

on them. Always be firm with your hearers, never cross or anxious. Last, but not least, let God do the speaking; let the teacher strive after that great faith, and be content to be the humble instrument. How is that to be done? one asks. In quiet closet prayer, waiting on the Master, I would answer.

TEACHER.

Lindsay.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

The end of the year, which is so near now, serves always to remind us of the swift march of time; of the inevitable fact that soon, soon, we shall be numbered with those who have passed away. To many this shortness of life, this rapid flight of the years, bring gloom and sorrow. When we look upon our dear ones it is, at first view, saddening to remember that we are all on the brink of a vast mystery, and that at any moment some of us may be engulfed in it. Thus it is that Death appears to many to be the all devouring monster, waiting with hungry jaws to crush us one by one, and the whole course of life is darkened by the thought of this seemingly tragic end to all our sweetest joys.

It is well that we should face realities, and understand that life is short and that our stay here cannot be long. Too many dread and fly away from such thoughts, and are thus surprised and unready when they face the reality, which inevitably comes. The wise man will make the shortness of life a part of his working plan, and, if he has faith in God, instead of being saddened by its brevity, he will see that, since life is short, it is all the more necessary to get all that we can out of our few years here.

If he has faith in God—ah, there's the rub! So few have it! So many, who talk glibly of faith, are as despairing as professed unbelievers when sorrow overtakes them. If we have real faith, there is no place in our hearts for such gloom. The Christian goes from his home in the morning believing that God

will protect him during his absence from his loved ones, and take care of them and him. He lies down to sleep at night trusting to the same good God. Can we not learn to look upon death in the same way?—a temporary separation, a going to sleep, while God is tender and watchful all the time. No doubt the physical aspects of death are distressing. It is hard to see our loved ones pass through what seem terrible agonies. Probably, however, they suffer much less than we who watch them, for the approach of death brings a blessed insensibility to physical pain. Thus God is kind even at that stern time.

"I look upon death," said one of Lord Tennyson's brothers, in writing to the poet, "pretty much as I look upon taking off my clothes at night and going to sleep." If we could all learn to look upon death as cheerfully as this, how much sombre melancholy should we be spared! If we are Christians, we are learning to do this. This life is only a small part of a great whole. God has all in His hands. He does not let us see far into the future, because we should not be able to understand the changed life that we shall have after this life. Here and now, however, He gives us much to do, much to make us joyful, cheerful, hopeful. He does not want us to live as if this life were everything, but He does want us to believe that this life is real, and that much depends upon the use that we make of its opportunities.

Let us try then at this close of the year to revive a wholesome living faith in God, in His Wisdom, His love and tenderness. Fight despondency and gloom as you fight Satan himself. They are his emissaries. The Christian who believes in "the God of Hope" is yielding to sin when he shuts his eyes to the gladness that God allows all of us to enjoy if we will take it. *Keep busy.* They get the most enjoyment out of life who have interests that keep them busy all the time. It is not work, even hard work, that kills. It is worry, gloom, discontent, unrest.

The hardest workers, if they are free from these other things, live the longest and have the deepest joys. If our years here are few, let them at least be full. We should take a healthy interest in those about us—in the affairs of the members of our family first of all; but more than this, in the church, in the school, in the greater circle of village, town, city, even national events. We should give place in our life to little things, to joy in flowers, in the cultivation of the garden, to watching the birds, the colors in tree and hillside, the changing beauties of the seasons. All these sweet, pure pleasures are for the Christian. As we open our hearts to them we grow ever more cheerful and hopeful. Time cannot rob us of our delight in God's ways and works. Never for a moment shall we forget that life is short—but the thought does not haunt or appall us. Rather do we see calmly, even joyously, the beauty of this world ripening for us into what, we firmly trust, shall prove the deeper, richer beauty of the next.

E. L. M.

ENDS.

There is the end of a voyage, the end of a journey, the end of a frolic. There is the end of a career, the end of a fortune, the end of life. Man is often hard set to make both ends meet, but God is never short.

Man has many ends, God has one. Man's lines merge, cross, collide. God moves on in mighty parallels, majesty, sublimity, eternity corresponding with humility, condescension and sacrifice. There are sad ends: "The end of all flesh is come before me," the end is come upon my people "Israel." The end of things pertaining to sin is death.

There are enjoyable ends. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness. The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart. The end of faith touches the door step of heaven. "Ye have seen the end of the Lord," James v. 11. He has His end (a steady purpose) in dealing with His children. Pity, not re