



Object of Life

There are but few that pass through life without some purpose - something for which to live although perhaps, it may be almost unknown to themselves what that purpose is. But that each should have some definite object - some one thing on which to concentrate all their energies, and to which everything else must give way to accomplish that one great aim, must be apparent to all, if we calmly consider what beings we are.

We are too apt to forget that we have immortal spirits within us, that we are endowed with minds capable of such vast improvement; and live as though we had nothing to do but seek our own pleasure - as if this life would end our existence.

But if we reflect on the relations existing between an infinite Creator and us as finite beings, and remember that we are dependent on Him for

all we have, all we enjoy, that life itself comes from Him; we are filled with wonder that we could thus spend our lives.

Does not reason teach us that to our God we owe all things, that ~~whatever~~ we do should be done for his glory? What higher possible aim could mortal beings have than to seek in every act of their lives, the glory of their Creator? Is there any other object worthy of notice when compared with this?

We may labor with untiring energy for wealth; may seek to have our names chronicled with the mighty of earth; we may strive to obtain the honor and applause of men; yet still there will ever be a void—an irresistible longing of the soul for we know not what—something almost within our reach, but when about to obtain the glittering prize it has vanished from our sight. Thus while we live for ourselves, while we seek ~~just~~ ~~our~~ ~~own~~ pleasure, will it ever be.

But however little of this world's wealth we may have, though we may live in ob=

-scurity, and may be passed by unnoticed by those above us in the world's esteem, yet if we live in the service of God, if we strive to make others happy - to "make the world better for our having lived in it," we will have accomplished the great end of our existence. In this alone will we find true enjoyment and in ~~no other~~ no other way will we find that which is lasting.

This is an object worth living for; and one which demands the attention of the highest created intelligence; the attainment of which, satisfies the aspirations of the most restless mind.

Everything in nature has some work to perform, and is busily and uncomplainingly is it accomplished, all seeming to praise God, for "The heavens declare the glory of God"; but we for whom all these things were created are too apt to forget the "Object of life."

Very good.

Mary D. Barlett.