

very bad world. Sometimes rather hard, rather inflexible, but there would be little room for complaint. But even when we have ascended to the plane of justice we shall not have reached perfect civilization. I need not blush to say it to lawyers, there is something higher than law—and that is love. That, that Professor Drummond called "the greatest thing in the world," that good-will that was linked by the Divine Herald with peace on earth. When we have learned justice we shall progress to love and

"all men's good  
 "Be each man's rule and universal peace.  
 "Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
 "And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
 "Thro' all the circle of the Golden Year."

I shall not forget the last evening I spent at the great Paris Exposition. The ear was enchanted with music and the eye with light and color. The iridescent fountains glowed with ever changing hues—now emerald, now sapphire now crimson, now golden, while the long serpentine lines of light culminated in the sparkling brilliance of the Trocadero. When the senses are enchanted how easy to dream! And I asked myself, Is this realization or is it not rather prophecy—"that which man has done but earnest of the things that he shall do." Do we not hear the tongues of all nations in the surging multitude? Have we not here the accumulated knowledge of the world? A ray of dazzling brightness fell from the tower across the dome of the palace of arts and rested on the figure of an angel, pure and white, refulgent against the blackness of the night. Was it my dreaming or was it her message: "Whether there be prophecies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away—But now abideth faith and hope and love—these three, but the greatest of these is love."