



An Evening Cloud.

Bright evening cloud of golden fire,
 That hastes against the West,
 And glistens the dying bliss,
 Above the mountain tops,
 The night bird comes to greet the dark,
 A soothing power to men,
 The crickets chirp, The light-winged lark
 Comes down to earth again,
 With jilgabit M. rising on her way,
 And hermit eve, sure-fire,
 A prescient, day by day,
 The gospel brings to me.

Experience is the Best Teacher.

The most thoroughly disciplined, as well as the best school, is the school of experience. There are no short cuts through the vast fields of knowledge, no short terms and long vacations, no high-sounding diplomas conferring pretentious degrees and titles as rewards for a few years of superficial skimming. What experiences teach, she teaches thoroughly, from the root up, without the aid of crutches and text-books, but with many a sharp rap over the knuckles, during sessions that seem interminable, and that stretch through many sleepless nights and hard-drawn days. When she prepares to teach, she does not stop at half measures. Like a well digger, bent on reaching an unfailing spring of water, she digs through mud and sand, drills through clay and stone, until, finally, deep down, the crystal is reached, and the sparkling water bubbles up. When she graduates a pupil, she has every reason to be proud of him. He may be old, wrinkled-white, but he is wise. His head may be bowed low by the weight of years and the

burden of sorrow, but his mind and heart are lifted high. He may know nothing of the schemes of laboratories, nothing of the philosophies of the schools, but he knows what the experiences of the text books have never taught,—the practical science of right-doing, the sound philosophy of right-thinking, and right-feeling, even though he discovers these things late, but never too late in life to be of great value to him and to others.—[Exchange.]

Chapel Exercises.

The chapel exercises on Thursday afternoon were of a rather more elaborate character than usual. Songs were sung by Peter LaFlumfeld and Charles Cutler, a piano solo was played by Lottie Lane a meditation was given by Ethel Parrish, Charles Akalo (read us again with his excellent oration and the school sang several songs. This was all in honor of Inspector Jenkins and his mother who were present. After the exercises the Inspector gave us words of commendation and encouragement which seemed to come from his heart and which made us all feel stronger and anxious to be worthy of what he numbers out manifest destiny. It is a treat to our boys and girls to hear some one speak to them as Inspector Jenkins does not as Indian boys and girls, but as young men and young women who are to be citizens of this great country and on whose shoulders rests an equal responsibility with the young people in the making of a great nation.

Question—Why is a letter like a busy dog?
 Answer—A letter is an inclined plane. An inclined plane is a slope up. A slow pup is a lazy dog.