

cession of good to evil. He cannot acknowledge half-truths or admit the value of half-good. What grieves him is not the humiliation of being beaten by his systematic foes, but the misery of having failed to convince those who profess to be his friends and to let themselves be guided by him; and again when he surrenders a particle of what he considers right, he is at war with his restive conscience, asking himself whether he was morally justified in yielding to serve party ends." As a set-off one must quote the opinion of the Bishop of St. Andrews (Dr. Charles Wordsworth), who was Gladstone's private tutor during the latter's second year at Oxford, as to his pupil's openness to cogent argument, came it whence it might: "He would wrestle like a Cornishman with any theory hostile to his way of thinking, but if he got a fair fall he owned it; and it was always his way to make a full and gracious submission to any argument that had got the mastery of his reason."—*Temple Bar*.

Life.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the conscientiousness of humanity is awakened, and the saucities still slumber which made it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety which ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Then and Now.

Here is the same old mansion,
With its quaint, moss-covered towers,
And the summer sunlight sleeping
On the gleam of the garden flowers.

And the wild dove, far in the fir-wood
Cooing in monotone;
And the stately, silent court-yard,
With its antique dial-stone.

The swallows have come as of yore, lad,
From over the sunny sea,
And the cup of the lily echoes
To the hum of the wandering bee;

The lark, in its silvery treble,
Sings up to the deep blue sky;
But the house is not as it was, lad,
In those dear old days gone by.

'Twas here that her garments rustled,
Like music amidst the flowers,
And her low, sweet rippling laughter
Made richer the rose-wreathed bowers.

But now in its noon-tide brightness,
The place seems cold and dead,
And it lies like a form of beauty
When the light of the soul has fled.

All hushed is each lonely chamber
That echoed to songs of old,
The chairs are now all vacant
And the hearths are dark and cold.

Yet the joys I had here of yore, lad,
No heart but my own can know,
And the glimpses of Heaven she gave me
In this dear home long ago.

But they went one eve, when she left me,
'Mid the balm of the summer air.
There's a grave far over the hills, lad;
The home of my heart is there.

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

The Miller's Son.

Why is it the birds sing sweeter to-day?
Why is the sky so bright?
Why is it that time flies fleetly to-day,
And the moments are winged with delight?
All the day long
She is thinking of one,
None so handsome and strong—
The miller's son.

For he loves her, he loves her; and whisper it low,
'Twas only last night that he told her so!

To what is her heart set dancing to-day?
Hark to that glad refrain!
How oft in the glass she's glancing to-day,
And eagerly watching the lane.
Home, home again,
All his duties well done,
Comes the noblest of men—
The miller's son.

Oh! he's coming, he's coming, he's well on the way;
And to-morrow, to-morrow's the wedding day.

Why is it she lies there so cold, still and white?
What is it has turned her glad noon into night?
Off into space
The swift engine rushed
With a mighty leap!
Then down, down, down!
To kill and drown;
No moment of grace;
But mangled and crushed,
Heap upon heap!
And the foremost one
Was the miller's son.

More bright grow her eyes and more faint grows her breath;
And she marries, she marries the bridegroom of Death!
James Hunter MacCulloch.

Simplicity in Conversation.

In ordinary conversation we find people apt to indulge in puzzling words, even though they may have no special desire to appear learned. The dentist who assured a lady that her teeth were "a perfect study in conchology," meaning that they were all shells, and the school girl who alluded to an old sailor as an "ancient chloride of sodium," are but examples of the tendency of the times. Too often the sermon of the preacher and the prescription written by the doctor are alike made of mysterious words. The sermons are jaw-breaking phylacteries, and the prescriptions bewildering Latin, intended to defeat and astound the reason of simple-minded folk. Simplest words are always best. Ease and grace in writing or speaking are thus attained, and one need never fear to be considered unlettered because he or she does not "talk like a book."

What Wives are For.

It is not to sweep the house and make the beds and darn the socks and cook the meals that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes that she has made; send him to see the needlework and broidering; or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune: he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, as he puts an arm around her, he feels he has something to