

room in which we are to prepare to enter into the presence of our King.

It is the thread with which we are to do our work, which shall last for ever.

It is the school in which we are to learn our one great lesson of love, before we go to the home which God has prepared for us.

And yet how we waste our time! We take care of our money, putting it out at interest, and often looking twice before we spend sixpence; yet our time we give to any one who wants it.

Five minutes are spent at the corner of the street gossiping, ten minutes in gazing out of the window at some exciting scene, perhaps a fight, a drunken brawl, or a dispute between two cabmen; and we never realise that we have frittered away something which is far more precious than gold.

Our life is short; a few of us live to three or four-score years, but by far the largest number die long before that. Neither you nor I can tell at what hour the Master will come; then how dare we so waste the time He has lent us? Save the minutes, then.

"A million of money," cried Queen Elizabeth on her dying bed, "for an inch of time!" God forbid that we should any of us feel like that. And if we would not, let us set to work now to save the precious moments.

First beware of lazy habits. It is just as easy, if you are in moderate health, to get up at six as at eight, and here you gain two good hours to start with. Many a poor woman with a large family would be less of a muddler if she would get up herself a little earlier, and train the children to do the same.

It was once said of a well-known man, that he lost two hours in the morning, and spent the rest of the day running after them; and many a man is driven to the public-house by the hopeless scramble and muddle in which his wife must live if she does not know how to manage her time.

Never waste minutes. If you are waiting for any one, always have something at hand which you can do. A gentleman once wrote a long book during the minutes when he was waiting for his wife to put on her bonnet! A text of Scripture could often be learned in this way, and might prove a weapon against Satan many a time.

Teach your little ones the true value of time.

"I can't read myself," said a workman to me once, "for I was sent out into the world very early, and have had to work hard ever since."

"Then how is it you know so much of the Bible by heart," I asked, "besides being acquainted with a great many other books?"

"Why, you see my little Annie got telling me one day that she had read about King Alfred, who divided his time so regularly, and got through such a deal of work. So I thought, that's just the way for me. I muddle my time away now, and seem to be always doing and never done. So I just prayed to God to show me how I'd best manage it. And then it all came upon me suddenly one day that I wasted the whole of my time when my day's work was over. I might knock in a nail or two, or mend a chair now

and then, but as a rule I sat by the fire or loafed about the lanes with a friend."

"But you must have some rest and change," I argued.

"Yes, and I get it. Rest does not always mean idleness, very often it only means a change of work. I've heard the parson say, when he feels tired with getting his sermon ready, he goes and digs for half an hour, and that rests him. So you see, as I work with my hands all day, I get Annie to read to me in the evening, or at the dinner hour. We keep one book which we call our dinner book, and although it is only about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at the outside, you'd hardly believe the number of books we get through."

My friend understood the principle of saving the minutes, you see, and surely he was a happier man for it. "My times are in Thy hand," says the Psalmist; and if we also remember this we shall look upon each hour as a precious gift from God. Then when the thread of life is snapped, and the voice we have listened for says, "Behold, I come quickly," we shall not be terrified, but, trusting in our Saviour's love, shall answer, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

R. M. W.

AFTER DEATH THE JUDGMENT.

AMONGST the thousands of working men who followed a public funeral through the streets of Paris recently, the greatest number wore the sprig of red immortelles which is the badge of a denial of immortality.

It was a terrible spectacle for a Christian mind to contemplate; but the more thoughtful and powerful minds amongst these men witnessed at the very time to their belief in an immortality. The celebrated man whom they were burying had himself lived and died with this conviction; and in the oration pronounced over his grave occurred the remarkable words, "Let us hope that in the better world where he now is, he hears us, and approves us."

If men like Victor Hugo can speak in that strain, it goes surely far to show that the belief in our immortality is an instinct of our nature, which some may try to crush out, but which the most thoughtful will ever recognise and obey.

The disbeliever in our immortality needs a positive assurance that death ends all. But where is that assurance to be gained? There is no voice to tell us that. Reason declines the task, if only it be fairly consulted. Meanwhile, on the other hand, there comes the clear cry from Revelation: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment." What a striking connection we have there between two inevitable things—a universal death and a universal judgment!

The universality of death is the most prominent feature of all human life. That death is no respecter of persons is one of our tritest sayings. Our churchyards and our burying-grounds are the favourite spots for moralising on the emptiness of all distinctions