

riculum,—upon the “art of living,” which so few of us have studied and begun to understand:

. . . . The art of living deserves a place among the fine arts. Like literature, it may be ranked with the humanities. It is the art of turning the means of living to the best account—of making the best of everything. It is the art of extracting from life its highest enjoyment, and, through it, of reaching its highest results.

To live happily, the exercise of no small degree of art is required. Like poetry and painting, the art of living comes chiefly by nature: but all can cultivate and develop it. It can be fostered by parents and teachers, and perfected by self-culture. Without intelligence it cannot exist.

Happiness is not, like a large and beautiful gem, so uncommon and rare that all search of it is vain, all efforts to obtain it hopeless; but it consists of a series of smaller and commoner gems, grouped and set together, forming a pleasing and graceful whole. Happiness consists in the enjoyment of little pleasures scattered along the common path of life, which, in the eager search for some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook.

The art of living is abundantly exemplified in actual life. Take two men of equal means, one of whom knows the art of living, and the other not. The one has the seeing eye and the intelligent mind. Nature is ever new to him, and full of beauty. He can live in the present, rehearse the past, or anticipate the glory of the future. With him life has a deep meaning, and requires the performance of duties which are satisfactory to his conscience and are, therefore, pleasurable. He proves himself, acts upon his age, helps to elevate the depressed classes, and is active in every good work. His hand is never tired, his mind is never weary. He goes through life joyfully, helping others to its enjoyment. Intelligence, ever expanding, gives him every day fresh insight into men and things. He lays down his life full of honour and blessing, and his greatest monument is the good deeds he has done and the beneficent example he has set before his fellow creatures.

. . . . It is not wealth that gives the true zest to life, but reflection, appreciation, taste, culture. Above all, the seeing eye and the feeling heart are indispensable. With