

"Your time passes away like a shadow," whispers a second. "The night cometh," warns a third. "Alas, how fleeting!" mourns a fourth. "Now or when?" asks a fifth. "I only number bright hours," murmurs a sixth, with a sigh, perhaps, for cloudy England. But almost grander are those which acknowledge the Power above—the Ruler whose rule they follow—the Leading Star by which they guide. "Not without the ray celestial," acknowledges one. "I guide not except I am guided," protests another. "Without Thee I am silent," admits a third. "*I also am under authority,*" says the one figured above.

It was a great faith which spoke that once. It acknowledged fealty while it claimed obedience. It recognised the Overruler of all. Let that faith be ours!

