

MRS. STOWE was asked why she did not write a book on Temperance, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on slavery. She replied: "I have thought of doing so, but it would be too dreadful to read."

THE Song of Solomon is a sweet love song of the Bride and her Bridegroom, it is not so much for public worship, as for private moments of sweet devotion. Do you give yourself up to quiet hours of sweet love-talk to Him?

ONTARIO has done her duty. The splendid majority for prohibition must do its work, the Government will be compelled to enact a prohibitory law, and with the support of such a large number of the people its enforcement will be ensured.

BURNING a little straw may make a great crackle and hide the glorious sunlight, so a noisy skeptic may hide, for a moment, the light of heaven by his puny reasoning, but like the smoke it will soon blow away.

THE sun comes peering through our windows and shews us the dust atoms flying in all directions. So does the great Search Light of heaven shine in upon our souls revealing the dust of sin in sickening abundance everywhere.

ONE of Tennyson's visitors once ventured to ask him what he thought of Jesus Christ. They were walking in the garden, and, for a minute, Tennyson said nothing; then he stopped by some beautiful flower, and said simply: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul."

FREDERICK THE GREAT wrote in the year 1778: "One sees on the national stage the wretched plays of Shakspeare in German translations, and the public generally goes wild with delight at these ridiculous farces, which would scarcely do honor to the savages of Canada.

It is a difficult task to describe the effects of light and darkness to a blind man and to assure him that both are natural and necessary; similarly a deaf mute cannot be made to understand the difference between harmony and discord; if both men had the perfect use of their senses all would be plain. There are no contradictions in God's word to the spiritually enlightened.

THE following was written not very many years ago by an English school child in answer to the question, "What is thy duty towards God?"

"My duty toads God is to bleed in Him, to fering, and to loaf witho'd your arts, withhold my mine, withhold my sold, and with my sernth, to whirchp an l give thanks, to put my old trash in Him, to call upon Him, to onner His old name and His world, and to save Him truly all the days of my life's end."—*London Daily News.*