

Since a purpose stimulates to exertion and conduces to success, and since it is impossible for a person to succeed without a purpose, every man or woman, boy or girl, should have something well defined in view from day to day, and should pursue it steadily and seriously; for, while a person who has not something definite in view may accomplish a little, it will be an uncertain quantity, and what little is accomplished will be by accident rather than design. But he cannot reasonably look for anything of importance, as it is quite unquestionable that, unless we keep something before the mind as an end of effort, there can be no true prosperity and no sure success. And I may observe in passing that, because a purpose is connected with endeavor, our happiness, as well as our prosperity depends on having one and in resolving to execute it.

But what we keep before the mind as an end of effort should have a twofold character; it should be both feasible and useful. Now feasible signifies doable, and denotes the seemingly practicable, so that a plan is feasible when it recommends itself as capable of execution. All active people purpose many things, some of which they cannot do and some of which they come to see are not worth doing. Therefore, we should plan something possible of attainment, because it is as foolish to plan too much as to plan too little; and we might almost as well

not plan at all as plan what is impracticable. Then what we purpose should be useful, otherwise it does not deserve respect, much less success. But, striving earnestly and steadily after something feasible and useful, we have a right to look for a fair measure of prosperity; for, as Owen Meredith has aptly said,

"The man who seeks one thing in life,
and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life is
done."

Singleness of purpose, however, means a good deal more than merely seeking but one thing in life, as it depends entirely on what that one thing is. A single purpose is generally defined as sincerity, or freedom from duplicity; but, while it connotes both sincerity and purity, the definition given is scarcely adequate. To have a single purpose, in the full sense of the term, is to set before us as an end of effort, the noblest thing we know or the highest we can find. It is, therefore, a lofty moral plan of action which we determine to pursue throughout the whole of life. A single purpose is not simply serious and steady, but indomitable as well.

The author of the Fourth Gospel tells us that Jesus sought not His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. He aimed to do the will of the Father in

all things. That was the aim and end of His life, and to that end He devoted all His time and consecrated all His strength. So the fundamental object of a single purpose is the will of God. As His will for every man is holiness of heart and life, to have a single purpose is to have a single, uniting plan of action that encompasses and absorbs all other plans, every other being lost in it and swayed by it. It is, therefore, an all-governing purpose which, "like Aaron's serpent, will swallow all the rest." Expressed most scripturally, it is a holy resolve to execute the will of Deity or a sanctified determination so to make the divine will ours that we shall strive, wherever we are, to do out utmost and be our best.

Thus singleness of purpose is a comprehensive, all-embracing purpose to attain to moral perfection through the practice of virtue and the knowledge of truth. Such a plan of action will lead us, as if by our Lord, to take the same determination everywhere and put it into everything, because, to adapt the language of another, it reduces all duties to various forms of one great life-purpose. With a purpose like that, there will be no relaxation of effort and, consequently, no fixed limit to attainment; and so it will enable us to make a success not only of our work in life, but also of our life itself.

The New President's Tribulations

BY A PRESIDENT.

An Interesting Short Story Founded on an Actual Epworth League Experience.

"WHAT sorrow engulfs thee now, oh, grief-stricken maiden?" asked Perley Welford teasingly, as he came unexpectedly before his sister, who sat with a notebook in her hand. "You look like clothes blueing!"

"My trials have begun, oh, brother!" answered Alice tragically, "and my frail form bends low under the great weight of responsibility thrust upon me."

"Tell me all, thou sad one. If so be I cannot give thee the assistance thou needest, at least let me offer you the consolations of my sympathy."

"It's about League," answered Alice, throwing off the bantering tone. "You know, I've just recently been appointed President, and already I find myself wishing I had done more to help Mr. Fullerton when he occupied the position. The members have no idea how much their help is needed. Here is Monday afternoon, and League meets to-morrow night. I must have yet to get a leader for the meeting."

"I thought the leaders were all appointed by the Executive, their names published on the topic cards, and that they were in duty bound to be responsible for their own meeting."

"All true," was the reply; "but the topic cards are not yet printed, and because she did not know of her appointment as leader, Miss Beattie went away without providing a substitute."

"What has made you so slow about the topic cards?" asked her brother. "They should have been ready for distribution at the last meeting of the old year. I'm afraid you have been caught napping, little girl!"

"No, I haven't," replied Alice decidedly. "I called two meetings of the new Executive two weeks before the year closed. The first one was to select the committees, and at the second we planned the topics, leaders, etc. All this data I at once placed in the hands of the first vice, with instructions to have the cards printed at once. After a week she came to me, saying that she could not get the printing done, as one of the

Executive had not sent in a list of his committee."

"Why were the committees not chosen at your first Executive meeting?" interjected her brother.

"They were supposed to be, and were, in all but this case, but it took several more days to get that particular list, and then there was some delay at the printing office, so the cards are not out yet," and Alice gave a troubled sigh.

"You will have to impress upon your officers the evils of procrastination," laughed her brother. "But what are you going to do for a leader?"

"I don't know," was the almost hopeless answer. "I seem to have carried the heaviest burden of my life this week. If it were not for the fact that there is a side to it which is almost amusing, I think I should have been crushed by it."

"Tell me about it," said Perley, settling himself comfortably on the couch, "I like a joke."

"It's no joke, I assure you," warned Alice, "when one looks at it in the right way, but one can't help seeing people's little weaknesses. Let me tell you what I mean. When I learned on Wednesday that Miss Beattie was out of town, I phoned down to Mr. Emberly, the grocer, and asked him to take her place. He is such a good man, even though he takes no part in church work, and I thought it might arouse his interest in our League if he helped a bit, and perhaps eventually he might join us."

"Did he refuse?" asked her brother.

"No, he didn't. I got in some nice work before I gave him time to speak, telling him I was anxious for the first meeting to be a good one, and that the subject lent itself to the beginning of the year, and required wise treatment, and a few more nice things. Then I breathlessly awarded his answer. It came slowly. 'If it is very kind of you to ask me, Miss Welford,' he said, 'and I really would like to help you, but I am

so busy I am afraid to promise. I will call you up to-night after thinking it over, and let you know.' Although it was almost absolutely necessary for me to have an immediate reply, I feared a refusal, and so did not dare to press the matter further."

"Well, you only had to wait until night to find out his brother."

"That was the worst of it," answered Alice. "No word came that night, nor in the morning, until I phoned him at eleven o'clock, only to learn that he had fully decided that he would be too busy on League night to attend. Of course he wished me success, and hoped to be able to take some part another time, but that did not help me any just then," and the new President smiled rather dolorously.

"That was to let you down easy," said Perley, laughing as well, "what next?"

"The second one I phoned was Mr. Dalman, the new druggist. When he came here last year he joined League, and took a class in Sunday School, but has dropped out of both, and I thought we might work him in again. Besides, he is capable, and I really thought he could help. When I stated the case to him he raised the objection that it was very short notice, and that on that account he could not give me a definite answer till afternoon."

"Thank you, Mr. Dalman," I answered cheerfully as possible under the circumstances, "but please let me know as soon as you can, as if you refuse it will be shorter notice still for the next one I ask? 'I know that,' he answered, 'but I really can't tell you before three o'clock.'"

"Was he up to time?" questioned Perley.

"No, he was not. I sat up very late waiting for him to make up his mind, but no message came, and only after calling five times next morning did I get connection with him almost at noon, and then it was most unsatisfactory."

"What was it?" asked the interested listener.