

June winds blow. All these gnarled boughs and sweeping branches were brought out of the one small seed. Light and air, water and gases! The young tree reached out to assimilate those which it liked best, and rejected those least needed for its education and growth. What good for our youth to know the name of the barnacle clinging to the rocks at Sheldon's Bluff, if they forget to see the fringed beauty of the sea-anemone waving to get its food? Why repeat the Latin name of the pitcher-plant, if we fail to wonder at the purple veining of its sensitive lips? The names are the wise invention of man, but the beauty is part of Him who created it. All education should tend to a higher conception of God's work in Nature, thus do we become real artists and artisans. The "pattern in the mount," for the tabernacle, is an inspiration to every builder. Holman Hunt strikes a true note in his famous painting when he reveals the carpenter at his work, his tired arms casting the shadow of his Golgotha. Let us be educated in the divine beauty of form and color while we memorize the human ologies. What did David or Job know about peri-