DAT, JAN. 9 1936

What Is Your Life? Or New Year and Old Year Thoughts

a the author:

The old year has made some the has professed faith in touches! fice, reverence, worship? From

The second life nity! the degradation, yea, all the ills that sin has wrought. What is your life when measured by the trees?

In the second group I see men that are like birds. The first is the cuckoo that lays her in the nests of other birds ces upon them the burden of feeding her offspring. Like this bird many shirk the burdens of life, eaving the work of the Church and the Kingdom for more loving hearts, but not the night away and makes the darkest hours the most delightthe darkness, that binds up the wounded life and makes it forget the saddened heart and makes it up straight under, the burdened life and makes it forget the birds?

mum which I saw at the flower took the premium. 45 te and beautiful. I stoppenjoy its fragrance-but I is it increased in brilliancy. hands -- searching for chrysanthemum. I was passing a December, 1905. dilapidated. tenantless house

s of the following | no home for fish, no haunt for od from the Biblical birds; its shores offer no life to In 1905 by R. E. Faw, tree nor flower-even man must in requested by readers of approach with caution. How like acceptor. J. M. Arnette this sea is many a life deadly in influence, dragging others into ruin! The second picture of this

stographs. Among them are group is like the sun whch "scaturs and mine. I search for ters the rear of darkness thin, The with fear and trembling. chases away the ghosts of di-In the first group I see men as sease and germs of death, and barren fig tree with nothing fills the world with warmth and but reaves upon its branches. It light and life! How like the sun no fruits, although it resem- is many a life-the day-spring of is a fruitbearing tree, Just so light and joy to excrything it

In a seventh group men are the church book, has been bap-tized wears the leaves — but the the fruits of Christ in and scorching. The second is the the soul-fove, sympathy, sacri-fice, reverence, worship? From weary land;" on its crags, the a life the great heart of birds; on its crevices, the flowfour turns away hunger-having found nothing traveler! What is your life when

on a life in a world measured by the rocks? In an eighth group men are like bocks of history. The first is by the rivers of water," a blank book, nothing but leaves, the record of neglected opportunalso shall not wither." His in- ity and buried talents! The secwence shall go on through the ond is blotted and marred, the record of sin! A third is packed plied, doing much toward the with words, thoughts, deeds, that "healing of the nations"-heal- are noble, beautiful and true. ing the pains, the heart-aches, which of these is your volume? The volume of 1905 of our life's history is closed and on its back I see these words, "What I have written, I have written." God

pity the man who, as he reviews the volume of his life's history that has just closed, finds nothing but leaves; or who finds his volume all blotted and marred by sin-who finds a mong his thoughts none God-like in aspiration; among his words none loving, kind and true; among his deeds none of noble endeavornothing to glorify God or bless mere able hands. The second is humanity! But just here comes a like the nightingale that sings happy thought. Just as the old year's volume closed with a snap, the new year held out a ful. In this picture I see the life new volume with leaf pure and that brings music into the dark- white! How happy the man who ened soul and makes it forget prefaced this new volume with noble resolutions and a prayer for God's guidance and strength to the pain, that pours baim into crowd the pages of the new book with a record of personal growth forget the sorrow; yea, that slips and God-likeness and a brotherly kindness to a needy world!

The last group shows the picyour life when measured by the ture of two reapers. It is harvest time. A forgotton sowing is being reaped. In the first picture I In the third group I see men see a reaper bound in the shackthat are like flowers. The first is les of sin; hugging to his bosom like the cultivated chrysanthe- the bundle of tares-all that the harvest has for him! He hugs it, though torn by its thorns, hoping still that it may contain some straw to which his soul may cling. disappointed. It had scarce- But, alas! poor fellow, I see odor. It had lost its frag- him winnowing chaff with eager a single a life, as it has grown in grain to feed his soul that hunh, worldly honors and edu- gers for life! The pile is wincation, has let its fragrance slip newed and all is chaff! I see anaway-has lost its love and sym- other reaper, a glad, happy soul. pathy for a sin-burned world! On his shoulder is a sheaf of The second is like a neglected rolden graine

GAS TANK EXPLOSION drivated and FATAL TO CURRIE MAN Hamlet, Jan. 6. One person I was rewarded. In the edges of was killed, a store building was burned down and a dwelling set insignificant, slighted, yet frag- office near the outskirts of Hamrant with love and sympathy for let today when a gasoline tank its surroundings. What is your truck struck a high tension wire

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space during this year.

Be among the progressive merchants

whose yard hard; and I saw a small chrysauthemum in , hedge of words. I stopped to That its fragrance and the world is many a life, modest. life when measured by the flow, pole and exploded. ers.

In the fourth group of h are like certain insects. The first is like the spider, with a web to entangle and poison to sluy. Spi-, der-men extract poison from a beautiful world- a life that

vile, obscene. drunken, filthy, reverent, fickle, worthless ught and action- and deal it

to poison their fellow men. the second is like the honey bee that suchs honey from the flowers and stores it up to feed the hungry. The honey-bee life extracts beauty and sweetness from circumstances even hard and cruel, and dispenses to men. What is you life when measured by the insects? "Where the bee sucks honey the spider sucks poi-

In'a fifth group I see men that he like ocean currents. The first is like the Labrador current with its icobergs and chilling waters that make Labrador cold and barren! How like this current is many a life-chilling home, community and church because it lacks love, sympathy, and brotherly kindness! The second picture is like the Gulf stream that warms and tempers the climate miles away. The British isles are the same latitude as Labrador, yet they are fields of "living green," while Labrador is bleak and barren. How like the Gulf Stream is many a life-throbbing with love and sympathy for a id, sin-frozen world; and doing to warm it into life. What our life when measured by an currents?

In a sixth group, men resemble the dead sea and the sun. The the like the Dead Sea, which. the books correctly describe it, selfish and death-dealing. So dly are its waters and the lasmas that rise from them, that no living thing is found within it or near it. It provides

Burbage Lucas, 23, of Currie. driver of the truck, was burned

beyond recovation. He was identified four hours later by his employers and relatives. Locus is survived by his parents, one brother and several sislers.

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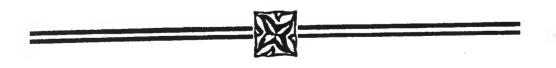


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