

from the depths of mid-ocean casting its deep shaded shadow of gloom athwart the waters, until struck with bars of sunshine and flashes of glory into a thing of grandeur. So the life that *is* needs the mantling radiance of the life that is *to come*, the gladdening of its hope at present and the assurance of its blissful fruition hereafter, to tune the beats of the heart to a happy psalm of life. Then life becomes sacred. To sweep a crossing may be to serve God, and he that follows a plough with honest toil may hear a voice out of the burning bush of Revelation, and the lowly place where the spirit worships is a Holy Jerusalem of the Church. The common round, the trivial task, furnish steps to the skies. Daily life rises into the significance of daily sacrifice. He that receiveth a Prophet in the name of a Prophet is to receive a Prophet's reward—nothing less.

"They also serve who only stand and wait"

Having something to do, something to love, something to hope for in happy unison, the whole man will expand. He will energise freely, and, consequently, with pleasure—for pleasure is the reflex of unforced and unimpeded energy. All the products of this state of mind bear the stamp of some excellence and prophecy perfection. Genius is enthroned in this domain. Persistent effort is its conspicuous attribute, and that surely is a prayer of the intellect. Men *may* become happier and stronger if they will. There is nothing more beautiful in creation than each man's private soul when fairly dealt with and elicited. Helen, when she explored Nature for a model of a golden cup that she could fitly offer on the altar of Orana as perfectly beautiful, found nothing more exquisite than her own fair bosom.