

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 everybody 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 indeed—a dial of hope, a dial of promise. From the earliest ages the circle has been an emblem of