

mortal, Or to use a little patience ere I die." Thus, one selection completes the other. The former treats man as one of many: "Unto the furthest flood-brim and leagues and leagues beyond there is more sea." His duty and experience is that of others; he is but one in a crowd, bound to add to the sum total of human happiness and progress; he is but one drop in the sea. Tennyson's extract emphasizes man as an individual: "Life shall live for evermore. Else . . . 'twere hardly worth my while . . . to use a little patience ere I die . . . 'Twere best at once . . . To drop head-foremost in the jaws of vacant darkness and to cease."

As to selection number eight, it sounds "mighty" like doggerel conned from a mischievous youngster's scribble.

Durham Co., Ont.

J. E. W.

SELECTIONS IV., V., VI.

This short selection (IV.) deals with love, love of a fiery and passionate depth, buoyant and dashing as the poem itself. It is the love of a desert-dweller, one of the passionate children of a land of vast solitudes, warmed by a burning sun and watched over by brilliant stars. So the selection expresses something of the wild, ardent nature of the lover in its dashing rhythm. Contrast this with selection three. Here the narrower range of vision and the more even, uneventful life is expressed by the closer observation of every object and of the appearance of each. Thus the first lover's life is shown to be more slow and methodical in contrast with the fire and dash of the one following.

But to return to number four. How suggestive is the line, "On a stallion shod with fire"! How better could his swift impetuous course be described than saying that the stallion is shod with fire? Then, too, what extreme phrases are used, showing the intensity of the rider's love, as, "And the winds are left behind." This is shown too in the last three lines, which also form a most fitting and picturesque ending for the poem. But, still, how natural it is for this desert lover to promise by the natural objects he is most familiar with, such as the sun and the stars?

Now listen to the music and see the picture in the lines:

"Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry."

How well it pictures the utter solitude and deep quiet? In number three there is no such solitude and no such devotion. The first lover is of the ordinary type. He makes no wild impulsive promises, but his love is like a deep but quiet river. His eagerness is shown not by the dashing rhythm of the verse but by the mention of the various objects in rapid succession, as though he were hurrying rapidly onwards. Yet he too reaches his goal where his dear one waits. Thus the two poems are the same, in that they picture deep and true love.

Selection V.—This poem is one grand picture of the wide free moorland, wild and stern. But not of the wide, wild moor, chiefly, but of the deep longing of a human heart for its native land. Wild and stern is the moorland, haunted by the cry of the peewees, and, like the cry of the peewees, is the cry of the author's heart weary for the "hills of home." The poem seems filled with the sighing of driving wind and the swish of rain. Its music is filled with the lonesome longings of a home-weary heart.

The first two lines form a splendid word-picture of the dreary day, bleak and dull with fleeting gleams of sunshine. The third line adds to the dreary yet grand picture, the tombs of martyrs and the desolate cries of the birds. These first four lines form the gray background for the wild picture. The details are filled in, in the next four lines as by the brush of a master artist. But the picture is not all gray, for the wide moor is "wine-red." Still the next line adds yet another note of loneliness to the scene in mentioning the "Homes of the silent vanished races." The eighth line fits the picture perfectly. The winds over the vast moorland are not soft and balmy, but as becomes its grandeur, "austere and pure."

As the author thinks of this picture an

overpowering desire seizes him to see it again, and his wish is pictured powerfully as he cries in bitter longing—

"Be it granted me to behold you again
in dying,
Hills of home!"

Just one glimpse of it all and then oblivion, with no more heart-hunger, is all he desires.

This poem presents an almost direct contrast to the one following it. Warmth and color seem to characterize the latter as austerity the former. There is all the difference in the world in the description of the rain and wind. To imagine the rain sobbing and the wind as blowing free does not fill your mind with a sense of dreariness as the description in the former does.

But while one writer pictures the wide bare moorland and the other a land of beautiful trees, yet they are one in their intense longing for their own country.

I like selection number five best.

Grey Co., Ont.

J. KEMP.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

He Is Not Dead.

I dreamed that I knelt before the Cross,
The Cross upon Calvary,
Though I knew my Lord was hanging
there
To lift up my eyes I did not dare,
His Face I could not see.

No word was said, but I felt His gaze,
And His wondrous Presence filled
My heart with joy and my soul with fear,
My very body felt Him near,
And every nerve was thrilled.

'Twas years ago, but that dream of
peace,
That mystic vision clear,
An Easter message of joy still gives,
Reminding me of Him Who Lives
And, though unseen, is near.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Cleansing Touch of Christ.

There came a leper and worshipped
Him, saying, Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou
canst make me clean. And Jesus put
forth His hand, and touched Him, say-
ing, I will; be thou clean. And immedi-
ately his leprosy was cleansed.—S. Matt.
viii.: 2, 3.

The man was filled with horror at his own loathsome condition. He longed to be clean and well. No physician could cure his awful disease, there was no hope in any direction but one. He knew of lepers who had been cured, and he knew Who had healed them. So he knelt at the Good Physician's feet and made that touching appeal, that strong act of faith which could not fail to reach the heart of Him Who was eager to save. The leper did not ask to be healed. He simply showed his desperate need of help, declaring his belief in the power of the Healer—and the miracle was wrought.

But that is an old story, is it ever repeated to-day? I heard someone say yesterday: "Christianity is the most successful thing in the world." He said that, knowing perfectly well how the outside world delights in ridiculing those who call themselves Christians. We are accused of being worldly and selfish, of praying on Sunday, and trying to drive hard bargains on Monday, of being self-satisfied hypocrites, etc., etc. Well, supposing some of these shafts of scorn hit us in a tender spot, does that prove the failure of Christ and of Christianity? Why, it only proves that we are failing to follow in the steps of Christ, and to practice the Christianity we profess. The amazing thing is, that, in spite of the weakness and sin of Christians, the Name of Christ still towers infinitely above all other names of men; that His Church is still tremendously alive and growing, after two thousand years. It seemed so weak and unimportant as compared with the mighty Empire of Rome; but now that Roman Empire has crumbled away, while the buildings where Christ is worshipped are countless, and the great multitude of those calling after His Name is increasing by the million.

More than this, we find that mankind

is tainted with the awful leprosy of sin, and One Saviour—only One—can cleanse the sinner. Some, who are struggling hard to remove the unspeakable degradation which results from herding human beings together in the overcrowded city slums, seem to think that to cure poverty would be to cure sin. But those who have really studied conditions among the rich know better. It takes something more than luxury to cure the disease of sin.

"He restoreth my soul," says the Psalmist. To "restore" is to bring back the beauty and health that has been lost. Who can restore a white lily that has been trampled in the mud of the streets? Who can restore the lost purity and self-respect of a woman who has recklessly flung away and trampled beneath her feet the whiteness of her sacred womanhood? Who can restore to the power of splendid manhood, one whose bloated, repulsive face tells truly its tale of years of debauch and vice?

We may say that these miracles are impossible. They certainly seem impossible, but One can and does work such miracles continually. When a sick soul begins to abhor vice and crime, and kneels at the feet of the Living Saviour, pleading for restoration, He still, with tenderest touch, declares His willingness and power to heal. "But some who turn to Him are not healed," do you say? That only proves that they did not hate their sins really—perhaps only wanted to get rid of the consequences of their sins, which is a very different thing from genuine penitence—or that they had no real trust in Christ's power to heal. While He walked visibly on earth, there were some places where He could do no mighty work "because of their unbelief." But, if He healed one leper, that was enough to show His power; and, if He restores one decayed life to-day, that proves His Living, Loving Presence in our midst. No one else can work this miracle, and yet it is a commonplace in the eyes of those who take the trouble to look.

I have just been reading a book called "Souls in Action," which tells of some of the wonderful miracles God has worked through the West London Mission. One case described is that of a woman who was a dipsomaniac. This mania for drink is quite different from ordinary drunkenness, and is declared by doctors to be incurable. This woman's father, grandfather, and brother, died of this awful disease. Her sister was helpless in its grasp, and she herself—though for a long time she taught in Sunday-school, led Band of Hope meetings, and even dared to come (without any faith in God) to the Holy Communion—sank lower and lower under the slavery of drink. One day she was persuaded to hear a sermon by Hugh Price Hughes, and it was like a mirror held up before her soul. She saw for the first time the loathsomeness of sin, told the whole story of her hypocrisy and drunkenness to one of the mission-workers, and battled for a long time with the terrible mania for drink which possessed her. One day she came to the lady who had given her loving sympathy and said it was no use trying any longer. She had prayed and fought, and the skies seemed brazen, and God gave no answer. She was in utter despair. Her friend said, tenderly, but sadly: "Well, dear, I can do no more for you. You know all I can tell you." Then she exclaimed: "I can't think why you don't respond. There is your Saviour, standing quite close to you, stretching out loving, pleading hands to you, longing to save you—and you turn away and won't believe Him. If you turn away from Him, how can I help you?"

Then the poor, despairing woman, had her eyes opened with startling suddenness. She was absolutely certain that the Saviour Who could help her was there. She instantly laid down at His feet her burden of sorrow and shame, felt herself forgiven, and almost fainted under the sudden sense of relief. For fourteen years she still had to fight the desire for drink—but she found strength for the fight, drew it day by day and moment by moment from the ever-present Saviour of Whose Presence she was now so certain. Now, for six years she has had no desire to drink; she is working in the East, teaching the heathen about the Master Who is all in all to her. She has a "fragrance of character and

a blithe and buoyant gladness, which shines in her eyes, sounds in her voice, and communicates itself in all the thousand kindnesses which make her busy life." She is not only pleasant, but merry; not only happy, but joyful, and is dearly loved by the little children.

Sceptics may deny the Cause of the cure, but they cannot deny the fact of the cure. That soul was not only cleansed, but restored—loathsomeness was transformed into beauty, misery into happiness, despairing helplessness into hope-giving helpfulness. And there are thousands of such cures; the touch of Christ can and does heal our souls when we hate our sins and trust simply in Him.

Hear another story. A woman had been down in the depths of sin and misery for six years. The innocence had all gone from her face, the faith from her eyes, the kindness and purity from her lips. She was wild and miserable, not with penitence, but with anger at her shipwrecked life. One of the women belonging to the West London Mission gave her a white flower, with a smile and a few kind words. God used that flower to restore the broken soul. Its whiteness haunted her from the contrast between its beauty and the darkness of her own state. She said to herself continually, "I was once white, like this flower." For days, weeks, and months, the thought of the whiteness of the flower was like the whisper of conscience or the voice of a guardian angel. "As invisibly as fragrance, the whiteness of the flower passed into her soul, and gently, tenderly, and sweetly turned it to God. At last she went to the Mission for help and guidance, and is now working hard as a servant, while her face reveals the beauty of her love for God and holiness.

Stories like these are everyday events in the City Missions, and there are far grander proofs of the power of Christ to be found in the lives that grow up from childhood in sweetness and beauty. If a leper rejoices when his disease is cured, how much greater reason has a healthy man to rejoice if he has never been diseased. If it is a high privilege to be allowed to help in the restoration of a shipwrecked soul, it is a far grander thing to help an innocent soul to walk with God from childhood all through life. The touch of Christ has power to cleanse, and has power to keep clean anyone who presses near to Him in loving, obedient faith. He can not only change misery into gladness, but He can give lifelong happiness to His real followers. Can any other leader do this? Heaven is where God is—and He is here.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Something to Do on a Rainy Day.

No doubt all you country boys and girls know that our wild birds are among the best friends a farmer has. Field sparrows, chickadees, bluebirds, nut-hatches, warblers, waxwings, thistle birds, and hundreds more—how they work away from morning until night, eating up flies and bugs that would injure crops and gardens and fruit trees, and picking into cocoons, killing any sleeping caterpillars that are in there in pupa form waiting for the time to "come out," perhaps as cabbage-butterflies, or something equally harmful. What if Mr. Robin or Cherry-bird should happen to eat some of your cherries! You would let him have all he wanted if you could only realize how much good he does all the rest of the year. After all, cherries only last a couple of weeks. Think what Robin's fare must be the rest of the time.

The birds do not ask any pay for the work they do; indeed they not only work for us, but cheer us all the while with their merry songs. What a lonely, silent, uninteresting world it would be were there no birds to sing, no bobolinks, no catbirds, no peewees, no dear little warblers, no song-sparrows, no white-throated sparrows trilling out from the swamps, "I love dear Canada, Canada,