

victories gained with its words on their lips, and I have been very glad," says Mrs. Howe. "But, do you know, nothing has ever moved me, nothing ever will move me, like this. Think of it. In the early dusk of the summer night they lifted themselves up, they gathered together, those men who languished in that fetid, sweltering place, and looking up at the southern sky, they sang in notes, whose echo will never die, a grand exultant anthem—I can hear it ringing out:

"I have seen him in the watchfulness of
a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the
evening dens and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps;
His truth is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was
born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom, that transfig-
ures you and me;
As he died to make men holy; let us die
to make men free;
While God is marching on."

A confederate soldier who stood that night and listened to the singing of that hymn, writing to Mrs. Howe, said: "From that hour I revered the Yankee soldier—not for his superior valor, for in that we were his equal—not for his fortitude and devotion, for in them my comrades could not be excelled—but because of the sublimity of self-sacrifice which impelled him to do and suffer for others what we counted it heroism to do and dare for ourselves."

In 1867 she visited Greece with her husband, where they won the gratitude of the people of that country because of the aid extended in the struggle for national independence. Always liberal and broad, her opinions on men and matters carried weight. Coming home from Greece in 1868, she took up the suffrage movement. She believes firmly that men in withholding the franchise from women are acting tyrannically and unjustly, and, having a rooted dislike to both tyranny and injustice, she does battle. There is a lesson in this for such of us as do not agree with her. When the would-be witty individual refers to the suffragists as a parcel of discontented old maids, ignorantly grasping after something they have no

more right to than they have to the moon, let us just remember that Julia Ward Howe—intellectual, wealthy, cultured, travelled, educated in all the higher branches, covered with honors and rich in successes—has been in their ranks for thirty years. It will do us good. We are so apt to make light of all creeds but our own, you know.

One other old calumny is refuted by the everyday life of this, the best-known woman in America. For long enough it has gone the rounds that persons possessing great genius are hard to live with, that they make uncomfortable companions, that they are erratic, eccentric and exacting. Someone remarked to Dr. Howe that his wife was an exceedingly brilliant woman.

"So the world says," he made answer. "I only know that she is one of the best women that God ever made—and pleasant to live with."

Her hair is as white as the bit of soft lace she calls a cap; she has a large, well-shaped mouth, a determined chin, and the dark eyes are bright and unclouded. Hers has been an active and successful life, and at seventy-eight she has no idea of giving up work.

"When I grow old I'll think of it," she smilingly tells the friends who urge her to do so. "But don't build much on it, for I've put this little bit from a friend's pen in my daily prayer:

"Lord, keep me young until I find
Eternal youth with Thee."

TYPES OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

Very many Christians would expect all others to be fashioned in their mould. They expect them to be converted in the same way, through a similar text, with the same ecstatic feeling. They expect others to see things in the same light as themselves and to show to the world the same spiritual characteristics.

The Bible and experience, however, teach that there are types of spiritual character amongst men the same as there are varying types of physical or mental character. There is the loving St. John, the

fiery St. Peter, the active St. Paul, the befriender of the friendless Barnabas. Of course, the characteristics which are prelominent in each, are found to a lesser extent in the others, but each is of a type of spirituality which may easily be distinguished from the others.

So to-day, we make a great mistake if we expect every other man's spiritual life to be exactly like ours. On Rev. F. D. Maurice's monument are the words, "God is light"; on the Rev. Charles Kingsley's tomb are the words, "God is love," the inscription telling the most striking characteristics in the teaching of each man. So, in some, the intellectual rules, in others the emotional, in others the active will. Some wish continually to know more about God, others seek continually to sing His praises and tell His goodness, others seek to be active in doing work for Him. Again, the sanguine temperament makes much of the open sepulchre and the resurrection; the melancholy temperament lingers mostly in Gethsemane and around the cross. The one rejoices in having gained companionship with God and good, the other in having been delivered from the evil. One life is full of assurance and sunshine, the other is continually threatened with fears and clouds.

As to develop the best type of physical manhood, the weak points must be strengthened, so to get the best type of spiritual men, the points in which we are spiritually weak must be cultivated. Happy above others is he whose spiritual being is symmetrical, developed harmoniously on all sides, in whom hope for the future and repentance for the past, knowledge of God and love to God, joy in God and fear of God, praise of God and service of God, go hand in hand as they did in the perfect man Christ Jesus.

H.

We shall reap as we sow. How swift
Are the hours of seedtime flying!
Ah! already the shade
Creeps over the glade:
The blush of the day is dying.

God's livery is a very plain one; but its wearers have good reasons to be content.