



- 2. Her life is but an endless striving, a never fought-out battle-field, a fruitless toil, a vain contriving, a sorrow which remains unhealed, a sleep which gives no rest, a breath, an every day repeated death.
- 3. Sometimes we spend the hours in trying their weary dullness to beguile, now we complain that they are flying, and cry, "Sweet hours, O stay awhile;" sometimes we wish to flee away, sometimes on earth would ever stay.
- 4. Now draughts of flattery we are drinking from poisoned cups, and now we try to drown remorse, and silence thinking by noisy mirth and revelry; now scoff at God, and now give vent to murmuring and discontent.
- 5. Meantime both head and heart are hollow in midst of riot and excess, and on enjoyment quickly follow satiety and weariness; we feast, and yet have not our fill, we sleep, and yet are weary still.

- 6. We make provision every minute for the poor tenement of clay, and leave the soul who dwells within it to pine and languish day by day; the pampered body takes its ease, she sits at home and languishes.
- 7. While thus, uncared for and neglected, averse from God she pines away, death comes upon us unexpected, and pulling down our house of clay, turns out the soul from time, to be a tenant of eternity.
- 8. Make me, O God, not earthly-minded, but thine in Jesus Christ to be, that by the world no longer blinded, I may devote my heart to thee, and in not of the world be found, a shining light to all around.

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