

of God," may seem to our sceptical friends only a dream. I will not say, let me cherish it still although but a dream, but will rather say, that, while even as a dream it has been more beneficent than the realities of scepticism, there is something incredible in the thought that such visions forever hover before us only to betray us at the last. All the lower instincts are presentiments of corresponding good; it is not hard to believe that these higher ones may have a similar validity and prophetic power. The need of the world is to so heed these aspirations and hopes as to turn the prophecy both of Scripture and the human heart into historic verity. And what has been done thus far is ample encouragement to mind the same things and walk by the same rule. Let those who boast of the triumphs of experimental science learn to read aright this experiment of the Gospel in moral and social progress, and they will find ample proof that Christianity is by far the best thing that has yet come into the world, from whatever source we may suppose it to have come. Even when we censure the Church we censure her from principles which she has preserved. In bearing witness against herself she bears witness for the Gospel.

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## BEYOND.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,  
Before its awful mountain tops afraid,—  
Who yet with patient toil hath gained his stand,  
On the bare summit where all life is stayed,

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,  
Another country, golden to the shore,  
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,  
Where southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,  
Think of another wanderer in the snows,  
And on more perilous mountain tops I gaze  
Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain.  
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee,  
For past the Alpine summits of great pain  
Lieth thine Italy.