

later you return, and not a dewdrop is to be seen. You walk through your garden one summer morning, and note its wondrous variety of flowers in bloom, with their marvelous tints and their exquisite loveliness; to-morrow you walk again along the same paths, and there is just as great variety and as rich beauty, but all is changed. Many of yesterday's flowers are gone, and many new ones have bloomed out.

So it is in all our personal experiences. Life is a kaleidoscope; every moment the view changes. The beautiful things of one glance are missing at the next, while new things—just as lovely, though not the same—appear in their place. The joys we had yesterday we do not have to-day, though our hearts may be quite as happy now, with gladness just as pure and deep. In a sense, to most of us, life is routine, an endless repetition—the same tasks, the same duties, the same cares, day after day, year after year; yet even in this routine there is constant change. There is an interstitial life that flows through the channel of our daily experiences and that is ever new. We meet new people, we have new things, we read new books, we see new pictures, we learn new facts, while at the same time many of the familiar things are continually dropping out of