

The way itself may have its boundary walls on either side, and at times may seem narrow indeed, but the issue will be largeness exceeding and peace eternal. Each day's life makes a little part of the road we travel. Every impulse means an act; acts in the aggregate make habits, and habits make character. Before we know it, the road is already made and trodden hard. Well then, may we not pause in our hurried life to ask ourselves today "Whither goest thou?"

Secondly, we must reflect on the fact that the way cannot be made solely for ourselves. It is also for others. However insignificant we may be whether we will it or not, others will to some degree follow whither we turn our own feet. Along these paths the children are following in blind, unconscious faith. And it is so also with many others whom we may never know by name.

"Whose art thou and whither goest thou?" is a question asked in the Book of Genesis. The question is one of very serious import to every one passing through this world. "Quo Vadis?" "Whither goest thou?" Are you going upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards, homewards or away from home "today." Each step is some whither; each day determines the road. Our road is not travelled by leaps and bounds, but by means of the daily walk. "The trivial round, the common task"—this is the normal course life's journey takes.

Whose art thou? "The Man" Christ Jesus has the right to ask this of thee, a right born of infinite, undying love. And "Whither goest thou" stumbling in dark uncertain paths when He, the Light of the World goes before thee offering guidance on the way.

From "Seattle Churchman."

Leaves from Our Journal.

October, 1906.—

"Sometimes in summer, to my heart a chill
Numbs suddenly; a shivery, haunting fear—
And is, so soon, the end of summer near?
When will the wind set southward from the hill,
While but an icy ribbon marks the rill,
And the stars lighten early, and the cheer
Of bluebird and of robin from the year
Has vanished, and the wild winds have their will?"

Today we have taken in the hammocks and the garden-seats, and removed the verandah furniture. It is too chilly to sit out of doors with safety to one's health, yet the temptation to do so, to pretend that "the summer is not over and gone," is often very