

ary that they crucified Him. Unselfishness is nearly always deemed impractical and should, if we minded the popular clamour, be exercised only in some far off utopia. Not so His interpretation. Not so must ours be, who are here to-day, because we believe in the doctrines enunciated and lived by Him.

This ever continuing change, this dissatisfaction with things as we find them, this constant striving after a new order, this ever crumbling of the present into a chaos from which a new cosmos is ever being transformed, are but the promptings of our spiritual intuitions that earth is not man's abiding place and that our life with its genius, its labouriously acquired knowledge and skill, and the beautiful characters which are developed in the laboratory of trials, temptations and strivings for nobler ideals, are not mere bubbles cast up on eternity's ocean expanse to float a moment on its waves. "Like the snowflake on the river, a moment white then melts forever."

There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber in a summer sea and where the brotherhood of man shall find full expression in the infinitude of Him who has placed his bow of promise of a better day over against the clouds of disappointment, of sorrow and blasted hopes, as an everlasting covenant that the beautiful things which now pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever, and where the troubler will seek in vain for discordance in the rhythmic cadence of the paean of victory of a regenerated host in the temple of love and of brotherhood by the river of eternal peace, on the other side of the Rainbow.