

their highest selves. Don't let us be content to keep our conversation on a low level, or talk only "small talk" among our relations and neighbors. We and they will find even the shortest chat far more interesting if it touches on more vital topics than the weather, the fashions or the crops. Do you find your neighbors rather uninteresting as compared with the men and women described by the best novelists? Then that is because you have never really come into touch with them. Any one of those neighbors of yours could have an interesting story written about his real life—his hopes and disappointments, his struggles, failures and successes are watched with intense interest by God and the angels. Try to reach the real person, hidden behind the commonplace exterior, and you will find he bears many gifts for you.

"All hearts of men my coffers are,"

says Wasson; and we have the right to enter and take what we choose. We learn patient endurance from the good example of one, and we are warned to avoid ugly vices or unpleasant, selfish habits by the bad example of another. We can get good gifts from everyone, without impoverishing him in the least. We can find heavenly lessons, written by God for our enriching, in stars and flowers, in birds and grass, in stones and sky and sea. Just think how much ground we may gain every day if we live expectantly, with hearts open to God and our comrades!

I have no room now to speak of the riches lying ready for gold-seekers within the covers of books—ready for those who seek for wisdom as for hidden treasure. When we have grasped and assimilated all the riches God has placed within our reach, it will be time enough to begin to complain that life is "poor and narrow and hardly worth living"—although, even if that hour should ever come, there would be infinite privilege and opportunity before us in the God-like work of giving of our abundance.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith:
"The wealth I am, must thou become;
Richer and richer, breath by breath,
Immortal gain, immortal room!"

DORA FARNCOMB.

Fresh-air Mission.

I have been asked to remind our readers that the "Children's Fresh-air Mission," of Toronto, is, as usual, looking hopefully for their help. The Secretary (Miss Florence Roberts, 21 Scarth Road, Toronto) says: "We are very grateful to those who took the children last year, for their personal care and kindness, and the children are eagerly waiting for July to see their friends again. A number have written constantly all through the winter; this has been such a help to the children and the whole family. At Christmas and Easter little remembrances found their way to many of these homes, bringing great joy to the little ones."

Further particulars will be given in a week or two, as a guide to those wishing to take a couple of children for a fortnight's holiday. Money contributions should be sent to the Treasurer—Martin Love, 186 Spadina Road, Toronto.

D. F.

A Look Ahead.

Queen Alexandra, of gracious presence herself, attended last spring's annual Mansion House fete in London, and because of that auspicious fact there is a tale to tell, says a writer in Harper's Weekly.

One of the diminutive flower maidens was both pretty and plump, and when Her Majesty stopped for an instant to smile down upon her, what did she do but put up her wee mouth for a kiss, which she received.

"Molly!" gasped her astounded mother, after the distinguished visitor had passed on. "How could you?"

Molly gave good reason. "I fought," said she, "it 'ud be interestin' to tell us grandchillern."

The Roundabout Club

Our Literary Department

Essay 3.—St. XVIII.: Little more can be expected of man here than to put into immediate practice what he has recently learned. In present environment, his aim should be to watch the Master-Workman, and thus learn the purpose for which he is being fitted. Machines are made and obey certain laws, and as the tool is sent forth to intimate and execute the will of the designer, so Deity has a problem before Him in man which is only dimly understood here.

St. XIX.—In youth it is much better to attempt original things, even though efforts made fall somewhat short of the mark, than to build on the foundation of another. Age should be exempt from strife, being already informed, rather than attempt further.

St. XX.—Enough for the present, if the Right and Good and Infinite are regarded as important to the soul, as different members are to the body. "The spiritual is the real, it belongs to one more than hand and foot." This knowledge should be held with such certainty and faith, that no argument can effect, or give cause for doubt or loneliness.

St. XXI.—It will be well to separate great minds from small, and accord to each their place in the Past. If the whole world were summoned, would the poet, or those for whom he feels contempt, be found in the right? "Who shall regulate with truth the scale of intellectual rank?" Again he appeals to age for a just estimate that will bring peace.

St. XXII.—A broader spirit of charity and toleration seems now to actuate his mind. There are ten men who seem as fully equipped with ears and eyes, and, therefore, with means of understanding, as he is, who detest what he loves, who ignore and slight what he receives and follows. With all, it may be conjecture. It would be vain to attempt to press all into the same mould. How can his soul arrive at a just conclusion?

St. XXIII.—It is useless to expect a just opinion upon what is ordinarily called work. The things that appealed to the lower levels of the world, and thus had a certain price, were approved by them according to their standard, with little thought and no concern.

St. XXIV.—But there was much in this which the coarse world could neither estimate or understand, and therefore of which it gave no cognizance. There were noble promptings which were still immature—there were high purposes needing more thought and development, which had not been noted in his work, but were of more importance than the things which met approval.

St. XXV.—There were grand thoughts which could not be crowded into a single action. There were bright imaginings, not expressed in language, and so escaped. All he aspired to be—all that was above and beyond him—all for which men did not give him credit—all these things he was worth to God.

"The things beyond us we can never know
Until up to their lofty height we grow,
And finite grasps infinity."

Essay 4.—All that God asks of us is that we make use of the light already given us to take us further on the road of progress. By using certain known facts, we can deduce other facts. In old age, by summing up our past experiences, we trace the hand of God through all. We see His great love and forbearance, and from this certain knowledge we turn to face death and the mystery of the future fearlessly, and with all confidence in the One Who has never yet deserted us.

Honest endeavor makes a man stronger. No matter how rude our youthful attempts may seem when viewed with the clearer eyes of age, they were good for us, and made us stronger. Age should find us without a doubt as to the future, our strife all past.

As Tennyson puts it in the opening verse of "In Memoriam":

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

There is a time of wavering uncertainty in every life. We have honest doubts and fears. The turning point comes when we must choose which master we will serve. Happy, indeed, will we be, when old age comes to us, if our choice is rightly made, and our trust in God. Looking back over the past we see many times when we were in doubt as to what course to pursue. We had argued our side of the question, and had listened to the other side, still unconvinced. Who was really right, and who shall decide that question for us? We were firm in our convictions, while the other side was just as firm. They were our equals intellectually, and in every way, and had just as good a right to their belief as we had to ours.

At best man can only surmise as to the right way, but who was really right? The work we accomplished in a lifetime, no matter how important and grand it may look in the eyes of the world, is as nothing in God's sight. Were man our judge, he would look upon the work accomplished. The millionaire, the great soldiers, statesmen and heroes, the men who have really accomplished something, would be, in the eyes of the world, the successful ones, deserving of the greatest reward.

With God as judge, how different! He looks not at the work, not at the action, but at the thought, purpose, and motive that suggested the action. He reads us like an open book. To Him our strong points, our weak points, our surroundings, and influences all are laid bare. He weighs them all well, and judges lovingly, albeit justly too. In His eyes, the man who sacrifices the cultivation of his own personal talents in order to help someone else, and the man who reaches out a helping hand to humanity at large, are oftentimes more successful than those who have become all-powerful. We are but clay in God's hands, and he has moulded us into what we are. He it was who implanted the divine bit of His own nature, and He it was who joyfully watched it glow into a blaze, or sadly saw it flicker away into darkness. He, only, is capable of judging us, for mingled with justice is a great love for us—a love so great that "He gave His only begotten Son to die for us." He will judge us at our true worth.

Essay 5.—The closing words of our last lesson were: "I have proved the past." This is as far as man can go. In youth, he could experiment; in mature years, he could put the knowledge he had gained into practice; in old age, he can wait and "watch the Master work." In youth he could not have done this, but now his vision is clearer, and he can "catch hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play."

It were better that youth should strive and work, for in this way alone could he learn. He might watch a painter paint, or a sculptor carve, but that would not teach him to paint and carve. "We learn to do by doing." It is not easy to appropriate ready-made knowledge. The attempt is apt to end in bewilderment.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great arguments
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where I went."

It is well, however, for age to rest and wait. They have striven. They have fought the battle. Their work here is done. They wait death, but there need be nothing sad or gruesome in the waiting, for death will only open the door to a limitless field of labor beyond.

It is enough, if they have learned to recognize "the Right and Good and Infinite." To know them so surely that no one can dispute their knowledge, or deceive them into choosing "false for true, or true for false."

There must be a dividing-line between the false and true. To each one must be appointed a station among the "great" or the "small," according to what he loves and admires or what he hates and shuns. But how is this division to be made? Is it I, whom the world criticises, or the world, which I disdain, that is to be placed in the ranks of the great? Who is to decide? I find a great num-

ber of persons whom are as wise and good as I, loving what I hate, shunning what I admire, rejecting what I accept. Who will show us the truth? And how will they decide?

The sentence must not be passed alone on the work that has been accomplished. The world is apt to do this. It looks only at the "outward appearance," weighs, and passes judgment.

This is unjust, however. It leaves out all the struggles after high ideals, all the hopes and aspirations, all the desires and efforts to achieve grand purposes, forgets altogether, that

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment."

And that

"Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal."

All these hopes and aspirations must be counted; the thoughts we could not utter; the grand ideals we failed to realize; all we longed to be and could not be. But who can weigh all this? Surely, no one but God, "whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

"The inward work and worth,
Of any mind, what other mind may judge,
Save God, Who only knows the thing
He made,
The veritable service He exacts?
It is the outward product men appraise."

Or, as Burns puts it:

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us."

Some disagreement in regard to the interpretation of St. XVIII. was noted on comparing the essays. Some appeared to think that youth alone was referred to here; others were equally sure that the application is to old age. Probably a reference to XVII. will explain.—"Still, within this life"—the application of XVIII., therefore, would seem to cover the space of human life, "here" referring to our time in this world. "Work enough" evidently signifies that we must put forth strenuous effort to "catch hints of the proper craft," to lay hold on the Good and Right and Infinite. In referring to this stanza, one student called attention to the subtle reference to the dignity of honest, thoughtful labor, and the possibility there might be that Browning, in writing it, was thinking of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

The Beaver Circle.

Our Competition.

In our competition announced in April 22nd issue, Fred. Hutt, Luella Killough and Elizabeth Wilson, have succeeded in sending in the best papers. You will be interested to know that Fred. is a most enthusiastic little entomologist, having, with his little brother, succeeded in taking the first prize at two exhibitions for the best collection of insects.

A Springtime Discovery.

ESSAY I.

Dear Puck,—The boys in the picture are looking at a white-faced hornet's nest. In the winter, they hibernate in the nest they lived in the summer, so that if the boys broke the nest open, they would find a live queen and a lot of dead hornets, as the queen is the only one that lives through the winter.

The nest is made of decayed wood and grasses, which, by a kind of chewing, the hornets change to a gray substance, like paper. When this is wet, they put some on the tree on which they are going to make their nest. They then slowly build a nest like the one in the picture. Inside this nest are two or three layers of combs. Each comb has a lot of little cells in which the eggs are laid. When the hornets want to make their house larger, they chew off layers of paper from the inside and add it to the outside. The nest is nearly always in a tree, but I have found it in the grass.

The white-faced hornet lives on flies and other small insects. They get into the