

youth will most probably be found steeped in worldliness when the head is hoary. But is this maxim earnestly applied to the good, to the holy, and the true? Then it means, I have not a minute to spare in folly, nor in fighting against God, nor in what would endanger my own soul or the souls of others. "Spare moments are the gold-dust of existence." Time is eternity in the bud, and if I waste the one, I destroy myself in the other. Every parent whom God makes wise will mould his home upon maxims like these. Remembering John Wesley's words,—“Always in haste but never in a hurry,” he will try to add to the years of his children by training them to husband each hour as it passes. *Take care of your minutes* is but another form of the same maxim. Half the years of some men run to waste, because that maxim is neglected. The most popular and voluminous commentator on the Scriptures in our day, wrote all his commentaries before the usual hour of breakfast. Edward Gibbon composed his ponderous pages between seven in the morning and the same hour at night, and arrangements so orderly tend to double life.

And mark in how many ways this maxim may be applied. Have you some poor dependent to aid? then make haste, you have not a minute to spare.

Have you to explain some error or some hasty expression by which you have given pain? Then the sooner the better both for yourself and others, you have not a minute to spare.

Would you make some widow's heart glad, or impart happiness to some orphan? Then do not delay. If you spare a minute it is at the cost of a sufferer's sorrow.

If you are still without God and without hope, should you not make haste? Have you a minute to spare?

If your friend, or brother, or child be still ignorant of God's truth, should you not spare many a minute from minor objects to cry to God on his behalf? And so of a thousand other things. The maxim is a catholic one, applicable to every case and at all times.

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THE POET'S HOPE.—A TALE OF MAN'S AMBITION.

The time is the summer of 1848; the scene a rustic cottage midway between Manchester and Stockport; and the chief actor is a poet and a man of genius. It is a humble place, in which for many a year James Effingham and his fair wife have found a quiet home, and where three little ones have one by one been born into the world that they might die; but never has dwelling on earth been better prized than this; for here, in the fond heart of one true woman,—love, truth, and hope, abide in all their beauty.

But there is yet another reason why James Effingham should love that spot; for there, in his heart's pride, he has thought much and long; and there, in his heart's joy, he has written down his thoughts. It is a book, a glorious priceless book, a book among ten thousand, that has been born beneath that cottage roof, under the shadow of those drooping trees!—and hope of fame, of power, of perfect happiness, has sprung up at its birth to blight its being. No longer does he look for rest and joy in the pure sinlessness of heaven above; no longer does he pray for God's direction in that mysterious future of which he knows so little; no longer does he doubt earth's power to satisfy the cravings of his heart; he will have *fame*, and that shall bring him calm.

“Oh strange mistake in one who has read so much and thought so deeply! Oh, folly, worse than blind, in one whose heart has known the influence of nature's glowing light! Oh, madness, dark and terrible, in one whose gifts and graces are not few!”

As Catherine Effingham spoke thus she knelt in prayer. Meanwhile her husband paced the lawn without, and read his precious manuscript, and mused upon its future. He was not handsome; but his brow was broad and high, and from beneath it shot a glance of fire. Catherine, on the contrary, was very beautiful, with mild blue eyes and hair of palest brown, and a white forehead that now rested on her hand and throbbed with painful thought.

That morning, in the excitement of the completion of his poem, which, in reality, was one of no common power, he had revealed to her his cherished purpose, his great ambition, his assurance of success; and she had listened with a beating heart. For Catherine had learned of late this secret, that neither beauty, wealth, nor fame, can satisfy the soul; that there is but one path of happiness,—that path, the union of the heart to its Creator, God, through Christ, the sacrifice of human guilt.