

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day!
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain
Clear the way!
Men of action, cheer and aid them,
As ye may.
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness chang-
ing
Into gray;
Men of thought and action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
At the dawning, tongue and pen
Aid it, hope of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play!
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

ETERNAL THINGS.

Eternity is a weighty word. It is impossible for us to comprehend its significance. We can grasp the idea of a single unit, of a thousand units, and perhaps more, but when we speak of millions and billions the mind is incapable of forming a definite idea of the significance of these figures. We can understand hours, days, years, even centuries, but when we try to think of eternity the mind is overwhelmed by the vastness of the subject. We have no means of comparison by which the mind can be carried up to the height of endless duration.

It is difficult also for us to imagine that we sustain any relation to eternity. We can believe that God is eternal. We can accept the fact that the angels shall never cease to exist. But we are accustomed to think of ourselves as transient beings, living for a short time and then sinking into oblivion. Shall we continue to exist world without end? That we have entered upon an existence which shall never end is difficult for us to realize. The thought makes but little impression on our minds. It should burn its way into our minds until we cannot get away from it. The house in which we live shall grow old, and be torn down to give place for another structure. The city in which we live shall grow old and become a heap. The mountains and hills which we behold shall melt away. The earth shall be dissolved, the sun shall cease to shine. But we shall live on after all these things shall have been dissolved.

What shall we carry with us into

eternity? Not our bodies. Perhaps these are our greatest care. To feed the body, to gratify the body, to adorn the body, is the chief end of life with many. But in a few days the body shall return to dust as it was. We shall not carry our earthly possessions with us when we go into eternity.

Men toil hard to lay up treasures on the earth for themselves. They talk of their securities and their real estate. But in a few days their grasp on these things will be relaxed forever and their title to them will cease. We shall not carry with us our worldly honors. The world is full of strife for these distinctions. The chief ambition of multitudes is to be mayor, commissioner, senator, governor, general, admiral, or to attain some other position and title which will cause them to be pointed out as somewhat superior to their fellow-beings. But we are all going soon to a world where these titles and distinctions do not count. When a Confederate officer lay dying of a mortal wound on the battlefield of Gettysburg, a Federal general sent an orderly to inquire for his rank. As the lips grew pale and the light faded from the eyes of the dying man, he said, "Tell General Doubleday that I shall soon be in a world where office, rank, title, and worldly distinction are nothing."

But we shall carry with us into eternity conscience, memory, character. Conscience and memory are very uncomfortable companions to a wicked man. It is not pleasant to lie down to sleep at night with a guilty conscience. But to have with us forever a guilty conscience and the memory of misspent days and unimproved opportunities and dishonest transactions is an appalling prospect. A good conscience and memories of victory against sin are joyful companions. If we are selfish, insincere, dishonest, unreliable, and ungodly here, we shall be so there, and be so forever.

Since these things are so, what manner of persons ought we to be? We ought to be sober. We should not be sad, but sober. "Be sober," says the apostle. Good reason. We are going into eternity. There is no time to trifle. There is no time for frivolity. Even our pleasures should be seasoned with some serious thought and purpose. Our reading and conversation and business life should be characterized by thoughtfulness and sobriety. We should be godly. God calls us to come to him, to walk with him, to commune with him. The way is open for us to be the friends of God here. We may live so near to him, be so familiar with him, commune with him so much here, that when we shall go into eternity it will only be to move a little nearer to him and have a clearer vision of his glory. Why should we be so much concerned about our losses and afflictions? It matters little if we suffer here. We are going to eternity. Time is short. This world is not our home. Our treasures are not here. Our chief interests are not here.

Why should we fear to die. The love of life is natural. Life is sweet. Many tender ties bind us to this world. We do not forget nor disparage them. But since we must go hence in a few days, we should learn to say in all sincerity:

"Come, welcome death, thou end of fears,
I am prepared to go."

What a glorious prospect has the Christian. Eternal life! Eternal happiness! Eternal progress! Eternal companionship with the good, the pure, the holy. It matters not how soon we shall go. It matters little whether we shall enjoy uninterrupted health while we live here, or suffer pain. It matters little whether we shall abound in wealth or suffer the inconvenience of poverty. But it does matter where and how we shall spend eternity.

"Eternity! Eternity!
That boundless, soundless, tideless sea,
Of mysteries the mystery,
What is eternity to me?"

"Infinite bliss or misery,
Woe past, woe present, woe to be!
The fullness of felicity;
These are eternity to me."

"Two voices from eternity!
A voice from heaven comes down to me,
A voice from hell breaks dolefully
Life, Death, O man, are offered thee."

"The abyss is moved, even wrath
cries, 'Flee!'
The height expands, and love cries,
'See
What God hath here prepared for
thee!'
Choose thou thine own eternity."

DO YOUR SHARE.

If the lost are to be reached by the gospel of the Son of God, Christianity must be more aggressive than it has been in the past. We have been on the defensive long enough; the time has come for us to enter on a war of aggression. When we as children of God wake up and go to work in the vineyard, then those who are living in wickedness all about us will be reached; but not in any other way.

You may go to meetings and discuss the question, "How to reach the masses," but when you have done with discussion you have to go back to personal effort. Every man and woman who loves the Lord Jesus Christ must wake up to the fact that he or she has a mission in the world, in this work of reaching the lost.
—D. L. Moody.

THE WORTH OF DISCOURAGEMENT.

It is frequently said that God cannot do anything with a discouraged person. Such remarks will not stand the test of thoughtful examination. In the first place, people will get discouraged in spite of all advice and all effort to prevent it. In the second place, it is a fact that God has accomplished a great deal of good work through discouraged laborers. The young man or young woman who has the talent to perform a high grade of work, and who has a bounding ambition to do the work, is certain to experience periods of exhausting discouragement. Such a one, perforce of his constitutional temperament, has exalted ideals, and, as he will necessarily fail to realize those ideals at once, he is frequently smitten with both disappointment and discouragement.

But wherein is the worth of discouragement? It lies in the fact

that it makes an opportunity for the discouraged one to consider specially the ground of his failure to perform his task. He may discover a lack of preparation for the task, or he may see that he has been too slovenly or slack in his work. Take the case of a young person who has written an article for some periodical. He sends it to the editor, expecting its acceptance. It is returned to him in a short time, accompanied, perhaps, by a kind note. He is discouraged. At first he is inclined to not attempt to produce another article for any paper. Then, after some reflection, he resolves to make his discouragement an occasion for spurring all of his powers into producing an article which will win the favor of that same editor, and he succeeds. This has been the experience of many of the most popular and valuable writers in all past years. Mr. Kipling professes that he had become greatly discouraged at the time when he composed the "Recessional." He felt so leaden and limp over his seeming failures that he scarcely knew what to do; and yet that very poem made his fame resplendent all the world over.—*The Watchman*.

THROUGH SORROW'S GATE.

There are many things, besides sorrow's self, that come through sorrow's gate—gentleness, tact, sympathy, strength, beautiful traits of character, which seem to find no other mode of entrance into life. Long for unclouded joy as we may, it still remains true that few of us would choose for our most valued friend one who has never suffered. The eyes that have not known tears must needs lack something of tenderness. The heart that has never been torn with anguish and loss has never sounded its own depths, and cannot measure those of another. The soul grows strong through storm and conflict if it ever grows strong at all, and, however sweet a nature may be, we find it incomplete and unsatisfying if it has never known the softening, hallowing touch of grief. There are dark pages in our lives where we would gladly have changed the story if we could. There are wounds that still ache, and losses that even yet are hard to bear; but however we may feel about the sorrow itself, there are few of us who would be willing to give up all that it brought us and taught us—to be just what we were before it touched us. There are some precious gains that come through sorrow's gate.—*Wellspring*.

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The Christian life is not a life of merely doing no harm, but a life of doing good. Doing nothing affects nothing, and saves no one.

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