

Man's best end is to glorify God How
can I best glorify God? By making the
best out of myself. That may seem sel-
fish but that is not the way to understand
the meaning; when the aims of the soul
are altruistic that is making the best use
of self.

My Valentine.

Why am I glad? you ask me why:
It is not that above the snow
The crocus and the snowdrops grow,
Or that on yonder hedge hard by
The leaves are opening every one
To tell me wintry days are gone
And summer drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? you ask me why;
It is not that the birds are gay,
And that upon the birch tree's spray
They chirp and twitter merrily;
Nor that the children as they pass
Have found some daisies in the grass,
For summers drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? I'll tell you why.
A letter came for me to-day,
From one whose name I will not say,
You cannot guess it if you try,
A letter. Oh! so kind and dear,
With words meant only for my ear,
And secrets sweet and shy.

So now you know the reason why
My love has sent a valentine;
The brightness of new hope is mine,
My heart is filled with joy.
I little thought a year ago,
When parting words were said in woe,
Such sweetness could be night.

M. P. M.

Correspondence.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

I mentioned feeling rather low spirited
on leaving Hong Kong. That sensation
did not last long with the jolly set of
passengers we had on the "Pekin;"
among them an Australian Opera troupe,
who spent most of their time rehearsing

the Operas with which they intended
favoring Singapore. Some of the per-
formers had very good voices, and cer-
tainly the next five days were anything
but monotonous; we were amused by their
squabbles with the manager and the
many schemes they concocted to avoid
rehearsals. I was invited to make a
fourth at a whist table, all the other players
knowing about as little of the game as I;
however any pastime is an amusement
on board ship, and one evening we be-
came so interested in our game that we
were left sitting at the table in the dark,
it being the orders of the P. and O. for all
lights to be extinguished at 11 p. m. The
China Sea is not at all pleasant to travel
on, as even in calm weather it is choppy
and inclined to make one feel sick. We
steamed along all the way in sight of land,
and about two days from Singapore, came
in so close that the Cocoanut palms were
easily distinguished. On our 4th day out
after tiffin, Captain H. called me on deck
to show me Mount Ophir, where King
Solomon is supposed to have got his riches.
On our 5th morning we awoke to find
ourselves in a very pretty part and but
a few miles off Singapore, so hastened on
deck to await the launch which was on
its way to meet us. You can imagine my
feelings when I distinguished my brother
and sister on her bow. In another few
moments they were boarding our vessel.
I will skip over the meeting as I presume
you've all experienced the same feeling
of joy on meeting people of whom you
are very fond, particularly after a long
trip alone. When my baggage had been
collected, and good-bye had been said to
new friends, we proceeded to the Sepoy
Barracks, which was to be my home for
some time to come. The heat was in-
tense and we were all delighted to reach
our house, which looked cool and inviting
with its huge verandahs and our "Chanta
Hazari," (tea and fruit,) ready on a table
awaiting our arrival. After partaking of
this, I tried my first experience of the
baths out there; the room has a cemented