

method is to anticipate by overtures of forgiveness. It is common to cry, "He ought to be the first to come to me;" but a Christian should not be loath to say, "I will be the first to go to him." Allay irritation—pacify tempestuous temper—send an embassy—invite reconciliation.

How prone we are to be suspicious, to detract, to be harsh in the construction of the conduct of others—to put the worst instead of the best face on what others do! Origen, quoting from the 37th Psalm, "To slay such as be of upright conversation," asks, "How can the man of upright conversation be slain? By scandal, and by retailing it. A man enters the Church of Christ with all simplicity, and with the desire of working out his salvation; but if this new brother should remark, either in the deeds or words of those who are older in the faith, anything inconsistent with it—if he should hear scandal about others, and if it should be busy with himself, he may fall in consequence; and, when fallen, he is put to death, and the principle of life escapes from his soul, and his blood will fall on those who have shed it." "How quickly a word can run!" says Bernard, in his twenty-fourth sermon on the Canticles. "One speaks, and only to one person: and yet that one word, entering the ears of a multitude of listeners, in a moment will slay innumerable souls. You may meet with people heaving deep sighs, looking very grave, and with a scrowful countenance, yet uttering maledictions, the more plausible as they seem to come unwillingly from a sympathizing heart. 'I lament,' he says, 'for I love him enough.' And another, 'It was known to me, and I would not have divulged it; but since others have made it public, I cannot deny the fact.' 'I say it with grief, but it is too true.' 'It is a great calamity, for he is very good in many respects; but in this matter he cannot be excused.'"

So it was in the third century; so it was in the twelfth; so it is still. The early and the middle ages of Christendom are in this respect the mirrors of the passing one. How many so-called Christians carry in their hearts the lust of detraction, strangers to the mercy which is slow to judge, and of the charity which covereth a multitude of sins! Yet they hope that Goodness and Mercy will follow *them* all their days!—*John Stoughton.*

Poetry.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move,
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her eclipse;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud,
Are but as poet's seasons when they flower;
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

When wealth no more shall rest in moulded heaps,
But, smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the golden year.