

therefore, my ambitious brother, if you would make the most of your probationary period, let God arrange and divide your time. Take Him into your councils, or rather, better far, get you into His councils. Find the place He has for you on His great chronological chart that has the record of all the days from the beginning to the consummation. Recognize every moment as a jewelled casket shaped to receive some dower of divine bounty. Presume not to fill it for thyself, or the casket may be wasted; but let Him from whom it comes fill it as He will with His own blessing or with thy activity.

...

OUR topic passage closes with a thought of much solemnity. Solomon says "God requireth that which is driven away" (see margin). My exegesis may be all wrong, but suppose these words refer to the opportunities we have lost, which coming to us like God's messengers, we have "driven away" by our neglect, indifference or absolute refusal to accept, how suggestive of unmet responsibility and trust betrayed is the preacher's warning. God will require them: the wasted moments, the trifled hours, the misspent days. It will be a sad work explaining and accounting for them for some of us. "How is it you do not know My Word better?" God asks. "I had so little time to study it," some one of us answers. "But what about those moments you spent abed in the morning, indulging a lazy tendency to lie till the last moment? What about the Sunday hours spent in wheeling or in idle conversation with your friends? What about the weekday noon-hour given to the magazine or the novel? What about the time you found to read the daily papers?" And with shamed head hung low there is no response forthcoming. So with the privilege of prayer, and Christian service; so with the culture of mind and soul; countless frittered moments will have to be accounted for. God gives to every man enough of capital in the priceless coinage of time to make him a multi-millionaire in the kingdom of heaven if it is well invested.

Timely Songs.

"There are lonely," "Take time to be holy," "Work for the night," "Simply trusting," "Ho! reapers of," "My days are gliding," "Hark, 'tis the watchman's," "Till He come," "Boast not thyself."

Tempus Fugit!

"Be buying up the opportunity, because the days are evil."—*Paul*.

"God hath determined the times before appointed."—*Paul*.

"Children of Issachar were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."—*Chronicles*.

"Break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."—*Hosea*.

"Knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—*Paul*.

Improving our Time.

Order is essential to a proper division and improvement of our time. Any one who has never made the trial, is an utter stranger to the calmness and pleasure with which the soul meets her daily duties, however various, or however arduous, if they return periodically at the same hour. There will be a sufficiency of variety to afford relief, and also stimulus.

If you will make time valuable, beware of low and trifling pursuits. Do nothing of which you will ever be ashamed, either here or hereafter. Is it right that one who has your advantages and your responsibilities should be descending to tricks, or even to trifles? What is the verdict of the world against Nero, who, when emperor of Rome, went up and down Greece, challenging the fiddlers to beat him? Eropus, king of Macedonia, spent his time in making lanterns,—a very useful article, but no business for a king. Harcatius, king of Parthia, employed his time in catching moles, and was one of the best mole-catchers in the kingdom; but does it tell to his credit? Was Biantes, of Lydia, a useful man, or worthy ruler, though he was excellent at filing needles? In the tenth century, there was a patriarch in the church, by the name of Theophylact, who had his time employed in rearing horses. He had in his stable above two thousand hunting horses, fed upon the richest dates, grapes, and figs, steeped in wines. To say nothing about the waste of money, does not the voice of mankind execrate such an abuse of time, and talents, and station? And yet, what is the difference between such a waste of life, and that which too many young men make, excepting that, in the former case, the responsibility may be greater? What "diseases of labour" truly!

In this place I may add, that your time will pass neither smoothly nor profitably, unless you seek and receive the blessing of your Maker upon you daily. I am not now speaking as a theologian, but as an observer of men; and I can unhesitatingly assure you, that there is no one, and no ten things that will so much aid you to improve your time as the daily practice of prayer. In the morning, ask the blessing of God upon your work, that He who created the mind, and has His finger upon it every moment, would keep it sound and clear, and instruct it; that He give you a disposition to spend all your time in His fear, and to improve it for Him. In the evening, recall the day, and the hours, and see wherein you have come short of duty, and what you have this day done, or omitted doing, which the conscience, quickened by prayer, tells you should have done. Alas, how many have squandered this precious gift, and then, when they came to lie on the bed of death, have reproached themselves with a keenness of rebuke, which language was too poor to convey! The lofty Queen Elizabeth, on her dying bed, cried out, "Millions of money for one inch of time!" How many such inches had she thrown away! The piercing cry came too late. "Oh," said one as he lay dying, "call back time again: if you can call back time again, then there may be hope for me; but time is gone!"

"Where is that thrift, that avarice of time, (Blest avarice!) which the thought of death inspires? O time! than gold more sacred; more a load Than lead to fools; and fools reputed wise. What moment granted man without account? What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid? Haste, haste! he lies in wait, he's at the door, Insidious death! should his strong arm arrest, No composition sets the prisoner free. Eternity's inexorable chain Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear. On all important time, through every age, Though much and warm the wise have urged, the man

Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour. Who murders time, he crushes in the birth A power ethereal, only not adored."

—*Todd's Manual*.