

templation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely, magnificently and correctly when he descends to human affairs." Why, then, is it so neglected and left to the minority? Why are men so absorbed in their everyday pursuits, in their strivings after fame, in their search for riches, that the voice of the stars calling them to "come up higher" is unheeded? Ye students, earnestly seeking knowledge, ye men of letters, entombed amid your books, why never lift your eyes to gather wisdom in the firmament? Ye keen philosophers, searching out your barbaria and felapton under Aristotle, can you not find purer logic in this book of God than man has ever taught? Ye lovers of poetry, of music, and of art, has not the finger of God written out, upon the sky above you, grander poems than man has ever penned? Is there not sublimer music in the heavens than Mendelssohn, Beethoven, or Mozart composed? Do not the stars sing you loftier songs than man? And is there not in this art gallery of God, the richness and perfection of beauty, the carvings of a master hand, the tracings of an omnipotent pencil, the imaginings of an almighty mind? And this most rare and magnificent collection is thrown wide open, every evening, to the poorest, the humblest on earth. Our King, in His infinite and incomprehensible benevolence, has freely given it to all His subjects, and yet they nightly pass it by, never entering to taste the pleasures so freely held out to them. O, "go out under the open sky and list to Nature's teachings," and if hitherto you have neglected the constellations, begin this moment to study astronomy, for in the whole catalogue of earthly lore it is the most profound, the purest, the holiest science.

From it children even may derive pleasures such as no other pursuit can possibly afford. They love to wander in the mysterious and dream of grandeur. It is one of their choicest sources of happiness. When "night drops her sable mantle down and pins it with a star," they can drink in the beauty and study the loveliness, or a little later gaze with increased and increasing delight on the robe as it flashes with its millions of sparkling gems.

It is a scene which poets love to contemplate; they have drawn from it some of their

loftiest inspirations, and poets of every color, and nation, and tongue. For of the stars it is said, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world."

To those heathen enquirers after truth they sang the same triumphant song of praise the shepherds heard on the plains of Bethlehem, the song the angels repeated, the song the redeemed repeat—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

#### WORRIES OF SCHOOL LIFE.

A TIME-WORN axiom tells us that "Life is full of care and trouble," and another would lead us to believe that school days are the happiest in life. Comparing these two with our own knowledge of school life, we arrive at the most unsatisfactory conclusion expressed in the ejaculation, "What will the rest be!"

We fully believe in the accuracy of the first statement, but there must be some flaw in the second, for we never hear students make a remark of the kind; it comes from those only who have drawn the enchanting veil of distance between themselves and their youthful days. Yet the students are not altogether the best judges, because, while passing through them, the trials and tribulations are magnified in imagination, and seem much worse than they are in reality.

Literary labor is universally acknowledged to be the most wearing of any kind of work, producing irritability and melancholy, which has been known to result in suicide. A school girl of Northern Illinois was so troubled by a composition she had to write that she attempted to drown herself. A medical student of Baltimore having to prepare a thesis, became so desperate that rather than undertake the dreaded work he swallowed an ounce of laudanum. But these are extreme cases.

"The mere process of composition brings the nerves to the surface, and unduly excites the sensibilities," and when in that state trifles cease to be trifles in our estimation, and so worry more than they would under different circumstances. Troublesome friends, too, are found at school as well as