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A HARD PROBLEM

"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at
first"

said the Bard of Avon. How we should like to peep over our little maid's shoulder to see what sort of a mathematical "Hill Difficulty" she has come to that she needs to stop so and rest. No easy one, we are sure, and yet with the instincts of a true student she refuses all help until she sees just what she herself can do—only pausing at the hardest part of the ascent to take her bearings, that her next step may not be a backward one. It does not require much of a prophet to foretell that such a climber will soon reach the top.

The very slate in her hand has no little interest for us. It looks like a slate with a history. Our little student is not the first who has used it, we are sure, nor the second either. It is surely part of her inheritance from older sisters and brothers, studious, thoughtful girls, and bright romping boys, who have outgrown it.

Its roughened frame with its strongly braced corners shows striking examples of the inventive power and executive ability of the double-bladed jack-knife and small boy combined, and could tell if it chose many a tale of school-boy fracas that its former owners have, somehow, never yet made a subject of home conversation.

But our student will not prize it the less for all this, we think, but more. The delightful, smooth old surface is



THE HARD PROBLEM.

the result only of long years of service and could never be found in a new one, no matter how expensive. Besides a halo of old memories of sisters and brothers and father clings around it, though, it may be, only she of all her school-mates can see it, and our little girl, young as she is, is beginning to learn that, even in so common a thing as a worn-out school slate,

"We cannot
Buy with gold the old
associations."

LIBERTY.

People talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty of doing what a man likes. The only liberty that a man, worthy the name of a man, ought to ask for is to have all restrictions, inward and outward, removed, to prevent his doing what he ought. I call that man free who is master of his lower appetites, who is able to rule himself. I call him free who has his flesh in subjection to his spirit; who fears doing wrong, but who fears neither man nor devil besides. I think that man free that has learnt that most blessed of all truths—that liberty consists in obedience to the power, and to the will, and to the law that his higher soul reverences and approves. He is not free because he does what he likes, for in his better moments his soul protests against the act, and rejects the authority of the passion, which commanded him, as a usurping force and tyranny. He feels that he is a slave to his own un-