

admitted to the Assembly of the gods, and became one of Jupiter's wisest and most trusted counsellors. The power of Minerva was very great. She could hurl the thunderbolts of Jupiter ! prolong the lives of men ; bestow the gift of prophecy ; and assume the same authority and importance as Jupiter himself.

Now, let it be remembered that, in the absence of authentic historical records, any fact or incident soon becomes veiled in obscurity ; that the love of the marvellous is so strong in man that the heathen nations very soon transmute the simplest facts into the most absurd fables ; and that the heathen readily deify their heroes and heroines ; and it will require no stretch of the imagination to suppose that the above myth had its origin in the Mosaic account of the creation of woman. The Roman mythology takes Minerva from Jupiter's head to be his wisest and best

counsellor. She was held to be the representative of thought, calculation, invention, possessing unbounded mental resources ; the safest guide in peace and in war. Inspired history takes woman from man's side, to have the protection of his arm, the love of his heart, and the place of equal, adviser and friend. Mythology makes Minerva hurl the thunderbolts of Jupiter. Inspired history makes woman to be man's vicegerent, "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," a ruler with him in the Kingdom of Home. Mythology gives to Minerva the power to prolong the lives of men. Sacred history gives to Eve the honour of being the mother of us all. Mythology gives to Minerva the power to bestow the gift of prophecy. Revelation, reason and experience all proclaim the lesson that man's first and tenderest and wisest teacher is woman.

GRATITUDE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Filled are our hearts with thankfulness, O Lord,
That not to finite minds dost Thou commit
Infinite interests. Our wavering feet,
Prone as they are to stray, would turn aside,
And we should wander from the heavenward road,
Didst Thou not guide. Our eyes incompetent,
If we were left to make unaided choice,
Would sure deceive us ; so that we should take
Some glittering bauble—tarnished in an hour,
And nothing worth - to be a rich combining
Of precious stones with gold unchangeable.
But Thou, Thou canst not err. And when we walk
According to Thy counsel, verily
We tread the one safe path ; when we receive
What Thou hast chosen, we possess, indeed,
Jewels unpriced and fadeless ; though the way
May be mysteriously dark, the gems
Concealed, awhile, in caskets strangely wrought.

O Guide infallible ! O true Discerner !
We grateful render Thee adoring thanks,
While journeying still over this mist-wreathed road,—
And ere we yet the imperishable beauty
Of Thy fair gifts behold ;—for confident
Are we that we shall come, in Thy good time,
Where dwells the glory of Thy radiant presence,—
And view our gleaming treasures in the light
That cloudless shines for aye.

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