

and is perhaps doing its best work to-day. Two great men have already been heard from the same sacred platform where Beecher stood—Lyman Abbot and Newell Dwight Hill.

The remedy for the little worries which wear into shreds the fabric of the soul is in the enthronement of certain great thoughts which like the snow-capped heights of Mount Lebanon can be seen from every nook and corner of life's broad domain. We must find what Bishop Wescott described as: "Repose among eternal things," we must pillow our heads on such words as those of the Hebrew poet: "Surely it shall be well with them that fear God." It is easy to die. It is hard to live. The secret of peace is in "the power of an endless life." Remember, the soul is unsinkable.

For life or for death the secret of a mind in perfect equipoise is peaceful relationships to all the powers unseen and spiritual. The church visitor, finding a Scotchman in a city hospital, sick and nigh unto death, tried to comfort the poor fellow by saying: "Well, you have one great comfort, you will soon be in heaven and rid of this poor, afflicted body." The old man looked up and smiled and said, "Heaven! I have been there ten years already." With that inward peace men have lived gloriously, even in haunts of poverty, and died exultantly in spite of pain torture and decreasing strength. The immortal Cervantes, creator of "Don Quixote," died, exclaiming: "Good-bye, humors, good-bye, pleasant fancies; good-bye, merry friends, for a perchance I am dying, in the wish to see you happy in the other life."

I stood in an old English cathedral. The dying glories of the setting sun kindled myriad forms of fiery beauty on every western window. For a thousand years worshipping humanity had stood beneath those arches. Beneath the resounding marble floor there lay the coffined dust of bishops, rectors, priests, curate, and choirmasters. One generation after another had come and gone and the shadows of decades, generations and epochs lingered darkly in unfrequented cloisters and silent nooks. And I stood and thought of the meaning of the years. What mighty throngs had gathered here. What slender audiences had sat in loneliness when the enthusiasm of other days had passed away. And there had been broken-hearted priests who had mourned over the sad remnant of other days more glorious and choirmasters whose music had rolled through empty aisles and under echoing arches which canopied but a faithful few—but now all are gone, and memory reigns. These faithful ones sleep well. Their bones rest silently. And centuries have come and gone—are coming and going—Why worry? The clan has become a kingdom, the kingdom an empire, the empire a conquering race and the cross on the flag of a thousand splendid conflicts floats over all and God is in the heavens and all is well on earth. Why worry?