

creation, of bringing order out of chaos and substituting abundance for dearth," which have been, we are proud to think, among the strongest incentives to English enterprise. Let us hope that this spirit is still among us even amid the apathy and indolence of a waning century. Something, at least, may be done to keep it alive, if those whose business it is to give a bent to eager young intelligences will not forget sometimes to animate the dry bones of geographical science with the vital interest of biography and travel. "Let us now praise famous men" would be occasionally an excellent text for the geography lesson.—*The School Guardian*.

OIL-TANK STEAMERS.—According to the London *Engineer*, there are at present 47 oil-tank steamers afloat, ranging in size from 666 to 4,134 tons gross, while no less than 17 more are at present being built at European yards. The Dover (England) Harbor Board has closed arrangements with an oil company for the erection on the docks of large oil reservoirs, which are to be constructed by next summer, when oil-tank steamers will make Dover a depot for the South of England, and run regularly between there and Russian and American ports.

A WATCHWORD.

WHEN you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it.
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 'tis fled.

Keep your head !
What a folly 'tis to lose it
Just the time you want to use it !

When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you, and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here's a hit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize ;
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavour
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbor,
Were it not that they who labor
For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep ;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was, "I'm tired."

When the task of keeping guard
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard,—
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behaviour growing *worksome*,—
Think this thought :
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good,
Were it not
That it's harder keeping straight
Than it is to deviate ;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to *fight*.
—*St. Nicholas for January*.

GOOD PEOPLE.—Some of the best souls in this world have acquired their moral superiority less by an effort of their will than by a natural imitation of the good people who surround them.—*Compayre*.