

miserable, the worthless, the bad subjects of the world. To-day some of the worst stuff inside humanity may be found within Christ's Church, and, alas, some of the finest material which came from the hand of the Almighty outside. There are Christians who would be in jail to-night had it not been for their Christianity. Will you condemn Christianity because it has received publicans and Magdalenes and mean and stupid people? Will you say there is no use in religion, because here and there you see a man who is a hero and yet an unbeliever? This argument does not run on fours; it is unequal. Christianity should be approved because it has taken such miseries and made so much of them. Every one has drawn a contrast between Esau and Jacob. Esau was so straightforward, brave, kindly, manly, a big, fine animal. Jacob was so deceitful, false, timid, disagreeable—a despicable fellow. Agreed. What came of Esau? What did he grow into? Nothing, a mere hunter and desert chief. But religion made out of that unpromising Jacob a prince and a saint, and in the end a very noble and lovable man. It is nothing to get a harvest from the rich plains of Lombardy, but it is a feat to wrest corn from a bare hillside in Scotland. That is agriculture."

Discourse on Conceit.

Simple conceit, founded on really great gifts, is often a very pleasant quality. No more amiable quality than the conceit, say, of Hans Christian Andersen, can easily be imagined, though it caused him a hundred bitter trials in his earlier life, before his great gifts were understood and acknowledged by the world. So, too, Goldsmith's conceit was a very attaching quality; and in our own day we could name a poet full of the most amiable and attractive conceit, in which there was not anything irritating, or even indicative of jealous mortification. The truth is that sunny conceit, founded on great gifts, is often delightful, while the conceit which broods on the world's injustice in not recognizing to the full these great gifts is corroding and repelling. The happy conceit which takes all the recognition it can with gratitude, and supplements it with sincere pity for those who have not sufficient insight to recognize the gifts that have been displayed, is as charming and radiant a quality as we can find anywhere, while the jealous conceit which is always suspicious of the inadequacy of the world's admiration is one of the most unpleasant and displeasing of characteristics. In other words, the conceit which is perfectly joyous, but of course founded in true gifts, attracts, while the less perfect conceit which has a little distrust, on one side or the other, of the solidity of its own genius, is displeasing, because not serene. The former is as cheering as sunshine, the latter as displeasing as restlessness.

Are the Stars Inhabited?

Man is a creature adapted for life under circumstances which are very narrowly limited. A few degrees of temperature more or less, a short variation in the composition of air, the precise suitability of food, make all the difference between health and sickness, between life and death. Looking beyond the moon, into the length and breadth of the universe, we find countless celestial globes, with every conceivable variety of temperature and of constitution. Amid this vast number of worlds with which space is tenanted, are there any inhabited by living beings? To this great question science can make no response; we cannot tell. Yet it is impossible to resist a conjecture. We find our earth teeming with life in every part. We find life under the most varied conditions that can be conceived. It is met with under the burning heat of the tropics and in the everlasting frost at the poles. We find life in caves where not a ray of light ever penetrates. Nor is it wanting in the depth of the ocean, at the pressure of tons on the square inch. Whatever may be the external circumstances, Nature generally provides some form of life to which those circumstances are congenial. It is not at all probable that among the million spheres of the universe there is a single one exactly like our earth—like it in the possession of air and water—like it in size and in composition.

It does not seem probable that a man could live for one hour on any body in the universe except the earth, or that an oak tree could live in any other sphere for a single season. Men can dwell on the earth, and oak trees can thrive therein, because the constitutions of the man and of the oak are specially adapted to the particular circumstances of the earth. Could we obtain a closer view of some of the celestial bodies, we should probably find that they, too, teem with life, but with life especially adapted to the environment—life in forms strange and weird—life far stranger to us than Columbus found it to be in the New World when he first landed there—life, it may be, stranger than ever Dante described or Dore sketched. Intelligence may also have a home among those spheres no less than on the earth. There are globes greater and globes less—atmospheres greater and atmospheres less. The truest philosophy on this subject is crystallized in the language of Tennyson:—

The truth within your mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse,
Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?

A Loved One Missed.

A precious one is gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.

Day by day, oh, how we miss her,
Words would fail our loss to tell;
But in heaven we hope to meet her,
Happy there with Christ to dwell.

If love and care could death prevent
Her days would not so soon be spent;
Life was desired, but God did see
Eternal rest was best for thee.

Not gone from memory,
Not gone from love,
But gone to dwell
With God above.

Sea Salt.

The salts of the sea have fed throughout all time countless living things which have thronged its waters and whose remains now form the rocks of the continents or lie spread in beds of unknown thickness over 66,000,000 square miles of the 143,000,000 square miles of the ocean's floor; they have lent the substance to build the fringing reefs of the land and all the coral islands of the sea, and there are at present, on the basis of an average salinity of 8½ per cent. in the 290,700,000 cubic miles of water which make up the oceans, 90,000,000,000,000 tons, or 10,178,000 cubic miles of salt. This is sufficient to cover the areas of all the lands of the earth with a uniform layer of salt to a depth of 1,000 feet. It seems that the sea was made salt in the beginning as a part of the grand design of the Creator to provide for the system of evolution which has been going on since the creation. Many distinct species of living organisms live in the sea as a result of its salinity, and their remains have largely contributed to the growth of continents. The three great factors in accounting for the system of currents in the ocean, by which it becomes the great heat distributor of the globe, are changes of temperature, the winds and salinity. The last mentioned becomes an important factor through the immediate and essential differences of specific gravity and consequent differences of level that it produces in different parts of the ocean through the action of evaporation and rainfall.

The Season of Weakness.

Summer, for many reasons, deserves the term of the "silly season." Conscience seems to relax its authority, and we read without scruple the vapid novel. The novel whose morals are doubtful, but whose manners without question we term bad, sells rapidly during this season of high temperature. It would be interesting to collect data regarding the sales of a certain class of novels, and to compare the sales at different states of the tem-

perature. The results might be of value to the sociologist.

The world of society amuses itself without excuse in ways not far removed from what the world of serious men term "silly." And less favoured mortals not rarely use the income of the year to cover the expense of a trip amid unknown people, and pose for what they are not.

The social lines drawn in summer communities, where snobbishness is classified as exclusiveness, and people whose differences are only those of complexion and cut and cost of clothes, draw back from each other in the belief that they represent separate classes, form a crowning proof that summer brings the froth of mind to the surface. One of the first lessons learned by a man of spiritual intelligence is that the extravagance of ignoring another soul is a luxury he cannot afford. To recognize another traveller through this world is a small courtesy; to ignore him is to deprive one's self of the possibility of profiting either by his ignorance or his knowledge, to lose the opportunity of nurturing one's mind. To open one's heart to another should be a rite coming only after many experiences together. To open one's mind to another is but following the example of the flower that nourishes itself, propagates its kind, and beautifies the earth by its receptivity to the dew and the pollen that fall upon it, not caring what messenger brings it.

Rothschild on Happiness.

"You must be a happy man," said Sir T. Fowell Buxton once to old Nathan Rothschild as he inspected the beauties and luxuries of the millionaire's house at Stamford Hill. "Happy! I happy!" was the bitter reply. "How can a man be happy when, just as he is going to dine, a letter is placed in his hand saying, 'If you don't send me £500 I will blow your brains out? Happy! I happy!'" M. Huret once asked Baron Alphonse de Rothschild for his views on happiness—whether he thought that riches led to happiness. "Ah, no!" answered the millionaire, sadly and slowly, "that would be too glorious! Happiness is something totally different, I suppose," he added, reflectively, "Some advantages do attach to money, or people would not give themselves so much trouble to gain it; but, believe me, the truest source of happiness is—work!"

Church Terms Explained.

Communion.—A Penitential Office said in the English Church on Ash Wednesday. It has existed from the earliest days of the Church.

Confirmation.—Means to be made strong. One of the Seven Sacraments by which the seed of spiritual life sown at Baptism is strengthened, and additional strength added by the laying on of hands.

Conversion.—A turning round. By this term is popularly meant a sudden and sensible action of the Holy Spirit upon a newly-awakened sinner. Nearly all dissenting bodies declare the absolute necessity of conversion before one can be saved.

Cope.—A vestment worn in procession and at solemn functions. It is semi-circular when open, and has no "shaping" to fit the shoulders or figure. It is simply thrown over the shoulders like a shawl, and fastened in front by a clasp. It has a flat embroidered hood.

Corporal.—A small white linen cloth spread on the Altar, and upon which the sacred vessels are placed at Holy Communion.

Corpus Christi.—The Latin for "the Body of Christ." The Feast of Corpus Christi, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, occurs on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday.

Credo.—From Latin *Credo*—I believe. There are three creeds, recognized by the Catholic Church, the Apostles, the Nicene, the Athanasian.

Credence.—A table of wood or stone at the south (or north) side of the Sanctuary, sometimes let into the wall. Used to hold the sacred elements and vessels, and the service-books.

Potatoes which are to be browned under meat, should always first be boiled for twenty minutes, or they are liable to be half done in the centre.