place
And hold him safe in my impartial hand.
But most I treasure those rare noble souls
Who their own selves will freely sacrifice
To live for greater aims, for higher purpose.
I watch all creatures in their origin,
I see their growth, becoming, and decay;
I hold them all and I preserve their types.
All stay with me, all help me to work out
The future which they long for.”

Thus Time spake

And pointing to the future, he addressed
The living generation of the present.
In fatherly and mellow voice, he said:
“A special message have I for each child
That enters life, a message which the youth
Should mind when he begins to be himself
And shape his destiny with clearer vision.

"O listen, youth, consider life's great boon!
I offer thee a chance to be thyself,
And to immortalize thy better being.
Rise to this glorious opportunity
And act as thou wouldst fain have acted, when
After thy death thou couldst revise thy doings.
Abstain from deeds thou surely wouldst regret
When thy allotted time of life be spent—
From deeds which then thou wouldst have left undone.
Yet do accomplish with thy utmost vigor
What then in having done thou wouldst take pride.
Dare be thyself, yet shun all selfishness,
Shun wrong, shun hatred, vanity and greed.
Give to thine inmost being real life;
Work out the aim that lurketh in thy soul.
Nor fear the joys of life nor shrink from pain.
Be as thou wouldst endure eternalized,
For life is not indifferent nor vain,
And as thou actest so shalt thou remain.