

about it until it rises into the light of heaven, glorious with fields and trees and human habitation, so

"Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Giotto has a famous painting in which he represents a beautiful woman standing upon bags of gold, looking away into the open heavens, out of which "the pierced hand" reaches to her a human heart, which she, in turn, passes on to the world. It is a beautiful conception of Charity. The supreme glory of life is not gold, but a human heart. The task of religion is to keep the human heart above the bags of gold, to preserve the man, the woman, the child upright and sound amid the wheels of industry and trade.

The men who are to hold the human heart above the bags of gold are not pessimists. Many people live on the northeast side of life, with its starved, bleak, desolate aspect. Ask them to support some gracious enterprise and they turn on you with a whine or a snarl and say, "I am always giving." But how delightful to find a man who lives on the bright side of life, who wonders that you did not call before, and hopes that you will soon call again. South, due South! the sunny side, the side of the palm tree, of the bird, of music, green pasture, blushing cluster, soft blue heaven.

Move from Grumble Lane and its Pessimism to Thanksgiving Street and its Optimism.

Those who are to hold the human heart above the bags of gold will not be those depending upon their ancestry, for some people are like potatoes—the best part of them is under ground—their ancestor are buried; nor those who are always complaining of the place of their birth and of their opportunities for an education. The city directory tells where a man resides. His absorbing interest tells where he lives. You cannot make a Shetland pony run a mile in 2:10. It isn't in it! The possibility is not there. Nor can you make a \$10,000 man out of a two-cent boy.

"Professor, I know my boy is rather slow, but in the two years that you have had charge of his education, he must have developed a tendency in some direction or other. What occupation do you suggest as a possible outlet for his energies, such as they are?"

"Well, Sir, I think he is admirably fitted for taking moving pictures of a glacier."

You remember the story of the old 'Bus Driver, with whom Thomas Carlyle often rode. One day Carlyle got down off the 'Bus, when a garrulous traveler, remaining behind, said sneeringly to the Driver: