

Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and**F.B. Meyer:**

**Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and
there is no abiding. 1 Chron, xxix. 15. (R.V.).**

ALL life has been compared to the shadow of a smoke‑wreath; a gesture in the invisible air; a hier‑oglyph traced for an instant on the sand, and effaced a moment after by a breath of wind; an air‑bubble vanishing on the river. Pilgrims and sojourners, as were all our fathers ‑‑ such is the universal confession. But even such may do a work that will last for ages. David and the men of his time, though transitory their stay on our planet, left behind them a standing evidence that they had been here.

Our life is nothing, but it may be divine: our days are as a breath, but they may affect unborn generations: the tent of the body is laid aside, but the soul, which had dwelt in it, is immortal in its touch: it leaves traces of its own immortality behind in its works, and it lives in them. In one sense, the answer to the ancient prayer is certain: "Establish Thou the works of our hands upon us." But we may well ask, that they may be such that we shall have no need to be ashamed of.

But, for this, God must live mightily within us. Abide in Me, said our Lord. . . . I have appointed you that ye may bring forth fruit, and that your fruit may abide. It is impossible to be in true union with Christ without feeling the pulse of his glorious life; and where it enters like a tidal river, it can have but one result ‑‑ it must manifest itself in fruit. It is only in proportion as our works are done in God, and God permeates our works, that they become sources of enduring blessing to coming time. Pilgrims though we be, yet, if our lives are spent before Him, we may build temples which will outlast the wreck of matter.