

Contributions.

To-day.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

"Why, Mrs. Bradley!" exclaimed one of my little pupils to-day. "Just look! There will be no way for me to play that next measure!"

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"There will be no way for me to finger it if I play this one as it is marked. Just look how mixed up it is!"

"Well," said I, "you don't need that other measure yet; you may never get to it at all. Let us just learn this measure, and learn it right, and not worry ourselves about that other one until we need it. What do you say?"

Loucile laughed gaily, and went bravely to work. I confess that the measure to which she referred did look a bit puzzling; indeed, "all mixed up" did it seem to the inexperienced eye. But I also knew there was no use in my taking time then to explain the manner of rendering; for a perfect mastery of the first would prepare the way for an easy performance of the second. So I sat quietly by while my little friend patiently overcame the troublesome measure. Several times did the little maiden go over the same ground, until at last it was correct.

"Now go on," said I; "don't stop at all." And without the least difficulty the second bar—the puzzling bar, the bar which she had fancied it would be impossible for her to render if she played the first one as I told her—without any hesitation the little fingers glided over it, and on to the close without interruption.

Loucile's face was bright with smiles of satisfaction.

"Was it so very difficult?" I asked with mock gravity.

"Well, you see," she replied, "what scared me so was the way it looked. But I didn't think much about this first one being such a help to the next. Why, playing this one this way just fixed me all right for my next, and it was easier than the first; though it did look hard," she added, with an emphatic little nod of her head.

And then my thoughts became no longer objective, but subjective. I looked at myself, and could see my whole life mirrored in this trivial little scene. The present duties, which lie just at my hand, do not hold my attention. I look beyond, and see some possible duty lying in my path, and I grow affrighted.

"Oh!" I cry, as did my little pupil of the morning, "just see what a bur-

den will fall upon me. I will never be able to bear it."

"It hasn't fallen yet," whispered good, old common sense. "It is not your duty to bear, to-day, the burdens of to-morrow. The trial you fear may never be yours. This is your duty—it lies just at your hand. Do this just as it should be done; and do not worry about that which lies beyond you."

But I do not heed old Common Sense. I do worry, and my present duty is not one half so well performed as it might have been, if my mind had been at rest. And the other duty—the one that frightened me? Often I never meet it at all; but if I do, the right performance of it is so much more difficult than it need have been if I had been living my life, just day by day, as my Saviour had commanded.

If I could only realize in my own spiritual life what I so try to impress upon the minds of my pupils, that the only thing needful for them to do is just the daily lesson that is assigned to them.

"Give us *this day* our daily bread," is the prayer which we are taught to utter. We do not need bread for to-morrow, neither for our physical or for our spiritual being. To-day is all that belongs to us: to-morrow belongs to God. To-day is time: to-morrow is—if we can define it at all—only another name for eternity. And if I live my life to-day aright; perform faithfully my little humdrum, common-place, sometimes tiresome duties, to-day, there is no danger but I will be fully and royally equipped to face unflinchingly every danger that may assail me when to-morrow shall have become another to-day.

Just strength for to-day! It is all that you and I will ever need. And this much strength is always at our command if we will but put forth our hands to grasp it. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." This is a promise, sure and steadfast, and has never been known to fail.

Ah, if I could only close my door upon my past; turn my back upon to-morrow, and be shut up in "TO-DAY," with only Jesus for my companion, then what a strong and beautiful life I could live! What a heaven it would be in which to go to heaven!

Dear Father, help me; for this is the life my better spirit yearns to live. Oh, help me to realize that it is present duty which I must perform, present help which I must render, present words of hope and cheer which I must speak, present smiles of love which I must offer, a present life which I must live.

Then help me, Lord, to live TO-DAY.

Afterward.

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
O, may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide is moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
O, may there be no moaning of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out this bourne of
time and place
The flood shall bear me far
I hope to see my pilot face
When I have crossed the bar."

—TENNYSON.

"A Bothered Brother."

If we are not to capitalize disciples of Christ, and must not say "our people," nor "we," nor "us," pray tell us how to designate ourselves and our work.

A BOTHERED BROTHER.

There is not the slightest impropriety that we have been able to discover, in designating ourselves as "Disciples of Christ," with a capital D. Indeed, there is much propriety in so doing, if we use that designation, and there is none more scriptural or more appropriate. The force of the capital "D" in such use is to signify that we are not the only disciples of Christ, the phrase without the capital D signifying all who believe in and follow Christ. The capital "D" says, "We beg to designate ourselves by the scriptural term 'Disciples of Christ,' but while using it in this special sense, we claim no monopoly of the name, and when all other disciples refuse to wear party names we will drop to the 'lower case d.'" There is modesty and courtesy in its use, as well as scriptural propriety, and this is the reason the name is coming into universal use among us.

As to the use of "we," "us," "our people," etc., there is a great deal of hypercriticism. Their use is a necessity of speech without resorting to some lumbering and ponderous circumlocution. To say, "Our churches are growing in missionary zeal," is not a whit more sectarian than to say, "The churches engaged in the current reformation for the restoration of primitive Christianity and the union of God's children are growing in missionary zeal," and it is a great deal more convenient. Life is too short to substitute a definition or a sermon for a pronoun.

We are a distinct religious force in the world, seeking affiliation with all who are like-minded with us on the great fundamental principles of our refor-

mation. Why should we shrink from that fact or seek to conceal it? To be a distinct religious body is not to be a sect, unless the basis of our fellowship is sectarian. It is not a capital "D" or the use of "we" and "us" in their proper place that can make us a sect, but the sectarian spirit expressing itself in sectarian limitations as to fellowship. As long as the necessities of the case compel us, against our will, to be separate from other Christians, it will be necessary to use certain terms or phrases to designate ourselves as those engaged in a common work of reformation. "Disciples of Christ" is a name universally understood, now, is not offensive, makes no false claim, and is most modest and scriptural. Our local churches we should prefer to have designated as the Church of Christ at such a place or on such a street. In both these designations Christ is given the pre-eminence that is due him. When the time comes that all Christians are willing to be one in Christ, there will be no difficulty on our part about the name. We are willing to use any and all that honor Christ.—*Christian Evangelist*.

The Best Half of Life.

The best half of life is in front of a man of forty, if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not see "men as trees walking," but sees everything clearly and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack, but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. To no man is the world so new and the future so fresh as to him who has spent the early part of his manhood in striving to understand the deeper problems of science and life, and who has made some headway toward comprehending them. To him the commonest things are rare and wonderful, both in themselves and as parts of a beautiful and intelligent whole. Such a thing as staleness in life and its duties he cannot understand. Knowledge is always opening out before him in wider expanses and more commanding heights. The pleasures of growing knowledge and increasing power make every year of his life happier and more hopeful than the last.—*Selected*.

You cannot be well unless your blood is pure. Therefore purify your blood with the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.