

those who summer within its borders. The tie which holds them here season after season, in spite of the attractions of other places, only grows stronger as the years go by.

Like the rest of the world, Grimsby Park stands upon the threshold of a new century. The prophets tell us that in spite of the dark clouds which hang low over the moral horizon in some quarters, in spite of the angry passions which seem so rampant among the nations, and the selfishness which dominates the business world, the coldness which devitalizes the Church in some places, the world is about to enter upon a period of peacefulness and great spiritual awakening. The arm of the Lord is still powerful to allay the turbulent passions of men and nations, and electrify with renewed fervor the fainting spirits of the faithful. When that time of peace comes, and we have learned to turn expectant eyes toward the heavens—when God's people are ready for the spiritual uplifting which is to place them on the higher plane of living which we hope lies before us in the near future—Grimsby Park will again resound with songs and hallelujahs. The mother will pause in the midst of her loving servitude to listen to the joyful sound of the Temple services. The youth and maiden spinning along together over the shaded roadways will not be ashamed to acknowledge to each other that the world is beautiful, and life is sweet, and, above all, that God is very good. The man of business will gladly turn from the incessant pursuit of wealth to listen to the voices in his soul. "Holiness to the Lord" will be the theme of every sermon, the burden of every song. The little children will overflow the front seats in the great congregation, their