

Humanity makes many attempts but has a rare genius for preserving the best. It gathers the treasures of art, throwing aside the worthless imitations. It preserves the gems of literature, neglecting and forgetting the trivial. It continually sings the great songs and stores them in the heart of an adoring memory and experience, while the others float like the lily on the bosom of the lake, gladdening for a few months, forgotten forever. It builds the home, adores it, defends it. Human life goes forth seeking goodly pearls, finds them, conserves them. It passionately seeks abiding values. There is always a limit to the lower kind of values. We can buy them off with other values of their own kind. But there is no limit to the values that appear in the realm of the spirit. We cannot buy a mother's love or a patriot's devotion. We cannot exhaust the justice, or sympathy of a community by overdrafts. There is an infinite element in the higher ranges of values. The higher the development of the spirit the more clearly is this recognized. It is the test of manhood and intelligence not to doubt this, but to enthusiastically recognize it.

It is universally admitted that Personality is the crowning glory of all existence known to man. We may well pause on bended knee as we contemplate the way by which we have come. Let us stand by the roadway of humanity. See primitive man as he emerges from his pre-historic ages. Watch him in his intellectual processes, in his social relations, in his home, in his industrial struggles and in his dying fears and hopes. Listen to his song so weird, so plaintive, so gloomy, so shot through and through with superstition, so fearful of the gods, so wedded to being. Then pass over the long blood-marked trail. See man in the freedom of his thought as he thinks God's thoughts after Him. See him in his home, where love rules, and in his social relations where service abides. See him crowned with glory and honour, the light of God dispelling the gloom as he steps out into the day's work. How has it been accomplished? By ages of pain, toil, sacrifice, love and death. If there is no immortality then the universe has toiled for countless ages to produce the finest gem of existence, the human soul, only to dash it to pieces when it begins to reflect the beauty and holiness of the perfect life. Such an assertion carries with it an unutterable agony. It does not accord with the convictions we have learned to follow as true and abiding. The idea of immortality is an assertion of the absolute worth of all the values we long to cherish eternally. These moral and spiritual values are the flowers and fruit of the humanity which ripens in the best cultivated gardens of God. If the lower values count in the march of material progress, surely the highest values must count in the march of the soul upward to the light of a perfect day. The principle of conserving values and the conviction that there must be some proper correspondence between function and sphere rise in protest to say that it is not in keeping with the nature of things that man be thus crushed to nothingness. The giant trees which cannot think or love, began their life long before the Redeemer of the world trod the quiet hills of the Holy Land or poured out His soul in agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. The beeches near Hampton Court have been the playthings of fifteen generations of British Kings and Queens. They abide but the kings and queens have passed away forever. Several species of animals have length of days unknown to man. Can it be, that the highest in nature and possibilities has the shortest space allotted to it for expression? Can it be that ere the awakening soul gazes upon the rich fields whose virgin purity has not been