

we should discern the purpose of God in it, yield ourselves to it, and live to fulfil it. This is pre-eminently the lesson of these sixty years. Through them runs the line of an earthly sovereignty which this day we delight to honor. But through them also runs the line of a divine sovereignty which we gratefully recognize has been honored by our Queen, which we are called on to honor by the surrender of heart and will. The nation as a nation is summoned to do the will of God, to obey Him in internal legislation and administration, and in international relations and obligations. The Church is called on to be true to its head and Lord, permitting no intrusion on His supremacy, omitting no respect of the trust He has committed to her, laboring at home and abroad for the furtherance of the Gospel. Individuals are summoned to decision. In these days we are not called on, as were our ancestors, in persecuting times, to decide between the earthly and heavenly sovereign. The choice is deeper and more searching. Between self-will and the divine will, between the world and the Cross, between self and Christ, we are called to choose. On the Jubilee day we remember our vow of loyalty to our Queen. It will, indeed, be a jubilee to our souls if this day we dedicate ourselves to the service of Christ, the King of Love, our Shepherd and Lord.

"My mother says I must not pass
 Too near the glass :
 She is afraid that I will see
 A little witch that looks like me,
 With red, red mouth to whisper low
 The very things I should not know !"
 "Alack for all your mother's care !
 A bird of the air,
 A wistful wind, or (I suppose,
 Sent by some hapless boy), a rose,
 With breath too sweet, will whisper low
 The very thing you should not know !"
 —Sarah M. B. Piatt.

" No stream from its source.
 Flows seaward, how lonely so ever its course.
 But what some land is gladdened.
 No star ever rose
 And set without influence somewhere.
 Who knows
 What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
 No life
 Can be pure in its purpose and
 Strong in its strife.
 And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

—Meredith's Lucile.