

ever in their effects, even after my death, shall not the greater personal power also continue? The less is blessed by the greater; is there no blessing for the greater? If the little bits of ourselves never perish, so as to become nothing at all, is the whole man to be counted of no permanent value? Does the Eternal Power only care for small things? Common sense says "No." Our sacred aspirations, making life so warm; our ennobling thought, giving intellectual grandeur; are not a momentary fluorescence darkening into eternal gloom; greatest purposes are realest purposes; highest meanings are truest meanings; man was not made to die; for if every part continues as to its essence, surely that essence combined forms a personal permanent whole. We know whither life's pathway leads; it leads to that God who will not leave us in the dust. As we deal kindly with our kind, reasonably with ourselves, and naturally with nature, we are sure that, dying, we shall not lose ourselves. The universe, like an open book, is full of one far-off Divine event; for that our conscience affirms we are being prepared, and God is just.

Our bodies perish moment by moment; many times in the course of an ordinary life's length every particle in our frame, and the whole of that frame, go from us; new particles, but similar, replace the old to make a new body—not the same, but like the former. Something permanent remains as a master principle; the body, every bit of it and the whole, has gone; but some cut or mark, stain or mole, remains on the skin. Your parents are dead, but they have left particular shapings and markings which show that you are their child; some touch of gout, weakness of heart, tendency to consumption, taint of insanity, and that worst heredity—madness of unbelief—prove that the dead are not dead, they live in you. This permanence, despite continuous and entire change; this dying, yet living in good and evil; are a signature on and in every one that we belong to the future; knowledge of things we see conveys meaning as to that we do not see, and this gives the force of reality, assured evidence of that for which we hope. We are not "the fools of loss;"