

only a few, like honour, fortitude, courage, tenderness, sympathy, love, aspiration, reverence, prayer and faith.

"Canst thou by searching find out God?" asks Job. Has this question ever been answered? I do not know God. I can but kneel in prayer before that awful reality. I do not know God. But I know what love is. I found it long ago at the knees of a tender and resolute mother, in the heart of an intimate friend and comrade, in the adoring glances of little children. I do not know what God's great designs are. But I know what beauty is. I found her drenched by the salt spray upon far northern coasts; I heard her voice in the whisper of pines and reeds; I caught a glimpse of her fleeting loveliness among the high mountains, and in the shattered moonbeams on the lakes and in the refulgence of sun-stricken streams. I have stood in her presence breathless in the Louvre, and have almost cried from pure joy at the revelation she made of herself in that room of awful loveliness which shrines the frieze of the Parthenon. I do not know what is to be the final end of society on this planet, nor of my own final end. But I know that here many gallant gentlemen have lived and died; that it is only through the practice of a noble law of self-sacrifice that the race ever moves forward; that against the spiritual will the awful powers of heredity, ignorance and animal selfishness fight in vain; that the good is permanent and the evil impermanent; that