

which is in a position to deal with it. It must be said, moreover, that, as time has gone on and the facts have been more carefully ascertained, much of the ill-repute which once surrounded Burns has been dissipated. That which remains of vice, affectation, and occasional vulgarity the world has come to accept as part of one of those confused and tragic stories in which the life-history of great men have so often been written. When such genius as that which Burns possessed and a life so full of obstacle and pathetic experience come before the world for judgment, critics have grown more reverent as they have grown into a deeper knowledge of the range of human passion, of the force of heredity, and of the temptations of temperament. They are ready now to say with Burns,

“ ‘ Who made the heart, ’tis He alone
Decidedly can try us ;
He knows each chord—its various
tone,
Each spring—its various bias :
Then at the balance let’s be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What’s *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what’s *resisted*. ’ ”

Leaving aside the question of morals, there are few who do not know and love that group of songs which the English-speaking world knows by heart : “ Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast ? ” “ To Mary in Heaven, ” “ John Anderson, My Jo, ” “ Auld Lang Syne, ” “ Ye Banks and

Braes o’ Bonnie Doon, ” and “ Mary Morison. ” The writer of these songs, says the *Outlook*, will never be forgotten while life has its pathos, its humour, and its tragedy. —*The Evangelical Churchman*.

Why does one feel chilly when lying down ? The reason is simply this. Nature takes the time when one is lying down to give the heart rest, and that organ consequently makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is in an upright posture. Multiply that by sixty minutes and it is six hundred strokes. Therefore in eight hours spent in lying down the heart is saved nearly five thousand strokes, and as the heart pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke, it lifts thirty thousand ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. As the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, one must supply then with extra coverings the warmth usually supplied by circulation.—*Harper’s Bazar*.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.—*Charles Kingsley*.

PUBLIC OPINION.

ENCOURAGE READING.—The Archbishop of York, accepting the gift of a library from a clergyman who desired to encourage reading, said the other day that in his former diocese of Lichfield there were two houses

overflowing with books for the clergy, but “ no one ever ” entered them. He had even offered prizes to curates who showed any sign of study ; but “ to induce men to read who had no taste for it entirely baffled him. ”