

wonder at his learning, and put money into his own pocket, and who does not seek to bring to light the secrets locked in the hearts of the grains of sand, and hidden in the very brightness of the sunbeams, that so, step by step, he may come to the larger truth which enfolds the facts, and to the barely-hidden thought of God which makes all science glorious.

The truth-seeker is humble. Matched with an all-absorbing eagerness and an impatience of half-truths, is a humility which makes the man of giant intellect a child. The man of dull heart and narrow outlook may be proud, but every sensitive mind that walks the shores of God's oceans, or wakes to the thought that

" 'Tis but the outer hem
Of His great mantle our poor stars do gem,"

will be lifted into childlikeness. He will be too conscious of his liability to err, too covetous of certainty, too painfully apprized of the limits of his knowledge, to be arrogant and self-willed in the presence of the Great Unknown.

He must be brave. The coward stands a poor chance of ever knowing the truth. The man who is not ready to make sacrifices, to stand alone to be a martyr for Truth, in some great or small way, is not worthy of her. There comes a time in almost every student's life when he begins to think for himself. Authority is no longer sufficient. He finds that many things in religion and science, which he thought were as firm as the hills, are untrustworthy or mere temporary hypotheses, in which, as in tents, men have rested for a night, but which must be stricken as soon as Truth puts the bugle to her lips to sound the march to loftier camping grounds. An awful moment it is for him, for any man, when the seeming solid ground rocks beneath his feet, the radiant heavens grow black with an unspeakable darkness, the singing of the stars dies away, and from all the depths there comes a stifled moan of unutterable anguish, for to him the universe is orphaned and all creation has become a hollow, meaningless, echoing