

fruit, to labor for the Master, and obtain the final reward! Why, then, are we so indifferent, so negligent of them? Because we do not rise out of ourselves, because we prefer to labor with the sordid multitude on the lower level, engaged in the pursuit of things beautiful to see and sweet to taste, instead of joining the few who operate in a higher plane, stooping not to the things below, but ascending to greater heights, to acquire, not without difficulty, treasures whose plain outward appearance fails to captivate the senses of those below. In a word, the many devote themselves to the service of the world, the few to the service of the world's Creator. But what are riches, honors and pleasures to fill the immortal soul? "Cast into it the entire world and it is but as a tiny stone dropped into a vast abyss, the faint echo of whose falling but reveals the depths which surround it." What is human greatness, fame and glory? Where to-day are Cæsar and Alexander, and all the other great and mighty men of antiquity? Listen to the words of Shakespeare: "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away"; there is the end of all that the world can give or lend. Behold Napoleon raising for himself such a glorious pyramid of fame during his whole life. The eye of serious reflexion that be cast upon it during his exile in St. Helena showed him the worthlessness of it all, and he sought the means of once more reconciling himself to his God. On the other hand,

"The loweliest soul may be
A temple of priceless treasure
That only a God can see."

Or, as Shakespeare again expresses it:

"Princes have but titles for their glories
An outward honor for an inward toil
And, for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares
So that between their titles and low names
There's nothing different but the outward fame."

Such are a few of the thoughts that should give us pause at the beginning of this new year. We stand at the parting of the ways. On the right there is a thorny path, leading to virtue and inward peace, on the left a smooth road, showing the way to what the world calls fair, fame, pleasure, riches, even vice, but not, we fear,