

our country, as our restless energy would prevent it if it were not the fashion of the day to be busy. The truth may be of service to the rich, and shows that poverty and even

the most injurious work is less dangerous than wealth and idleness. Time has a wise way of ironically killing the time killer.

American Medicine.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

To accommodate readers who may wish it, the publishers of THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY will send, postpaid, on receipt of the price, any Book reviewed in these columns.

The Treasury of American Sacred Song, selected and edited by W. Garrett Horder, Oxford University Press, London, England.

Usually in collections of religious verse aspiration is abundant and inspiration not so easily discovered. But the patient searcher, wearied with the dead forms of poetry and enamoured of its living spirit, will not be disappointed in this volume. The perfect blending of poetic art with religious feeling is to be found in such old favorites as Whittier's "When on my day of life the night is falling," Longfellow's "There is a Reaper whose name is Death," Emerson's matchless "Thanody," consoler of how many sorrowful souls, Bryan's "Thanatopsis," Holmes' "Chambered Nantilus," Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn," Jowell's "Present Crisis," Walt Whitman's "Last Invocation," and John Burrough's "Serene I fold my hands and wait." But there are many other poems less known deserving perhaps of equal fame, such for instance, as John B. Tabb's "Alter Ego :"

"Thou art to me as is the sea
Unto the shell ;
A life whereof I breath, a love
Wherein I dwell"

Or Emily Dickinson's "The Fold of Death "

"There is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold ;

Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told."

Or Mrs. Whitney's "Behind the Mask :"

"Behind grey hairs and furrow'd brow,
And wither'd look that life puts on,
Each, as he wears it comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For while the inexorable years
To sadden'd features fix their mold,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old."

Or this unerring shaft from E. R. Sills' "The Fool's Prayer :"

" 'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away,"

Or Helen Gray Cone's "The Torch Race," or Emma Lazarus' "The Gifts," perhaps the most powerful poem in the collection, with the exception of Edith Thomas' "The Quiet Pilgrim," or Alice Brown's "In Extremis." The poems have been chosen with care and good taste, and although there are in this, as in all anthologies of the sort, occasional examples of religious platitudes smoothly rhymed the devout lover of poetry is not disappointed. How intimately appealing is this question of W. D. Howell's "What Shall it Profit ?"

"If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once
my faith,