

The Christian Life.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;

But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,

But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;

But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done today?"

—Nixon Waterman.

THE CHOICES OF LIFE.

BY JAMES M. THOBURN, JR., D. D.

Ever since Moses made his decision between careers it has been less of a problem for other men to vote. His Nile cradle, like the Nebo sepulcher, was very unique, but his midway years were filled with the common experiences of our race. His life is everybody's reminder. He was the protege of a princess, the pupil of priests and the patron of Pharaoh; but when he came to manhood's years he was confronted by an "I ought," such as always has accompanied patriotism, philanthropy, and conscience. "To be, or not to be." He had been born an Israelite, and unwittingly educated an Egyptian. Hitherto his steps had been chosen for him, but the destiny-involved moment arrived when he must choose for himself. His calling was divine, but his election was human. God was attending to the first, but Moses must make the latter sure.

Very beautiful is the picture drawn of the vision which aroused Moses from the lethargy of his aimless years, and sent him out to win the most lasting laurel in human history. Listen as he exclaims:

"I hear the voice of God in dreams;
And shall I fear the trial?
What though a crown awaits my brow,
God hear my heart's denial!
This is the price of Israel's peace,
And if their chains be broken,
My hand must surely lead them out,
God waits; the word is spoken!"

There was no attempt at compromise between Osiris and Jehovah, or the court and the brick kiln. It was a choice without precedent or promise—a preference for God's plan, or the one laid out by the world. It was renouncing what others held without rebuke,

because of a higher purpose which had forced itself into his soul, similar to the choice some one is ever making "twixt the darkness and the light."

Jesus turned such a corner of experience when all the kingdoms of earth and their glory were made to pass before Him. We never will know the full strength of that temptation as it touched the wondrous man who stood in the focus of prophecy, but no rift has ever been made in any cloud, never has the world suddenly grown larger as life's possibilities have been revealed, that it has not been as full of peril as it has been of exhilaration. It has been a devil's chance as well as a man's opportunity. Both Moses and Jesus turned from the crown to the cross. They chose goodness rather than greatness.

Every day is a Judgment Day in miniature. There are destiny lines crossing every path. It is really a choice between the "broad" and the "narrow" way which Jesus described. The many paths of life resolve themselves into just two ways in the perspective of eternity. This is not theology more than it is philosophy; not moral arbitrariness, but the tyranny of law.

There are just two ways for everything. Entering any kingdom, you are confronted by its "narrow way" to order and achievement, and its "broad way" to anarchy and failure. "There is no excellence without labor." There never has been; there never will be. The gate leading to the best things is straight. The requirements of grace are not more severe than those of any righteous arena. "Duty is the most picturesque thing in life, and yet it is a single straight line; it is the most universal thing in the world, and yet it concerns itself with the individual alone. It is the one law which promises no rewards for obedience, but which gives the largest. Duty is the face of Beauty stern; Beauty is the face of Duty satisfied."

No one can make the highest choice in life without exercising the highest faculties of the soul. When the intellect submits to faith, and the heart submits to love, and the will to obedience, the angels of God begin to minister to another heir of the World's Conqueror. Men may not build pyramids for you, but God will give you a transfigured life, at once the glory of heaven and the wonder of earth, and a chorist's part in the final song of a world's redemption. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Chris. Advocate.

THE TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME.

The story is somewhere told of a lady who was always foreseeing trouble, and to relieve her mind of some of its anxiety, she kept a list of impending evils, and at the end of the year went over them to find that nine-tenths of them had never materialized. They had never really existed save in imagination.

How many of us there are who go through life laden beneath the troubles that never come. We have enough for today, there is no special comfort of which we are deprived, but how do we know what may befall us next month or next year? We can ask God to help

us bear the present troubles, but there is no cure for the trouble that never comes.

An old lady once said she had spent most of her life in a vain effort to find happiness, and as a last resort made up her mind to be content without it; when to her surprise it flowed naturally and serenely into her days. "And I think," she said, "that I fretted away sixty years in a fruitless effort to find it."

God has bestowed upon us so many precious gifts, cannot we trust the future in His hands. "Casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you," is a scriptural injunction full of precious promise. "We walk by faith, not by sight," and if we can trust no further than we see there is something radically wrong with our religion.

A young girl, who had planned for herself a life of activity along a certain line for which she appeared to be specially qualified, was discouraged at the very outset by having all her plans frustrated, being obliged to take up an entirely different line of work. Her mind had been so thoroughly set upon her purpose that there were days when it seemed scarcely worth trying to make a success of anything. While in this mood of despondency she opened a favorite book, and there, underlined, she came across Goethe's admonition: "Go to work and help yourself for the present and hope and trust in God for the future." Her conscience reproached her, and taking a blotting book from the table she wrote the homely old motto:

"Do thou but begin the weaving,
God the yarn will aye be giving."

Later in life she lived to thank God that His purpose in her had been fulfilled, and that she had not been allowed to follow out her own plans. "My God shall supply all your need," is the promise to each of us, and with this in mind we can bear all that His loving wisdom has ordained. But what of the troubles that never come?

"There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an alpenstock,
For the hills that are out of sight.
There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of today,
Without the sprig of rue,
For tomorrow's unknown way."

—Chris. Intelligencer.

IN GOD'S SIGHT.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

We have not thought richly or deeply enough about any undertaking unless we have thought of it as an attempt to put into the form of action that which already has existence in the idea of God.

You start upon your profession, and your professional career in its perfect conception shines already in God's sight. Already before Him there is the picture of the good physician, the broad-minded merchant, the fair-minded lawyer, the heroic minister, which you may be.

You set yourself down to some hard struggle with temptation, and already in the fields of God's knowledge you are walking as possible victor, clothed in white and with the crown of victory upon your head.

You build your house, and found your home. It is an attempt to realize the picture of purity, domestic peace, mutual inspiration and mutual comfort, which God sees already.

Your friendship which begins to shape itself today out of your intercourse with your companion has its pattern in the vast treasury of God's conceptions of what man, with perfect truthfulness and perfect devotion, may be to his brother man.

THINGS OLD AND NEW.

The new things in Scripture are old and the old are new. One finds the same old truths in other company. The experiences of the ancients were in many respects the same as ours. Men once talked with God face to face, and so do we. There is no fact more common in Christian experience. The heart wishes some companion that it can understand. Without God it is lonely. There is a church in the house, at the desk, and upon the streets. There God meets with His people. He talks with them. What the world calls prayer is more than mere petition. It may be conversation. We talk with God. The saint, infirm or sick is never alone. The visible may be absent, but the heart sees what the eye does not. Silence may fill the room and yet the heart hears. Night voices possibly, audible only to those for whom they are intended. Such is the experience of many. Our face to face talks with God are not sentimental. Neither are they to be rehearsed in public. They belong to the secret places—the cleft in the rock or behind the veil that hides us from the world.

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Do not be afraid of work, my brother—hard work. That which is too easily won is too easily lost, and the labor of obtaining adds to the value of the prize. The Heavenly Father recognizes these things and directs accordingly, making our final acceptance turn on a "faithful continuance in well-doing."

An End to Bilious Headache.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parkelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

In our efforts to keep right with God, the persistent dismissal of unpleasant things from our thoughts and the cultivation of pleasant memories will aid much. This will add to the brightness of the sunshine that brightens the soul, while the contemplation of the "rest that remains to the people of God" will keep the altar fires burning.

When you go to the country take a bottle of Weaver's Cerate along. It is useful to relieve the pain caused by bites of animals, stings of insects, and in treating accidental burns and scalds.