

answers back to the grand choral which resounds through space as world upon world continues the grand procession, in obedience to appointed law. Are you an artist? Nature furnishes the best models. Are you a poet? Her themes are the most lofty, her similes the most appropriate, her subjects are most worthy of a poet's contemplation to enlarge, a poet's pen to portray. Nature is the highest art. And, too, the philosophical and metaphysical tendencies of the mind are not without their opportunity to exercise in the field of science. Her throne, indeed, is founded upon reason, and if the opinion is entertained that her supporters are brainless enthusiasts, and her system a concatenation of wild and baseless speculation, the sooner that opinion is erased from the public mind, the better. The work of the natural philosopher demands as much common sense as any other work on earth, and there is need of the greatest acumen and penetration that the sharpest intellects are able to afford.

Nature is all around and about us, within the reach of all, and all may assist in advancing her cause. It may not be given to any of us to make grand generalizations, or to formulate far-reaching laws; and yet each one may accomplish something. We may help to gather up materials—we may be the children on the sea-shore, picking up shells, which, when classified and arranged by a master hand, shall constitute a part of the beautiful and valued cabinet. Let us come into a closer communion with nature; such converse will enlarge, elevate and purify the mind. It does not tend to degrade, but to spiritualize our thoughts. It carries us from the contemplation of the material to that of the dynamical, of force and mind and will, rather than matter. We rise from the visible and tangible to that which is beyond sense—from nature herself, to the God of Nature."—*Literary Gem*.

Clippings.

"The path of duty is the way to glory.
He, that ever following her commands
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge, to the far light, has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

—TENNYSON.

"MILTON was the heir of a poetical age, the precursor of an austere age, holding his place between the epoch of unbiassed dream-land and the epoch of practical action; like his own, Adam, who, entering a hostile earth, heard behind him, in the closed Eden, the dying strains of heaven." TAINÉ.

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below."
—DRYDEN.

"The whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."
—SHAKESPEARE.

"Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all the virtues."

"A little pebble dropped into a stream
Sends lovely widening circles out, and then
Far upward, till the water and the air
Are full of like beyond our thought and ken."
—DUGAN.

"Who has not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown;
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."—WHITTIER.

"If poetry be thought, in flower,
Goodness is thought in fruit."

"In the still air, the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen."
—BONAR.

"ALL mystery is defect; and cloudy words
Are feebleness, not strength; are loss, not gain;
Men win no victories with spectre-swords,
The phantom barque ploughs the broad sea in vain."
—BONAR.

"THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone."

—GEORGE ELIOT.

"Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white;
So may a glory from defect arise."
—ROBERT BROWNING.