

"A PSALM OF LIFE."

Through the mild babel of our fever'd time
The song of Homer cometh, grave and stern,

With tidings from the world's fresh healthy prime—

Tidings which our worn, wearied age concern.

Unchanged, through all the long, unnumber'd years,

The voice of Homer sing the song divine,
Which tells of godlike toils, of heroes' tears,
And of the punishment of Priam's line.

The battle in the plain is raging yet,
The watch fires blaze; the beak'd ships line the shore.

For us the foe in grim array is set.
Ah, but do we fight as they fought of yore?

For we, too, like the heroes long ago,
Must wage slow wars and sail the bitter sea.

Fierce is the conflict, loud the tempests blow,
And the waves roar and rage unceasingly.

Still must we wander o'er the stormy main,
'Twixt rocks and whirlpools a dread passage make,

Still must the sirens sing to us in vain,
Still from the toils of Circe must we break.

Turn, then, to Homer's Psalm of Life and see

How they endured whose pilgrimage is done,

And hear the message they have left for thee—

Only by patience is the victory won.
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

WEALTH.

Wealth, in this age, and nation, seems eagerly sought after. Are the results, when obtained, always satisfactory? Are there not disadvantages as well as advantages connected with its possession? We all know that employment of some kind, of either hand or brain, adds to our enjoyment, and is, besides, a safeguard to good morals, if we may believe the couplet, in the old hymn about idle hands. Competence and a home are almost

necessaries to a civilized life, and therefore laudable objects of pursuit, but when home competence, a cultivated mind, and a clear conscience may all be had without wealth, why sigh for its possession? The poet's description of a peasant's home, in Scotland, where all its members, linked by the golden chain of affection, all toiling, for the common support is of ideal beauty. But in this fair land, homes of greater intelligence and comfort, may be secured. In the vision of Mirza, Ortugrul wishes to be quickly rich, desires the golden stream to be quick and violent, but it becomes dry and dusty, while the gentle rills, that meandered through the dewy meads, scattered innumerable blessings. We desire, then, for all men and women, health, peace and competence, but wealth for those only who know how to use it—to bless, but not oppress, their fellowmen.

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West Vienna, N. Y.

It was the achievement of Jesus to set up the kingdom of righteousness within the heart with the eternal sanctions of love. He was the first to insist that the one bondage a man need fear was sin; that no man need be the slave of sin unless he willed; that freedom from sin was perfect liberty, and that any man could enter into heaven by retiring within a clean and loving soul.—*Ian Maclaren*

(From the "Mind of the Master.")

It is surely a narrow mind and worse—a narrow heart—that would belittle the noble sayings that fell from the lips of outside saints, or discredit the virtues of their character. Is it not more respectful to God, the Father of mankind, and more in keeping with the teaching of the Son of Man, to believe that everywhere and in all ages can be found not only the prophesies and broken gleams, but also the very children of the kingdom? —*Ian Maclaren.*