

baffled the greatest minds for ages ; we glory in our heritage and manfully press into the work which has awaited our coming.

Now, it is readily admitted that men and women of varied ability are not equally at home in every department of life, and the question need hardly be considered as to whether or not singularity is really desirable ; but are we ready to accept the conditions of isolation as laid down by our last laureate ? We find that we must do so, and it becomes us each to look to our equipment, and use our strength wisely and well if we would be true to our best selves. But equipment is so variable, and no one can see far enough into the future to know just what preparation special circumstances shall demand as they gradually unfold themselves ; so there are many of us who march to our first contests arrayed in King Saul's glittering armour, thus courting defeat, when a smooth stone and a strip of leather would have proved equipment really more becoming, and in every way more desirable. Nor is this the only lesson we may learn from the sweet singer of Israel, the shepherd who became a king.

That was a beautiful custom practised by the young men of all the aboriginal tribes of North America ; a youth, when struggling to solve the problem of his life-work, would wander for weeks in the forest, every thought a prayer to the Great Spirit, until the answer of the Unseen became burned into every fibre of his existence ; then he returned, strong in the possession of a settled conviction, and therefore ready for life. We in these days are so hedged about with evident duties that we think we cannot take our forty days in the wilderness or the forest ; indeed if an intellect is in any way erratic, or inclined to soar, the poor possessor is soon so belaboured with hard facts by his dearest friends that he hastens to take refuge in insanity or utter dependency, for the body, the beast-part of man must be preserved at any cost,—is it not so written in the records of Bedlam ?

Were it not better to live and die
As thousands who never righted a wrong,
Than to struggle and cause a faction ?
What right, sir, have I to blacken your sky,
To ruin the weak and baffle the strong,
With the dust-clouds of immature action ?

Let the youth struggle and cry out, however wild his words