

TO-DAY.

The trouble with most of us is that we postpone until to-morrow what we should do to-day. To-morrow, like to-day, will be composed of only twenty-four hours; and the supposition is, that to-morrow will bring with it all the duties that can be performed during its existence.

There are scores of things that we do not like to do, but which must be done. They are, therefore, too often handed over until the next day—which often means that they will never be attended to. That is my experience and I suppose it is the general experience of my readers.

There is food for thought in the words, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but, too often, also the thief of happiness and contentment.

If you want to be worried nearly to death get into the habit of continually postponing duties that you ought to perform. They accumulate to such an extent that there seems to be no end to them.

To-morrow is a poor time to which to put off the performance of obligations. Why, to-morrow is not ours. It never was even promised us.

If it had been I would not write what I am writing in this article.

In Jersey City there lived a man who promised to do me a favor the next day. He could have done it the day I was talking with him, but he postponed it. On the next day—the promised day—I was over to see him early in the morning. To my surprise there was the emblem of death on his door; and after entering his home I was told that he was in Heaven. He went to a good place, but not where he could make his promise to me good.

To-day is the accepted time to do that which you ought to do. To-morrow is a day which you may perhaps have granted to you to finish up the "impossibles" of the day before.

Most of the heart-burnings that come to us are the result of postponement of duties to another time.

A young man's mother was sick. He knew it was his duty to go and see her the day he heard the sad news, but he put off the visit to

the next day. And when he arrived at the house where his mother resided her eyes were closed in death.

That young man is now over fifty years of age, a Sunday-school superintendent, and all that is good in many other respects. But the looks sad, talks sadly, and often feels very sad. Many times he has told me that he cannot forget the incident related. To-morrow was not given to his mother. She received the call to come home the day before to-morrow.

What a long day to-morrow would have to be if we could accomplish in it all that we have set ourselves to do. While writing this article I stopped to think what I have given myself to do to-morrow. Too much of a load have I given over to Thursday; and I have come to the conclusion to do a little more on Wednesday.

There is a pleasure in squaring things up every day, so that when you lie down to rest you are not annoyed by the ghosts of the next day that will not permit you to sleep.

I never knew but one man who could and did say, "If I should die to-night my business affairs are all in proper shape." He claimed that he never went to bed until all his work was done; yet he retired early. He was a very methodical man, and with him it was always "business before pleasure."

Harden not your hearts to-day against any good calls. Win for yourselves the approbation of God and good people by not putting off till to-morrow what you can and should do to-day.

My little grandchild put her arms around my neck, and said, "I want to kiss you fifty times to-day." I proposed that she should divide the number—part that day and part the next. But even that little one knew better than to wait until to-morrow to give that which she thought was her duty to give at once.

No better time to do that which must be done than *now*. Good as regards the affairs of this world; but positively necessary when our eternal interests are directly considered.—Geo. R. Scott, in *Sabbath Reading*.

"His end is sure whose aims are pure."