

was not, strictly speaking, ours, but a poor dead thing which belongs to the things outside of us. It is the duty of the philosopher to grow into the mind of God and to make the will of nature our own.

His chief maxim was : Make the best of what is in your power, take the best as it occurs, and remember everything happens as it pleases God.

On this he acted. People always found him cheerful and happy and ready to help others all he could, so that every one who knew him loved him. Some say he lived until the time of Adrian and here is the epitaph a friend wrote for his tomb :

"I was Epictetus, a slave, maimed in body and a beggar for poverty ; yet dear to the immortals."

This surely was an honor worth all the trials and hardships of his life and shows us how we can learn something from this once poor maimed slave, yet clever thinker and reasoner.

CAN'T AND TRY.

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try !" and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said "Try !" and turned flowers into honey in abundance. The squirrel said "Try !" and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snow-drow said "Try !" and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try !" and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try !" and he found to his surprise that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try !" and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb,

no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend—in short, no task too great for Try to do, and no trial too great for Try to meet and overcome. Let no one say therefore "I can't. Here are some lines to impress this lesson better on the minds of our youthful readers :

MR. "I CAN'T."

There's a surly old tramp who's prowling
about,
He is seen ev'rywhere, so you'd better look
out !

His face is all wrinkles from forehead to
chin,
His lips stick right out, and his eyes go
right in.

He hates all the children, and chuckles
with joy
To hear people say, "That's a bad girl or
boy !"

And if he can make you a drone or a dunce,
He'll sneak in and claim your acquaintance
at once.

He steals in the school-room and stands at
your back,
Too glad if the teacher should give you a
"whack ;"

And when the hard words you would spell,
he will try
To make you forget, or to snivel and cry.

When doing examples that puzzle the brain,
He'll jog you and whisper, "There, don't
try again !

Just mix it all up, and then rub it all out,
And don't say a word, but look sulky and
pout."

Beneath the piano he'll hide out of sight,
To tease you when there, is his greatest de-
light ;

He'll catch hold your fingers and blindfold
your eyes,
And turn all the notes into great dragon
flies.

Beware of this tramp who creeps in like a
mouse,
And stealthily wanders all over the house ;
He's lazy and shiftless, unlike the wise ant,
His name you must know ; it is Mr.
"I. Cant."