## ECCLESIASTES, OR, THE PREACHER

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Ecclesiastes, Or, The Preacher by Anonymous

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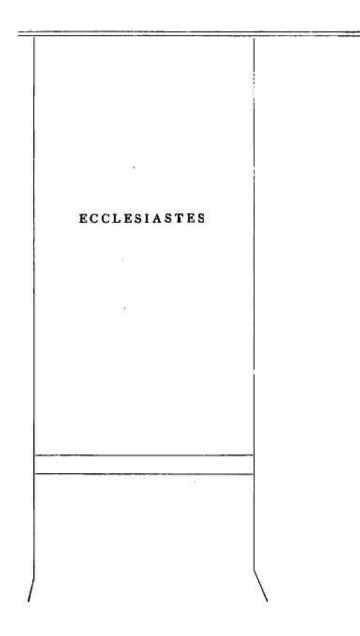
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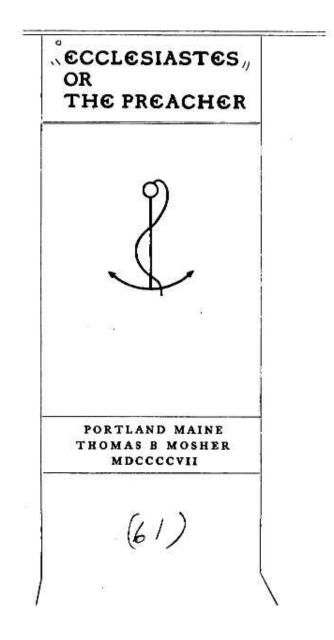
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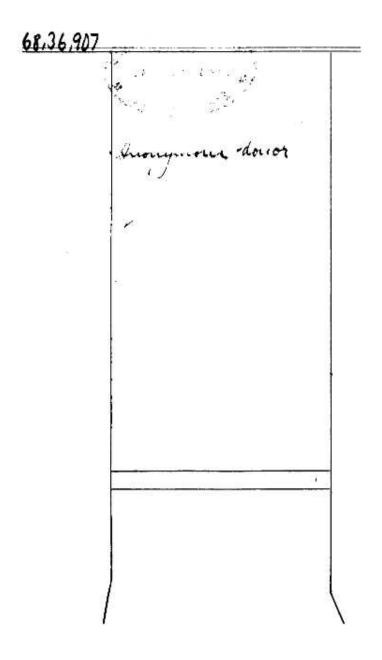
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Trieste



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#### A TESTIMONY

SAID of laughter : it is vain. Of mirth I said : what profits it ? Therefore I found a book, and writ Therein how ease and also pain, How health and sickness, every one Is vanity beneath the sun.

Man walks in a vain shadow ; he Disquieteth himself in vain. The things that were shall be again, The rivers do not fill the sea, But turn back to their secret source ; The winds too turn upon their course.

Our treasures moth and rust corrupt, Or thieves break through and steal, or they Make themselves wings and fly away. One man made merry as he supped, Nor guessed how when that night grew dim His soul would be required of him.

. . .

### A TESTIMONY

We build our houses on the sand Comely withoutside and within, But when the winds and rains begin To beat on them, they cannot stand : They perish, quickly overthrown, Loose from the very basement stone.

All things are vanity, I said : Yea vanity of vanities.

The rich man dies ; and the poor dies : The worm feeds sweetly on the dead. Whate'er thou lackest, keep this trust : All in the end shall have but dust :

The one inheritance, which best And worst alike shall find and share :

The wicked cease from troubling there. And there the weary be at rest; There all the wisdom of the wise Is vanity of vanities.

Man flourishes as a green leaf, And as a leaf doth pass away; Or as a shade that cannot stay

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