

"Very simple; plain as the animal-canopy over your head. It is *high-flown-ismy*, and it means all *your* pet theories and *my* pet horrors among those modern dandelions which are generally called estheticism, philanthropy, sincerity, mis-ionizing purposes——

"Hold, you Vandal! Go back to Patagonia! My "pet theories" are too precious for your polluting touch."

"Well, to sum up, since you will insist upon capsizing my discursive remarks, in Mastodonian Patagonia, men led comfortable and unworried or unhurried lives. How could they have done otherwise? Nobody had then invented printing, or nerves, or liver.

The Patagonian gentlemen, when the pleasant excitement of their Mastodon drives, or their primitive hunting, fishing, or farming, was ended for the day, sat in

their arm-chairs and smoked their pipes serenely."

"Shades of anachronisms, historical exactness, tobacco!" murmured I.

"Well, what ails you now? I insist upon it, *they—smoked—their—pipes—in their—arm—chairs*, and slept and did not dream. Their lives were the ideal ones to which we can approach, not by vulgar sincerity, but by that elixir of health and life which vulgar sincerity calls *Lying*. Let me prove it to you briefly, in three points, First——"

I gracefully but rapidly unwound myself from my picturesque pose. I cast upon my friend a glance of deep reproach and left that disciple of Ananias to the bony recesses of the Mastodon, while I sought a refuge among the monkeys and the love-making couple.

A. REAL

PURPOSE IN LIFE.



It is of the utmost importance that every young man, after a careful consideration of the faculties with which he has been endowed, should choose some path in life for which he finds himself fitted, and to which he feels that he has been called by God. Then, having determined on some particular course he should aim at as high a position therein as he may reasonably hope to reach, and endeavor to make his every action be the means of bringing him a step nearer to the attainment of the object which he has in view.

Some may claim that because their parents or relations have bestowed on them sufficient wealth to support them comfortably as long as they live, there is no necessity of their choosing any profession, or of having any purpose in life except self enjoyment. But this is a great mistake. If from no higher motive than that of their own happiness in life, they should ever labour to accomplish some end, whether it be the rendering happy of the miserable, or the establishment of a name for themselves. For idleness, and the want of an aim in life beget

dissipation and discontentedness, while on the other hand we are never so happy as when we labour enthusiastically in some worthy cause.

If, then, it is necessary that even the rich should have some definite object in life, it is incumbent upon those who have to work for a livelihood to choose early some calling in which they believe they will be able to do honour to themselves, and be of service to their fellow-men. For if a young man fail to take this important step, his life is neither a benefit to mankind, nor a source of happiness to himself. When he attains to manhood, and if left to his own resources, he engages in some business in order to earn a living, but in all probability that which he chooses is one to which he is in no way fitted. Tiring of this he then tries another and another, in the vain hope that he will succeed in them because he sees others do so. But it is only in rare cases that such a person happens on one in which he meets with success because in his choice he is guided merely by fancy, and never tries to discover the sort of occupation for which his faculties suit him. Not having his mind fixed on a definite object which would be to him a guiding-