

to live each day *as though he were living for eternity*. To think that every temptation overcome, every passion subdued, every pure thought cherished, every kind word uttered, every good action performed, are so many stones in the edifice of a noble character to be inspected in due time by the great Architect, ought certainly to make the Christian both watchful and prayerful. Such a thought is fitted to awaken a feeling of concern for his own spiritual growth. It is also sufficient to kindle a feeling of anxiety for the eternal welfare of others. This is likely to be so when he remembers that the influence which is being daily and hourly exerted upon those with whom he is brought into contact, will meet him in eternity. It is a solemn thought that all the arrows which we now shoot at random will be found some other day, and that all the songs which on earth we breathe into the air will one day be repeated by other voices.

*Terra Nova.*

Our path in life seems very devious at times. It is hedged in on either side, it is true, but it looks straight as a meteor's path towards the goal. To us the walls appear to bind and bar the way, when, in truth, it is we who are swerving from the path and blindly throwing ourselves against the barriers.

When a coveted object is before us we scarcely pause in our pursuit to reflect what our feelings will be when our hands have grasped the

prize. Like idle children in the summer hours, we chase the gaudy butterfly of promised profit, and persuade ourselves of its value while it is still beyond our reach. But when the flutterings of the brilliantly-colored wings have ceased, and we are permitted to examine the worm-like carcase which is all that is now in our possession, we find leisure to ask ourselves if this is sufficient to repay the pains we have taken in securing the object of our endeavors.

How is it about those resolves which were formed at the beginning of the Session? What of that new leaf that was to be turned at the New Year? When is the "next week" coming, in which *hard* study was to commence? It is the quiet, ever-working forces of nature rather than her occasional exhibitions of irresistible energy, that effect most. No flashing lightning ever did the work of an hour's sunshine; no earthquake is felt so far as are the waves. The resolves were well, but to be of any avail they must be followed up by close attention to the little duties of each day, and earnest watching lest the moments be misapplied.

No effort can be so insignificant as to be worthless in the Master's eyes. The stars are reflected from the lake, but they may be from the dew-drop, also. So there is no word or deed in your life or mine but which may be made to reflect the spirit of Christ as truly as the death which wins the martyr's crown.