

has been grieved at us is at that solemn hour when earth meets earth and dust touches dust, and the form we loved, or thought we loved, or professed to love, is forever taken from our sight. Then we remember.

For us the altar is specially the Cross. And I want to ask myself and each of my hearers why it is, when we come near to the Cross of Christ (for "we have an altar whereof they have no right to eat who serve this tabernacle"), why there we remember? Is it not because the cross reveals, as nothing else on this earth reveals, the eternal life of God? Will you forgive me if I say—I know the metaphor is not the most complete—that in some aspects the cross seems to be God's tuning-fork set to the music of eternity, suddenly placed amid the discords of earth, and it is only when we hear that pure note that we know how dissonant our lives are.

In yonder village a boy grew up, adored by all the villagers, who thought his voice would surpass that of the world's greatest singers, though probably they had never heard one of them. A musician, anxious to recruit his choir, journeys to the village and finds the boy the center of an admiring group. Certainly, the boy has a strong, sweet voice; but there are many defects in it, and the quick ear of the musician detects them. He asks the boy if he will come to be trained. The parents consent, and the boy enters the musician's house, where probably he will spend some months. On the first night after his arrival the choir boys who have been trained for three or five years are there to sing, and the country lad is placed within full view of the musician's eye. At first his face bears the look of rapt expectancy; he had never heard anything like that; then it flushes, the tears flow down his cheeks, and the boy sobs until the professor, who desires to befriend him, exclaims: "Why