

There is a certain stage in the human career when the mind seeks for sensational material wherewith to feed itself. At such times we could recommend some interesting history which would satisfy the hunger and cultivate a higher taste.

During my college course a young lady student called in my room and by accident left a book lying on the table. Several days elapsed before I noticed it. When I did, I immediately threw the well-bound volume of TRASH in my waste basket, not knowing to whom it belonged. After a time the young lady came to me and acknowledged with many blushes that the book was hers. I observed then that bad literature, a poison for the mind, brought as deep a blush from a conscious soul as liquor, the poison for the body, does from the inebriate.

True culture must begin at the family fire-side, and then the hungry, undeveloped mind, being enriched with proper food, will only seek that which will repeat itself in greater growth.

E. W.

ORDERING LIFE.

The thoughtful observer cannot but be impressed with the number of lives which fall short of possible achievement, and which, in view of what might have been, may be counted failures. Much of this, I feel convinced, is largely due to a lack of systematic ordering of life. We allow ourselves to drift with a current of inaction or indecision, to be driven here or there at the caprice of winds of circumstance or waves of social influence, and when finally shipwrecked we hurl invectives at "cruel fate." For shame that we are such cowards! Cowards in wilfully or deliberately refusing to hold the tiller of our own boat—cowards in shifting the responsibility of the result off our own shoulders. The majority of failures, however, arise not so much from conscious error as from blindness, or rather a sort of mental somnambulism. The most of us mean in a general sort of way to make the best use of life, but only when we are brought to some crisis do we awaken to something of the vital import of individual responsibility.

How absurdly inconsistent we are with our theories of the value of life! "How precious, how inestimably valuable are these golden hours," we say, then deliberately throw them away and proceed to gather pebbles. How carefully we consider the investment of every dollar, looking out for the safest bank and highest rates of interest consistent with safety, while in the investment of life we are careless, extravagant and utterly unsystematic. We glide without definite aim or purpose from one stage or experience to another, and then wonder to find ourselves living for so little. What should we think of a builder who commenced a house without a plan, who was content to lay brick, or stone, or stick of timber as they came in his way, who didn't know what or how he was building, but expected something to come of it in the end? Yet in just this haphazard manner we are content to build our own destinies. We gather our material at random, build without a plan, allow circumstances to lay the corner stone and social opinion to determine the dimensions; then when our structure threatens to become only an unsightly mound we become discouraged and sit down to "bemoan our lot." Our existence being not the result of volition, but of Divine command, it is not with the cause nor yet with the object of our creation that we have to do. With the "why" of our own existence it is sufficient to know that if God is wise and loving and merciful—and all these He must be else we cannot call Him God the Father—our creation is the cause of wise and benevolent purpose. Realizing then, as we must if we stop to reason the matter—and that we may so stop to think is the object of this article—realizing that we are here to fill our place, not as sticks or stones, but as intelligent beings, in God's universe, we must feel that while we hold the threads of destiny in our own hands, life is no mere game of chance. If we do not know what we can do, what we ought to do and what we mean to do with the life which is ours alone—no, ours in trust, which heightens our responsibility—we have no right to let another day go by without finding out. Naturally we assume that in order to fill the place assigned us we are intended to use to the best advantage all the faculties with which we find