

already feel we shall be the highest of all the branches of our race. We cannot doubt the stability of our institutions, based as they are, not upon passing human fictions, but on the eternal laws of the universe. Energy has been stimulated by the certainty and fixity of its reward. Waste of time has been prevented by the early and authoritative determination of each individual's particular talents, and if this still requires some hesitancy and a too numerous body of selectors, we are already encouraged to hope for such a development of inherited aptitudes as to specialize them in families and localities, and thus set free for other duties this portion of our official staff.

Best of all, we have developed con-

science, the sense of right, the wish to do the right for the sake of its benefits to humanity. No mawkish sentimentality remains as to the means not being justified by the end. We know that a just object, a grand ideal, must be realized by constantly treading down obstacles, persistently over-riding objections, and that the confusions of the nineteenth century were caused by its wanting a clear perception of this important truth, in short, by that want of faith which prevented their comprehending the New Revelation, though knocking at their doors. Its admission in our time is a compensation, full and brimming over, for the tribulations which preceded it, and which, through a physical purgatory, have at last produced bliss.

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WHICH IS SHE ?

One day she flouts me with disdain,
Her cheek with anger flushes ;
The next, she strives to heal my pain,
And beauteous is with blushes.

Vain, proud, and strident she appears,
On Wednesday, say—or Monday,
Yet her sweet charming way endears
Again—perhaps on Sunday.

Which is herself ? I fain would know,
My life quite wretched made is,
Is she a sprite with heaven aglow ?
Or does she come from Hades ?

BERNARD McEVoy.

