

laurel wreath reserved for the conqueror; he forgot the crown awaiting the overcomer; forgot the great purpose of living; and made a failure of his life-work. And why? He had an object in view when he first set out on the journey. He did intend going somewhere: but was that somewhere *anywhere*? Were not his notions of it vague and visionary? There was in his soul a longing for the Infinite which he had sought to satisfy with the finite. He did not stop to examine his heart, to see what was in it, what was not in it, and what was needed there to make him truly happy, so that he might seek that something. No, he felt the thirst of the soul; and instead of seeking the pure, gushing fountain high up on the hill-side, he swallowed the muddy, stagnant waters of some shallow pool; and then, hot and restless with all his burning thirst unquenched and intensified, he cried out in bitter scorning; "There is no *pure* water. What seek ye on the hill-tops? Poor fools, why wander on 'neath this scorching sun! Stop! here is water, though not quite clear and cold, yet you won't find any better; so take the best you can get and be content."

Oh, listen not to his evil words. There are clear deep wells of living water up on the mountain's summit. Higher, higher yet, and you shall drink and thirst no more!

It is not men only, who starting on life's journey lose sight of the green fields and snow-capped peaks, while they toil on in the noonday sun; but women also grow weary. Faint and tired they close their drooping eyelids, while the beautiful reality fades away into a sweet and far distant ideal. In after years they sigh and say—

"It might have been."

But I think the cry, "What wilt thou have me to do?" is as often heard from the lips of women as from those of men. There are so many things for a man to do, that if he fails in one pursuit he can turn his attention to something else and probably succeed; but there are so few paths for a woman to tread, that if she finds these hedged up, she can only struggle through the briars, bruise her feet on the jagged rocks, or give up trying, and turning aside from her grand purposes slip quietly down the sunny fields of nonentity.

The girls of our Province ought to have an object placed before them, an object to be gained by careful intellectual culture. Had every young girl something to be obtained by hard study as those of the opposite sex have, there would be far less trouble in