

The Influence of a Good Book.

Dr. Edward Brooks, of Philadelphia, who has been one of the distinguished educational leaders for half a century and more, relates this highly interesting experience, especially as judged from present experiences of boys of fourteen:

"When a boy of fourteen attending the 'district school,' I won the first prize for 'getting up head' in the spelling class the greatest number of times during the session. The prize awarded was a little book entitled, 'Watts on the Improvement of the Mind,' popularly known as 'Watts on the Mind.' That little book not only made me a teacher, but contributed largely to my success as an instructor and an educator. Young as I was I found the book full of interest, and I began to apply its statements to the improvement of my own mind, especially its suggestions for the improvement of the memory, in which faculty my mind seemed most defective. The impulse I received from this little book was deep and permanent. It turned my attention thus early to the study of the nature of the mind and the method of training its faculties."

A Language Exercise.

1. Write a telegraphic dispatch, not exceeding ten words, and containing three distinct statements.
2. You are shortly to move into a new store some distance from your present stand. Prepare a circular to be sent to customers, informing them of the change.
3. You have lost a gold watch. Prepare a notice of your loss to be put up in your village post-office.
4. Write five short reading notices of your goods, to be printed in the local column of your village paper.
5. You are in want of a situation as clerk in a grocery business. Prepare an advertisement for the paper, setting forth your desire.—*Teachers' Gazette.*

Scotch folk sometimes are very careful of their own ministers. Dr. Macleod was once sent for to visit a sick man. On arriving at the house, he inquired, "What church do you attend?" "Barry Kirk," replied the invalid. "Why, then, did you not sent for your own minister?" "Na, na," replied the sick man, "we would not risk him. Do you no ken it's a dangerous case of typhoid?"

A Psalm of the Good Teacher.

The Lord is my teacher:

I shall not lose the way to wisdom.

He leadeth me in the lowly path of learning,

He prepareth a lesson for me every day;

He findeth the clear fountains of instruction,

Little by little he showeth me the beauty of truth.

The world is a great book that he hath written,

He turneth the leaves for me slowly;

They are all inscribed with images and letters,

His face poureth light on the pictures and the words.

Then I am glad when I perceive his meaning,

He taketh me by the hand to the hill-top of vision;

In the valley also he walketh beside me,

And in the dark places he whispereth to my heart.

Yea, though the lesson be hard it is not hopeless,

For the Lord is very patient with his slow scholar;

He will wait a while for my weakness;

He will help me to read the truth through tears.

Surely thou wilt enlighten me daily by joy and by sorrow,
And lead me at last, O Lord, to the perfect knowledge of thee.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Great Truths Greatly Won.

Great truths are dearly bought; the common truth,

Such as men give and take from day to day,

Comes in the common walks of early life,

Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won, not formed by chance,

Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;

But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,

Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream;

Won in the day of conflict, fear and grief,

When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,

Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,

And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours

Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,

Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-ploughed field,

And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

There is a witchery in wintry winds

Which summer's balmy breezes do not hold:

A magic haze the eye by moonlight finds,

In snow-clad fields enlit by beams of gold;

'Neath summer skies the earth doth throb with life.

But winter brings to it a soothing rest,

Casts over it a robe of spotless white,

And calms the heaving of its troubled breast.

Still, 'neath the frost-bound soil the depths enfold

The powers that do assure a mightier birth,

A seeming death to life, and, then behold!

Rise from the tomb the fairest forms of earth.

So summer's joy shall follow winter's woe,

And flowers spring from fields now deep in snow.

—John Boyd, in the Canadian Magazine for February.