

fortune and promise. The magnitude of the commercial enterprises allied with the Armour name was as nothing to the magnitude of love with which his steps were followed. He was shy, especially to those who were likely to make much of his kindness, but behind the fortress he made there was the sunny and impulsively generous man whom to know was to love. The richness of the mansion whose roof sheltered with every art, his wife and boys, is not comparable to the richness of the hopes that leapt up like visions at the mention of his name. We all waited for the day when maturity would prove that what pledges he made at thirty-one, when he entered seriously into the arduous task of taking up his family's great projects of business or beneficence, would be grandly redeemed at ten and two score. The significance of the noble philanthropies which his wise and loving parents have barely inaugurated pales before the clearly defined significance of the child to whom such responsibilities were coming. That is, the man and his opportunity met in proper order; and no family, even though as loyal and true as this, ever had larger reason to think that love would have its way and hope its full and long reward, as years upon years would evolve the riches of Philip's nature and make him one of the most influential men of his time. Where then, with this dream shattered, can we turn? Where, with this grave open, shall we gaze for a gleam of assurance? Where then, with our tears to magnify every blasted anticipation, shall we look to discover a vision of life and an interpretation of the universe that shall soothe and support? We think of that beloved father and mother today—so far away in the body, but so near and dear to us in the spirit. We pray for them. Was there ever another Father whose Son left our earth before the time which our limited conceptions would have appointed for His going? Ah, yes! Let us look to Him and pray for an understanding of that diviner philosophy of life which sets this small earth-life in its true relations, gives it only its just proportions, and grants us the immeasurable perspective of eternity. God's perfect Son left our world with an unfinished life, as it seemed. Let us pray that the father and mother of this son may get God's point of view.

Jesus of Galilee was the embodiment of the world's hope. He was much else, but he was the world's greatest young man. If we look at Him only from the loftiest of those mountain tops of vision to which men are permitted to ascend, we will say that His was the life most apparently needed to be lived out in its entirety upon the earth. No business enterprise of this world has ever apparently poised its possibilities and destiny upon any one life as did the weal of humanity upon the life of Jesus. We may reverently say that no most loving father apparently could have ever felt that the enterprise nearest his own heart so resided and throbbed in the beating heart of his child here below as did our heavenly Father, when