

progress in times gone by, to turn aside from those things which debase the soul of man, and walk some distance along the upward way. But we may be quite certain of this—we have only made a beginning.

There are heights before us of which we have never as yet dreamed, but only he will look upon them who has become divinely discontented with former triumphs. And what sight could possibly be more tragic than that of some man who, in the midst of shame, and sin, and failure, is content?—content with the husks of life? For the man who has lost his ideals is dead and buried already.

As Browning reminds us:—

“Progress is man’s distinctive mark alone,  
Not God’s and not the Beast’s.  
God is, they are;  
Man is, and wholly hopes to be.”

We have seen then that there may be, that indeed, there too often is, a wrong sort of contentment. But over against that wrong contentment, there shines by contrast the true contentment which we all should covet. First of all let us learn to be contented with “such things as we have.” Of course that advice must be taken with due qualifications. It does not mean, for example, that the workman is never to seek for higher wages. It does not mean that a father should not seek to improve