

What is your Life?

The writer was talking one day to an aged friend about another man, and asked how old the man in question was. He of the hoary locks replied: "Oh, he is a man in middle life. About your age."

In middle life!

Why, I was only beginning—surely I had not reached the middle. It could not be—and yet it was. Prodigal of our years, we awake midway in the journey with nothing done. We are only getting ready to start, when lo! the clock strikes noon.

Coming in on the fast express the other night, the air-brakes were suddenly applied, and the train came almost to a stop. While the writer was wondering at it, a railway man across the aisle said as he looked at his watch and then out into the night: "The driver is slowing down for time." He had been running too fast, and had to wait till time caught up. Perhaps you can see Father Time, lame of leg, hobbling down the track with his scythe and hour-glass, striving to come up with the train. Perhaps so; but with us it is the reverse of this. We do not need to slow down for time, but rather to open the throttle wide, scatter sand on the rails, and carry all possible steam, that we may by all means keep pace with the flying moments.

Some people seek one thing and some another to