

that Milton knew, stir together in strains like those the Psalmist heard ?

Shakspere, Nature's sweetest child, pours into the unworthy ear of Achilles that which sounds like the required prelude to the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

"The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expression to."

Scarboro, Ontario.

A.J.C.

THE WORD OF LIFE.

The mighty ocean's sacred song,
That from its depths comes ceaselessly,
Maketh me evermore to long
To be at-one with Thee ;
To be at-one with Thee and rest
Within Thy holy Aum—
The Living—One—Reality,
Life's grand and solemn psalm,
The Aum—Aum—Aum.

The forest woos me with the same
Sweet song sent forth in harmony ;
Its rustling leaves breathe forth Thy name,
The self-same name of Thee
Which Nature everywhere reveals
That Man may know the Aum—
The Living—One—Reality,
The lofty soul—Great Brahm,
The Aum—Aum—Aum.