HEB. 1—14.

[Written for the Snowflake.]

A fell disease has paled the cheeks
Of a sweet child,
And nightly rest it early seeks
Its parent mild,
Kissing: safely its soul to keep,
To Him is given,
Who died to save the lambs and sheep,
Who lives in Heaven.
A child of fortune, no dire woes
Of want it knew;
Like a well tended budding rose
The darling grew:
And haply, it had tended been,
With too much care
The flowers are strongest in the keen,
Cold, open air.
Not all the lavishment of wealth
The parents pay
No highest skill of art brings health
Drives death away.
The child of poverty,
The nameless and the friendless bold,
The poorly clothed and poorly fed,
By want oppressed, by sin defiled,
Careless, has health to wander wild
And steal, or beg its daily bread.
The child of luxury,
Watched o'er so tenderly,
Breathes its last sigh.
They had not shed so many a tear,
If they had known the angel near,
Sent by the Lord on high
To bring to heaven salvation's heir.
The wee white rose-bud blossoms there,
The child of dust is cherub fair.
Where never loss nor death invades,
Where trace of sin nor sorrow shades,
The spirits sharing bliss divine,
The light ineffable who shine,
And strike the golden harps above,
And dwell in the eternal love.

[Written for the Snowflake.]

IMAGINATION.

The most princely of all the faculties in man is imagination. Look at some of its powers. Long past the point where memory fails, it carries us unfainting. We link ourselves back in an instant to ages that are fled, and pace through history with history's heroes. Far beyond the point, also, to which science has attained, imagination has projected itself: for it scales all worlds, and feasts its curiosity upon the unknown. By day it is present in the play of fancy and at night, creates a fairy-land of dreams it is an indication to us of our dignity and greatness, since it brings the treasures of the universe in tribute to our wishes and whims; it is a hint to us of immortality, for it pears into the future and looks behind the veil, and it confirms our creation in the likeness of God, for us, too, it enables in our measure after God, to create, when in the domain of mind, we can say of any object of fancy, "let t'ere be!" and there *is*.

I wish, however, to call the attention of readers of the SNOWFLAKE to the relation of imagination to our moral interests. Of all the faculties, it has the most potent influence upon the character. It creates, for an ideal world, an environment harmonized exactly with the bent and bias of our disposition. More really than we *sometimes think*, every *man* makes and inhabits his own world. Through the effects of imagination, as well as the favorite exercise of will-power, it comes to about that,

The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Very much of our time we all spend in the secret chambers of our imagery, but some breathe nothing but pollution there, and others inhale the sweet atmosphere of heaven.

I may compress what I have to say, under two heads:

1. Keep imagination well under the discipline of conscience.

Like all princely gifts, imagination is at the same time a very perilous one. It may never weal and it may never woe. The universe is open to it: and there are some things in the universe on which a man cannot dwell in thought with impunity. There are people of a phlegmatic nature, not easily moved, possessed of little imagination. On these, temptations of the sudden sensual kind have comparatively little power. Those are exposed to the greatest peril, who have been gifted with a vivid fancy: a fancy which can soar to angelic heights or sink to the grossest depths. Men like Rousseau, de Musset, Byron, Burns—these are the men whose powers are the keenest and who fall the most fatally. For ourselves, let us discipline vigorously our imagination, whether it be vivid or torpid. There is no fact more patent than that it is harmful to let the mind dwell on what is unholy. That which is immoral becomes, when dwelt upon in thought, demoralizing. Let us see to it then that our imagination does not run riot among scenes of license, but breathes an atmosphere of purity and peace. As the heirs of the ages, let us lay under contribution to our moral welfare all the choice things of the age, let us live with the great and good: let us link ourselves to all that is high and noble in man and in history. Why should we fill the garden of our mind with baneful undergrowths and poison flowers! why should we defile our imaginations with images of death and sheeted ghosts that are worse than death because they will never die! A polluted fancy—weightier curse there is none in the world.

2. Make imagination contribute to your moral welfare. Imagination, like all the faculties, is given us as a means of self-improvement and growth. We may of course stunt our natures if we like; nevertheless it was designed that we should develop through the agency of our senses and faculties and powers. A pure imagination: there is nothing nobler or more prophetic of glorious destiny. Good men, as well as vile men, have dreams and vivid fancies. A man's efforts after purity you may measure by *his aspirations*. The best of the ancient Greeks used to long after what they called the Fair, the Perfect Good. These dreams, these hopes, were lost to a more sensual age But, in all ages, there have been instances of sanctified imaginations, and they who possessed them, were the *salt of the earth*. Take up the Bible for instance. What of of the glowing visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel and St. John! They were inspired no doubt, but do they not mark these men's own ardent longings and dreams! Unsanctified imaginations could not have conceived them—could not, perhaps, have been made the vehicle of their communication. We, too, should cultivate a chaste fancy. We, *too, might have our* dreams- the dreams which all reformers, all philanthropists, all earnest souls, have ever had, and which one day will show themselves to be realities. Dwell with what is high and good, for thus high and noble thoughts and cravings are awakened *in the breast. The sordid cares of* daily life, the temptations and sins which throng and press us from these we may flee, if we will, into an ideal world of our own. The large hope and bright faith of a sanctified imagination—with these we can overcome the world, and learn from Sir *Galahad to say:*—

"I muse on joys that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, and turned to finest air.

KINDLINESS.

Kindliness, never consisted or even lay to any great extent in "becks and bows, and unwreathed smiles" though real pleasantness is a great element in winning the favor of our fellows. Neither is it by any means engrossed or fully expressed by almsdeeds, though without question, if we do feel tenderly to our neighbor at all, we feel with peculiar tenderness to our neighbor in any suffering and wretchedness which we can comprehend. "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, I am nothing." This kindness is charity, liberality and generosity of spirit, fairness and impartiality of judgment, mildness and meekness of heart rather than of tone, kindly affectionateness in all ties and relations—tenderest in the nearest, mellow and sympathetic in the most removed. It is of the very essence of Christianity, and the neglect of it has inflicted more injury on the cause of Him who is love divine, has wounded him more sorely in the house of his friends than the absence of any other quality or faculty whatever. I would urge it the more imperatively that it is (but certainly by no means to the same extent as formerly) overlooked, or understated, or in some respect blurred over in many lessons for young people. Kindliness is only second to Godliness: kindliness is thoroughly opposed to meanness, to malice, to mischief, of every description. It bids us have faith in one another: it bids us bear long with one another: it tell us to be obedient, respectful and tender to our elders: firm and yet indulgent to our juniors: reasonable and gracious to our equals, just, feeling, thoughtful and helpful to our inferiors. It negatives mere human ambition and selfish rivalry: it altogether forbids slander, talebearing and backbiting: it even cries, oh, fie, fie! against ridicule when *ridicule verges on levity and cynicism.*

SARAH TYTLER.

HOW NOT TO BORE.

None of the books of etiquette that we have yet read give prescriptions which will cure the tendancy which most of us have to bore other people. The reason is that none of us suspects he is or can be a bore under any combination of circumstances. The supposition is so wild and absurd as to be discountenanced *at once. And yet* so often are we bored by other people that it would only be reasonable for us to conclude that we, too, might sometimes place ourselves in the same unenviable light To know when to come and when to go, when to be silent and when to speak, what to say and how to say it, to be properly aware *how to express those thousand little* tones and acts which endear one, it is difficult to explain precisely how, is either a natural gift or an art obtainable after long years of training. Yet he who is not master of these things will run the risk some time or other of being considered a nuisance. We all ought to learn how not *to bore. We owe it to our neighbors as* well as to ourselves. It is a knowledge we exact from them. If they do not display it we feel personally aggrieved and are apt to consider them, for a time, our enemies.

One certain way of not boring is never to give people too much of our company. *This is a rule difficult to observe.* There are times when we are too ready to believe that our friends want us more than they really do. We take their protestations literally and when they say they could live with us forever and a day, we positively give them the day. This is a great mistake. Probably six hours of the day would have been quite sufficient. But we are unwilling to believe that our fascinations are so weak as not to stand a harder trial, and yielding to that weak prejudice in our own favor we become unmitigable bores. It would be well if we could hold the hand-glass up to our failings in this respect and see ourselves as we really are. —From *Canada Presbyterian.*

AN AWKWARD ANNOUNCEMENT.—When Lord Lyndhurst took leave of a legal friend of his who was going out to the East Indies to be a judge there, he gave him this advice, "I can trust you to make a decision, you are clear headed enough for that, and you are always right. But never my good fellow, be tempted to give a reason for it, for when so doing, you always bother yourself and confuse your hearers." This was wise counsel. It is dangerous also, in other matters, to be communicative, as we learn from the following story: Some fifty years since, sporting parsons were not such rarities as they happily are now. Black-coated Nimrods and Ramrods abounded in all directions. One of these was the keenest fox-hunter in a neighbouring county. On a certain occasion he said to his clerk in the vestry before church, "John, you must give notice that there will be no service next Sunday." Well would it have been had he added nothing more to Mr. Amen, but, in return to his inquisitive look, he imprudently continued. "I'm going quietly down to—, to be ready for the hounds on Monday morning." Presently, when the proper time came, a thundering voice made the church echo again as it *proclaimed*, "*This is* to give notice that there will be no service next Sunday, as the parson is going down to—, to be ready for the hounds on Monday morning." The congregation were, of course, electrified and horrified at being told "the reason why," and the unhappy parson himself almost extinguished.