

society places where the sweetness of God's love can manifest itself. "To grow strong enough to be content to be what we should be simply for the sake of the Right. We do suppose that it is possible for any individual with the light of God acting upon an educated conscience so to follow this truth line that he may grow strong with the consciousness of having the best that life can give within himself, and so become a dispenser of strength and elevated motive to others instead of an absorber of thinly scattered vitality.

Any position in life may afford an opportunity for this achievement because the situation is not arrived at by outward help.

How long will we have before us on the pages of The New Testament the picture of that wonderful incarnation of the Divine love as manifested through the human before we fully understand the supreme importance of the inner to the outer life. We want a kingdom in this world and are as slow as were the disciples of old to understand that the Heavenly Kingdom is a kingdom out of sight; a kingdom that finds its subjects alike in the poorest hut and in the king's palace. Where a mason squares a wall by the truth line, or a maid makes tidy the room of her mistress, where the judge renders his judgment by the line of right, or a young queen kneels before God and asks for His light by which to guide her people,

"All service ranks alike with God
With Him there is no last or first."

"No earthly crown for the victor" we say, and yet—we recall the face of a woman whom we used to see in early life. A pure, unselfish soul looked out from her eyes. The lines of her face were unconsciously pathetic, for she found herself placed in a path beset with thorns and among those alien in nature to herself; yet so perfectly was her life guided by that line of truth that she always seemed to wear a crown. In influence quiet, but always strong for the right; daily communion with her God gave her the supreme consciousness of His help through the tangled way of life. Among the faithful sentinels who stand, not on the watch tower, but in the more sacred shrine of home, who are doing more for God and the world than all the armies of all the nations, may be counted many thousands of such women. The lines which the true artist follows so closely all converge in the line of Truth.

It is this which he strains muscle and nerve to reach while his garments grow white with the marble dust that falls before the sharp edges of his chisel. When we look upon the perfected ideal with its rounded curves, and symmetry of outline, and then remember the squareness and ruggedness of the block do we count the fallen dust that obscured them as worthy of a thought. There was never an age of the world in which truth was as earnestly sought after as the present. Buried truths, forceful and dumb as the stones upon which they were written are being unearthed. Fabrics of undreamed of ages are coming up from their long silent graves and the world reads with