

sorrow for those who looked up at the heavens and saw not God's smile behind them, who heard not the Father's voice, and who felt themselves orphans in the world, without God. This congress also illustrated the remarkable position that Providence had assigned the English-speaking people. Black men, red men, yellow men and white men all spoke as British subjects, showing what a great part of the Christian work rested with the British Empire. It taught the lesson that the universal religion would be the one that was able to assimilate all that was good in the others. Christianity could learn from Hindocim to see God in everything from Confucius filial reverence—there was not a religion it could not profit by. They had to admit that Christianity was weakened by its sectarianism and by the imperfections of Christian civilization. They had to admit that before they had the right to evangelize Calcutta they should begin with Chicago.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

NEW YEAR.

New Year, I look straight in your eyes,
Our ways and our interests blend,
You may be a foe in disguise,
But I shall believe you a friend;
We get what we give in our measure,
We cannot give pain and get pleasure,
I give you good will and good cheer,
And you must return it, New Year.

We get what we give in this life,
Though often the giver indeed,
Waits long upon doubting and strife,
Ere proving the truth of my creed.
But somewhere, somehow, and forever,
Reward is the need of endeavor,—
And if I am really worth while,
New Year, you will give me your smile.

You hide in your mystical hand
No "luck" that I cannot control,
If I trust my own courage, and stand
On the Infinite strength of my soul.
Man holds in his brain and his spirit
A power that is God-like, or near it,
And he who has measured his force,
Can govern events and their course.

You come with a crown on your brow,
New Year, without blemish or spot,
Yet you, and not I, sir, must bow,
For time is the servant of thought.
Whatever you bring me of trouble,
Shall turn into good and then double,
If my spirit looks up without fear
To the Source that you came from, New
Year. —*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

"THE LOVED AND LOST."

The loved and lost, why do we call them lost,
Because we miss them from our onward road,
God's unseen angel, o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost, they are within the door,
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before;
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself, their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith;
Let us look round some argument to burrow,
Why we in patience should await the
morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles spring where'er we
turn.
What trials, and what tears, what wrongs and
wrath,
What struggles, and what strife, the journey
hath;
They have escaped from these, and lo, we
mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who, with his treasures, strove the shore to
reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, when every joy seemed
gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
Her little child, had halted by the well,
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to
dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering
twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad,
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty
clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong,
Nay; but the woes I feel he too must share;