

**ENERGY.**—The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then, “Death or victory!” That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Sir Fowell Buxton.*

**LIFE.**—At best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop runs off. God rains His goodness and mercy as widespread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

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## Family Reading.

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### THE GRAVE AND BEYOND IT.

Two kinds of children, and two homes for them, on the other side of death. Yet how close they lie here! goat to sheep—tare to wheat—husk to grain; how close! None but he can part them, no other can be quite sure which is which. Only his eye reads the writing over some nursery beds, and under the group of faces hanging on the wall these dark words, *One shall be taken and another left.* Jesus is on his way to part them. His fan is in his hand. He did not let it go even on the cross. His fan made it be seen which thief was taken and which thief was left. And he will bring that fan to the floor where the wheat and chaff lie mixed, where the child that loves him, and the child that hates him, grow, and work, and play, side by side. And his fan will wave, and its wind will search, so that the vile, light chaff will fly away, and the wheat will fall in one shining heap. And while he parts them, *all* will get a sight of Jesus.

Away into the outer darkness your eye will carry, and keep for evermore, one vivid image fixed, the Son of Mary on the throne of God. On, on, and on, in that home of woe, you will think, “He might have been mine, but I thrust away his hand of love.” That everlasting regret will be your “worm that dieth not,” amid the heat of the fire God’s hand has prepared. “*Their* worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.” The fire is God’s. The worm will be your own.

How you will mourn as you are forced to confess, “I chose it, instead of the pearl of great price, to lie in my bosom for ever. The choice between the two lasted while life lasted: my will carried it for this worm that never dies. All my days they lay before me to choose, either

#### THE PRICELESS PEARL, OR THE UNDYING WORM,

And I chose this worm that never dies. More than once my hand was stretching out to lift the pearl, but Satan slid in always such sweet sin between my lips, that my hand let go. And, at the last, the pearl shone whiter than ever before my dying eye, but my heart only froze to feel the choice was past.”

And you, CHILD OF THE KINGDOM, will then be in your Father’s house—that vast and happy home where myriads crowd the city. John speaks as if it were fifteen hundred miles long and wide, and high, up to the summits filled with worshippers, and in the midst our Lamb as it had been slain. You will know all about its true size and glory then, and take the golden reed from the angel’s hand to count the measure of the jasper wall. No man can number the saved who dwell there. It does not add much to any great sight in this world when we get past a certain number of thousands in the crowd. When the crowd meets on a plain the eye takes little of it in. If you sat on the green floor of the