

is only when we reach some more conspicuous point, where we can pause and make comparison, that we can properly understand what our progress has accomplished for us. Some persons can travel across the surface of a broad continent without pausing to make any such comparison, and all that they know or seem to care for, is, that they have completed their journey. Others, again, take eager and intelligent note of the ground over which they pass, and by their habits of observation, help themselves, and become helpful to others. In the one class, the faculty of observation is dormant; in the other class, it is awake and active.

The journey of life may be made blindly or intelligently — with care or without care. We may go on with eye, mind, and heart closed — stolid, or indifferent to its highest meaning, and to the striking lessons which it presents, or we may have all open, marking events as they pass, finding material for reflection, and food for the inner life. In the one case, we pass purblind through the world, or at best, find ourselves shut up within a narrow circle of interests of which self is the centre. In the other case, we look out upon men and things. We see a wider world than that which gravitates immediately round our personality. We recognise a providential order in the passing events. We mark the forging of the links which are to bind the future with the past in the grand chain of history. In the one case we cut ourselves off — so far as our selfishness and indolence can do so — from the prevailing life of humanity, and narrow the sphere of our human sympathy. In the other case we extend this sphere, and by opening our eyes and minds to the larger life of the world, we enlarge our own nature, and aug-