

The Home Study Quarterly

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Looking Forward

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shriveled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but to-day.
Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began,
To-day has been the friend of man ;

But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

You and to-day ! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,

With God himself to bind the twain !
Go forth, I say, attain ! attain !

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

the spreading abroad of His glorious kingdom.

No Christian, young or old, is excused from his share in the great conflict. The ranks of the whole army of the Lord must be kept filled, and closed up. But the fiercest and oftenest conflicts are the single-handed combats by which each soldier of Christ holds the citadel of his own heart. The great adversary takes us one by one. Each is as alone with him, as was our Master in the wilderness temptation ; and his assaults upon the follower are as fierce and unsparing as they were upon the Leader.

That is our consolation and strength : the Captain was in the thick of it Himself, and knows the way of victory. Nay more, He is in the thick of it with us now, and we have but to hearken to His word of clear command, and follow close upon His footsteps, and strike with the strength which His Spirit inbreathes, to make defeat impossible.

Fighting

Ed. A soldier's one duty is to fight. His manual of instruction is the "Red Book." His routine of drill and exercise, the great field days, the sham battles, even the holiday parade—all lead toward the same end, to make him a fit man to meet his foe. In whatever else he may shine, if he make a poor show on the battlefield, he is no true soldier.

The soldiers who have enlisted under the great Captain of our salvation never lack opportunity of proving their mettle. His service is no mere garrison duty. Every place and every hour has its enemy, and back of every enemy, are all the powers of hell. There are the great battles for truth and right in the world,—for the overthrow of evil, and

The Lesson in the Holidays

By George N. Burnie

It was Willie Thompson's first Sunday with his aunt in the country, where he had gone to spend the holidays. The noon-day meal was just finished ; and the afternoon programme was the next consideration. Sunday School was the order of his day when at home ; but here he knew of none.

"Are you going to my Sunday School to-day," said his aunt ; "it is small, keeps for half an hour, and is not far away?"

"Why, I did not know you had any Sunday School. Where does it meet ? How big is it ?"

The answer made him laugh : "It is the smallest school you ever saw, and if you