

test of true possession, and the best harbinger of continuance?

But if the thought born of the still woods be somber, it is also soothing. We recall the beautiful words of Ruskin: "If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valley; the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures; the glory of the earth—they are but monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example: that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived."

Ah, well! We will be admonished. With Béranger we will scatter the gold, in the joy of charity, that might build our tomb. The essential conditions of our being are good, so we do not ourselves vitiate and embitter them. May we not still trust in Him who gave the flowering, and with whom is also the fading-time?