

"THE HEARTS OF MEN."

(Concluded.)

Never had quotation so gone home, never before had I seen the truth contained in Hugh's words. To what height did it not raise man's future as proposed by the Master Mind that reigns through all His Universe, bringing one into touch with a world before unknown. In silence we wended our way hence, wrapt in thought profound.

The world from that day has always borne a new aspect for me; life a terrible meaning. Twenty long years have come and gone since then and through them all has been with me the memory of that sunny morning, when Hugh and I looked on God's world and traced therein the Mind Divine.

And in these twenty years, changes have taken place. Some friends have died, some have married, some grown rich in Northern gold, some rich in wisdom's wealth—the best of all—and Hugh, what of him? Through this time, during which this City of the West has grown till it counts its people by the millions, what of Hugh? I know, and yet I know not, that is, not definitely, for within the week of that morning talk Hugh dropped from my life, telling me but little of his plans and that little under pledge of secrecy. We all know he went to Europe, but there further trace was lost. He and I parted alone. Hand grasped hand as with an effort he said "Farewell, good-bye my friend. Look up and on; after many years we meet again. As Hugh, you look your last on me. With you and you alone it rests whether you know me when I come again."

And I have waited patiently for long, wondering often the meaning of those words; wondered how to find my friend. I have not sought him knowing he will look for me. I have just tried to understand, just tried to learn to do my duty

and in the calm course of a contented life, I grown the inner power to know. My old friend Hugh draws nearer, just when I cannot see; but our minds are more atune and by so subtle force we hold communion, and he I learnt much more than I, and as I look into the future I seem to see my old-time friend help others on to learn, telling his fellows old truths freshly gleaned, such simple truths, so grand and yet so noble. He was as my brother—was my brother; and in the future seems to be one of a great family, the one looked up to, the one who loves and is loved. Old Hugh, you have a work to do. You left us to learn your trade and now you soon return. Again Winter reigns and nature wears her garb of white, spreading out her arms to welcome the coming of the King, and with Him comes the new life, growing from Spring to glorious Summer. And so the King of Kings sends for another servant, his True Knight. Aye, Hugh, you return not too soon.

Wisdom and its servant knowledge come but slowly to the many and when my friend comes back, what a meeting it will be, what new what learning will he bring, what power to plan to work to win. On and up, from ridge to ridge. Ah Hugh! The influence of your life can never die; what good can die, it must ever live.

The world has changed. This 1900 has grown up, a crisis in all time has come, a change has to be made. There is the mystery of a Nation's life to solve; a leader of men is wanted and Hugh will come. Who better knows, for he will say what all may know? Social problems were solved long ago. Let men learn to love. Are they not brothers?

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