

and teachers, all do their duty, and there will be fewer ruined families, ruined hearts, ruined hopes, far less crime, less sickness, less sorrow in this bright and beautiful world of ours. There ought not to be such a thing in the universe as an old soul. No man on earth ought to feel old, or realize that he is old; and he will not if he has taken proper care of his body and his mind. The immortal soul that dwells for years in a damp, mouldy, filthy house, weakened by and reeking with rottenness, drained of its strength and tainted by foul diseases, cannot expect to pass through the gates of the beautiful Temple of Life to that Garden of Eden, gorgeous with all that is pure, majestic and lovely; where none of the taints of man's original transgressions of Divine order can be found; where we can breathe the breath of flowers that never decay. No; the diseased soul cannot enter there. It must be made pure first. "The blackest soil can be made to grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward from among the rocks."