

As for the sun, he cares for no one; no, not he, for he is a man of business. He has the worlds to light and heat and well does he do his work. With a speed greater than even Jehu ever dreamed of, he drives his chariot over the broad boundless high-ways of heaven.

Older and wiser men even than myself have noticed this bond of sympathy and similarity between stars and men and have created the science of Astrology and the religion of Astrography.

The stars have a social aspect. There are many stars, so are there many men. Each star has a name, so every man has a name. Some stars are comparatively near to us, others are so far distant that their light is four thousand years old before it reaches us. Some men are comparatively near heaven. They stand upon the mountain top of holiness almost ready to enter the eternal city. Others will be older than four thousand eternities before they catch the faintest glimpse of that blissful realm.

Every star occupies a certain position in the heavens placed there by God, so every man fills a certain sphere in life placed there by the All-ruling Hand.

"One star differeth from another star in glory;" so one life differeth from another life in capabilities, possibilities, and responsibilities. To one is given one talent, to another five, to another ten. And as every star shines with its utmost power so every life should live to its utmost, should be true to its capabilities, possibilities, and responsibilities be they great or small. Truth consists not in having many talents but in developing those we have. Be true, and like those that turn many to righteousness, "ye shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Shakespere says, "Man is his own star." And this in a certain sense is true, we have the power of being something or nothing, of choosing the true or the false. "Man is his own star and that soul that can render an honest and a perfect man,

commands all light, all influence, all fate." Nothing to him falls too early or too late, our acts our angels are, or good, or ill, our fatal shadows that vault by us still."

In the heavens are beautiful constellations. Around some greater star gather numerous stars of lesser magnitude. In the society of men we find constellations. A duke or prince, count or king, or some other titled descendant from the ape comes from a foreign shore, and independent, democratic America comes surging and thronging around him eager to touch the hem of his garments, honored if they can steal a glance from his piercing eye, a hair from his noble head, or a kiss from his blooded lips. A Stuart, a Vanderbilt, or an Astor form the centers of mighty constellations, many of whose admirers are but parasites that feed upon the juices of their money bags.

There are stars that shine with their own light and stars that do not. There are men that command respect from their fellows because they deserve it, because they possess those intrinsic qualities that will ever command respect. Others occupy exalted social positions and possess social standing, because of their wealth, and influential friends. Take these away and they would quickly sink to their proper level. These are stars that shine with borrowed light.

We are told of extinguished stars; of stars that have been created, and have shone in the heavens; but having gradually grown dimmer and dimmer until they now live only in name and scientific history. Men have been born, have lived, labored, and died, and they make up the myriads of stars that have gone out.

Far out of the reach of the eye, beyond the reach of the most powerful telescope, even whirling with inconceivable velocity in the mighty sea of imponderable ether, are other worlds than ours' stars that are unseen. So in the mighty on coming tide of time are generations of men yet unborn, unknown, and unseen. \* \* \*