

## TO THE IDEAL.

By E. NESBIT.



O you, dear lady of my every thought,  
My dreams, like white-winged homing pigeons fly,  
And, 'mid the pleasure by your presence wrought,  
They build their nest in glad security.

Nor dare I grieve because not yet I come  
Myself to that sweet garden where the hours  
Bring ever to your path new sheaves of flowers—  
Not yet may make that heart of yours my home.

For though I may not look upon your face,  
Nor in your garden gather bud or leaf,  
My dreams live in a happy holy place,  
And from their haven sanctify my grief.

How could I make the toilsome pilgrimage  
With fluttering dreams imprisoned in my breast?  
But they have won a goodly heritage,  
And the long road will lead me to their nest!



## IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

## PART IX.

ON GLORIFYING GOD IN DAILY LIFE.

"Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. x. 31).

WHEN we met a month ago, I think I told you that the mind of one of my dear girl correspondents was much exercised by the text I have just quoted. She was anxious that one of our talks should be on this subject, that we might help each other to understand it. Probably you remember her words—"It seems by that verse we must not do anything unless we glorify God by it."

The question had suggested itself, "How can I possibly do this at a place of amusement, or at a dance, for instance?"

We are all apt to attach too much importance to what we consider the great things of life, and we often value too lightly the constant opportunities afforded us by our simplest daily duties. It is these lesser matters, pertaining to every-day life, which enable us to show Whose we are and Whom we serve.

Those who have just begun to love Christ and love to prove their love by service, almost always look around for some great thing that they may do, or some sacrifice that they may make. They cannot at once realise that it needs as constant prayer, effort and self-denial, to live the Christ-life, bit by bit, in the sanctuary of home and the narrow circle of daily life, as it does to give largely to labour in the mission field, or to work amongst squalor and poverty in the slums.

At home, the daughters of a family generally perform their duties in comparative privacy. There are few to see, and, at best, few to praise. What is done with much painstaking and an honest desire to please, is often taken as a matter of course, though any omission of duty, or work carelessly done, is, naturally and properly, noticed, and the

defaulter called to account. Sometimes we older people are not so ready to note what calls for words of praise and encouragement, as we are to find fault. I have often felt that in dealing with the young it has been good for me to sit quietly down and try to recall my own girlish days, with the many faults pertaining to them, in order that I might deal more kindly and justly with those of others. But this is going aside from our special subject—how "to do all to the glory of God."

Now, my dear girls, I want you to commit three sentences to memory. They contain very few words, so they will be the more easily borne in mind.

The Soldiers of Christ are always on duty.

The Servants of Christ work, always, in the presence of their Master.

The Children of God are never out of their Father's sight.

If these great truths are impressed on our memories we shall feel the importance of every word and work of ours, as tending either to the glory of God and our own progress in all that is best, or the opposite.

We shall realise that it is not by waiting for the chance of doing some great service, for giving a great wrong, or making one great sacrifice, but by availing ourselves of the little ever-present opportunities of daily life that we do all to the glory of God.

The spirit in which we do a thing is as important as the act itself.

In regard to our daily work, whatever that may be, we shall throw our hearts into it, doing with our might whatever our hand findeth to do. We shall not shirk a plain duty because it happens to be an unpleasant one, neither shall we do what we know to be the right thing in a wrong way.

I am sure you will all understand how easy it is to do this if we have not in us "the mind that was in Christ." We may obey a command, because we dare not do otherwise. We

may outwardly conform and inwardly rebel. We may do just as much as self-interest impels us to do, but not the best of which we are capable.

We may render forced service with a look and manner which make the receiving of it a burden to the one who is dependent on our help.

We may use hard, harsh words to those younger than ourselves, with the result that the sensitive little ones are sorely wounded, and the sturdy offenders rendered obstinate or defiant.

Moved by the spirit of our Master, self will be forgotten. Service will be gladly and cheerfully rendered, and loving words of sympathy will go with it.

We shall look upon all work as for God, and realising that all good things come to us from Him, we shall give our very best in return, even under the most trying circumstances. The memory of our Master's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me," will come into our minds and cheer us on, though the work may be trying, or the daily path strewn with difficulties.

So in the spirit of your Master, you, my dear girl-friends, will act towards those younger children of the household or the schoolroom over whom you are set in authority by years or position. In dealing with little rebels you will call to mind how Christ's tender words, "Come unto Me," fell upon your ears, when you were miserable under a sense of wrong-doing. You will not be able to use the harsh, scolding words and threats, or the sharp blow which often comes first of all. The memory of God's great love to you, His oft-times disobedient child, will render such means of conquering little rebels quite impossible in your eyes.

It is wonderful what a loving touch will do! Reproof may be absolutely necessary, but if a kind arm is passed round the offender and