

every truly woful. Enough to do them. Enough, that is to say to scrape along through the world, get together, by scrimping and eking, a close-fisted little pile, hugging it all the while, and then get married and become citizens, free and independent citizens of a grand, glorious, enlightened and educated country.

It isn't of the slightest use to expostulate with such creatures before they commit the fatal error. Their feelings are usually as blunt as their faculties. So you can scarcely insult them even, and this is a last means of waking men up. They are usually pretty well hardened in their fanatical foolishness at 20, about convicted at 25, incurable at 30. If it is possible to do anything at all the process must be begun early. False impressions and early education have much to do with the matter. It is possible to educate some people into naturalized and semi-intelligent fools, make them believe the world is theirs and all the things thereof; that all people must bow as inferior to them; that all knowledge and wisdom have settled in their family; that they have a wholesale monopoly of culture, refinements, etc., etc., *ad nauseum*. Such a thing is quite possible and lamentably common.

Just a word to those who think that their education is complete, or that they have "enough to do" them." My friends, my dear erring friends, pause and think a little, if that fault is one of your accomplishments. Look first at yourselves and see if you can comprehend or explain your being, ask yourselves how you came here and what you suppose was the object in placing you here; then take a look round, beneath and above and reflect upon how much you know about it all. Scores of educated men of sixty confess to being almost ignorant of even the simplest matters; possibly even you would find yourself in the same predicament. Even when you graduate there may be things not as yet wholly understood,—how you obtained your degrees for instance. Don't stop with an idea that "casting up" constitutes all science and art. "Reading 'ritin and 'rithmetic" scholars are mostly buried now. They were excellent men in their day and generation, but it is not necessary to follow their example if they did get rich. Begin the thing all over again, throw away prejudice, never mind "our family," get to work and you may be some good yet.

THE intimation of Prince Bismarck's approaching resignation of the Chancellorship raised great consternation in Germany, because "the public knows of *nobody fit to take his place*. One ground of this perplexity, no doubt, is his peculiar policy. Nobody is able to take up and carry out his policy. Yet the ultimate source of the difficulty is the man himself, he seems (if we may coin a word) to be unsucceedable. Who is great and wise enough to succeed so great and wise a man? If you were a German youth, just now, would it not rouse your magnanimous soul to see your country stunned by such a question and completely dumbfounded? You would make up your mind at once that you would use all the power God has given you that your nation might boast at least *one* other man.

This momentary embarrassment in the Reichstag reaches across the salt stream and wakes our souls. There are lots of men in Germany and yet *they want a man*. There are lots of men in the Maritime Provinces and yet we want another *man*. Of mediocrity we have abundance. Of men with a selfish ambition for greatness we have a superabundance. (The truly good and great will not thank us to mention them here.) Surely someone will learn a new lesson from this and wake up a little wider. Let us "live while we live." That is—let us be as healthful and cheerful, as earnest, diligent and soberminded, as great and as good as it is possible for a man with a head and heart to be.

IN the spring it is hard to study. In the bleak winter when the north wind and north-west storm sweep and howl across the frozen fields of our valley, shake the window casements and bury our dingy Hall in its white drift-banks; then we are satisfied to seek refuge by the burning grate and the lamplight, there to lose ourselves in deep study. This is the most inviting place to spend an evening. And to the earnest seeker after truth this is the most inviting occupation. But when spring opens; when all life bursts from its hibernating quarters; when the buds creep from their winter cradles; when the flowers peep from the late cold bed of the snow and bears crawl forth from their dens; then the shaggy student wants to forsake his dungeon too. Convents and dim cloisters lose their charm. The bright light and life of the springtime cast over the dusty study a charnel-house gloom, and tempt the impatient spirit away to the brooks and the hill-side beneath the vernal sky.