

God and not man is at work, the greatest power is so still and unobtrusive that we are unconscious of it, till, perhaps, we see some great thing it has done. If you know the children, your power over them, calm, still, strong, waiting, will effect more by a look or a word, than punishments and scoldings without knowledge.

This understanding of a child's life, with all its little difficulties, temptations and pleasures, is the foundation of power, there is just one other thing that is stronger and that is Example. Quiet, persistent, unselfish goodness. The good words you speak cannot help others if your own life falls short of your teaching, whereas, if the children see in your life the fruits of a great courage, firmness, gentleness, patience, perseverance, prayerfulness, they will take shame to themselves, for their shortcomings, and in their childish way try to rise higher, to understand and reach your standard of excellence.

Does not life often seem a toil and moil, with so many, little, daily, vexing cares, things that must be attended to over and over again, until heart and brain grow weary, backs ache and tempers are ruffled?

Though all these things may happen to us before the term ends, let us thank GOD now for this resting time on the way, and with courage, born of new strength, take hold of our opportunities.

It is just the multitude of duties and cares which creates the opportunities to do good and to be good.

They are the stepping-stones to that great power of example, which will be the children's blessing now, and the memory of which will help them in years to come, binding them to goodness and to GOD.

Leaves From Our Journal.

MAY, 1901.—Although our good Queen Victoria's life is closed for ever on earth, the day of her birth was honoured as usual with much rejoicing by all Great Britain's loyal subjects. "All Hallows' Recreation Club" was not behind the times, nor wanting in loving loyalty to the memory of the Sovereign so good and great, whose name, once a household word, has now dropped through death into the hush of silence.

Circumstances made it expedient for us to take our holiday on Empire Day, instead of actually on the 24th., and a very gay party sallied out to the station at 9 o'clock on a grey cloudy morning *en route* for Harrison Hot Springs, where we proposed to spend the day. We were burdened by no lunch baskets or other such prosaic impedimenta. Tennis racquets and kodaks only formed our outfit, for the President, thrifty soul, had inveigled a handsome contribution from the Treasurer, and this sum augmented by others from parents, who all warmly entered into the scheme, made it possible for the whole party of twenty-five to put up at the St. Alice Hotel for the day and partake of lunch and tea there.

The Hotel Omnibus and "rigs" met us at Agassiz, and after being very closely and *warmly* packed in to them, we drove away to the Springs. By this time the threatening rain clouds had dispersed and the sun was coming out in golden gleams, and all our anticipated pleasures of boating on that most lovely lake, bathing in hot sulphur water, and playing tennis on the lawn soon became actual facts. One disappointment only met us