

Where moved the silken-tasselled corn,
 What strange things these, of yellow gold?
 And o'er the glades, at night and morn,
 What spreads a veil of misty fold?

The old mosaic rites are gone—
 Departed days of sacrifice—
 But here, Canadian Forests don
 The priestly robes of purple dyes

Who said that miracles were dead,
 And dimly seen, the Hand Divine:
 When light upon the mountain's head
 Turns all the streams below to wine?

E. B. T.

"New light from an old lamp."

* ON the evening of September 26th, we had the privilege of listening to a lecture given by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, of London, England. After hearing his eloquent sermons on Sunday, we knew that on Monday evening we should have a treat. He did not disappoint us. The subject was, "New Light from an Old Lamp," or Æsop and his Fables. Having been a student of this merriest and wisest man of ancient times, Mr. Wray considered himself quite well acquainted with his subject. He said that story-telling was a universal taste of mankind; and a story-teller was in demand in the Indian wigwam, as well as in the snow hut of the Esquimaux. A fable differs from an ordinary story in that it must have a moral. The first recorded writing of this kind is in the Book of Judges, where the son of Gideon tells the Israelites of the trees who wished to choose one of their number to rule over them. Æsop's fables have stood the test of 2000 years, and his name may be found in a list of the five most well-known writers. He has had a host of imitators but is king over them all. Many interesting and amusing incidents were related concerning the life of the little hunch-back. Mr. Wray said that he was always very particular about his authority which was in Æsop's case, "they say."

One story was told of him, that when twelve years of age he was sent to a

country house, where a basket of figs were given him to take back to his master; upon his arrival at the town house, Æsop gave the figs to the butler who took them in a wrong fashion, so the master did not receive any. Of course the blame fell upon Æsop. He was just about to be punished when a few minutes respite being granted him—he employed those few minutes in "a way that was somewhat peculiar," namely: in drinking a glass of luke-warm water. He then asked that the butler be made to do the same. In this cunning way he proved his innocence.

Another story was the well-known episode of the "Tongues," which Æsop provided for his master's feast, and which represented both the best things and the worst things in the world. Of the latter quality the slave said: "There is nothing in hell worse than the tongue. It breaks human hearts; it separates a nation into parties; it even blasphemates its gods." Johnson said, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Mr. Wray then gave a bit of advice on the subject in the following rhyme:

If you your lips would keep from slips,
 Five things observe with care:
 Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

In concluding, the speaker said he would endeavor to draw a lesson from one of the first fables he had ever learned: "The Cricket and the Ant." The Chinese have a proverb somewhat similar, "The way to get the jaws out of work is to let the hands hang down." In Spanish they say, "There is many a man who refuses waste meat will be glad to get a smell of it cooking." The Dutchman has it, "When the lazy farmer has his mind thoroughly made up as to how much a pound he will charge for his butter, the market is over." The Scotchman says: "Have a care, my friend, that there is plenty of meal in the barrel before you bring your mouth to the porridge basin." From the West Coast of Zealand, come the words, "The day when the storm blows hard is not the day to thatch your cabin." In Wales it is, "You never hear the clock tick till it stops." In conclusion he quoted a homely English proverb,