

that lowered on the horizon become dispelled by sunny hopes and radiant visions and dreams. Tonight I look back upon three of the most profitable and impressive years of my life—maybe on difficulties weakly encountered, or purposes only very partially accomplished, upon endeavors that very early lost their power. The way is littered with failures in life and service but here and there are cheering achievements and experiences, bright with the upholding favor and grace of God.

The saying runs that personal references are vulgar and inapt, often invidious, but anything I have to say this evening will, I trust, be the exception that will deliver us from the tyranny of a mere rule, at least I'm going to risk it for I will freely speak of my experience and relations with the men of Westminster Hall.

You have once walked in a beautiful rose garden. Unconsciously you felt the charm and sweetness communicated by your surroundings, your spirit was made glad and light, you felt rather than saw the loveliness and fragrance of things.

Or you have entered some room swept and garnished, where everything, walls and carpet, pictures and furniture, were harmoniously ordered and adjusted, all sweetness and light. Its comeliness and cleanliness and brightness had an immediately pleasing effect upon you—for the time being you were a different person.

Yes, we are wonderfully influenced by our surroundings, the garden, the home, one's own private room, they have a marvellous spiritual and educative value. This, we realize, that the spiritual forces in man are much more likely to produce nobility of mien and beauty of soul if wrought upon by things which are lovely and graceful than if choked and dammed by the smoke and dirt and dinginess of a reeking slum with its narrow streets and overhanging tenements. As with houses and gardens, so it is with persons. Every individual projects an influence upon all that he touches—every living human being changes in some measure the soul atmosphere around him, radiates an unearthly electricity, either producing elevating thoughts of God and the beauty of holiness or generating low, repugnant image (as do ugly things) from which one's inmost soul turns in neusea and disgust.

This influence this atmosphere created is the true index of what you really are, yourself, your soul. It is a far truer revelation