

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

ON

Mother, Home, and Heaven.

FROM

POETIC AND PROSE LITERATURE
OF ALL AGES AND ALL LANDS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D. D.

*"If from our side the first has fled,
And Home be but a name,
Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
That we the last may gain!"*

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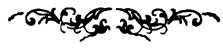
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LIFE'S BOUNDARY LINE.

Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
Its knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended,
And thus 'twill run within the heart
Till that strange tie is ended.—*Anonymous.*

LIFE'S BOUNDARY LINE.

(THE DOOMED MAN.)

J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D.



HERE is a time, we know not when,
A place, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

LIFE'S BOUNDARY LINE.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay ;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark—
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And still the doomed man's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed—
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel, that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed ;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed but damned !

O ! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed ;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost ?

How far may men go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair ?

BREVITY OF LIFE.

An answer from the skies is sent,—
“Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart!”

BREVITY OF LIFE.

HENRY KING.



LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot!

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF LIFE.

ALEXANDER REED, D.D.

THIS world is a solemn fact; we are in it; let us try to understand it, let us grapple with its mysteries, let us think much of its responsibilities, let us ponder the thoughts of the inquiring minds of past ages, let us prize all the light we have from man—from God, so that we may be guided aright amid its perils and changing experiences.