

direction of mind opens the door to help if we trust. If we expect it, the help will come, whereas the effort to make it come will put an obstacle in its pathway.

To know how to rest is the great need of our hurrying age. We are too active, too intense. We are unaware of the value of the power of silence. Cease our striving, let the thoughts come as they may, let the power have us. Silence invites the greatest power in the world; let us be still and feel that power, it is the all in all. Many find it difficult to banish other thoughts, and it is better not to force the stillness to come, but to let the agitation cease by degrees, let the thoughts come until they quiet down from mere want of conscious attention. When the thought wanders here and there but is poised in the present moment, it is better to cease definite thought and simply enjoy the silence, but it is only after repeated silence that one learns how to become still. It is oftener easier to realize this peace for another than for one's self, but in time the result will be the same. Some have found it necessary to set apart a few minutes each day for quiet receptivity of this deeper sort; then when times of trouble come one will not lose one's self possessions, but will know how and where to find help.

The instance was related of a student who was under a severe nervous strain, who set apart fifteen minutes each day for absolute silence, who finally recovered his health and strength. He had unconsciously realized the power of silence and it had healed him.

Our Poise is worth little if it fail to give strength and composure in any possible experience. If we habitually realize what it is to dwell with God, what the soul is and how it is approaching completion, and keep the ideal of life ever before us, pausing in silent receptivity. Whenever we become too intense into the thought will steal the renewing and strengthening power

which will prepare us for the day of sorrow and the hour of supreme suffering.

VICTORIA THE GREAT.

[Austin's Jubilee Ode.]

The dew was on the summer lawn,
The roses bloomed, the woods were green,
When forth there came, as fresh as dawn,
A maiden with majestic mien.

They girt a crown about her brow,
They placed a spectre in her hand,
And loud rang out a nation's vow,
"God guard the lady of the land."

And now the cuckoo calls once more,
And once again June's roses blow,
And round her throne her people pour,
Recalling sixty years ago.

And all the goodly days between,
Glory and sorrow, love and pain,
The wifely mother, widowed Queen,
The loftiest, as the longest, reign.

She shared her subjects' bane and bliss,
Welcomed the wise, the base withstood,
And taught by her good life, it is
The greatest greatness to be good.

Yet, while for peace she wrought and prayed,
She bore the trident, wore the helm,
And, Mistress of the Main, she made
An Empire of her island realm.

So, gathering now, from near, and far,
From rule whereon ne'er sets the day,
From Southern Cross and Northern Star,
Her people lift their hearts and pray:

Longer and longer may she reign,
And, through a summer night serene,
When day doth never wholly wane,
God spare and bless our Empress Queen.

The remarks addressed to the Prime Minister in connection with the memorial presented 4th month 22nd, were substantially as follows:

"Permit us to say, in connection with the presentation of this memorial, we regret the absence of other members of the committee, and some of our representative women, for they are equal with us in the privileges and government of the Society.