

restored him. He was dead and *gone*; called in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to render up his final account. Scarcely had he said to his soul, "Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," before the soul was stripped of its possessions, and all that had been provided for it to delight in wrung from its embrace. How was it left? *Destitute!* And soul-destitution, who can adequately describe? It is the *not having*, not having the "one thing needful," which constitutes the sinner's doom in the great hereafter. Oh! what a place has that one word *not*, in the final inventory—"not having on the wedding-garment;" "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me *not*."

Everything here, and eternal beggary! Can we ponder too seriously upon such an issue?

A WHOLE DAY TO DO NOTHING.

(FOR THE YOUNG.)

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please, and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of *wishing* for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate, when the children passed to school, and they all envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry-tree, and picked a lapfull for pies; but when she carried them in her mother said, "That is work, Bessie! Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away."

"No work to-day, you know!" and the little girl went away, rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily, "Mother, you don't *know* how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would *only* let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad."

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labour.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gave us, we can't be happy."

"He has hard work who has nothing to do."

Like the dreamer who is getting great sums of money in his sleep, and who, when he awakes, opens his till or his pocket-book, almost expecting to find it full; so the day-dreamer, the projector awaking up at the close of life, can hardly believe that after his distinct and glorious visions, he is leaving the world no wiser, mankind no richer, and his own home no happier, for all the golden prospects which have flitted through his busy brain. What a blessed world it were, how happy, and how rich, if all the idlers were working, if all the workers were awake, and if all the projectors were practical men!