

E'en now dull earth and wandering floods,
And Atlas' limitary range,
And Styx, and Tænarus' dark abodes
Are reeling. He can lowliest change
And loliest; bring the mighty down
And lift the weak; with whirling flight
Come! Fortune, plucks the Monarch's crown,
And decks therewith some meaner wight.
(Hor. Od. Bk. i. 34.)

Thus the poetical and the religious feeling join hands. They may not be indispensably necessary to one another. Indeed, they are not. We shall see that poetry may be lusty and strong while quite indifferent to religion; but nevertheless they cannot long remain sundered. Poetry has been glad to use the sublime elements of religion to build up its most noble work; she has found in the deep religious problems of life

her most invigorating food; she has reached her loftiest flights when religion has impelled her wings. Nor is the benefit wholly on one side. Poetry repays her debt, and religion finds in poetry her ally and evangelist. She has wrought some of her profoundest and most enduring impressions by the aid of poetry.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies.

And it is through the aid of poetry that religion has been able to rouse ardor and revive courage; and times without number the lonely heart of the exiled and weary warrior of the faith has been comforted and quickened by hearing one of the Songs of Zion.—*The Sunday Magazine*.

THINGS THAT NEED FIGHTING FOR.

EVERYTHING in the world that is worth having has to be fought for. When the Apostle describes faith as a victory over the world, he is not telling us something about it which is not true of every other grace and gift in the range of human life. Each of them is a victory.

Take sanity, for instance. The sanest minds, those which infect other men with their mental health, and help to keep the race from what is melancholic, fantastic and unsafe, are those which had in them the capacity for insanity, and mastered it by heroic effort. We see illustrations of this in Luther, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Johnson and Lincoln—all of them men of large and sane intelligence, who have contributed to keep up the standard of mental health for the civilized world, and yet every one of them capable of saying with Shakespeare, "That way madness lies."

So we are coming to the recogni-

tion of the fact that courage is not a natural indifference to fear, but a victory over it. The bravest men in the world's history have been men of natural timidity, who were afraid in the dark, or wanted to run away in the presence of danger, or—like Frederick the Great—actually did run away in their first severe encounter with it, but who mastered this timidity under the demands of duty.

Faith is that grace of which the Scriptures especially tell us that it is a victory. It is not the natural credulity that fits a man to take for truth whatever is told him. Neither is it the dull acquiescence that accepts whatever our grandmother, or our nurse, or our favorite preacher, has told us for truth. Neither is it the obstinate clinging to a body of beliefs for which we have no better reason than that they are the accepted opinions of those with whom we associate, or the opinions we think it safest or most respectable