

## Is Life Worth Living?

"The busy world shoves angrily aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set  
Until occasion tells him what to do;  
And he who waits to have his task marked out  
Shall die, and leave his errand unfulfilled."

A MAN once said to the writer of this article, "Sixty years of human existence ought to satisfy any man." The reason of those words was the failure, on his part, to appreciate his God-given being. To such a man, life undoubtedly is scarcely worth living. Life is not mean, nay verily, it is grand! If it is mean to anyone, it is because he makes it so. There are some who are constantly violating the laws of nature and thereby bring upon themselves untold suffering and misery. They then murmur against the Creator that life is such a worthless thing. It is well for all to remember that it is possible to make or mar their earthly happiness. While men are intemperate in eating and drinking, careless about the rest necessary for the body, spending hours in the haunts of vice, how can they expect to enjoy health? Henry Ward Beecher said, "There are in the world two things that God makes the most of, that men are more afraid of than anything else: fresh air and cold water."

It is surprising how so many strive to make life not worth living, instead of doing all in their power to make it a pleasure to live. The man who takes his wages on Saturday and squanders them in a time of drunkenness, regardless of what becomes of wife and helpless children, will find but little value in existence. It would be better for the world if such were not in it. There are thousands in the world at present of no more use to their generation than so many vermin. Every youth should form at the outset of his career the solemn purpose to make the most and best of his Heaven-born powers. The mystery of our being, the necessity of action, the relation of cause to effect, the dependence of one thing upon another, proclaim that life is for a noble end. No one can pursue a worthy object with the concentrated powers of his mind, and have his life end in failure. It is a blushing shame that men will prostitute their being from the dawn of manhood to the end of life, so as to defeat the very purpose of existence. Let a man pursue the path of morality and sanctity, let him be kind of heart and chaste in his language, ardent in affection, and noble in character, and he will know and feel that life is grand.

How shall we take life? We should take it as though the world had waited for our coming;

take it as an opportunity to achieve results that will be immortal. They do wrong who undervalue life. No man can over-estimate its value. Now and again, one out of a thousand becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, or skill. The world is ready to do homage to these, yet it is only an illustration of what others may do, if life is taken hold of with a fixed purpose. Each man was sent into this world to be a growing power. The world is spread around him to be seized and conquered. I would say to the young man, never despair, never be cast down by misfortune; the failure of your earthly enterprises does not mean that life is a failure.

Of all things that tend to sweeten life and to make it worth living, love stands at the head. True love gives an impetus to the fulfilment of the obligations of life. It inspires to noble deeds. Through its influence enormous sacrifices are made for the good of others. Love warms the heart and mellows the affections, and true philanthropy is the result. The more of love there is, the richer is our world.

Life then is worth living, if the laws laid down for its government be fulfilled. It has its cares and sorrows, but many a thrill of gladness pervades the heart, when the thoughts are fixed upon the more glorious life beyond the tomb. Then let none say that life is not worth living. Perhaps you have been blessed by a tender flower of love that brought joy and gladness into your home, and you have done your best to nourish it, but the Angel of God was sent to earth to pluck it and transplant it in the Eden above. If that has been your lot, after all life is worth living, even in the hope you cherish of seeing again the one that was lost to you for a season.

I repeat again that life is worth living, and the man who makes the best of it is blest above all other men. It is only when one has made the best of life, both for himself and those around him, that he will know what it is worth. Then will he begin to realize what a privilege it is to live. Then will he feel himself drawn nearer the Divine Father, who is the source of all life. Then will he be content to abide on the earth and wait till his change comes, when this life shall be merged into the more abundant life of Heaven: for

"He lives who lives to God alone  
And all are dead beside."

"Oh life, life, life, thou strange, mysterious dream,  
Sorrows and tears and hopes, a weird and sobbing stream:  
For the pulses of the heart are blent with many a pain:  
Yet through the tossing flood we pass to richest gain —  
To gain a life through death, with many things that be,  
When the shadowy hours of time become eternity." — W'