



PUSH.

"In Union is Strength."

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The Value of Time.

It was an old custom to place in the hands of a corpse an hour glass, in which all the sands had run down. It was wiser to put an hour glass in the hand of the living, that there might be before the mind, in the sinking sand, a vivid symbol of time's increasing lapse. Many are saving of money, saving of labor, saving of health and prodigal of time. The little appreciation of time, of which a large part of society is guilty, has coined itself into the phrase "killing time." What a murder is that! It is strange that, when every moment gives space for some high thought, some noble deed, some gain in knowledge and goodness, time should be so lightly esteemed and scorned. They who set no value on time, who talk of killing time because, forsooth, their own abuse of it brings to them weariness and disgust, are like the dowry princess who saw not that her necklace of pearls lay broken on the boat's verge and at every oscillation of the idly rocking boat a precious pearl slipped from the severed string into the deep.

Why should we save time? Because time is opportunity for life, and time lost cannot be recovered—it is lost forever. Each moment comes to us rich in possibilities, bringing to us duties and privileges. All life is condensed into the moment we call "now" and the wasting of a moment is for that moment the wasting of a life.

What is it to save time? It cannot, like money, be hoarded; it can be saved only by the manner in which it

is spent, for spend it we must. Time spent in recreation or in seeming idleness is not necessarily wasted; proper recreation and rest of body and mind are necessary elements in a true economy. "Take rest," said Ovid, "a field that has rested gives a plentiful crop of corn."

On the other hand, time spent in work is not always saved: work is wasted if it be done at the expense of needed recreation. Often time is wasted because it is devoted to work that were better left undone. Trivial and needless tasks belong to the spendthrift of time. All evil doing is a waste of time; every hour lived selfishly is thrown away. The miser's life is as really misspent as the prodigal's. Many a man who has toiled through years, losing no moment he could snatch from sleep in order to turn it into gold, has laid himself down at last in a cheerless grave, and left behind him three-score wasted years—a loss far outbalancing all gains. COM.

A very ugly woman, toying with a pug dog in front of a cafe on the boulevard, said to Paggy, "Kiss me, and I will give you this piece of sugar." A boy passing by exclaimed, "Don't she ask a high price for her sugar?"

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl of eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky-terrier."