

man is to educate him, not simply train him for some particular calling in life, but in such a way as to call into activity all the higher faculties, till whatever is noble or God-like in his nature shall manifest itself and become a ruling principle in his life. Religion alone cannot save the world from hopeless corruption, for faith without knowledge becomes superstition, and we all know what horrible deeds have been committed with the sanction of those who claimed they had heavenly guidance. It was this view of the matter that led Henry Barnard to say, "The cause of education cannot fail, unless all the laws that have hitherto governed the progress of society shall cease to operate, and Christianity shall prove a fable and liberty a dream."

Life to me has no meaning without education. If man has not been cast on this planet by chance, if there is a purpose in his visit to earth, what can that

end be unless it is to increase in knowledge and to bring to fruition all the functions of his being?

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players," said Shakespeare. All the world's a school, and all the men and women merely pupils, would be nearer the truth. As John Foster has very truly said, "The whole earth can be but a place of tuition till it becomes either a depopulated ruin or an elysium of perfect and happy beings." I go even farther and assert that wherever man may be in the universe he must be a learner, or he would cease to be a man by becoming either a god or brute. If this life is a school, and if, as Kingsley says, "Every human being brings into the world with him at his birth the indubitable right of being educated," then the most sacred obligation rests on society to educate every rational creature.

A SHOWER.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

The morn is moody and the clouds brood low,
 While a soft expectation fills each place
 Where grasses lean and flowers droop like lace.
 The air is vacant, and no breezes blow,
 The thunder for an hour rolled deep and slow;
 Then with the first cool gust that swept my face,
 From the dim west, with quick increasing pace,
 The rain fell round me with a rustling flow.
 Earth sighs as the soft hand of heaven turns
 The draught upon her lips. Even the calm
 Blue hills stir musically in the rain:
 The grass is waving and no flower mourns.
 From secret places, fresh and fragrant balm
 Fills every dusty road and hidden lane.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.