

time as he was the last." (Dr. Livingstone's Autobiography, p. 7.)

Who that has been privileged with such passages in his or her education will ever forget the hours thus spent,

"In the days when our spirits were young,
And youth went a May-ing with faith, hope
and poesy."

And we realized the happiness of

... "those to whom
Some viewless teacher brings
The secret love of rural things."

In thus advocating modification and extension in a practical direction, it must not be supposed that a liberal education is undervalued. For that very fair provision happily is already in existence—a provision so generous and wise that it is the fault of the youth himself (we can hardly yet say

herself) if he does not gain such a training in professional lore as will qualify him to do honour to himself, as well as good service to his country and his God in such spheres of usefulness as abound in a young and rising country like our own Dominion. Our position, natural resources, climate, and racial characteristics, give us rare advantages. Combine with these our educational system, at once liberally endowed and wisely adapted to our special exigencies, and it is not easy to see why, with the blessing of the Almighty, we should not attain to such intelligence, culture, self-reliance, and force of character, as would give us a first place among the nations of the earth, envied by many, respected by all, and esteemed by those whose friendship is worth possessing. For this let us unitedly labour and pray.

INDIRECTION.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer ;
Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer ;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter ;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing ;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing !
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him ;
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer has foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden ;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling ;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater ;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward Creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence ; back of the gift stands the giving ;
Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing ;
The heart of the wood is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing ;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.