

to their exclusion? Very much would be gained in that time; certainly a good foundation laid for after building—a knowledge, at least, how to build, and a desire to add to the structure at greater leisure.

These are a few hints thrown out for the consideration of parents and teachers, who may elaborate and carry out the ideas suggested in this article, which would be be-

yond the province of so limited a space. If it will lead even one of those who read these lines to a better appreciation of the way her child should study history, and thus help to strengthen one mind by the cultivation of a new interest that shall be lasting, so that it shall not be wasted over foolish sensational stories, these words shall not have been written in vain.

## IN SADNESS—BUT IN HOPE.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N. S.

The Spring hath clothed the earth with flowers,  
And the hours  
Are filled with music at the morn:  
Yet forlorn,  
And sad, and weary is my soul,  
Beyond control.

Serenely glow the evening skies  
With their eyes  
Of glowing beauty; but delight  
To the night  
Alone they bring—or if to thee,  
Ah, not to me!

Oh, not to me doth odorous spring  
Pleasures bring  
As once it brought, ere like a spell  
Sorrow fell  
Upon my heart, and bade its cheers  
Dissolve in tears.

Oh, why oppressed with lassitude—  
Why the good  
I seek so earnestly,—implore  
Evermore,—  
Doth never come with me to dwell,  
I cannot tell.

Why, when the air and teeming earth  
Bring to birth  
The sights and sounds that make life's lease  
One of peace,  
My lot remains so full of woe—  
I do not know.

And why the clouds of evil lower  
Hour by hour  
All big with some impending dread  
O'er my head  
And I, of all things here, am left  
Of joy bereft.

A strange enigma seemeth now;  
But I bow  
Believing still the clouds shall rise,  
Brighter skies  
Revealing to my waiting gaze,  
Ere many days.

The clouds their earthward side but show;  
And I know,  
That heavenward they overflow  
With the glow  
Of genial sunshine, bright and warm,  
Secure from storm!

Then shall this thought still bear me good;—  
That I should  
Accept the chast'nings of the rod,  
As from God,  
In love ordained my soul to sever,  
From ill forever!

Remove the veil, and evermore  
I implore,  
Oh, Father let my fainting soul  
Find a goal,  
Where evil dares not to intrude,  
Within Thy good.