

are mine,"—or as he would teach there is neither "mine" nor "thine" but all crystalized into the most perfect beauty, "Ours."

The world has much to give to an open heart and the past much to teach, but human oracles will not always speak, and they ought at times to be silent. There are seasons when another oracle must utter its speech. Our cry is to the earth, but the earth rolls on a silent grave; to the heavens but they are as of brass; we interrogate the ages, but thence proceeds a voice, "Ye have Moses and the Prophets, if ye believe not them neither would ye believe though one rose from the dead."—And there I read such sweet utterances as these—"In me ye shall have peace, and my joy shall be in you. The joy of the Lord is your strength."

3°— "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
Man never is but always to be blest."

To be happy there must be something to be hoped for. I now do no more than suggest in words what has been implied in thought throughout. The past does not wholly satisfy; the present does not always interest; the future is the object which absorbs us. How pregnant with mournful cadence those words of Scotland's gifted son Burns—

"I backward cast my eyes on prospects drear;  
And forward, though I cannot see, I guess and fear!"

Happiness has its three graces, Trust, Patience and Love, and three shadows dog its steps, Scepticism, Despair and Hate; it reveals its presence in the three realms of Memory, Experience and Anticipation. Happiness may not be in one sense immortal, but if it does expire it is only in its completion—Joy. Joy is independent of circumstances. It is the gift of God, and its possession vindicates the Psalm,—“The good man shall be satisfied from himself.” We believe in the capacity of the soul to experience ceaseless development and everlasting progress in truth, purity, love and happiness.

Mysterious as may seem the miseries and defeats of life; the marches and counter-marches of our race, the end and purpose of them all is highest good, is completest felicity, is victory and glory. There is nothing that He has created or permitted within his vast dominions but shall testify His infinite love and illustrate his limitless wisdom. Out of the depths of earthly suffering the soul most truly rises into the heights of celestial rapture. As some black rock rises