

Disappointment has its last radiant word. The spring-time splendors of the trees must mingle in the dust, ere the better though more sober glory of fruit comes. Fruit, not blossom, is God's last word for His trees. The angel of disappointment that strips life of its first glory, whispers, "'Tis but the passing of the bloom. Judge not ends by beginnings, but beginnings by ends. God's last word is fruit, not bloom."

"The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made."  
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### The Sacredness of Memory

*By Rev. Professor W. G. Jordan, D.D.*

In the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy we read, 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness': indeed the great theme of that wonderful chapter is, "Lest ye forget"; lest, in the day of sunshine and prosperity, ye forget the God who was your Guide, Strength and Joy in the dark days of the wilderness wandering.

We all admit that memory is a mysterious and useful faculty: without memory the mental machinery could not move at all; in every act of thought memory is involved. When the school term comes to its close, young people must remember all the way they have been led, and face examination to discover how far they have profited. At the end of each quarter we must review our Sunday School lessons, to gather up the impressions received, view them in a new light, and, if possible, fix them more deeply.

The Hebrew root from which the word for remember comes, meant originally to prick or pierce: no doubt it goes back to a primitive time before books and calendars, when men remembered days and doings by means of rude marks. But what the preacher refers to here, is not that which you mark, but the thing that leaves its mark on you, the crisis, the hour of bitterness or bereavement which makes a great change in your life and leaves its mark on your character. Sometimes boys, for mere fancy, prick a mark in the skin, so that the ink used mingles with the blood. Then it is permanent: the dust of

the day washes out, but the mark made years ago remains. So it is in human life. Many days, many sorrows, many events pass away, leaving slight impression. But there are some sorrows which bite their way into the soul, some days which are marked forevermore.

On this side, memory may seem to be troublesome and annoying. We carry about the memory of things we would gladly forget. Dickens tells us in one of his stories of a man who, feeling this, prayed that he might forget, and when his prayer was answered, he found that it was a curse and not a blessing. The man who had lost the memory of sorrow, had lost the power of sympathy; he who had lost the memory of wrongs, had lost the divinest power, the power to forgive. So, with all our imperfections, memory is a blessed gift: through it we learn the meaning of history and grasp the great lessons of life.

The great use of memory is to help us so to review the past, that we shall be saved from the sin of forgetting God. It is not enough to remember the bright days and pleasant things: we must call to mind Marah with its bitter waters, as well as Elim with its pleasant shade. If we think only of the successful moments, we may imagine that we have made ourselves, and worship self instead of God. In our hours of deepest meditation, we remember, that, through the dark days and terrible losses, God has taught us great lessons and formed that which is noblest in our character.

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### Why Christ Died

*By Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D.*

The Victim of human passion at its basest and worst—so the Gospels picture the suffering Christ. It was by the hands of wicked men that He died. The bigotry of the Pharisees, the desire of place and power in Caiaphas and Pilate, Judas' greed of gain, the unreasoning rage of the Jewish multitude—by such forces as these was Jesus dragged to the trial where justice was travestied, and to the cross where innocence was condemned.