

and that, therefore, it becomes us to pray, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

On the subject of the improvement of time, a Christian poet of the present day, says with equal truth and beauty :

He liveth long who liveth well !  
All other life is short and vain.  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well !  
All else is being flung away ;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being ; back to Him  
Who freely gave it, freely give ;  
Else is that being but a dream :  
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well ;  
Who wisely speaks, must *live* it too ;  
He is the wisest who can tell  
How first he lived, then spoke, the true.

Be what thou seemest ! live thy creed !  
Hold up to earth the torch divine :  
Be what thou prayest to be made ;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;  
Buy up the moments as they go ;  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap ;  
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;  
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light.

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#### COLLECTION FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS—THIRD SABBATH IN JANUARY.

It is but a day of small things as yet with our Foreign Mission Work. Where-  
unto we have already attained, however, we *must not* despise.

The greatest Religious Society in Fatherland sprang from the tears of a  
Welsh girl. The most extensive and honoured missionary organization on this  
continent found its germ in the breast of a boy, who chanced to hear his mother  
say, that she had devoted him to God as a missionary. If, as a Church, "we