

have learned a great many lessons about the relative values of things.

It is a far cry from the present gay and festive scenes to the old days when worship and devotion filled all the hours. We may look back regretfully to those days, and sigh for the voices we shall not hear again, the faces our eyes shall behold no more, but none the less shall we value the present, with all it holds for our enjoyment and profit. The improvements which have been made about the place are to add to our comfort and enjoyment. The gifted men and women who succeed each other on the platform year after year exercise their talents for our edification. The lake with its changing beauty, the sky with its stars, the woods with their voices, are ours also. The social intercourse with our Park neighbors, the intellectual stimulus, adds another item to our obligations. It is no small privilege to move side by side for a while with the full warm current of youth and happiness which flows like a warm human gulf stream through the avenues of this Park. Every year that separates us still farther from the scenes and enjoyments of our youth but enhances the value of the lost glory of that golden time, and we watch with loving and indulgent interest the happiness and abandon of those who dwell in the enchanted places now. From the bright-faced girl with her bicycle, her tennis, and her pretty gowns, and her boy brother with his freckles, his escapades, and his general and blessed "awfulness," down to the Park babies, we imbibe every day some subtle influence which delays the processes of time in our own souls and keeps us youthful, if not young.

Grimsby Park has grown very dear to the hearts of