

shadow of oppression and tyranny rested heavily in days gone by. The days of superstition are passed and every one may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

But because we are living in such a burst of light and liberty, we must not think there is nothing left for us to do. Never in the history of the world has there been such a demand for those earnest thinkers and willing workers, who will enlighten the age, and help to push forward the wheels of progress. The world needs men who will shape the doubtful destiny of the coming centuries, and establish for all time the freedom of our race. Its needs demand true, earnest, whole-souled men and women who will not be content to make their own lives pure and beautiful, but will labor for the elevation of those with whom they mingle, and strive to make the world better and brighter for their having lived in it. There is work for all; we cannot afford to be idle; labor and learn, work and win are the chief maxims of life. We have noble examples; the life work and the record of the great men and women of the past ages should inspire us with higher aspirations and more earnest labor. If they in the past were content to work with such results, surely we should be persevering when we may reap so bountiful a harvest? Leave the past with its sunshine and its shadows, and speculate not too much on the future, but live, act, and work in the present; thus the future will be cared for.

"Shut down and clasp the heavy,

I hear again the voice that bids the dreamer

Heave his dreams away,

For larger hopes and greater fears;

Life greatens in these later years,

The century's aloe flowers to-day."

C. B. H.

### FANCY SKETCHES.

Who has not sat in the twilight of a summer's eve, when stern reality is awed to silence by the solemn stillness of the

hour, and let fancy bring before the mind in panoramic view, the pictures of the imagination? Or who has not sat in the old home circle and read from the glowing coals, the happy assurance of his future greatness, so plainly pictured there?

Let us borrow for a time the wings of Fancy and visit the ideal world, noting as we go, whatever of interest we may find.

Immediately at the outset, we meet Reflection; a quiet figure of careworn expression, standing on the shore of Time, pointing backward along that stream. We take the direction which the figure indicates, and bid our thoughts retrace the line of our forced march toward eternity; while we sketch the objects of interest, as we pass along. As we turn down the narrow path, the breeze which greets us, mournfully whispers, "past", and oft, along the way, springs up and greets us, this weird phantom, *Past*. Anon, we pass a monument to some by-gone pleasure; and near by it, one stands, a talisman of pain; and oft, we pass the half-decayed ruins of ill-fated hopes.

How the smouldering fires of *Passion* gleam out upon us as we pass, showing faint traces of "what *might* have been;" but upon the forms of each and every one of these, there appears the dim outline of this ever-present, *Past*. Thus we follow back along the course of Time, sketching as we go until the light of memory, is dimmed in infancy; and our study is complete. We touch it up with here and there a finishing stroke and smile to think how perfect is our sketch. We call in a friend to see our picture of the past, and when he looks, he also smiles, and says, "O yes! but where you have that moss-grown *mound* of Hope should be a withered tree of Despair. I sketched it once myself. That rippling brook of joy should be a stagnant pool of regret; that ivy-green should be a weeping willow; and those dark clouds which stand darkly out in bold relief, should be tinged with gold." As he spoke, my