

most prosaic and least noticed phenomena of existence. But every fresh gift, every newly developed power, brings with it fresh responsibilities, and a mental cultivation which we hold for self alone will weigh us down with as heavy a judgment as selfishly spent wealth or selfishly used physical strength.

And here—though she would probably be loth to admit it, or would find innumerable reasons to justify it—the girl who occupies herself in intellectual pursuits is apt to compare unfavourably with others of less aspiring aims and ambitions. The society girl takes it for granted that her interests are the interests of those she meets. The “domesticated” woman never doubts of the pleasure with which her auditors listen to the recital of her experiences, but the votary of higher education too often forgets “the common life by which we live,” and despising the ordinary subjects of conversation and reserving all expression of her thoughts and feelings to seasons of intercourse with a few congenial spirits, moves in the world in general an uninteresting and uninterested spectator of what she feels to be an alien sphere.

There must be a remedy for this. There must be some other medium between going about like an ex-schoolmistress, always seeking opportunities of instructing her neighbours and relinquishing all that is dear to her, and simply responding to her associates on what she conceives to be their own plane. We all need to be constantly reminded that we are partakers of a common humanity which forms a deeper-seated bond than any community of taste or talent; that everyone (ourselves included) has the capacity, and in most cases, the desire, however faint, to reach a higher level than any we have yet attained; that if we have enjoyed greater advantages, if our minds are more accustomed to looking beyond the shows to the realities of things, we should not shrink from sometimes taking the initiative; we should expect sympathy as well as be ready to offer it. And if we are afraid of thus encouraging in ourselves a feeling of self-complacency and a spirit of self-assertion, let us look a little more resolutely on the unattained heights before us, every fresh glimpse of which will serve to dwarf into greater insignificance the petty differences between one degree of attainment and another.

If our culture is Christian culture, it will infallibly draw us closer and closer to every one of our fellow creatures, and make us more willing as well as more able to help them, while it increases the consciousness that even from the humblest with whom we are brought into any real relation we receive far more than we give. If it isolates us in a fancied intellectual Paradise, to which only a few favoured spirits are admitted, if it weakens our sympathies and increases our self-admiration and self-indulgence, we may doubt if we have even reached the level proposed to themselves by philosophers when as yet they saw no hope of rising higher than the powers inherent in man could carry them.

THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES.

O, LISTEN to the music of the waves!
When the zephyrs from the west
Softly sighing, sink to rest,

We can hear the mellow music of their staves.
We cannot tell the melodies they sing;
We cannot tell the tidings that they bring.
Yet the music, low and faint,
Is so wild, and weird, and quaint,
That the ears with wild reverberations ring,
And we know not why, we feel,
As the waters shoreward steal,
They are striving, striving ever,
In impassionate endeavour,
To tell a strange, inexplicable thing—
How the music sobs and sighs
Till the solemn cadence dies
In the bosom of the soothing intervals.
How each palpitating note
Seems to float, and fall, and float,
In a gravitating murmur to the dales!
Oh, listen to the music of the waves!
As they groan, groan, groan
In a mystic monotone,
They are surely bringing tidings of the graves;
They are mourning for the multitudes unblest,
For the heroes lulled to everlasting rest.
Every joy and every gain,
Every grief and every pain,
As it wells from Ocean's overladen breast;
Every crown and every cross,
Every hope and every loss,
Of the vast vanished æons is expressed.
Oh, listen to the music of the waves!
As the song sonorous sweeps
O'er the surging, swelling deeps.
It is murmuring the Genesis of Light
From the chaos of the dread Plutonic night,
And the sobbing and the sighing
Is unending and undying,
And the angels in their legionary might
Strive in vain to mark the ending of its flight,
As they climb from steep to steep,
While the circling echoes leap
Round the Fountain of illimitable Light.
Yet, listen to the music of the waves!
There is meaning sad and joyous in its staves—
'Tis the ceaseless Psalm of Life—
All its gladness, all its strife;
And it calleth, ever calleth from its caves.
“Wherefore sorrow? wherefore fret?
There is balm in Gilcad yet.
Wherefore sorrow? wherefore sorrow?
Dark the night but bright the morrow.
Wherefore sorrow? wherefore fret?
Wherefore sorrow? wherefore fret?
Wherefore sorrow? wherefore fret?”
Oh, this is aye the burden of the waves.

F. M. D.

STUDENTS' BLUNDERS.

A FORM of humour at times very entertaining is that which consists in the ridiculous mistakes made by students in answering questions in examinations. At such a time, when the examinee is nervous and flustered, there is considerable excuse for his falling into errors whose stupidity, at first sight, seems excessively