

soul an echo of praise, the very rocks will have tongues to tell the life and death of countless ages, the starry heavens will open to his view infinite space filled with worlds to which his own little universe is but a grain of sand. He will be reminded of the Divine being, who though the creator of the vast universe, yet noteth the sparrow when it falls. His soul will be stirred with emotion unknown to the mere student of books. He will perceive the happiness and the harmony which pervades the creation, and more than all he will learn those fixed morals and physical laws, perfect obedience to which is the ultimate end of every human being.

S. C. ALLEN.

SOME POINTS FOR YOUNG TEACHERS.

DO not assign a lesson for young pupils to prepare in half an hour which, to prepare yourself upon so as to hear it without a book, would require two hours.

Have common sense enough not to expect your pupils to be more thorough in the lesson without a book than you are with the book.

Be just enough not to use a book at a recitation when you do not permit the pupils to do so.

Have a definite, fixed length of time for your recitations, and never overreach it.

If you are forgetful, make a pupil in your class monitor, to tell you when to stop the lesson in time to hear the review, or give the preparatory drill.

Introduce every recitation by reviewing briefly the preceding lesson.

Conduct the recitation with a view to having the pupils realize the few points involved.

Take time, before excusing the class, to recapitulate points made.

Just before assigning the next lesson, give preparatory drills on the coming hard points.

Be sure that the whole lesson has tested the reasoning power, not the memory of your pupils.

Drawing has been adopted as a branch of instruction in all the departments of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, except the Primary, and in this department it will be taught as a matter of course. This is considered by the friends of education in that city a very gratifying step in advance.

OF SCHOOLMASTERS NOW BISHOPS.—Of the famous men of England now living, who were formerly schoolmasters, are the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was master of Rugby the Bishop of London, who was master of Islington School, and the Bishop of Lincoln, who was master of Harrow.

DON.—In the middle ages the professors of the University of Oxford were called "Dominus," or "Don." In the case of the learned professor whose name is known to scholars as "Duns Scotus," the title was of course conferred, and the opprobrious name, "dunce," came into use somewhat on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Hence the common term "dunce."

OXFORD.—The nobleman's gown, and the gold "tuft" on the velvet cap which was formerly worn by peers' sons at Oxford, is now a thing of the past; the "gentleman commoner's" silk gown, too, is all but extinct in the University, and quite extinct at Christ Church, where it formerly prevailed most extensively. Is this a sign of the increasing "liberty, equality, and fraternity" which mark the present age?

SONG OF THE RILL.

BY GEO. S. DURRELIGH.

A Naiad afloat in a pearly boat
Sang clearly, in many a liquid note,
This song of her twittering rill,
And her voice went out till an echoed shout
Came back from the maples that girt her about,
Like a blackbird's earliest trill.

"I am Queen of a sphere that is sweet, that is dear,
O, cool as the shadow, as sunshine clear,—
The haunt of the bird and the bee;
The lilies delight to adorn it with white,
The thrushes to sing me their gayest 'good night'
Till the whippoorwill stuns me with glee.

"Young violets shed from the fringe of my bed
Faint odors as pure as the censer's flame fed
With gums in the temple of God;
And grasses that drink, leaning over my brink,
Grow greener and richer, while shrivel and shrink
The herbs of the midsummer sod.

"The lads and the lasses let loose from their classes
Leave books to the benches and dive through the grasses
That border my beautiful pool,
And out of my reign, to the nerve and the brain
Sun-parched, come vigor and freshness again,
And a bloom through the dust of the school

"The farmer forsakes his tedders and rakes
And knelt at my basin, his fever he slakes,
Deep plunging his lips for a draught;
While maidens and boys, with a jubilant noise,
Chase under my maples their holiday joys,
And drink where the fairies have quaffed.

"Man, maiden, or lad, are you weary or sad?
Where my cup overflows, rest, drink and be glad,
In the gurgle and gush of my song;
Though ye capture no glance with my music and dance,
Ye shall know by the freshness ye catch in my haunts
It is June with me all summer long!"

COMMON THINGS.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

The bee from the clover bloom
Is ready to lift his wings;
I found him gathering honey
Out of the common things.

The bird to the maple bough
The twigs and the stubble brings;
He is building his love a cottage
Out of the common things.

The poet sits by himself—
What do you think he sings?
Nothing! He gets no music
Out of the common things.

—*Scribner's for April.*

Ruskin has endowed a professorship of drawing in an English school, feeling the want of such instruction himself.