

come back to us in sad refrains. There are hearts sighing for a word of comfort or praise, a single word of love to cheer them on their journey, but we are silent. Why should we tell them that we love them? They know we love them, and will not that suffice? Alas, there is a gnawing pain of hungry love that longs to hear the music of love's expression, and we shrink within ourselves and the words are unspoken as we walk in silence by their side. On we travel together through the world, and the heavenly music is silent. Here on earth we love and know not how to tell it to hearts in need, but in heaven we shall not need to tell it, for all shall know and that shall be enough. Give all diligence to supply the chorus for a strong and beautiful life. Link all the graces together as a string of pearls and wear them upon the neck of your soul. Look again at the ladder by which you will climb to saintliness on earth and glory in heaven, every virtue a rung in the ladder and all joined to Christ. Add to your faith spiritual force, then practical wisdom to direct your courage, then self-control, patient endurance in suffering, godliness, love of the brotherhood of Christ, and finally, love for all men. And when you have completed the chorus, the music of your life will be a glad song that will cheer the weary hearts of men, and angels will listen and rejoice.