

face and gladness in her speech, is a daughter of the skies and closely related to the angels. But a sour, sore-headed vixen, with a "reign of terror" on her brow—with the claws of a cat and the eye of a tiger—is second cousin to the "old boy." And probably that old gentleman would disown the relationship. There is no merit in melancholy. There is no glory in a sullen disposition.

Solemnity constituted a large part of the religion of the last century. The people of that time acted as if they thought the Almighty was on the watch for a smile on a saint's face. To me, a grumbling, growling Christian—if such an animal exists at all—is an anomaly. God is glorified by our thanksgivings and not by our groans. A witty something, even in the pulpit, is not so sinful as a witless nothing, however solemn it may sound. Dr. Talmage said he knew a boy who struck a ball until it soared out of sight just fifteen minutes before he went to heaven. If a man is travelling on the right road, with the golden beams of the heavenly light shining on his pathway, his face should beam with an ecstatic smile. But if he be on the broad road to eternal ruin, with the demon of doubt and darkness of ignorance and the devil of dogmatism clouding his pilgrimage, a hearty laugh would be impossible. I often wish I were a doctor of medicine instead of a doctor of divinity, for I know several persons for whom I should like to prescribe.

The true humorist, therefore, is a man of light who, in opposition to the philosophers of gloom does not think that the supreme duty of the human race is to mope round as though the last man on earth had died, and that he himself was drifting with the dead

"To shores where all is dumb."

He believes in the philosophy of light instead of darkness, and his smiles are for better than the remorse of the