

becomes simply a creed to which all must yield unthinking obedience, new difficulties will arise.

Whether we will or not, circumstances compel us to stand forth for what we are, and nothing more. When we recognize this we shall lessen the tendency to be unjust to others, for only a hair line divides the good and the bad, and "obscurity covers the path of action."

If we must give way to our weaknesses, now and then, and condemn others, it is better not to do it in words, for that is uncharitable slander. And the more we do that, the less time have we at our disposal for the cultivation of the beautiful—the true.

Has anyone ever been made better by being continually reminded of their faults and failings?

"No one ever heard him condemn another" is a good thing to have said of us. Never was there a time when greater tolerance was necessary among lovers of truth. Truth is impersonal; let us be like truth. "There is no religion higher than truth."

We are working forward to a time when mind will become the reigning principle. We cannot, even if we would, evade the full responsibility which this development entails. Mind is like the ether—creative, correlative, immutable. We who love mankind must learn to think, and put into practice among ourselves what we preach.

On the way to that period we are largely controlled by sentiment, multifarious desires, and the influence of others. But we will save ourselves much heart-burning pain by realizing that discernment and discrimination are necessary to real knowledge and right living.

The first "matter" the great builders used was fire—was it not? Although the building is now at a different stage, we still need fire, for its sudden play turns darkness into day. Let, then, the fire of devotion to principle burn steadily through all changes. Let us follow the highest path, having at every step the affirmation of the soul, and all is sure to be well with us now and forever.

IAN MOR.

"TO FOUND A SUPERB FRIENDSHIP."

He who injures my ideals wounds my heart. He degrades my life. He has darkened my soul. We owe it to the world to sustain each other's virtue. If my trusted friend tempts me to be less worthy than I was, the gates of Paradise are more tightly closed against us all. It is vain to tell me that I am the stronger for resisting him, that I am wiser for the knowledge of his weakness. Did he think so poorly of me as to fancy I should fall into his snare? Would he prove my honour for the satisfaction of his own? If he has not trusted me to the full then were we never comrades. The Companions of the Heart do not play tricks upon each other's faith.

The Master Soul that knows the weaknesses of us all has a compassion and a magnanimity which broods not over our offences, but the light of his face shines upon the hearts that reflect his greatness. With no false tenderness does he deal with our faults, for the Law that bears us all alike in its embrace relieves him of the care of our errors. As he pours life into the efforts of our nobler hours the palsy of death falls upon the struggles of our baser nature. We are built up in the strength and comeliness of gods as the Great One relies upon us to play the hero and the warrior.

As I lay bare my heart to the Eternal and the glory of the Ineffable touches it, the man I am is shamed into the outer darkness, and the man I would be is born into a new world. New heavens and a new earth declare themselves whenever I enter into the knowledge that the Mighty One has trusted me. Do we not know that through us there is the image of this in the lives of those we have taken to our hearts? We are none of us too great to see ourselves reflected in the faith of our comrades, when the Lord of the whole earth has given his truth into our keeping, and seeks for the shining of his Word in our own forgetful breasts.

I avow myself at my best the peer of the whole earth. I confess myself at my worst a blot among sinners. And I