

Leaving the latter place in the evening we landed in the Educational City early next morning after a very smooth passage. While there we visited such places of interest as the Public Gardens, Mount St. Auburn Cemetery and the Court House. Here the Secretary very kindly showed us some old treaties with the Indians in which signs instead of signatures were used, the flags carried in the Revolutionary War, and then, thinking we were Americans, what he considered the most important, a copy of the document in which the Independence of the States was recognized.

As our tickets were from Portland we were obliged to return thither on a certain evening, although the sailors predicted a very stormy passage. Truly it was dreadful, with the ship rolling from side to side, the rattling of the chains, and the sailors rushing about overhead. It was with thankful hearts that we again set foot on *terra firma*. The captain explained why the storm we encountered was so severe by saying, that on account of the rocky coast the ship was obliged to go right out to sea, and thus encountered the full violence of the storm.

One of the most picturesque places I have ever seen is Casco Bay. As standing on the bank we let our eyes rest first on the vast expanse in the distance, and then on the calm glittering surface of the Bay, dotted over with its verdant isles, words of admiration rose involuntarily to our lips, and it was hard to realize that many of our fellow creatures had found a watery grave among these calm waters. We went to Peak's Island, a favorite summer resort, for a few hours. Near by it are numerous other smaller islands; on one a stately mansion gleamed through the trees, on another an old ruined fort was standing, its roof and sides almost covered with moss.

Our return journey through the mountains was made by night, and the following morning we crossed Victoria Bridge and entered Montreal. After about twenty minutes delay we were again speeding on our homeward journey, and as we neared Hamilton the remark was made that al-

though we had had a delightful trip, still it was lovely to be beneath the shadow of our own Mountain once more.

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"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

There is a fine ring to this familiar little stanza of Mr. Longfellow, but it is nothing more than a musical cheat. It sounds like truth, but it is false. The lives of great men all remind us that they have made their own memory sublime, but they do not assure us at all that we can leave footprints like theirs behind us. If you do not believe it go to the cemetery yonder. There they lie—ten thousand upturned faces—ten thousand breathless bosoms. There was a time when fire flashed in those vacant orbits, and warm ambition pulsed in those bosoms. Dreams of fame and power once haunted those hollow skulls. Those little piles of bones that once were feet ran swiftly and determinedly through forty, fifty, sixty, seventy years of life, but where are the prints they left? "He lived, he died, he was buried" is all that the tombstone tells us. We move among the monuments, we see the sculpture, but no voice comes to us to say that the sleepers are remembered for anything they ever did. Why is it that no more have left a name behind them? Simply because they were not endowed by their Maker with the power to do it, and because the offices of life are mainly humble, requiring only humble powers for their fulfilment. The cemeteries of one hundred years hence will be like those of to-day. Of all those now in the schools and colleges of our country, dreaming of power and fame, not one in a thousand will have left a footprint behind him. The truth is that the stuff talked to boys and girls alike about "aiming high," and the assurances given them indiscriminately, that they can be anything that they choose to become, are essential nuisances. They all go out into the world with high notions, and find it impossible to content themselves with their lot. They had hoped to realize in life that which had been promised them in school, but all their dreams