

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?  
 If all the world were falcons, what of that?  
 The wonder of the eagle were the less,  
 But ho not less the eagle. Happy days,  
 Roll onward, leading up the golden year!

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the press,  
 Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross;  
 Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward,  
 With silks, and fruits, and spices clear of toil,  
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.

But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good  
 Be each man's rule, and universal peace  
 Lie like a shaft across the land,  
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
 Through all the circle of all the golden year?

—TENNYSON.

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## Fragment Basket.

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**THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.**—It is a great art in the Christian life to *learn to be silent*. Under opposition, rebukes, injuries, *still be silent*. It is better to say nothing, than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent the mind is enabled to collect itself, and to call upon God in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honour of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, *when you speak from God.*—*Anon.*

**NOT FAITH, BUT THE THING BELIEVED.**—If a man draws his hope from the fact of his believing, he is as far from the spirit of the Gospel as the man who rests his hope on his almsdeeds. Whenever my own faith is the source of my comfort I am sure that I have an empty cistern to draw from. It is not in the nature of things that I should be able to draw peace, or strength, or holiness, from knowing that I believe a fact, however true and important that fact may be. The fact itself may be a comfort to me, but my knowing that I believe the fact cannot be a comfort to me. The Gospel is not, 'He that believeth shall be saved;' but it is, 'God gave His Son to be a propitiation for sin.'—*Erskine.*

**IS IT WORTH WHILE TO HATE?**—At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?—*Anon.*

**HOW AND WHAT TO READ.**—Read much, but not many works. For what purpose with what intent, do we read? We read not for the sake of reading, but we read to the end that we may think. Reading is valuable only as it may supply the materials which the mind itself elaborates. As it is not the largest quantity of any kind of food taken into the stomach that conduces to health, but such a quantity of such a kind as can be best digested; so it is not the greatest complement of any kind of information that improves the mind, but such a quantity of such a kind as determines the intellect to most vigorous energy. The only profitable kind of reading is that in which we are compelled to think, and think intensely; whereas that reading which serves only to dissipate and divert