

divine ideas, spreading their dazzling wings over our earthly life, we shall not be content until we have looked beyond these bright harbingers of a better world, and have seen the Christ who to as many as receive Him giveth power to become sons of God! Well may England's sensuous poet take up the cry of the apostate Emperor and confess!

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world has grown grey with thy breath,
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fullness of death."

If we choose a merely mundane existence, if we limit our thought and aspiration within the narrow circle of the seen and temporal, we may have our joys and our successes, but we shall never enter into the sublime mystery of life; we may grow in knowledge, but we shall never be truly wise; we may drink deep of the Pierian spring, but we shall not touch with our parched lips the streams of that living water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again. It is not possible thus to see God,

Nor all that chivalry of His,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,
Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burned his way through the world to this.

The education of man is unending. To regard it as belonging only to this life is to lead the way downward to the deep, and out of the deep to bring those monsters of despair and cruelty which revel in the ruin of mankind. The human soul is full of prophecies which make it certain that this earth is too narrow an arena for the accomplishment of our destiny.

"In man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle run by life."

What we call life is at best nothing but a fragment of a pillar in some glorious temple; an anthem just begun, with its faint promise of a chorus of thanksgiving at the close; a link—but a single link—in that golden chain of being which reaches forth into the invisible, and is clasped by the hand of God.

"Eternal process moving on,
From State to State the spirit walks,
And these are but the scattered stalks,
The ruined crystal of one."

The true life scales the height and seeks its goal of blessing in the revelation of the kingdom of God. The everlasting contradiction between the little we know and the vast uncertain bulk of what we do not know is robbed of its oppressiveness. We are shut up neither to a narrow bigotry