

LIFE AND ITS OBJECT.

Who is there among men who has been able to say what life is? Who is there who has otherwise described it than as the time we spend on earth? The mind of man shrinks back, terrified and confounded, unable to understand the real meaning of it all. Thus far in this direction and no further. My reason for mentioning this subject is not that I dare propose to even attempt an answer to the questions I have asked. They were but written to call attention and demand thought for something simpler, more practical, and easier of attainment. In this busy, bustling world of ours, there is more need than ever has been that man should have a definite goal, a self-set object of attainment, and it is of such things I would more especially make mention.

Who is there who will deny that the most useless individual is the man without a purpose? To what can he be better likened than a ship without a rudder, drifting hither and thither, bound nowhere in particular, floating so long as she continues to be lighter than the water she displaces. She is only a derelict, useless, and, what is of more importance, a menace to other vessels, yet indifferent, neither hot nor cold. So it has ever been and will be. It is not necessary to go further. You, who are hustlers, quite agree with me, I know.

Most of us, thank God! are not men of the above stamp. To some greater or less extent we are striving to attain something or other; sometimes happy, sometimes cast down, according as we are successful or the reverse. With most of us, I must confess, the ruling passion is the attainment of Wealth; with others, Ambition; with others again, Fame. To speak plainly, the moving power is Self. Man is not yet perfect; not even you or I; so we must not complain, nor be discouraged; just fight along to win at last. Here we come to that question, so difficult of answer, a question which, as it were, shrouds one of the greatest truths of God; of a new being. What nobler purpose, what loftier ambition, can man have than that of trying to help those around him (and, through them, himself) to a happier, purer, and more God-like sphere. Some things last forever, but we do not see those objects. We are busy, yes, so busy, grasping dust and ashes. Believe what you may, be you Christian or unbeliever, you cannot get away from the fact of death, whatever that may be, or whatever secret that Angel holds within his grasp. Naked you came into the world, and stripped of this world you go forth. Will you live to be cursed or blest? Shall men think of you as one who "lived to bless mankind?"

My brothers, let our lives be the answer. Live, yes, live, that answer. Don't dream it. Let us worship in spirit and in truth. Use form and ceremony, but in their true place; used, by, but below our inner life.

REGINALD RIVERS.

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PROMINENT INDUSTRIES.

Your Secretary is always pleased to see and report signs of progress among the business houses of the City. This week he visited the Pioneer Steam Laundry (whose advertisement

appears in another column), and to say that he was surprised and pleased with what he saw is expressing it mildly. In all the various departments the most improved and up-to-date machinery is used, and the most experienced class of help employed. From the time that the soiled linen enters the building; through the various processes of washing, extraction, starching, drying, ironing, and sorting, the most perfect order and system prevail. Bro. D. M. Stewart, the proprietor, is an energetic business man, and deserves the success he has achieved, in placing his establishment at the top of the tree in his line of business. Visitors are always welcomed and cheerfully shown through the establishment.

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CONGRATULATIONS.

Once more we welcome to our table the Texas "Pythian Knight," and we note with pleasure that the number before us is full of good solid Pythian meat. We congratulate the able Editor that his youngster is now eleven years old, an age—for a newspaper—that predicts solidity and usefulness. Perhaps there is no newspaper so hard to bring up as a society one, and the fact that our brother has been able to hold the fort so long is an evidence of the great success which has attended our brother's arduous labors in the service of Pythianism. In spirit we shake hands with you, and with all our heart wish you God speed. Long life to the Texas "Pythian Knight," and as he rides forth from month to month, may thousands of subscribers rise up to greet him and encourage him in his holy crusade in defence of friendship, charity and benevolence.

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