

year's insertion, I have been told, is \$5.00, strictly payable in advance. Nearly all, if not all, the advertisers are agents for the sale of Mrs. Eddy's books.

There is this to be said, in conclusion, that the founder of a system who succeeds in making it a veritable gold mine for herself, as well as a means of livelihood for hundreds, perhaps thousands of others, must be allowed to have ability of some kind; but the verdict of all experience is that a religion can only be founded by a religious spirit who expects nothing from the world.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE, LISTOWEL.

If, ere the morrow blight,
The Boatman from yon Shore of Shade
Should come and say, "Long time thou here hast stayed
Away with me to-night!"
And far beyond the sight
Of men should waft me out upon the sea,
Oh! say what would the written record be,
If I should die to-night?

No terror would affright,
No quailing at the billows' ceaseless boom,
No boding fear of boundless, rayless gloom
And chill and damp of night.
But when the last warm light
Of life, a burned-out candle's glow,
Shines o'er the fleeted years, what would it show,
If I should die to-night?

Pale, tearful Sorrow's blight,
As frost in June upon the tender flowers
Full oft descends to pierce these hearts of ours
And turn our day to night;
Then, when all's still and white,
From out his humble place will one draw near,
And say, I kissed away one bitter tear,
If I should die to-night?

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