

not the only things that fade ; morning clouds are not the only things that pass away ; sunset splendors are not the only gorgeous pictures that vanish. What comes of all childhood's fancies, of youth's day-dreams and of manhood's and womanhood's vision-fabrics ? How many of them are ever realized ? Life is full of illusions. Many of our ships that we send out to imagined lands of wealth to bring back to us rich cargoes never return at all, or, if they do, only creep back empty with torn sails and battered hulks. Disappointments come to all of us along life's course. Many of our ventures on life's sea are wrecked and never come back to port ; many of our ardent hopes prove only brilliant bubbles that burst as we grasp them.

Yet if we are living for the higher things—the things that are unseen and eternal—the shattering of our life's dreams and the failures of our earthly hopes are only apparent losses. The things we can see are but the shadows of things we cannot see. We chase the shadow, supposing it to be a reality ; it eludes us and we do not grasp it, but instead we clasp in our hand that invisible thing of which the visible was only the shadow. A young man has his visions of possible achievement and attainment ; one by one, with toil and pain, yet with quenchless