

light of heaven shines on all, but it shines in the midst of darkness, as in interstellar space, because only here and there are there minds and hearts which offer a fit medium for its diffusion. The fatal fault is in ourselves, and the awful discouragement comes of the consciousness of what we and all men are. Let thy past be for thee as if it had not been. Forget the good and the evil thou hast done, and begin to-day as though now for the first time thou heardest God's voice: bidding thee win immortal life.

They are not wise or brave who are not able to draw greater profit from insult than from praise.

"Then welcome each rebuff,
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go."

The shadows, at least, of great thoughts fall on all, but for the most they are like the shadows cast by the wings of birds that pass for a moment above their heads. For a moment the soul feels the nearness of higher and holier things, and then suddenly finds itself again in the profane world of its everyday life. It dwells habitually on the hard and noisy earth, like the body, instead of rising to its true home in the serene realm where God reveals Himself as ever-during light and love. The sensual appetites exist for the preservation of the individual and the race. They are means, not ends, and to seek happiness in their indulgence is to smother the soul in filth and blood—it is apostacy from truth, from God. Our thoughts go forth to external things, or if we think of ourselves it is only in so far as we are affected by what is outside of ourselves. Our desire is for such things; in them our hope is placed. Shall we never learn to live with ourselves, that we may become alive in God? Thus alone is

it possible for us to live truly, and to be no longer mere centres where a vain and transitory world mirrors itself. To live truly is to be good; and he who is good does good. In striving to improve thyself thou laborest for the good of others, and in helping others thy own life is made richer and purer. If we are to be teachers of men we must be soul-inspirers; we must work in the spirit of prophets, priests, and poets. Mechanical drill is the mill wherein the corn is ground; but once it is ground it will never take root and grow.

Religion brings into accord our intellectual, moral and emotional nature; it appeals to the imagination as nothing else can. It is the inexhaustible fountain of hope, courage, and patience; it is the chief consoler in the midst of the troubles and sorrows of life; it is the eternal light which shines on the grave and lifts our thoughts to enduring worlds; it gives an immovable basis to the ideas of right and duty; it justifies faith in the superiority of mind to matter, and of pure and generous conduct to gross indulgence; it is the bond which holds men together in the family and the state; it is the source of the ardor and enthusiasm which suffuse morality with fervor and give it contagiousness; it is the consecration of our holiest yearnings, and highest aspirations; it is the force which enables us to transcend the sway of the fatal laws of a mechanical universe, and to rise to the pure sphere where God, the Infinite Spirit, lives, and loves, and is free. How shall the teacher be a builder of character, a former of men, if he be not illumined, strengthened and consecrated by Divine faith? How shall he communicate the thrill of awe if he feel it not himself? How shall he teach reverence, which alone