

recent lukewarmness was mentioned to me with much apparent sincerity and humility. There is likewise a conviction among the more thoughtful persons that the fanaticism now rampant in various parts of the island is attributable to the coldness and indifference of many really sincere men, which has given occasion to unbelievers to represent Christianity as anything but a reality."

WHO FOUNDED CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND?

THERE can be no doubt that the plot of marshy land known to the ancient Britons by the name of Ynswitrin, or Avalonia, and subsequently called by the Saxons Glassenberg, or Glastonbury, was the spot where in the first century of the Christian era was erected the first English temple of the Christian faith. However contradictory the ancient chroniclers are as to who was the planter, all unite in fixing upon this spot for the planting. They are also unanimous as to the apostolic character of the planter; but from the mazes of monkish legends, blackletter chronicles, and ecclesiastical records, three theories are compiled, each pointing to a different apostle as the first Christian missionary to the British isles—the one, founded only upon the conjecture strangely emphatic, in some degree supported by contemporary history, but in no degree by the history of England, points to the Apostle Paul; the other, founded wholly upon conjecture, and totally unsupported by history, save that of two doubtful writers, claims the honor for St. Simon; but the last and most reasonable, and based upon a fair amount of ecclesiastical history, upon charters granted in different ages, each quoting its forerunner, and strongly confirmed by the annals and antiquities of the country, is that which fixes upon St. Philip as the apostolic instigator, and St. Joseph of Arimathea as the actual missionary, who, in the midst of the darkness of paganism, first planted on the marshy isle of Avalon the cross of Christ.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road;
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
 Ought of its load;
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet,
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.
 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
 Lead me aright—
 Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed
 Through Peace to Light,
 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here:
 Give but a ray of Peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see—
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
 And follow Thee.
 Joy is like restless day, but Peace Divine
 Like quiet night:
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
 Through Peace to Light.

—Miss Proctor.