

read of the heroic work done night after night in bomb-racked London, by members of the city's fire-fighting companies—your brothers-in-arms, so to speak. Newsreels and radio broadcasts have carried to all the world heroic, unselfish achievements of those men who, like yourselves, simply accept whatever duty comes as part of your expected routine, and give it the best that is in you.

God grant that the horrors that are now visiting London and other English cities, never are visited upon New York or upon any American city. Should the worst befall, however, your fellow-citizens, your fellow-countrymen, would have not the slightest doubt that you would unselfishly accept and perform your duties to the fullest, just as the firemen of England are doing. And occasions such as this, religious services such as you have attended this morning, would be the backbone of your spiritual life then, just as today they help to renew your souls for the daily battle against materialism and irreligion and immorality that greet you and every decent man and woman at every turn.

Even in the routine of your every day existence now, however, there exist opportunities for service to God and Country that may never get your picture in the paper, may never thrill your fellow-countrymen in other cities, but that will bring joy to your Maker, and lasting satisfaction to your own hearts.

Quietly, without ostentation, such selectmen as compose this Society, have it within their power to improve the standards of the community, which standards unfortunately are not always of the highest. By example, and by opportune instruction to those who are craving for the truth, many who may have no other source of guidance than yourselves, would be helped to a better understanding and, therefore, a better life.

Coming to Holy Communion with the Department in a body is a splendid thing—but living your religion, living your devotion to your Country every moment of every day, for the edification of all who come in contact with you, is still more desirable. Perhaps some of you may have read a little poem entitled, "Life and Death." It should cause a lot of thinking and soul-searching! Perhaps it may give you some food for thought. At any rate, I hope you will bear with me for just a minute as I read it to you.

"So he died for his faith. That is fine  
 More than most of us do,  
 But—can you add to that line,  
 That he lived for it, too?  
 It is easy to die. Men have died  
 For a wish or a whim—  
 From bravado or passion or pride;  
 Was it harder for him?  
 But to live—every day to live out  
 All the truth that he dreamt,  
 While his friends met his conduct with doubt  
 And the world with contempt.  
 Was it thus that he plodded ahead,  
 Never turning aside?  
 Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.  
 Never mind how he died."