

AN OBJECT.

This is what we all need placed before us as we enter the great drama of life. How can we do justice to our part of the play unless we have some object in view? something to urge us when fortune frowns, and trials and disappointments obscure the rays of hope? We need to know that the sun is behind the clouds, else dreary would be our condition. "Anticipation is more than realization;" but were there no reality where would be the possibility of an ideal? There must be a little of the real in order that the ideal should be created. It is so much trouble to live, and so much more to die, that one is in duty bound to make something out of his life. A man accomplishes a great deal during the little while he struts upon the stage, and is capable of making the world either better or worse. And often he spends time and talents on worthless objects, which, if concentrated on any subject worthy the attention of a true man, might roll away the stone from the sepulchre of some glorious truth.

Yes, lives as well as fortunes have been squandered, spent for naught; and utterly failing in the accomplishment of one noble act, have sunk into sin and death. And yet in youth there is almost always an object placed before us, either by ourselves or our friends. We intend that something shall be finished before the day ends and the shadows of night deepen around us. But it is too soon lost from sight in the glare and dazzle of the world's temptations. Things which appear for the moment to be of more importance distract our minds, and with perhaps hardly a sigh at parting, we let the secret desire of years slip from our grasp, and vanish from our once eager, now careless glance, forever! no, not forever. It may return; but the eye is dim with unshed tears, the heart is sick with fruitless attempts for happiness in other directions; and we see and know that it is impossible for us to regain slighted opportunities. Hope refuses to bloom when the buds have once been blighted.

The man who feels thus, had never fancied such a thing as this, when, in the spring-time, he looked forward to the future, which appeared so bright and beautiful as it lay spread out before him. But such has been the result of his unsuccessful struggles. He gave up the battle when victory was almost certain. Had he fought bravely on in one place for a little while longer, the enemy would have been vanquished; but he forgot the

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