

ness; but business has sometimes no real connection with religion.

But the house divided against itself cannot stand. It ought to fall and it must fall. Ruin of the inner life, confusion of the relations of the outer world, enmity between parents and children, between rich men and poor men, are the inevitable and terrible consequences of the division of the heart. We need to pray, with an increasing insistence, the prayer of the psalmist: "Unite my heart to fear Thy name."

"Unite my heart!" For it is wholeness of heart, with an undivided and unchanging devotion to God, to His truth and purity and life in His Son Jesus Christ, that can alone secure the peace of our inner life, the harmony of all the parts of our nature, the integrity and happiness of our days.

Jesus rebuked the wind and the sea, and there was a great calm. Jesus rebuked the demon in the demoniac man, and he sat down at the feet of the Saviour, clothed and in his right mind. Out of the warring elements of our souls there comes forth peace and gladness; out of the turmoil of our lives there come forth gentleness and grace. God's blessing falls upon the world like balm. Christ's spirit possesses our spirits, and we are very quiet. And then we learn that strength issues from sweetness, and greatness issues from gentleness.

If the utmost measure of human misery is found in the house divided against itself, the utmost fullness of human happiness is attained in the house which Christ has unified, and purified, and filled with bright and radiant spirit.

SIDELIGHTS ON CICERO FROM HIS LETTERS: II.

Robert A. Hood, B.L.

After such a record as his life has shown up to this time we should expect that he would bear his fate with fortitude; but it was not so. Note how he writes to his wife Terentia who remained in Rome.

"If you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you, nor read your letters without falling into a greater passion of tears than I am able to support; for though I am at all times, indeed completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

"Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! our days would have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sor-

row, yet by no means thus wretched. However if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least, of what we have lost I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly and forever abandoned by those gods whom we have so religiously adored and by those men whom I have so faithfully served; let me see you as soon as possible that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last reparting sigh in your arms.

"I have spent about a fortnight at this place with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rites of hospitality