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MOTTOES FOR THE MILLION.

BY THE

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The Tide in the Affairs of Men.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”—*Eccles. ix. 10.*

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.”

A NARRATIVE is somewhere told of General Washington, that a military officer once sought an interview with him for the sale of a pair of horses. The President appointed five o'clock in the morning for the engagement. The officer, however, did not arrive until a quarter after five, when he was informed by the secretary that the President had been at his post at five o'clock, as appointed, but was now otherwise engaged. The gentleman was obliged to wait a full week for another opportunity ; thus prolonging his engagement seven days, by the loss of one quarter of an hour. He had no Promptitude ; and hence the consequences !

There was once a noble queen of an illustrious land. She had reigned long and gloriously ; but when she came to her death-bed, she exclaimed—“ Millions of money for an inch of time ! ” She had lived in pleasure, and gaiety, and worldliness, and forgetfulness of God ; and had postponed the weightier matter of the law, until her trembling feet

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stood upon the very border-land of that country there is "no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom. And this was too late!

"What thou doest, do quickly." Time is not your command as you please, or as your will dictates; not like an inferior watch, pushed forward or backward at your own pleasure and arbitrary choice. The current ever flows; and if you choose to fall asleep upon its banks, the river carries not for your awakening, nor stays your career to suit your convenience. Prompt and instant action must be put forth, if you mean to secure the passing currents that are borne upon its bosom.

Promptitude means readiness for action, and conviction is an idea akin to Punctuality. The opposite of Promptitude is that which we call Postponement, or more frequently procrastination. Promptitude has reference to Time. A "prompt" man is always up to Time; in advance of Time, or continues constantly abreast of Time. Footstep by footstep where Time imprints his footsteps, there, side by side with him, is the prompt and ready man. Hence the meaning of the word Punctuality. It is derived from a Latin word which signifies "a point." The punctual man is a man who is prompt to a very tittle, and careful to a very point. A minute is marked for a certain purpose, on the tick of the minute, on the point of that moment, the prompt man is at his post; or, an hour is appointed, then, on the stroke of that hour, he is in readiness. Such is Punctuality, and it is but another name for Promptitude.

The punctuation of a book consists of various stops and pauses, of larger or smaller quantity, which denote and distinguish the sentences and words. If these were not proper intervals interspersed, the sentences would run into each other, and the whole become an unworkable mass of words without meaning or signification. A "punctuated" book, therefore, is a book whose stops and pauses are correct, and in which each sentence stands by itself, conveying its own ideas.

Now, even such ought life to be; and such is the life that is characterized by Promptitude. The man whose daily page of experience is distinguished by proper p

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ation, a place and time for every act, is as truly "readable" as a well-printed book. Each transaction occupying its proper place in the general context of life, will render the man "known and read of all men." This is best to be attained by the proper and correct punctuation of time. The reason why so many persons lead undistinguished lives, from which we can learn nothing, is through lack of Promptitude. They cannot even read themselves; and their own biography is utterly profitless. They combine and commingle heterogeneous elements of life, and allow various businesses to accumulate upon their hands; one concern overlays another; and, striving to do many things at a time, they do nothing at all.

Man's life, in this respect, is like a line of railway. It has its starting-point, its stages and stopping-places, at each of which it puts out or takes in its transient passengers—the thoughts that come and go,—and its terminus or destination, to which life ever tends in its onward career. The trains that run continually upon the permanent way of life, are trains of thought, trains of business, trains of engagements, and of the consecutive employments of the man. Therefore, there ought to be time-tables for the business of life, and prompt and punctual attention to them throughout. But some are late in starting; they continue late along the journey; and when they get to their destination, they find they are long time due—Promptitude has been neglected. Such persons always feel uncomfortable, are ever under a consciousness that they are late; have their doubts, and fears, and anxieties; and all through lack of Promptitude.

Is not this the character of most men's lives? After long delay, some urgent business *must* be dispatched; they therefore start, as it were, an express train in order to overtake lost time. In their speed, they run into other trains before them, and bring about a concussion with its manifold disasters. Or, perhaps, they allow contrary engagements to come into dangerous proximity, causing a dread collision, with all its accompanying accidents and casualties; and instead of broken limbs and mangled bodies, there are broken promises, shivered hopes, and perhaps the utter ruin

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of the soul. It is now of little use to ask, why such did not start in time? the mischief is done, and cannot be remedied.

It is a remarkable fact, that the time of most is spent in losing time; starting late, they are ever engaged in running after themselves, striving to overtake themselves, or rather, to overtake their business. And who lose their own time, generally lose the time of others also. We have heard the familiar story:—Once a committee of eight gentlemen was summoned; seven men arrived at the appointed time; the eighth came breathless and in haste, a quarter of an hour late, and apologized for having lost a quarter of an hour, he was reminded by one of his colleagues that he had wasted one quarter only, but eight quarters, seven of which were not his own property, but belonged to others.

An artist once observed that he lost a clear £100 by lack of punctuality in those that favoured him with custom. Thus, lack of Promptitude is sometimes equivalent to an act of theft.

Promptitude is a most important element in many things. To begin early, and keep punctual, is the earnest and continued assurance of a good end. "The bird catches the worm," a proverb full of deep experience and meaning. A Latin proverb also speaks the same sentiment. "Bis dat, qui cito dat."* Promptitude has a double advantage. Like Mercy,

"It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Our ordinary experience proves that prompt payment is more than one advantage—there is discount if you are not in debt; you receive the best articles; and you never buy until you can afford to purchase. The man of business is late in the Exchange; arrives when the business is over; all the good speculations are gone; he must now pay more than he would have paid at an earlier stage of the day's business; he must purchase at a price

* "He gives as good as twice, who gives quickly."

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that is, at a price, which price is paid by Procrastination into the purse of Promptitude. Delay is the most expensive article in the world's market. Delay in sickness may involve fearful consequences. So true is the old adage, "Prevention is better (and cheaper) than cure;" and that other trite saying, "A stitch in time saves nine." Familiarity with these truths has almost produced contempt of their very instructive lessons.

In Roman history we read this narrative:—A woman, who was called the Sibyl, once came to the palace of Tarquin, one of the kings of early Rome. She brought with her nine volumes of books, and demanded a large and costly price. The king declined the offer. The Sibyl withdrew, and having burned three of the volumes, returned, demanding the same price as before. She was again refused. She then burned three more volumes, and returned, demanding the original price for the three remaining volumes. The king, now impressed with a feeling of curiosity, and, perhaps, of superstition, paid the price required. Had he done this at first, he would have received three times as much, and experienced the value of Promptitude.

We all know how to appreciate the importance of an early vote, and of an early and prompt adhesion to a cause. Such Promptitude influences others, and is the basis of future successes. The seed sown in its season will in due time bring forth, it may be, an hundredfold.

The morning time is the most valuable season of the day. When well employed, it enables one to anticipate, or keep pace with the fleeting hours; and the day seems to be ever young. Some one has said, "Mornings are mysteries." They are fraught with mysterious issues. Every time, and season, and circumstance, has its morning tide; and according to the use of that morning season is generally the issue of the whole.

There is the Morning of Life—the season of Youth. There is the Morning of the Day—the pure, bracing atmosphere of the sunrising, with physical healing in his wings. There is the Morning of the Week—the Sabbath-day, the first fruits, giving new vigour, as a mete preparation for the duties of the week's weary work. There is the

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Morning of the Year—the spring-time, on the right of which depends a nation's wealth, prosperity, and power. There is also the **Morning of Eternity**—the Life which we now live in the flesh; and on the proper exercise of the **Morning of Life** hang all the destinies of man for a never-ending Eternity.

If, then, in a practical way, everything depends on the use of our early seasons and the mornings of our life, may we not derive some profitable reflections of a spiritual reform? For example, what is our Life, if the early seasons of youth be frittered away? What is the Day, if the morning be permitted to advance to noon-tide, nothing attended to, nothing done? What is the Week, if its early morning be the Sabbath, be desecrated or mis-spent? What is the Year, if the morning of its spring-time be neglected, its opportunity squandered? What but a year of want, famine, and destitution. And what shall Eternity be, if the morning of this life be wasted, and no preparation made for the coming day that shall never end? Eternity shall be either a never-ending day of bliss; or a long night of woe, and wretchedness, and misery, and curse. In either case, this is the morning of that eternity. Now is the seed-time; and "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

All we have, and all we are, in our temporal and spiritual interests, depends on Promptitude. "In the morning sow thy seed," saith the Wise Man. This is to begin at the beginning. It involves prompt action and the immediate exercise of our powers and faculties. Promptitude is of essential importance to all who are engaged in the education of the young, whether in the way of money, or science, or personal labour. Dr. Watts has well said, "the boys and girls of this generation are to be the men and women of the next." Accordingly, the next generation will be just what, under God's blessing, we may make them to be. The foundation is the early beginning of the building; and though it by-and-by is hidden by the superstructure, yet it is most important and essential to the whole. Hence the motto, which is, in one form or another, found in many languages—"A good beginning is half the battle."

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half of all." Surely, if ever Promptitude were necessary, it is in laying hold of the season of youth, and in training the young, not only for this world, but more particularly for the world to come.

"In the morning sow thy seed;" because it is the seed-time of life; and if the seed is not sown, there can be no harvest. If there be no seed, the consequences must inevitably be famine, disease, and death. From a neglected seed-time, there can arise nothing but disappointment; instead of the harvest of pure grain, bringing forth seed to the sower and bread to the eater, it produces nothing but a famine-crop of thorns and thistles, a spontaneous growth, spawning forth from the neglected soil of the untilled soul, uncared for and uncultivated.

"In the morning sow thy seed:" because the morning is the rising of the day of hope, and life, and labour; the springing up of light from amid the darkness; and the changing of the dark hues of midnight to the rays of the morning dawn. It is the outset of life; the starting-point of a long and tedious journey; the threshold of a weary career of sin and care. It is well, before launching out on the billows of life, to take in ballast for the voyage; for if neglected in its due season, you cannot find it in mid ocean. In the morning, then, promptly implant the seed of life, of heavenly strength, of godly counsel; let it grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength, and still develop itself as the path of the just, which is as the shining light, "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

In the morning of life the heart is impulsive, and the mind susceptible of good impressions. The youthful heart is soft and impressible as the molten wax,—more ready than it may ever be again to receive the stamp of the divine character and the impress of heavenly-mindedness. And this, ere the world has caused its chill cold hand to pass over it; ere its natural hardness be confirmed; evil habits become inveterate; and unworthy motives obtain so deep a root as to resist the efforts of a renewing power.

The morning of life is the season of weakness and imbecility. While the tender sapling is yet young, a gentle hand

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may direct its growth. Just as it is planted in the ground and taking root, and budding into life, and putting forth its leaves of hope—this is the critical time, the turning point. At that season gently tend it; for

“As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.”

In this hour of its weakness, let Promptitude nerve its sustaining hand, lest some ruthless hand, some unlucky influence, some hapless influence, should swerve it from the straightness of its growth, and destroy the rectitude of its path. For if the sapling grow with a perverse inclination, who shall return it to rectitude when it is old? Who shall suffice, what strength be equal to move or sway or incline when it has become the giant oak, the monarch of the forest?

At this crisis of youth, at this stern juncture of life beset with temptations, so encompassed with infirmities, the mercy of every rude blast that blows, if the sapling be unduly exposed to the stern tempest, and there be no hand to help, what shall become of that which is promised so well; and shall its life be endangered through want of care and diligent attention? Depend upon it, in this season of youth, Satan is busy; in the morning he sows the seed. All the evil influences that beset humanity are planted in the morning of youth; and Satan is the “bird of the air”—the bird of the air—who catches so many who walk in the dust.

In the morning, then, be prompt to labour. In the freshness of life, in the vivid ecstasies of youth, in the season of childhood, while the memory is fresh, and there are no cares to clog its course or impair the exercise of its powers—then, in that favoured season, when the child instinctively follows yours for direction; when its little hand grasps yours for protection; when its attentive ear listens to you for instruction, and when it hears, and heeds, and acts accordingly—at *that* opportune season, let Promptitude do her instant work! Take that child in hand; mould it in the fashion of a child of God. “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Do this; or else some eye less than yours will take cognizance of its helplessness; some hand

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rude will lay hold upon it; and lips less holy will instil the poison of sin into its too credulous heart, and beckon the friendless one to the dark by-ways of vice, and on to the beaten highways of crime and iniquity.

“In the morning sow thy seed:” there is no better time, no more opportune occasion, no more convenient season, no period more hopeful, no circumstances more promising, no years of our life more free from care, none more favourable for successful application to the attainment of knowledge for time and eternity. Surely, all these suffice to confirm the wise precepts that urge men to the practical exercise of Promptitude. In youth a lad is apprenticed to a trade; in youth he is fitted for his after-calling in life; in his youth he goes to school, and under the discipline of the school-master, he makes early and prompt preparation for the duties or distinctions of the world. It is not when men are old and grey-headed that they learn the best. Both principle and experience tell us how important is the command—
“In the morning sow thy seed.”

“Bring up thy children, England, in the way
Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread
Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breast?
Thy might, but in their arms?
Shall not their numbers, therefore, be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?”

All this is so in worldly matters; shall it be different in matters of spiritual interest? Promptitude is essential for Time; much more is it essential for Eternity—in matters of far more transcendent importance; so much more important, indeed, as the eternal interests of the immortal soul are beyond the temporal interests of the perishable body;—matters upon which depend, not success or failure of some earthly scheme, nor poverty or wealth, as the world accounts these things, but the dread alternative of Heaven or Hell, of Life or Death, of having one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, or of having neither part nor lot in this matter.

Promptitude in early training is everything to the future

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man. From the days of Samuel to Timothy, the most eminent men of Israel had both precept and example in bringing up their children to the Lord; and in the Christian Church, the most eminent men have traced their first impressions to the same solicitude and care. Newton, Scott, Cecil, Buchan, and Wesley, and the Wesleys, were what they were, by the prompt and early religious training of their parents. Williams, the apostle of Polynesia, and Moffat, the evangelist of Southern Africa, attribute their success to the same instrumental cause. Robert Haldane could look back upon the nights, when, in his childhood, his mother was thinking him to be asleep, used to kneel and pray by his bedside. Her faithful prayers were heard by the Father, in whom she prayed. It is said of the celebrated Benbow, who he used frequently to give utterance to this thanksgiving: "I bless Thee, O God, for many things, but especially for that I gave myself to Thee at the age of sixteen years."—it has been well said—

"The flower when offer'd in the bud
Is no mean sacrifice."

And there must be Promptitude not only at the beginning, but also throughout the course: "In the evening withhold not thy hand." There is no time of our life in which we can afford to be negligent or careless. Promptitude must be prompt and sustained action throughout. Promptitude in man's life, "The evening and the morning are together," and the last day, and the only day allotted to us for preparation. What an example is that of our Lord. "I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."—*John*, ix. 4. Life is the work-time of man; but "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."—*Eccles.* ix. 10. "If thou shalt fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the end of the day, where the tree falleth, there it shall be."—*Eccles.* iii. 1. "The grave cannot praise Thee; death cannot celebrate Thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for Thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise Thee."—*Isa.* xxxviii. 18, 19.

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If we begin at all, we had better begin at once; and having begun well, let the prompt and good beginning be but the earnest of a happy career, tending to immortality and everlasting life. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," do it promptly, and "do it with thy might." And why? Because this is the place and sphere for Promptitude. By-and-by there shall be no place or opportunity, even though, like Esau, you seek it with tears. Having once started from the goal, and passed over the ground, and arrived at your destination, you cannot run the race again. The race once accomplished, you cannot amend mistakes, or recall mis-spent opportunities, or revoke the talents you have squandered, or live over again the life that is past. The stream of life runs on, bearing on its full bosom rich argosies, and nobly-freighted treasures; but if by any means you let them slip, the current will not return, nor will the stream bring back the opportunities you have lost. "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

The exercise of Promptitude is essential to the attainment of spiritual life. This Life once attained, and by God's grace sustained, you will then be able to serve God with a quiet mind. The man who is always late in his engagements is always in hurry and haste. If he has to start by a certain train, he runs in breathless speed, all uncertainty as to the hour or time of day, and in fearful alarm lest he should be too late. He has no confidence or trust. But see that other man, with his watch in his hand, keeping good time, prompt to his engagement; there is no undue bustle or speed. In thorough confidence he takes his place, and is not disappointed of his hope.

So is it in the way of life, and at the approach of death: "He that believeth shall not make haste."—*Isa.* xxviii. 16. No dread panics seize his soul; nor do any pains of death fall upon him. His mind is kept in perfect peace, his heart being stayed upon God. I am here reminded of a remarkable incident related of John Wesley. Having one day been asked by a Christian lady, what he would do if he were to be assured that he would die to-morrow night at twelve o'clock! the good and patriarchal man replied,

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“Madam, I would do just as I have already proposed. I would preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at ten o’clock in the morning. After that I would ride to Tisbury, preach there in the afternoon, and meet the Society at the evening. I would then repair to Friend Martin’s, who has promised to entertain me, and having conversed and prayed with his family, I would retire to bed, as my custom is, at ten o’clock, commend my soul to God, fall asleep once, and at twelve o’clock (as you say) I would wake up—in glory!” Most noble servant of the Lord! thy hand to pledge thyself to thy work and labour! We could all be thus prepared, and be thus enabled to experience how true it is, that “He that believeth shall make haste!”

It was Bishop Hall, I think, who once said,—“All things, I would desire to die decently;” that is, his preparedness to die, and being ready to depart, and his preparation for the last conflict, with a becoming tranquillity to lay himself down to die. No rushing to and fro, wringing of the hands; no unbecoming haste; no unbecoming factory scene; such as, alas! too often characterize the last days of man. For many are found at the last moment unprepared; like the indolent soldier, who, when the trumpet sounded for battle, was found mending his armour late! all this ought to have been done before, and all that remain to do, but—duty!

There is nothing like this patient waiting upon the road; no undue hurry on the road; and none at the moment of death. The dying man ought to be like the careful and thoughtful passenger, ready over-night, for the morning journey; diligent betimes, in advance of the emergency, and prepared beforehand.

“What have I left, that I should stay and groan?

The most of me to Heaven has fled.

My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone;

The rest must follow on with speed!”

The man thus prepared is waiting for the messenger is to take him home; and is, therefore, not surprised when it arrives; not rushing to catch a train which has

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started, and which he can never recall ; but ready waiting—waiting for something ; and when it comes, he welcomes it as the vehicle sent to carry him hence to the place where he would be. Such was the patriarchal Simeon, “just and devout, *waiting for* the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was upon him.” Having waited, his patient waiting on the Lord is rewarded ; and seeing the Lord’s Christ, he takes him in his arms and blesses him, and then sings the Song of Praise,—*Nunc Dimittis!* “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word !” He lived in peace, within the peaceful precincts of the Temple ; and then laid himself down to die. Surely, the end of that man is peace !

Hence the necessity for Promptitude. As it is true that “He that believeth shall not make haste ;” so, also, is it true, that *until* you believe, you *must* make haste. Hasten with the Promptitude of Lot from the midst of the overthrow—stay not in all the plain—flee for thy life ! Hasten with the Promptitude of the man-slayer, from the pursuit of avenging justice. So long as he is outside the walls of the City of Refuge, he is in danger ; but when, footsore and weary, he has bounded past the gates, opened wide to receive him, he is safe, and need make no more haste.

Promptitude ! promptitude ! is my cry to the sinner !

“The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rains descend, the winds are high ;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, no refuge near,
Haste, traveller, haste !

“And linger not in all the plain ;
Flee for thy life, Salvation gain ;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way !
Haste, traveller, haste !”

Our City of Refuge is JESUS. Out of Him, we are in danger ; but within Him we are safe ; and under the cover of His protection the avenging sword is powerless. Being “found in Him,” we are freed from wrath and condemnation. Once having fled for refuge to lay hold on *that* Hope, our troubled heart may cease the throbbings of its

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care; the pulse abate its fever-heat; we may sit within the security of our asylum, and wipe off the sweat from the road, and dwell in perfect peace. What a reason is this for Promptitude! What security!—"In the day of trouble, He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the day of His wrath He shall hide me: He shall set me upon a rock."—*Ps.* xxvii. 5. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my rock, and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust."—*Ps.* xci. 1, 2.

See, then, how essential is Promptitude in the flight from sin, and taking refuge in Christ! Preparation for Eternity must be at once, and now, and in advance of the danger. The fable of the Wild Boar and the Fox teaches us this lesson: Once upon a time, a wild boar in the jungle was whetting his tusks against the trunk of a tree. A fox passing by asked him why he did this, if that neither hunter nor hound were near? "True," answered the boar, "but when that danger does arise, I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons!" Is not this not very true?

During the heat of the revolution in Paris, in the year 1848, when the reigning monarch had been hurled from the throne, and the nation was in suspense as to what government should succeed, and to whom it should be intrusted, the Chamber of Deputies assembled, and amidst much doubt. Just then, a fair, accomplished, and beautiful princess, rushed into the presence of the Deputies, with her infant son, a prince of the blood royal, in her arms. She knelt before the representative men of the nation, and offered her child as the future ruler of France. Strong revolutionary spirits were melted to tears; but the final answer was declared—"Too late! Too late!" The crown of France de Paris lost an earthly crown by lack of Promptitude. Let us take heed, brethren, lest we lose a heavenly crown for a crown of everlasting glory!

On the wild coast of Britain there are tall and craggy cliffs, which overhang the ocean. The people residing there make their livelihood by gathering the eggs of the

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birds. An iron is fixed in the cliff above; a rope is attached; and the adventurer lowers himself, until he arrives at the ledge of the rock. In this, they encounter many dangers. Once, a man found the rock to overhang so much, that he was obliged to swing himself to and fro, so as to gain his foothold on the rock. He succeeded, but in doing so, he lost the rope from his grasp. The rope swung to and fro—its vibrations becoming less and less, and each time more and more distant. The man stood, and quick as thought reasoned thus with himself—"That rope is my only chance of life. In a little while it will be for ever beyond my reach. It is nearer now than it ever will be again. *I must lay hold of it or die!*" So saying, Promptitude nerved his strength; he sprung from the cliff as the rope was next approaching; he caught it—and was *safe!*

This is just our state of peril by reason of our sin. There are opportunities *now*; and, for aught we know, they may be gradually diminishing. Come *now*; lay hold on your Hope, *now!* Be prompt; and "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest!"

It is a solemn duty thus to remind men that their day of work and opportunity is passing away from them. We do not sufficiently realize the flight of time and the approach of eternity. Most men stand trifling on the verge of a yawning precipice, heedless as to the consequences of their folly. They lose their valuable time at the outset; they continue in their evil habit; and at last find it impossible to make up the loss within the brief space of a few weeks, during which they sicken and die. Promptitude has been neglected, and now they are left the wretched victims of Procrastination, deploring the day of misspent life and wasted opportunity.

Surely, if our blessed Master set limits to the day of His earthly labours, much more ought we to deal with our days as treasures numbered and to be accounted for; not postponing duty because the future is still before us, but acting in the living present, in as much as the future is uncertain. The end of our day is stealing on; every hour that strikes,

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every second that ticks, leaves a smaller number yet. Already our noon and midday is past; time is on the sands of life are fast decreasing; the evening is proaching; the shades of night are falling fast; and the gloom of dusk and evening twilight tell me that the curtains of eternity are drawing closer and closer, and will soon shut out this mortal scene, and bid "good night" to all below. Why, then, stand we all the day idle? Another day gone; another year lost; another stage mismanaged; another step the wrong way; another burden of responsibility incurred! Let the example of Jesus be our pattern and encouragement. He duly recognized who had sent Him here, and for what purpose. He determined to fulfil; and to this end He devoted every moment was redeemed; and was then devoted to some service, or word, or labour tending toward the fulfilment of the Mission of the Son of God. Like Him be prompt to "work, while it is day!"

"Lose this day, loitering, 'twill be the same story
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin it, and the work will be completed!"

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