



THE MAPLE LEAF DEBATING CLUB, TORONTO.

J. FORSYTHE      A. A. MINTOSH      A. W. MASON      G. WEDDERBURN      C. ELLIOTT  
 R. C. SLATER      MISS S. MORRISON      F. J. WHILLER      MRS. A. W. MASON      P. FRASER      MISS J. MUNRO  
                          MISS D. MORRISON      F. BRIDGEN      MISS BRIDGEN      MISS G. OLIVIE  
                                                                                                                          MISS E. ELLIOTT

The Maple Leaf Club, Toronto.

Mr. F. Bridgen, President of the Maple Leaf Reading Club, left for England, his native country, accompanied by his charming daughter Miss Bertha, on the 17th of May, for a holiday of two months. Though far away from his Toronto friends, the President will not be forgotten; in fact, he cannot possibly be, after having shown so many evidences of his innate kindness and unflinching constancy in making the life of the members of the Club bright, both socially and intellectually. An occasional letter from him will be eagerly looked for, and his return home will be awaited with pleasant anticipations of all he will have to tell us about his travels. An ideal literary club is worth joining; it is almost as beneficial as a college education. Earnestness on the part both of teacher and student is essential to success, a literary society in such co-operation is bound to produce good results. To gain a little knowledge in general every other week makes a considerable accumulation at the end of a winter session; this is possible under the instruction of a teacher well versed in history, science, literature and other branches of education. In this respect the Maple Leaf Club is most fortunate. Such is Mr. Bridgen, he can give a clear explanation on the most subjects. It reminds one of Alfred the Great, of whom the President speaks admiringly. The King, himself a learned man, was zealous in stimulating his subjects to mental effort; he imposed upon himself the task of teaching them when he could; he restored the learning which the long Danish wars had diminished. No unfair comparison would be considered in pointing out that Mr. Bridgen is as the King both in smallness of stature and in displaying the same zeal. The Maple Leaf Club meets every alternate Thursday evening, spending a limit of two hours together with profit and pleasure. As arranged, two or more of the members are expected to give news reports, debates, lectures, dialogues or recitations enough for an hour, and then follows the study of another hour in English History. The President examines the same as a deaf school teacher, but makes the

study more interesting with his facts, legends and illustrations. On the table are papers and picture-books showing kings and queens and men distinguished in the service of the country, also churches, abbays, castles, ruins and other things mentioned in history, they help to impress the mind more effectively. The lesson in English History commenced last fall was that which tells how all the small kingdoms in England became confederated in the reign of Egbert and divided again at the death of that King, and was continued through the course of nearly two centuries, stopping May 10th, the part where a story is told about Edgar being rowed by eight kungs on the river in great state. Thus a great amount of information was gleaned at the close of the session, which will no doubt be reviewed in social conversation with renewed interest during the summer vacation. Among the subjects of lectures delivered were Dickens, the fascinating writer of "David Copperfield" and "Oliver Twist," Chinese Gordon, the fearless general and devout Christian, Lady Burlett-Contts, the London philanthropist, and Socrates, the Greek philosopher. Biographic lectures like the above, limited to a time of thirty minutes, take a strong hold on the members, and will certainly be renewed next fall. Historical facts accurately noted down are much to be desired, they would create less doubt or discussion. In the course of the study of English History numberless inaccuracies have been found as to facts and dates. As the English language undergoes a constant change, revisions, more or less correct, must necessarily follow. Wm. Cobbett, a most capable English grammarian, commented severely on the faithfulness of some historians. Accordingly we must read to weigh and consider, not to believe and take for granted, moreover, we must view every question on every side, not to be too one-sided to be fair.—A. A.

He who too much fears hatred is unfit to reign.—Seneca.  
 God treats none worse than they deserve, and if He chooses to treat any better, He certainly has a right to do so.—Payson.

A Bravo Woman.

We do not always remember that it requires as much bravery to care for and nurse the soldiers on fields of battle, or in the hospitals near them, as to be a soldier and fight the enemy.

Not long ago, in a city of France, all the soldiers were drawn up on the city plaza. A woman in the habit of a Sister of Charity was called out in front of the governor general, and this is what he said:

"Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years ago you received a wound from a cannon ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field at Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front ranks on the battle field of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China, and in Mexico and if you were not killed it was not because you have not exposed yourself."

"In 1870 you were taken up in Reichshoffen covered with many saber wounds. Such deeds of heroism you have crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge—you took up the grenade in your arms, you smiled upon the wounded, who looked at you with feelings of dismay; you carried it a distance of eighty meters. On laying it down you noticed it was going to burst; you throw yourself on the ground; it burst; you were seen covered with blood; but when persons came to your assistance you rose up smiling, as your wont. You were scarcely recovered from your wound when you returned to the hospital, whence I have now summoned you."

Then the general bade her kneel down, and, drawing his sword, touched her lightly with it three times on the shoulder and pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit, saying

"I put upon you the cross of the brave, in the name of the French people and army. No one has gained it by more deeds of heroism, nor by a life so completely spent in self-abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country. Soldiers, present arms!" The troops saluted, the drums beat and bugles rang out, the air was filled

with loud acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Teresa arose, her face suffused with blushes, and asked:

"General, are you done?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then I will go back to the hospital."  
 —The Outlook.

Have a Purpose, Make It Known

A young man should not start out in life with an idea that the world owes him a living. The assertion is false, in fact, wrong in principle, and dishonest in practice. The world owes no one anything except that which is gained by honest toil. There is no room for drones, tramps or vagabonds, and those who are not willing to work for a living must make room for those ambitious men and women who desire to achieve success by lawful methods. Have a purpose. Aspire to things above the common level and with the motto, "What a man has done, man can do," a determined resolution to succeed, energy and grit, there can be no failure.

The world wants your best. It will have nothing else. The best is none too good. The poorest boy in our land may hope to be a president when he is older. He may be our leading financier, or the greatest minister.

Money will buy many articles, but there are other things money can never purchase. Wealth will cover only a small portion of the earth's area. Purpose covers all of it.

Have a purpose, stick to it, surmount those difficulties which appear to be stumbling-blocks, One's station in life cuts no figure, for—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
 Set well your heart, there all the honor lies."

—Alexander S. Wicma in Success.

Shrubs growing in a poor soil seldom produce bright, high-colored flowers. Generally the application of manure in liberal quantities will improve their color. Iron filings and scales collected about a blacksmith's anvil have a tendency to intensify the color of many plants, if dug into the soil about their roots.—June Ladies' Home Journal.