

may be blotted from their minds. Let us constantly strive, by the grace of God, to create memories that will brighten the lives of our fellow men, increase their spirit of hopefulness, and make them strong to live to labor and to wait. As one has said, "He is a sad specimen of a Christian to whom those he has known and who have known him, cannot say, what Gwendolen said to Daniel Deronda, "It is better—It shall be better with me, because I have known you." In our contact with one another, therefore, in the church and in the world; in all our meetings and partings, let us make the most and the best of this short life.

"Make the most of this life; where the shadow
reposes

The beams of the summer shall cluster in glee,
And the snow on the graves of lilies and roses—

But cradles the blossoms that whiten the lea;
Though the hopes of the heart be encircled with
sorrow,

And billows of wretchedness mutter and roll,

There shall come with the morn of the beautiful
morrow

The pleasures that gladden the desolate soul.
Make the most of this life; 'tis a garden of
beauty

Where blushing the blossoms grow tenderly
sweet,

While they brighten the days of man's labor
and duty,

And scatter the kisses of love at his feet;
'Tis a world that is wild with the laughter of
living,

When hands do the brotherly kindness they
can,

And its hearts are the treasures of tenderness
giving,

To soften and sweeten the nature of man.

* * * * *

There are voices that sing in their sweetness
forever,

And murmur no cadence of battle or strife,
Neither burden the hours with the pang of en-
deavour,

When we with our deeds, make the most of
this life."

AMEN.