

"dears" go to while away the hours,—to be amused and kept in a good humor.

And yet with all this sentimental nonsense in the home, more is expected of the school than ever before. There were days when the parent brought up the child, and the teacher developed his mind, but times have changed, and now the whole unleavened mass is turned over to the already overworked teacher to be transformed on short notice into a prodigy of intellect, grace and ability. There was more fact than fancy in the answer given by a famous educationalist to the query, "When should a child's training begin?" "When his maternal grandmother is five days old."

To those who lay the blame of "the spirit of the age" to "higher education," let me answer in the words of Tennyson,—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

GALAHAD.

Veni! Mane! Domine!

A tiny host of snowy white,
A whispered word, a mystic rite,
And lo! Christ lives again.
'Twas then a cup of ruby wine,
'Tis now His precious Blood divine,
His dying gift to men!

Make Thou my heart, O sweetest Christ,
Tho' bruised, defiled and sin-enticed,
Thy Tabernacle House,
And if to cleanse each sinful stain,
Thou needs must send me bitter pain,
Still, O my Master, come!

Too late I've loved Thy sweet, sad Face,—
Too late I've sought Thee for Thy Grace,
Yet leave me not, I pray,
My hand in Thine—what need I fear?
Without Thee—life is dark and drear,
Stay with me, Loved One, stay.