and numbers of years, which it would take ever so
long to count, even. Yes, think of this, happy ten-
year-old child, and ask yourself what you will do
with them. Each man's life, you know—that is
each man's time on earth—is a gift of God, given
him to do something with. We are none of us—no,
not one—drifted into the world to toss up and down
and tumble about by chance, like little bits of stick
afloat on a river, till the great tide carries us away.
No, for some mysterious reason God sends every-
boby into the world to do some special work; and
you have yours, depend upon it; and day by day
it will come under your hands to be done.

Be sure, then, that what "your hand findeth to
do" you do; and to remind yourself of this, as the
years pass over, shade off each into the dead years,
in which you can do nothing further, so that you
may not deceive yourself as to how much remains.
To every one living a white space does remain, and
it is never too late to be up and doing.

See, now, the Dial of Life is the Dial of Life in-
deed—a dial of hope, a dial of promise. From the
earliest ages the circle has been an emblem of