

I HAVE lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.—*Jean Ingelow.*

RELIGION is the keystone in the great arch of human happiness, take it away and the fabrics falls.

THE founder of the Church preached to the rich and dined with the poor, but his followers dine with the rich and preach to the poor.—*Hugh O. Pentecost.*

SOME men remember having done one good deed in their lives, and they have been talking about it ever since. It looks like a stalk of wheat in ten acres of weeds—good but lonely.

UNDER the sod of the old battle field the bones are still slowly decaying, the ploughshare if deep enough turns them out. So the old bones of buried and forgotten sin may be turned out if the gospel share cut deep enough.

To those who think of the education of women as a recent movement, the following from an article by Professor Bolton in the *Popular Science Monthly*, will be interesting : So early as the thirteenth century, in the University of Bologna, then one of the best in the world, one woman occupied the chair of Jurisprudence, another that of Philosophy. In the fourteenth century a woman lectured on Law in Padua. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries women held, at Bologna, professorships of Physics, Mathematics, Greek, Medicine and Anatomy. Padua, Ferrara, Cordova, Alcala and Salamanca also granted doctors' degrees to many women during this time.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery is the food of fools,
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift.*

THE *Canadian Magazine* for July contains an excellent article on the "Birth of Lake Ontario" by our Prof. Willmott. The last brief paragraph we quote believing it will kindle a desire to read the whole article :—"Lake Ontario is now in her old age, little over one-third of her former depth remains. The tendency of all lakes is to wear away the barriers that contain them. In old, undisturbed regions like the Southern United States few lakes are found. The hard, granite rocks of the Upper St. Lawrence will of course long resist the erosive action of the water. Still the ultimate destiny of Lake Ontario is that of an inlet of the ocean—a second Mediterranean Sea." Mrs. Maitland's poem "Regret," in the same number, is a gem of quiet sweetness.

Better to sit at the Master's feet
Than thrill a listening state,
Better suspect that thou art proud
Than be sure that thou art great.—*Geo. Macdonald.*