

Mr. Mill suggested that matter may be a "possibility of sensation," Lord Neaves enlarges upon the idea in these stanzas:

AIR: *Roy's Wife of Aldavalloch.*

Against a stone you strike your toe ;
 You feel 'tis sore, it makes a clatter ;
 But what you feel is all you know
 Of toe, or stone, or mind, or matter.
 Mill and Hume of mind or matter
 Wouldn't leave a rag or tatter ;
 What although
 We feel the blow ?
 That doesn't show there's mind or matter.

Had I skill like Stuart Mill,
 His own position I could shatter ;
 The weight of Mill I count as nil,
 If Mill has neither mind nor matter.
 Mill when *minus* mind and matter,
 Though he make a kind of clatter,
 Must himself
 Just mount the shelf,
 And there be laid with mind and matter.

HOW THEOLOGY IS OUTGROWN.—We hear of some dapper preachers who claim that the age has outgrown doctrine. They have advanced around the circle to the place from which they started, and hope they are ready again to enter the kingdom of heaven like little children, as far as ignorance is concerned. Let it be remembered that systematic theology has its essence simply in clear thinking and speaking on the subject of that religion which is revealed in the Scriptures. A man can outgrow systematic theology, therefore, either by ceasing to be clear-headed, or by ceasing to be religious. I suppose some escape in their haste, by both ways at once.—*Prof. A. A. Hodge.*

LIVING FOR SELF.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live ; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why ? None were blessed by them ; none could point to them as the means of their redemption ; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished. Their lights went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the infant of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal ? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never efface. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.—*Chalmers.*

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe very fitly says the following :—Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious young women sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes the acts of devotion in the service seem almost burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with hair frizzed till it stands on end in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, she may look exceedingly pretty and *piquante* ; and, if she came there for a game of croquet or a tableau-party would be all in very good taste ; but, as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, and that she has done things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things she ought to have done—as she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy.

An old writer advised :—"If any one speak ill of thee, flee to thine own conscience and examine thy heart. If thou be guilty, it is a just correction ; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction ; make use of both, so shalt thou distil honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy create a secret friend."