

stained by the foot prints of pioneers, it hears the summons to oblivion? Man even with his rudimentary knowledge of values is more thoughtful. No reasonable man will toil with almost infinite pains to produce a violin capable of giving adequate expressions to a masterpiece only to dash it to fragments when he finds he has succeeded. No reasonable man will spend a lifetime in transforming a block of marble into the finest models of a Michael Angelo only to demolish them one by one. All about us the best in human life gathers the highest values and treasures them as worth while. If there is no immortality human life at the grave becomes the contradiction of all it has been, and the mockery of its own ideals and methods. The conception that death ends all may not empty life of all its worth, but it certainly destroys its most precious element, it shuts off the adventure beyond death with its possibilities for time and opportunity to reach the perfect life. Humanity has never permanently accepted such a philosophy of existence. Instead of being reconciled to the prospect of oblivion we cry out life, more life, and fuller. The highest standard of life is not quantitative, but qualitative, not more existence, but richer experience. It is a matter of experience that the thing that at bottom matters most, is the sense we have of something in us making for more life and better. All pain is at last a feeling of the frustration of this, all happiness a feeling of its satisfaction.

*But oh, for tireless strength,
A life untainted by the curse of sin,
That spreads no vile contagion from within;
Found without spot, at length.*

*For power, and stronger will
To pour out love from the heart's inmost springs;
A constant, freshness for all needy things;
In blessing, blessed still.*

*Oh, but to breathe in air
Where there can be no tyrant and no slave;
Where every thought is pure and high and brave,
And all that is, is fair.*

*More life, a prophecy
Is in that thirsty cry, if read aright.
Deep calleth into deep, life infinite,
O soul, awaiteth thee.*

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