

warred against Cowley. The hatred of Plato and Xenophon is as immortal as their works. Corneille had an utter contempt for Racine. Have you ever been in Westminster Abbey? In the 'Poets' Corner,' in Westminster Abbey, sleeps Drayton the poet; and a little way off, Goldie, who said the former was not a poet. There sleeps Dryden; and a little way off, poor Shadwell, who pursued him with fiend's fury. There is Pope; and a little way off is John Dennis, his implacable enemy. They never before came so near together without quarrelling."

What we admire in great men are the ordinary virtues. These are within our reach and remind us of ourselves. It is at this point where we think we see a reflection of ourselves—and we enjoy the reflection. Dr. Dodds reminds us concerning Dr. Chalmers, the great Scotch preacher, that "When he was a hearer only, he sat among the crowd of deaf old women who were following the services with unflagging interest. His eye was upon every one of them, to anticipate their wishes and difficulties. He would help one old woman to find out the text; he would take hold of the psalm-book of another, hand in hand, and join her in the song of praise. Anyone looking at him could see that he was in a state of supreme enjoyment; he could not be happier out of heaven."

Kindness is the velvet of social intercourse. Kindness is the oil in the cogs of life's machinery. Kindness is the controlling spring which holds back the slamming door. Kindness is the burlap in the packing case of every day's merchandise. Kindness is the stain on the cathedral window which