

leafless oaks. The rills hastening toward the rivulets made music, with their murmuring notes, purling over the shallows. The assembled waters, gathered from the hills, tumbling o'er the distant dam, gave undertone in symphony. Near by in the thicket the red bird whistled merrily, while up the hill side in the wood, the haughty quarrelsome jay was scolding a solitary crow that cawed in joy for the sunshine. Even the belated butterfly, Philodice, with her clouded sulphur wings, rejoiced to float in the balmy air, while the tiger caterpillar was anxiously hastening along, nervous, lest he be too late for transformation. Over all this life and beauty, so soon to depart, there brooded that ominous silence, that foreboding stillness which portends the oncoming storm. Alas! that such days are so rare, but thanks that they come at all, for:

"Far through the memory shines a happy day

Cloudless of care, down-shod to every sense,

And simply perfect from its own resource.

Such days are not the prey of setting suns,
Nor ever blurred with mist of afterthought."

I strolled, I lingered, I rested. My nerves were at peace. My limbs were filled with the warmth of life, my thoughts with buoyancy, my heart with joy. I felt, I thought, I sympathized, I responded to the wonderful, the beautiful, the life about me. My soul was filled. Tears of gratitude welled up, that I, "poor worm of dust," was a part of all this life and loveliness. "A centred self, which feels and is—a part of all life's mystery."

All the while I was in the domain of my inner self, unmindful of the toils and cares of life. Suddenly the spell was broken when by chance I turned about and saw that I had again but unconsciously plodded

through the slag, which only yesterday had caused me so much annoyance. But yesterday it was "me" who was. To-day it is "I" that is. Yesterday there was sensitivity to ills; to-day, a responsiveness to charms. Yesterday the slag detained "me," my outer life or external self, and so it does to-day, but to-day, likewise is my inner life, the interior self touched, moved, delighted, so that the exuberance thereof o'erflows and quenches the ills of "me." To-day I am "in the Spirit." I can see, feel, realize, sympathize, respond. It is clear that—

"All I see in earth and sky,
Star, flower, beast, bird is a part of me,
This conscious life is the same
Which thrills the universal frame."

How much of life we see is slag, even though we be in the midst of the good and beautiful, so abundant and broadcast about us, unless with the discerning eye of the inner self we penetrate the veil, perceive, understand and comprehend the world, its fulness and the riches thereof! Each creates his world, his universe, and makes his inner or outer self the centre of it. His world is spiritual or material in as much as it is generated by his inner or outer life. We are prone to see the slag in life. We see too oft "through glasses darkly." Slag there is in life, and slag there needs must be, but we should learn to know the slag and profit by it. The duties incident to the teacher's life cannot be counted slag. Our interest in life, in growth and development, childhood, right, truth, and the beautiful, our interest in humanity, the race, its future welfare should be wholly sufficient to stimulate our inner life and make us "In the Spirit."

Comenius must have been "In the Spirit." No man can give his