

the beasts' his ambition is gone, all his high and lofty thoughts vanish, the human race gives up life and plunges desperately towards happiness by suicide. Every thought flows from that great thought, every action and project tends towards its realization. The soul turns as instinctively towards its God as the plant towards the sunlight, and if it bask not in the rays of His effulgent splendor it withers and dies in the shades of darkness and unhappiness. Consequently, man's ultimate object being spiritual, whatever truly helps him to attain it is progress. His goal is the possession of everlasting happiness, and the means to win it is self-improvement by making use of time and opportunity. Opportunity has been defined as a "favorable occasion, time or place for learning, or saying, or doing anything." Life, then, is the time and all its circumstances the occasions for accomplishing our highest aim, the winning of our crown in the other world. Its duration, long or short, is for each one the opportunity of making himself forever happy. How carefully, then, should we be to use it properly, squandering not a moment of it, but zealously utilizing every diamond minute of its golden hours. Time once wasted is wasted forever; it has slipped from our grasp and vanished into the "vastinane," or, to use a common saying, "Time and tide wait for no man"; but we might here identify the two and consider time as that rapidly flowing tide that bears us along on its bosom, but glides from under us if we stop to dally and cling to the various objects which we meet on our course, leaving us to drift hither and thither on its unknown waves until, though avoiding the rocks of Seylla, we finally perish in the whirlpool of Charybdis; whereas those eager seekers, those who have their ideal constantly before them, swim along with its current, picking from its sands those precious gems which will be their crown of glory in the world to come.

Man is a rough and jagged stone that must be polished and made smooth, and this is accomplished in the workshop of opportunity, which is the vast world around us. Everything is opportunity in one way or another if we but see it. "What are poverty, neglect, and suffering," says Spalding, "if we are wise, but opportunities for good; our house, our table, our tools, our books, our city, our country our language, our business, our professors, the people who love and those who hate, they who help and they who oppose, what is all this but opportunity?" In these things lies man's chance for improvement, for progress toward the haven whither he is sailing against adverse winds and amid a raging sea.