

themselves to be the possessors of it, but their ambition is divided; they wish to succeed but they are satisfied with the success of a moment. They study for the day, the hour, to gain approval, to merit reward, to avoid blame, to please their parents, perhaps, and all the while their minds carry an undercurrent of thoughts of home, of enjoyments, and of imaginary achievements.

They fail to realize the necessity of holding fast the knowledge which each day brings. They do not see that education is a structure, slowly erected and whose every stone must be firmly and carefully laid. They do not view it as a complete whole. Their eyes are not raised to the beauties of its finished proportions. They look upon each stone as a separate and complete labor, and reaching the end of their school days, they look back upon their work, and discover

to their sorrow that it has resulted in a confused mass of disconnected facts.

But, on the other hand, let the pupil recognize and appreciate the talents with which he has been endowed, let him set up for himself a standard towards which he will constantly tend, let him give his whole heart to his work, storing up the fund of each day's class; let him devote himself with all his energy to the amusements of his recreation hours, as well as to the other exercises of the day; let him no longer live in the future; constantly looking over the edge of his work and waiting till "the fun" will begin, let him, in a word, love education for its intrinsic value, and there will no longer be any need for the efforts of the teacher, no longer the disappointments of student life.

DUNCAN A. CAMPBELL.



THE ROSARY.



TENDER Mother, with thy lavish hand
What priceless gifts, what treasures hast thou giv'n.
Ungrateful man, whereby thou fain wouldst show
Thy favor for thy children here below!
What, in return, what can we offer thee
More pleasing than this crown of roses fair,—
Whose fragrant buds exhale that sweetest prayer,
First uttered by God's messenger from heav'n,
Then echoed by the whole celestial band—
This garland fresh and fair, the Rosary?

C. C. D., '91.