

tion of all listeners, begin an exposition of it in some new phase. What must the inhabitants of the moon do, for scientists tell us our satellite has no atmosphere. Is the Man-in-the-Moon, that oldest of all lunatics, doomed to eternal silence on that account? If so, welcome atmosphere—Vennor and all!

And what of these sociables at which we spend so much of our time. What are the all-engrossing themes at such gatherings? If we give our attention to a group of old gentlemen, we hear that such and such a market is terribly depressed; that such-and-such a trade is exceedingly brisk or dull; perhaps a certain bank is not exactly safe, or a certain merchant not flourishing. Turn then to a group of old ladies, and you hear how scarce good domestics are, with illustrations; how troublesome sick children are, this also illustrated and enlivened by personal experiences; that a certain retail establishment is far more expensive than another, or that Mrs. So-and-So has moved into a house of her own which cost ——. But, at this mercenary stage, we take our departure, and listen to a knot of young people talking. The subject is the latest styles, the latest news, liberally interspersed with compliments, criticisms and vapid repartee. You hear one estatic demoiselle exclaim, "Oh! what a love of a bonnet!" or "What a pink of perfection Mrs. So-and-So would be without that hat!" Perhaps it is, "Don't you think this tie immensely becoming?" or "this suit a model of dress-making ability?"

Having sought in vain for a conversation worthy the name, the place or time, disconsolate and disheartened you abandon the search.

Can we not find interest in other topics than the weather, trade, servants, neighbors, fashions and political parties? Can we not get beyond the narrow limits of everyday experience, and everyday petty trials and tribulations? The excuse that their is "nothing to say" cannot be given—absolutely nothing to say?

Think of the vast domains of thought through which we might travel, so vast that pass no matter where or how far we may, there is still an infinitude beyond! Consider the realms above, beneath, around, within us, and that not only the wonders of the heavens, the marvels of the earth, but

even "the meanest flower that blows, can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears!"

In the presence of all this we cannot, we dare not give such an excuse.

But there is not always time for discoursing upon subjects that are great and grand, and we must make use of those which will occupy the minutes and yet the discussion of which need not be left crude and unfinished should one of the many drawing-room emergencies call away our attention or our presence. Do not think for a moment, however, that in ridiculing nonsense and exalting thought to its fitting supremacy, that I would exclude the other faculties from participating in the exciting exercise. No, bring all the wit and fancy at your command to aid in heightening the brilliancy of your replies, similes and metaphors, if you will, epigrams and puns (occasionally). Sharpen your logical arrows to the keenest of points, measure your distances, aim carefully, and hit your opponent's argument right in its weakest point; then prepare yourself for a return attack.

Who, having tasted the delights of such a linguistic contest would ever again relapse into stupidity or silence? Why, it is like a mental tonic, a fresh sea breeze on a hot summer day, a cooling draught to a fevered brain, a stimulating warmth to a frozen soul.

But, better than all, it is an influence for good, instructing, refining, elevating; an influence that will help in raising us daily nearer that high ideal, that God-given inspiration to cheer and stimulate us in the rugged upward path of life.

DRYDEN was so bound up in his books that his wife exclaimed: "I wish I were a book that I might always be in your society." "I wish you were an almanac so that I could change you every year," replied he.

MISS CHARLOTTE MARY GOUGE, authoress, is now 57 years old. She is a woman devoted to religious work. The profits of her book, "The Daisy Chain," amounting to \$10,000 she used in building a Missionary College in Auckland, New Zealand, while a large portion of those arising from the "Heir of Radcliffe" went to the equipment of the late Bishop Selwyn's missionary schooner Southern Cross.