

deeply practical side for all of us. The immensity of actual knowledge may astound us; the enormousness of possible knowledge may appal us, but they should teach us humility; should teach us the absurd folly of a "completed" education; should teach us that, however industrious, however studious we may have been thus far in life, what we actually *know* may not compare to the first line of the first paragraph of the first page of this wonderful book; should teach us that man should realize that his highest duties, his most lofty obligations—both to himself and to his fellow men—are not fulfilled unless he devote his entire life to the study, investigation, and observance of this great book of Nature's laws.

Then when his work on this earth is finished; when his time in the fitting school of life will have run its source; when for him, the sun shall set to rise no more; when the moon shall wane to come no more; when the stars shall fade from the sky to shine no more; when all the shining brightness and illumination of this space, with its brilliant galaxies of whirling worlds shall fade into darkness and blackness, and he shall fall asleep to wake no more—then, *then*, may his entrance into that heavenly institution of highest learning be made easier, safer, and surer because of those splendid truths, those divine and God-given precepts, which he has learned from that most wonderful book of all books, given by God to man, written within and sealed with seals.

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THE WOODLAND.

O, blithe the beautiful month of May,  
 When laughing youth are seen,  
 When woods are gay with the gleeful lay  
 Of birds in their bowers of green,  
 And blithe the hours when by star-eyed flowers  
 Are their wavering steps beguiled;  
 But, O, blither far than the flower-strewn bowers  
 Is the heart of a happy child.

Full fair the glorious summer time,  
 By lakes or sylvan streams,  
 When hearts beat high in a rhythmic rhyme  
 To the music of long day dreams;  
 And fair the sheen on the mosses green  
 Of the light through the vistas wild;  
 But, O, fairer far than a woodland scene  
 Is the life of a happy child.