

send a boy to college and make him think. What is wanting, is a proper subjective spirit. The upper-classmen are old enough to know what is needed for their physical and temporal welfare; they are able to appreciate the need and benefit of religious instruction. If they can't, compulsion will never put them in an attitude to receive."

J. F. L. MORRIS.

ONE DAY.

WALTER PERCIVAL KENN.

Oh day of days! Oh perfect summer day!
 Your dewy calm, your dream of fair repose
 'Mid gentle nature's soothing pleasantness,
 Stirs in my heart a breath of melody,—
 An echo from the blue-bird's charmed flute
 And rustle of the wind among the leaves.
 I taste again the measure which the past
 Has held with smiling grace through happy years;
 To me no drop from all her mingled sweets
 Has left such fragrant breath of joy divine,
 Such memory of a draught celestial, rare,
 As thine sweet day! Oh perfect summer day!
 It brings the tender flush of June-tide back,
 And tints with rosy light this cheerless sky,
 While angry winter frowns in vain to see
 His snowy wrath in rainbow hues dissolve,
 And weave fair prophecies of fresh delights
 Which sylvan guards of mystic treasures
 But hold, await, with soft restraining hand,
 Till melting all reserve, the breath of heaven
 Thrills into life the silent world of bloom,
 Where waits the clover's welcome for the bee.
 Dear heart! When shall we wander hand in hand,
 Amid those virgin solitudes, and trace
 Again those paths of mosses, velvet soft,
 Beneath the tall old forest trees that sway
 And nod their hoary heads o'er secret great,
 While flickering shadows lightly fall athwart
 Their seamed and mottled trunks; and flash
 In liquid play, the glancing sunbeams where
 The singing waters gaily glide along?
 Dear heart! When shall we list to the sweet wood cries,
 That gently break in tuneful melody,
 The breathing stillness, restful, somnolent,
 With rare antiphonal attuned from call
 Of happy building birds, that, vibrant, wing
 Their cadenced measures into harmony,—
 While bright-eyed squirrels, perched aloft, give back
 Response in shrill and eager cries, and drop

Their bits of bark and twig upon the green,
 To chitter from the swaying branch, alert,
 For richer gains to swell their hidden stores?
 Dear heart! When shall we quench with laughing haste, our
 thirst

From leafy cup a gleam with plashing drops,
 Which sparkle down like wealth of jewels spilt?
 And watch, in dreamy ease, the swift-winged whirr
 Of gorgeous dragon-flies above the sedge,
 And note, with rod at rest, the trackless haste
 Of darting skaters, vigilant, intent
 For watery prey, beneath the ruined bridge,
 Where lie the ember shadows dark and cool?

Oh day of days! Oh perfect summer day!
 With golden dower of nodding buttercups
 With daisied fields where mild-eyed cattle stand,
 Knee-deep in tranquil plenty and content;
 With misty silences of hills asleep
 Beneath the purpling shadows of the clouds
 That pile their mimic mountains in the blue,
 Return! return and spread once more thy tent
 Where waits the still, complete, the canopy
 Of forest trees, in arched and pillared state,
 And float thy glowing banner royally!
 Bring back the soft expectant air that seeks
 The treasured perfume offered timidly
 By maiden-hair and wild rose, wind—flower pale,
 And all the dainty darlings of the wood,
 And let us wander, once more, hand in hand
 Thy pleasant leafy solitudes among,
 Oh day of days! Oh perfect summer day!

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

WHEN I present this question to you, be assured it is not with the motives of our modern doubters that I do so. To me there is nothing more inconsistent and unbecoming for the finite to set at naught that glorious gift which the infinite created and pronounced good—human life. My motives are in unison with your own, because we would value this glorious gift from what we know of it—its attainments, its environments, its opportunities, its responsibilities, and that diamond which scratches every other stone—character.

Yes, life is worth living, for it is neither insignificant nor baleful. It is a sacred trust, a glorious gift linked with great responsibilities. Life is no common-place matter. It