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Sunday Reading.

"Aim High."

A Song of Ambition.

By John Prescott Guild.

"Aim high!" Altho' not with a single bound, We can the gleaming summit gain; We higher rise upon each round, As we for topmost ascent strain. He who because he fears he'll fail To cross the wicest surging seas; Will not a "ship of Tarshish" sail, Must "comb the beach" for smallest

"Aim high!" Altho' you take not largest prize, Yet strive therefor, and lesser win; Tho' you balloon not thro' the skies, Fly from the sun-rise thro' clouds

What, tho' you grow not angel wings? To throne of Jesus yet aspire; The lark beneath the azure sings-Do thou as well, altho' no higher.

"Aim high!" Whate'er assail, be not afright, Faint heart will not the triumph see;

Instantaneously a marvellous spectacle burst into view. It seemed as if the great glass disk had become a living volcano, spurting forth jets of flame. The display was dazzling. Waving, leaping, dancing, the countless tongues of light gleamed and vibrated. Then, fitfully, reluctantly, they died away, leaving the lens reflecting only a pure, untroubled light.

"What is it? How do you account for the wonder?" were the eager ques-

"It is only the radiation of heat alternately expanding and contracting the glass. If I had put my hand upon the lens itself, the phenomenon would have

Even More Violent."

To a person ignorant of lenses the almost supernatural sensitiveness of a mass of glass weighing several hundreds of pounds was astonishing. But to the scientist it is an every-day matter, for he has instruments that will register with unfailing nicety the approach of a person fifty or a hundred feet away.

The human heart is not unlike the great lens. It is similarly sensitive, and so cannot afford to surround itself with



Snoqualmie, Lake Winnipeg.

Fight on, the wounded in the fight: Strike as if sure of victory. Attempt to gain immortal name, By conquest worthy of thy power; Unto the utmost honor claim, That grace may thy strong effort

"Aim high!" Be fix'd on excellence thy thought; That you may yet with Gabriel vie; Tho' you fail in the task, you ought, To do the task you ought, yet try. Work for the pure and spotless white, So cleanse thy soul of shame and sin; Tho' in dense shade, turn toward the

And all thou cans't of glory win. Chinook, Alberta, Canada.

Shown By A Telecope Lense.

Some time ago the writer paid a visit to a factory to witness the testing of the huge lens for the famous Lick telescope. At the end of the long dark room the largest fiint glass then in the world was set up on edge.

"Now," said the maker, "I will show you the wonderful sensitiveness of the lens to outside influences.

Every Human Body Gives Out Heat, and when brought near to extremely greater or less extent. Now watch." He walked down to the lens, and held

evil. The radiations of influence are infinitely fine. Inevitably we vibrate to "the company we keep." Before we know it we have taken the color and tone of our neighbourhood.

Is Civilization Only Skin Deep.

The stout man had jostled and fought his way through the crowd at a London railway terminus, and was scowling fiercely as he pushed out a big dent in his hat. Seated next to him in the omnibus was a man who happened to know him.

The stout man pointed to the battered hat and said: "I believe men-and women, too, for that matter-are no better than savages. It's everyone for himself. There isn't a day passes but that I see something which convinces me civilization is only skin-deep."

"I'm afraid you see only one side of it," replied his neighbor. "There are

Lots of Good Things

to be seen every day, too. Now here is something that gives me a deal of happiness during the year." He pulled a small note-book from an inside pocket. Then he went on: "I used to feel as you do -that people are very selsensitive substances, affects them to a fish; but when I began to study them more closely. I saw so many pleasant things that I got in the habit of making his hand under it about two feet away. notes of them, and so carry this little book. morn but I were

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