

Charles Dickens said that "the first external revelation of dry rot in man is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after." To-day demands the christian's best endeavours. Those who are born from above will work while it is called to-day, knowing that the night cometh when no man can work. The dial of man's earthly pilgrimage points ever on, and plainly cautions by the funeral knell, that time was, is, and will soon be gone forever. From the starting point of the first moment, from the dawn of our existence the shadows play. The hands of time all along the circle indicate to many unexpectedly that although time moves on, the time and place of departure is come; ready or unready they must leave the scenes of earth's activities, because the time of opportunity is past and gone forever. The sowing of the past, affects the eternal harvest of the future. In speaking of the loss of time, Jackson said, "In the dissipation of worldly treasure, the frugality of the future may balance the extravagance of the past; but who can say, 'I will take minutes from to-morrow to compensate for those I have lost to-day?'" The want of the sluggard is but the legitimate outcome of carelessness and waste in the seed-time of life. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. "For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. vi. 8.

Bishop Mant remarks, "That which is good cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all."

The winter of want is sure to follow those who do nothing. Idleness is sinful. Time is more than golden. To-day influences our future. The meaning of a wasted life in all its awfulness, will never be realized untill the doleful words of the Prophet Jeremiah ring out with an eternal echo, "The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and I am not saved." Lost! Lost!! Lost forever!!! Even men of the world caution do-nothings.

"Improve your opportunities," said Bonaparte to a school of young men; "every hour lost now, is a chance of future misfortune."

Poussin, the great painter laid it down as a rule of conduct, "that whatever was worth doing, was worth doing well;" and when asked by what means he had gained so high a reputation as a painter, he emphatically answered, "Because I have neglected nothing."

"Remember," said Lord Collingwood to a young man for whom he had a great esteem, "before you are twenty-five years of age you must establish a character that will serve you for life."

It is a Russian writer who has said, "Habits are a necklace of pearls; untie the knot and the whole unthreads."

"We can do more good by being good than any other way," said Rowland Hill.

Sir Walter Scott wrote to his son Charles, when at school. "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labour is the condition which God has imposed upon us in every station of life, there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread

which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man has to get rid of his *ennui*."

Emerson has placed the following on record, "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly till he knows that every day is Doomsday."

On the subject of being well employed, Sydney Smith has written, "Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."

We might multiply hints and suggestions from our own and other brains, showing that do-nothings run a fearful risk of present and eternal loss.

Perhaps you say, bosh! I do not believe as you do. My persuasion is that there is no God. Well dear friend, we counsel thee not to waste time present. Remember experience is a dear school. We can only advise, it is your responsibility to act. Wilful waste makes woful want. We honestly believe the trumpet shall sound loud enough, at the end of time, to awaken even do-nothings to an awful sense of the folly of the past; when they professed to live and yet were dead. For in the Judgment we must all give an account, and eat and receive the fruit of our doings.

Now is the day of salvation, the time of opportunity.

Temperance Notes.

London has a horror unequalled by any city of the world in the number of its drinkers, and especially its drinking women. In one of the parishes (St. Pancreas), in the two hours from ten to twelve of one night, twelve hundred and fifty women, by count, entered twelve public-houses. Into two hundred public-houses there entered, between nine and twelve o'clock, 48,805 men, 30,784 women and 7019 children. No wonder that thinking English people are becoming alarmed. It is time they were, and that their alarm led to action.

Some say, men will drink, you cannot prohibit; if you do not license regular places men will have it. But we really think it does make a difference; curtail the drinking places and it will lessen drunkenness, prohibit the manufacture, sale, and importation, and you will find that men can be, must, and will be sober.

The following is a little rich:—"Conversing recently with a commercial traveller, the talk turned upon prohibition. Mentioning the fact that the amendment had carried in Rhode Island he remarked that "prohibition is getting to be a big thing."

"I thought so," said he, "when I was in Maine and thirsty for a glass of ale."

"Did you have hard work to find some?" we inquired.

"I should say so," said he, "I had to go up stairs into a common bed room. On the stand was a large Bible open as if the room was used for a very different purpose. They took a bottle out of the commode." He proceeded to describe the scene more fully and to tell how difficult it was to find such a place.

"They poured out a glass full, about like a wine glass, and it cost me," said he, "fifteen cents!" He added. "That was when I found prohibition amounted to something."