

doors of every theatre were swung open ; women began to assume the parts allotted to females, and the coarseness which every author was obliged to put in his writings only reflects the taste of the times. Dryden lowered his great mind in order to be known. His most noted plays are the Indian Emperor and the Conquest of Granada. Towards the close of the seventh century, this immorality received a check and the people found delight in the classic play of Addison's Cato. A new feature called the Comedy of Manners, represented the fashion of the times, and was named the New School of Comedy, with Congreve, Etherege and Wycherley as representatives. We are glad to say that the better taste of the people grew tired of such low bred entertainments.

In the eighteenth century Johnson produced his Irene, but it was not received. Goldsmith's play, She Stoops to Conquer, was quite popular, and Sheridan's Rivals still keeps the spectators in constant roars of laughter.

In this century, the stage has gradually sunk into insignificance. Works written by men of genius, as Byron, receive but little attention. His Manfred was a failure and Joanna Baillie's De Montfort, met with a like reception. But Sheridan Knowles made himself famous by his Virginus and William Tell. Talford wrote Ion, and Taylor wrote Philip Van Artevelde.

We are glad that the spirits of the other world do not see what is acted here. Shakespeare would feel disgusted at theatre-going-people, for their delight in second-class dramas. It is true that the equipments are much better than when he owned Globe Theatre ; but the quality of the play is far below what they were three hundred years ago. One cause for the lack of interest shown to theatres and plays may be that we have many more sources of interest since his time.—*Gladys.*

"Let us be glad, and all our fears lay on His Providence.  
He will not fail."

### ✦ Four Lovers of Art. ✦

From the maddening crowd they stand apart  
The maidens four and the Work of Art,  
And none might tell from sight alone  
In which had culture ripest grown--  
The Gotham Million fair to see,  
The Philadelphia Pedigree,  
The Boston maid with azure hue  
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo,  
For all loved art in a seemly way,  
With an earnest soul and a capital A.  
Long they worshiped ; but no one broke  
The sacred stillness, until up spoke  
The western one from the nameless place,  
Who blushing said : "What a lovely vase ?"  
Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.  
But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred  
To crush the stranger with one small word.  
Deftly hiding reproof in praise,  
She cries : "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase !"  
But brief her unworthy triumph, when  
The lofty one from the house of Penn,  
With the consciousness of two grand papas,  
Exclaimed : "It is quite a lovely vash !"  
And glances round with an anxious thrill,  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.  
But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee  
And gently murmurs : "O, pardon me !  
I did not catch your remark, because  
I was so entranced with that charming vaws."

### ✦ Marking Time. ✦

**D**ID you ever see the soldiers, when obliged to pause for a short time, still keep tramping tramping, neither going backward nor forward, so as not to loose step ? What is true in military affairs is also true of other phases of actions. When the world was created, each period marked a step onward in organic and inorganic life. From the time that the earth was "without form and void" until now, every day, hour, and minute, brings this flying world nearer to the millennium. During the untold years, prior to the