

summoned to his place among the dead. Bright expectations, though never realized, were sufficient to cheer and illumine the whole course of his life, and death itself, while it shattered his plans, quelled the murmur of disappointment.

Thus upon hope devolves a two-fold mission--first, by supporting man through adversity and privation to ensure persistence, without which humanity would deteriorate to a condition of bestial sloth; and again, by the gladdening promise of success to lighten life's ponderous burdens, and make joyous the else gloomy sojourn on earth.

But for this sanguine emotion, human aspirations would languish, and the potent agencies of discovery and invention become extinct. The notion of propulsion by steam had never reached beyond its conception in the mind of Stevenson. Literature and the Arts would sink into disuse, and the intellect of man become the haunt of torpid despair. Life is replete with trials and disasters. Adversity is not of chance occurrence, but in some form the perpetual incubus of all our exertions. Under such conditions, the absence of hope assures the ascendancy of dismay, and the voice of dismay sounds the dirge of courage. While hope survives, her sustaining sinew prevents repining, and makes failure only an incentive to combat afresh the antagonism of circumstances. Well did the poet sing:—

"Auspicious Hope, in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."

THE SECRET.

By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The white stars shine;
The poplar tree
And pointed pine
Look solemnly!

Hush! The earth is dead
And the stars are lit
For funeral light. How shiveringly
The wind o'erhead
Doth mutter of it!

Yet, it seems to me,
From its lifeless eyes,
A secret has fled
To the trusted skies.

To-morrow the earth will live again,
And our hearts will throb with joy or pain.
But what is the secret?—life, or death?
It comes and goes with a single breath!

—Exchange.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You, who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight.
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God, in his mercy, receive, forgive them,
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly,
To face the sun and to share with the morn,
In the chrisom of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And puzzles fore-casted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.
—Selected.

TWO PHASES.

AN active observer of nature's operations, beholds two processes everywhere in progress,—destruction and production, creation and ruin. Each of these is accompanied with benefits and injuries, with blessings and with curses for mankind. Every one will readily concede that production is essential to subsistence and a necessary part of nature's routine. Destruction also is an helpful agency when exercised upon worthless encumbrances, or busied with the overthrow of institutions and customs prejudicial to the physical or moral status of men. But reflection convinces us that production is by no means an invariable good; while the common range of the waster, sweeps far beyond the