

Thoughts for September Days.

Lord, let me make this rule,
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work
And nothing shirk.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Eat at your own table as you would eat at the table of
the king.—*Confucius.*

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy for I know that I've been good.
—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others, does
nothing for himself.—*J. W. von Goethe.*

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.—*Anon.*

Home, a world of strife shut out; a world of love
shut in.

(On the Vowels.)

We are airy little creatures,
All of different voice and features,
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.—*Jonathan Swift.*

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man.—*William Wordsworth.*

Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts:
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
Its autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.—*William Allingham.*

Here's to thee, old apple-tree
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!
Hats full! Caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
Old parson's breeches full,
And my pockets full, too!
Huzza! —*Devonshire "Apple Tree Song."*

Curled in a maze of dolls and bricks
I find Miss May, *aetat* six;
Blonde, blue-eyed, rank, capricious,
Absorbed in her first fairy book,
From which she scarce can pause to look,
Because it's "so delicious."—*Austin Dobson.*

Stick to it, If You're Right.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the
way in which his teacher of mathematics taught
him to depend upon himself.

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain,
full of whimpering."

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher,
in a very quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All
explanations and excuses he trod under foot with
utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't
want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would
say.

"I did study it two hours."

"That is nothing to me. I want the lesson. You
may not study it at all, or you may study it ten
hours, just suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned
me. In less than a month I had the most intense
sense of intellectual independence and courage to
defend my recitations.

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in
the midst of a demonstration, 'No!' I hesitated
and then went back to the beginning, and on reach-
ing the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone
of conviction barred my progress.

"The next!' and I sat down in red confusion.

'He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right
on, finished, and as he sat down was rewarded with
'Very well.'

"Why," whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he
did, and you said 'No!''

"Why didn't you say 'yes,' and stick to it?
It is not enough to know your lesson. You must
know that you know it. You have learned nothing
till you are sure. If all the world says "No!" your
business is to say "Yes!" and prove it."—
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