

it. We can find space for these ideals at our front doors, at the park, on the Saguenay, or along the sandy beaches of the St. Lawrence River. Let your boat slip by Gondola Point some night and see how Cassiopeia's chair counts out her seven stars to you as it did to David Gray, the young Scotch poet. Or paddle silently up the Oromocto River, where the whip-poor-will's call makes human the forest-circled lake, and the long, clear whistle of the loon pierces the darkness.

The sensuous facts of Nature are stronger than we know, and catch us unawares with their daily marvels. Nature is an imperial teacher and if we follow her moods we are making national character and culture. True education is not the quantity we know, but rather the depth of our feeling for that which we have learned. For, as our imagination and sympathy create the colors of the horizon, so they also help lay the foundation of that broader culture which should be the aim of every Canadian.

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Knowledge of books is not the first thing to be thought of. I can easily conceive of a mind so over-stocked with study that the