

compose ourselves to rest at night, let us remember to govern mind and thought. We cannot but "suggest" to ourselves *some* thoughts, the effect of which will follow us next day. We have got to make a choice between thoughts of confidence or despair, of power or weakness, of love or hate. One way or the other, we cannot but decide whether our attitude to life and to the Universe—and that means to God—is one of doubt or trust, and in regard to pain, one of acceptance or resentment. Then let the choice made reflect, not the mood of the moment, but the conviction of a life.

**The  
Beacon  
Light.**

In the perplexities, the anxieties, the smarting pains of life, such self-control, such government and direction of our thoughts is hard. We need some focal point round which to centre our philosophy of power and help; we seek some beacon light upon the cliff—visible however dark the night.

And this we have.

Direction, inspiration, strength can all be had from one source. Only let the needle of life's compass be magnetised and free to move, so that it points always towards the Pole. Steer boldly straight