

dant life. There is joy in the good, the beautiful and the true. There is a buoyancy that resists absorption in the ephemeral and preserves a sense of proportion. There is a definiteness of direction which excludes vain imaginings and aimless striving. It is the true life because it is God in human life.

The present confused state of the world, our acquiescence in the drift which is carrying us we know not whither, are the logical sequel of an era in which intellectual activity and a gallant philanthropy did noble things; but men tried the experiment of substituting them for faith in God. And to-day we begin our prayer with words that ring true to the facts: "Almighty God who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves."

There is a wide margin between the intellectual and spiritual possessions with which we enter upon the Lenten season and those possessed by the Son of God. There is a margin between what we are and what we might have been. And at "journey's end" there will still be a gap between the poverty of our state and the riches that might have been ours. How can the margin be closed and the gap filled? In one way only, but that is a certain way—by the perfection of the offering which Christ our Redeemer made to God. Once and once only was there offered to God a life worthy