

THE FIRST YEAR.

The majority of them, since coming to school,
 Try their dead level to observe every rule.
 To the girls in the kitchen they never would talk,
 If out of the course they'd a mile extra to walk.
 When sent to the kitchen with milk there to carry,
 They reached the coal bin and there let it tarry ;
 They thought if the can to the kitchen they'd take,
 They'd talk to a girl, and then a rule break.

DEVELOPMENT.

M. E. NONNAMAKER IN NORTH-WESTERN COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Activity is a law of nature. We see this law verified in the wonders of the starry heavens and amid the reigning beauties of the sea. To observe the effect of this activity is an easy matter, but to discern the cause is quite another thing. It is most natural to see the tender shoot spring from a small seed and develop into a great tree, but when we seek the cause we find it involved in mystery. By observation we have learned the conditions under which that seed most readily germinates. We may, by surrounding it with favorable requisites, aid in bringing about its development, but we cannot make a single spear of grass, give life to the smallest of God's creatures or tell why a grain of sand fails to the earth. The "Thus far shalt thou go and no further" has established a limit beyond which our power and knowledge cannot go. We can only say that God has created all and established his own laws.

As it is with the seed so it is with mankind. The Benign Parent of our race has planted within us powers capable of being developed. These germs may be deeply hidden in the recesses of the mind; they may be almost choked by tares; they may be sadly neglected or almost eradicated, but we are still responsible for their cultivation.

Our college courses are the product of centuries, and they are the best possible means of creating and storing up mental power. There is nothing which so whets the mind and develops the faculties as an hour's pouring over some Greek sentence. The study of mathematics leads to accuracy. In it there are no "maybes" or "abouts," all things are "thus" and "so." Scientific truths are very useful and fascinating; indeed, one writer has called them "The thoughts that wander through eternity." Beneficial as they are to the student, no one can use them to the best advantage without the tact and mental discipline with which to apply them.

The endowment of the mind varies with the individual. We are not all endowed with the same degree of mental power, but that should discourage no one. Some of the great master minds of the past have possessed only ordinary talent. Gen. Grant stood but twenty-one in a class of forty. And yet is he not a greater man for having overcome natural difficulties? Demosthenes used every means to overcome the defects of nature and perseverance at last rewarded him with the crown of eloquence. Scorn not that little boy as he, with slate and spelling book under his arm and a mother's kiss fresh upon his cheek, trudges to school for the first time. There is in that little being the embryo of power which may one day rule the nation. Though born in a log cabin the young American may become as refined as Sir Philip Sidney, as wise as Solon, as eloquent as Cicero, as famous, loved, and honored as Washington or Lincoln, and as useful as McCormick or Field—so far as opportunity is concerned. President Garfield once said "I never see a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."

Then let us improve our God-given talents! Let us mount

up on the silvery wings of knowledge! Let us drink deep at the fountain of learning, so that at the coming of Him whose image we bear, we shall not be constrained as one of old to say: "Lord, behold here is thy pound which I have kept laid up in a napkin;" rather may we joyfully exclaim as did the noble William Henry Harrison, "I have tried to do my duty and I am not afraid to die."

FLORAL NOTES.

"Fairest of all things that blossom and grow,
 Sweet as the summer and pure as the snow,

Is the lily that tells,
 Like the glad Easter bells,
 Once more the sweet story which all hearts should know."

There is no flower, perhaps, except the rose, that can rival the lily in loveliness. Its beauty is proverbial, being unique alike in simplicity and splendor. From the earliest ages no writer has mentioned this flower but to praise.

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Although but one genus, the *Cypripedium* forms a study of itself. Any one who can grow a geranium can grow a *Cypripedium*, and with greater interest, for its flowers afford a curious field of observation. The odd pouch, or labellum, the variously colored petals, sometimes almost invisible, and, again, drooping in long spirals, are arranged for the best accomplishment of a definite object.

The foliage, rich green or beautifully mottled, presents a pleasing aspect always, but the crowning advantage of the *Cypripedium* is the period of its bloom. These peculiar flowers last in perfection on the plant from six to sixteen weeks, and, if cut and placed in water, remain in tact for several weeks.

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Experienced collectors risk their lives amid untold hardships in the wild forests of tropical countries gathering Orchids. Although these "Tropical jewels" cost nothing in their native haunts, the expense involved in preparing the plants for shipment is very great. Trees are cut down, boards are sawed out by hand, boxes made, carefully packed, and then transported on the backs of men or animals to the nearest stream; thence carried by small boats and delivered to the Atlantic steamers.

They are the spirits of the floral world, living on thin air and moisture, and surpassing all others. No other plant possesses such delicacy of tinting, such refinement of form, so subtle a perfume, nor is half so interesting. The regal *Callista*, the dainty *Odontoglossum* and *Lælia*, and the chaste *Cælogene* divide homage with their no less attractive sisters, breathing fragrance even in the tiniest greenhouse.

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Could the modest little blossoms of the old gardens have foreseen their evolution into the varied forms to-day presented in numerous exhibitions, how admiringly would they have gazed upon the fluffy *Chrysanthemum*, now the princess of flowers. The varieties come with the farewell of the year folded in their curving petals. They touch a chord which has not responded to the summer's profusion, filling in that period between the departure of the garden flowers and the appearance of the greenhouse beauties; the "flower-of-gold" is queen of the floral year.

"Their colors and their forms, are to me
 An appetite, a feeling and a love."

WALTER JAMES BROWN.