

some difficult task and receive no word of approval or encouragement, it is human nature to feel like giving up in despair. Sometimes instructors forget that *their* knowledge was not obtained in a few years, and they should not expect their pupils to jump across the chasm for which they had to build a bridge. In some cases it may be their youthful period is so far in the past that they cannot recall the time when they too, struggled to mount the lowest round of the ladder which does not end.

The name of teacher is closely allied to patience, and if this is not so they cannot hope to instill into the minds of the different characters around them those gems of truth and wisdom which they find so valuable. But how often the students err:—They do not realize how the patience of their teachers is tried, nor how their more developed minds shrink from the mistakes committed by those they are endeavoring to instruct. When indifference and inattention are apparent, there is little wonder that they cannot suppress the feelings that such conduct of the pupils cause.

Where sympathy exists, each will consult the feelings of the other and will prove a mutual benefit.

"CRITICS are born not made," some one has said. We doubt this statement, and our reason for doubting is the fact that a college girl who is not a critic is unknown. It is not probable that they are all endowed with the gift of criticism, but owing to their surroundings they unconsciously become experts in the art of pulling to pieces the characters, manners and speech of their fellow-students, as a rule utterly disregarding all that is good and lovable, and magnifying all their questionable qualities until they assume a gigantic size.

A short time since in speaking of a comrade who takes no part in the energetic pursuits of our life, some one unkindly remarked, "She can do nothing but dream." The critic must indeed have tasted but slightly of the fruits of imagination, if she could affirm that those

currents of the human soul are known only to them who are unfortunate in possessing weak minds—minds not strong enough to grasp facts, but instead of taking this world as it is, with its cares and troubles, shut themselves up in themselves and build the world they would like to live in.

Ah, they are happy people who can thus escape from this hollow, selfish world, and in one of their own building, whose beauty and harmony is a foretaste of heaven, wander with chosen companions. For there are many lonely ones in this busy globe who long for the companionship of kindred spirits; this is denied them here, then who can blame them if they search in "Castles in the air" for the pleasure they do not find in real life?

"Seasons there are when such a heart, inspired by sweet imaginings can plume its wings," and soaring free and unfettered among the sweet paths of fancy, will drink rich draughts of bliss from those thoughts which are not of this world, but have ethereal birth. Their influence does not unfit us for the reality, but they cheer the heart and nerve it to deeds of truest worth.

THE manner in which Sunday is spent is one of the most marked points of difference between countries. This fact is so well-known that we need hardly prove it, but let us speak of some of the various ways in which the Lord's Day is passed.

We find that the French particularly follow pleasure. In France Sunday is a holiday rather than a day of rest, but whether pleasure or rest it is voluntary. If a man wants to work he does so, and no "Lord's Day observer" says a word. If he wishes to enjoy himself, there are other pleasure-seekers and many ways in which he can obtain enjoyment. None of his native companions are Pharisees, and he cares nothing for the opinion of strangers. However, as a dutiful son of the Church, he must first hear mass; that performed, each is his own keeper, and pleasure does no spiritual damage.