

spicuous : Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and Mars, say twenty constellations easily described and recognized ; would it be too difficult a task to learn the names of these ? Spots in the sky which seem to contain no stars, will be found to sparkle with beautiful clusters, sometimes arranged with geometrical regularity. Jupiter, that immense orb, sometimes displays his four moons ; Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callista in a row ; again, only one or two can be seen. Many stars which appear very faint, are found to be double, and show different colours, as red, blue, green, orange, etc. Since I have taken an interest in the subject the sky has been a fascinating page in the great book of Nature, the use of the opera glass to enlarge the field of vision has given redoubled and intensified pleasure in increasing my knowledge of the stars.

Why should we ever cease to be students ? What a grand peroration is that of Longfellow in his *Morituri Salutamis*, commencing "Cato learned Greek at eighty."

"It is too late, ah ! nothing is too late, Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate, Shall we then sit idly down and say, The night hath come, it is no longer day ? The night hath not yet come, we are not quite Cut off from labour by the failing light, Something remains for us to do or dare. Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear, For age is opportunity, no less Than youth itself, though in another dress, And as the evening twilight fades away The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

The force of the beautiful thought conveyed in the last lines can only be appreciated by those who have long since left youth behind. In an address lately given by Principal Grant, of Queen's University, on his return from a trip round the world, these words occur, "Every day I feel more eager to learn. The education should be such that the student all his life would echo the language of the wise lawgiver, 'The older I grow I am more

I would become a learner.' It has been said that 'the greater aptness of age over youth for learning is one of the thousand pledges and foretastes of immortality.' When the love of learning ceases to well up in my own heart, count me among the dead."

Why should we be so ignorant of our every day surroundings, in earth, and air and sky ? Many young girls will describe with wonderful minutiae an article of dress worn by another. A young lad will recount every move of a baseball match, but how many know even the names of the common weeds or wild flowers springing under our feet, of the forest trees, or even the shade trees on our streets ? How many know the names of our wild birds ? Ah ! well, in that the average boy is not deficient. I confess the shame I felt when a visitor from England, one lovely morning in summer, when all the air was vocal with melody, asked me, "What bird is that ?" then as another, perchance sweeter or more piercing sound was heard, "and that ?" and I had to confess my ignorance. And then all the varied forms of insect life. Must we then study all these sciences—Astronomy, Botany, Ornithology, Entomology ? And why not ? We know very well many other things far less important. The more we increase our store of knowledge, the more humble we become, for the more we see how stupendous is our own ignorance ; "the great ocean of truth lies beyond, and we have only gathered a few pebbles on the shore." How well we remember any independent effort at observation. I have a vivid recollection of the pleasure derived from my first attempt at classifying and identifying a wild flower, and never shall I see a specimen of that flower without a return of the pleasant feeling, when I found that the beautiful white flower tinged with purple and having violet bearded