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4 The Symphony of Life

longer an arrest of love's appeal, but an entrance to a larger vision, a deeper intensity, a fuller expression of life. Faith is not a belief in a God who lives only in a world to which we are going. It is a fire kindled on the altar of life—a fire of which creeds are but the ashes.

I now expect no reward for another's sacrifice, no escape from myself except by slaying the inferior that the nobler may appear. Hope is to me a beacon flaming from the hills of victory, the triumph of all God-conquered lives flinging beams of light and beauty into the deep heart-eyes of the world.

What am I doing *now*?

I am in the garden of life calling you to play with me.

A. D. Watson