

FOLLOW THE BROOK TO ITS HEAD.

Here's a stream :
 Shall we turn from the wayside to follow ?
 In the nooks of the bramble-choked hollow
 Scarce a gleam
 Of sunbeam
 Makes its way thro' the mist-overspread—
 Yet we'll follow the brook to his head.

Four o'clock of a dewy June morning !
 Scarce the sprites of last night have had warning,
 That their revels must cease in the sun.
 Hark ! there's sound as of elves in a flurry—
 In a flurry of fright, in a scampering hurry,
 In their flight flying past—
 In their haste flying fast—
 Ere the swift running daylight should come.
 Ah ! 'twas only the rustle
 Of leaves in a tussle
 With the strong morning wind pushing through ;
 Or of twigs in a bevy,
 Where the dow lay too heavy,
 From their loads springing back where they grew.
 "Follow on," calls the brook,
 Where my watersprings look
 From the source where they lie
 To an answering sky.
 For the joy of beginning is sweetest,
 And to taste of its gladness is meetest,
 Ere my waters run on to their fleetest"—
 Calls the brook—"Hear my song,
 Follow on, follow on !"

Warm noontide in the sunny June weather !
 Mist and fragrance are floated together,
 In the cherry bloom tossed 'gainst the sky.
 Hush ! from out of the world of white clover—
 As an arrow in flight might pass over—
 With a dash of brown wings,
 With a whirr of swift wings,
 Flew a bird from its nestlings close by.
 Tear aside the leaf cover,
 And 'be birdlings discover,
 Where the mother-bird hid them away !
 Here's a hollow of fern :
 Let us watch her return,

While the brook murmurs soft all the day.
 Calls the brook—"Follow on,
 For the way is still long—
 And the night draweth nigh,
 And my waters run by.
 There's no toiling but tasting's the sweeter,
 There's no seeking but finding's the meetest,
 While my waters run fleetest and fleetest"—
 Calls the brook—"Hear my song,
 Follow on, follow on !"

Purple shadows in balmy June weather !
 How they lengthen and draw near together,
 Till the light and the shadow are one.
 Long ago have we passed the damp hollow
 And still toiled when the waters cried "Follow !"
 Yet the night falleth swift—
 Like a sight-blinding drift,
 And the source of the stream is not won.
 Calls the brook—"Follow on—
 'Tis forever my song
 To the feet that must toil
 Thro' the heat and turmoil ;
 Just ahead is the tasting the sweetest,
 Just ahead is the finding the meetest,
 While my waters run on to their fleetest"—
 Calls the brook—"Hear my song,
 Follow on, follow on !"

—BLANCHE BISHOP.

VACATION EDUCATION.

SAYS a certain writer, "the aim and task of education is to cultivate the powers of the understanding, to strengthen and enlarge them and to show how they are to be used in mastering any subject." Says another, "education should, in its highest function, aim at development." These are two definitions of the word education, sufficiently clear in expression for everybody to understand. But as man is a complex being, made up of the physical, mental, moral, spiritual, is not the latter definition the better, because conveying more to our minds than is implied in the thought of mere mental culture? Education, then, will mean to us development, and education should in its highest function seek to develop the man.

For students at "Acadia," the year has in the main but two divisions, college life and work and recreation, vacation life and work and recreation. Now college life should always be regarded as an