

intrinsically right. Guinevere could not, at her first meeting with Arthur, see in him anything lovely and beautiful. She placed him away from herself in the dim and shadowy realm of the unknown and unknowable. Lancelot was warm and loving; life in him appeared most *human*. Yet love was her mistake. Had she brought the king nearer to herself, and seen him as still a *man*, not a statue of hoiness devoid of the warmth of love and life; or if she had gladly drawn nearer to Arthur, the coldness of her own earthliness, objectively thrown around him, would have been warmed and vivified by his human divinity. So she would have been enabled to have loved him as the highest, thus seen by two quickened eyes. But this she would not do. So long after in bitterest contrition, low grovelling at his feet, she drew near to him and loved him nor "tho't of Lancelot nor another." It is, then, our glorious privilege to realize the ideal of perfect manhood, and heavenly purity, as really and objectively existing. Then, drawing near to this living ideal, day by day, we will find the atmosphere, once thought to be so thin and unsubstantial, the very purest form of diffused spirituality, most wondrously adapted to the breathing of the human soul. These great lessons feebly outlined by the writer doth Tennyson teach, let us learn that

"We needs must love thee highest when we see it."

DEWOLFE.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Another year! another year!

Has borne its record to the skies.

Another year! another year,

Untried, unproved, before us lies.

We hail with smiles its dawning ray—

How shall we meet its final day?

Another year, another year,

It's squandered hours will ne'er return.

Oh! many a heart must quail with fear

O'er memory's blotted page to turn.

No record from that leaf will fade,

Not one erasure may be made.

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Another year, another year!

Gaze we no longer on the past,

Nor let us shrink with faithless fear,

From the dark shade the future casts.

The past, the future—what are they
To those whose lives may end to-day?

Another year, another year!

Perchance the last of life below,

Who, ere 'tis close, Death's call may hear,

None but the Lord of Life can know.

Oh! to be found, whene'er that day

May come, prepared to pass away.

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Selected.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

A King stretched upon the floor of a dusty cabin—the shadows broken by a ray of sunlight from the chinky wall—a spider trying to mount his silken ladder—repeated failures—brave endeavors—ultimate victory—the King silent—the lesson learned—Scotland saved—so the story runs, and "Where there's a will there's a way." Wonderful power has this noble old maxim as, in fancy embodied, it swings into view from behind some mountain of difficulty, barring life's pathway, and bids us "*climb*." We climb, the mountain melts, faith deepens, success is won.

The heart of man is an instrument of many strings, swept in life by unseen hands innumerable, tuned in death for endless threnody or praise eternal. Every life has a music all its own, now sounding out in joy, like an orchestra of an hundred pieces, now sad and low like the night wind sighing through the lonely pines, while high or low its leading part is always heard distinct and clear. From the marvellous melody of such a life as Judson's there chimes a strain of hope sweet enough to sooth the captive in his chains, loud enough to sound across the world. In the jarring clang of Swift's stern satire is heard a minor chord, despair, hope wanes, courage flees, and twilight settles down.

"What man has done, man may do." The man with a purpose in life must surely succeed. No mere accident of birth or position can keep such from the place designed them by Providence. A vine growing from beneath some wall or pavement will often lift immense weights, to find its natural element, the sunlight. So with "nature's noblemen." More styles of men than poets are "born not made." This truth was most tersely put by the eminent Educationalist