

just here should forms come floating in fast from the dead past and stand before us in living accusation and approbation. Why just here like the sight of distant billows to the traveller on a pitching ship, should light from the white-cap of the future come floating into our cabin to make our hearts bound and rouse us to prepare for what is coming? Why just here? Why should not each folding night, each burning noon, each bursting morn, open our eyes to the same things? Who knows? Perhaps here is forcible proof of man's general repugnance to retrospection and reflection. As the hour goes by with the moping house-wife who dallies away the time until the clock strikes, starts her into wakefulness and makes her chide her own procrastination; so man mopes and eats and sleeps and sins away his little year until the ring of the frosty steel, that tells the merging into another year, wakes his torpid spirit and by this same shock heightening his sensibility brings out the meaning of life into bold relief.

This is a new New Year. It is the same kind of snow, the same sun (I guess), the same brook under the hill, the same old bowing elms and the same long mountain dikes out the blue flood on the north. Yet none of them are just the same, and home is not the same and we never found ourselves in just this place, this state, this attitude, this frame of mind before. The kaleidoscope of the universe has added another to its myriad former shuffles, and a panorama before unseen unfolds to our wondering eyes. Since last New Year, new lines of thought have been pursued, new difficulties struggled with, new pleasures and pains experienced new places and peoples visited, whose united influence has made a kind of recast of our minds and with them the appearance of the external world. Are we then so subject to constant sometimes capricious change? Another evidence of our gross imperfection and the smallness of our present attainments. Are we then constantly reaching out towards a fuller and more perfect knowledge with our environment, ever pushing wider and wider the horizon of the soul's earnest, flashing, almost frantic eye? Another evidence of the existence within us of that mysterious restless spirit, which cannot be altogether imprisoned by the body's presence, that shall not perish with its absence.

What shall we do this new New Year? Life has let fall her full reining on our flushing cheek. Nature has given us her gentle hand of love. A longing for purity

and usefulness has enthroned itself in our beating hearts. A deep love for all mankind now overflows like sunshine from our breasts and its reflection glistens on the faces of all the people we meet. What shall we do this year? Out from all the peaceful ether that lightens our hearts, out from all those deep regrets that float in like ghosts from the past, out from all the perplexity consequent upon the rapid vicissitudes of life, out from the lurid sky that lowers over the mysterious future there comes a happy thought:—Take some rule of life that will stand unscathed beneath the scathing showers, unchanged amid the crushing changes; permanent unbroken, eternal still above the wrecks of dalliance and low-born aims:—‘Dare to do right.’ “Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good.” “What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” Who will bring all the solutions of problems and motions of life, this year, to these touchstones? Not every one who thus resolves. We need wisdom and persevering might from someone stronger and wiser than ourselves—from a kind, omniscient spirit. But as I thus bow down my independence there stands before me one in the form of a man. He sees not the Jehovah at whose feet I kneel, but he menaces me and stares at me and calls me weak. Yet his sunken eye, his quailing heart in danger, his cowering form beneath the sky's electric crash, his frequent utter helplessness when friends are in distress, his slavery to his own lusts, his cringing servility to the shallow favor of a week comrade, and his father's grave all tell me with assuring voice that he is not the man for mine accuser. My former fear of him now turns to tender pity and the conviction rises in my soul that no puny arm or frowning brow on earth can ever quell that I can be a man and yet lean upon a stronger arm. I can be a philosopher and yet trust in God.

DREAMERS.

Ever since the dreams of Pharaoh's servants were interpreted by Joseph, dreamers have flourished on this mundane sphere. Indeed we have good authority for the statement that dreams are an institution dating back to the Garden of Eden. Milton, in his immortal Epic, puts in the mouth of Eve such words as these: