

thus far succeed; but is this the sum of the teacher's labors? We remarked, previously, that he must educate morally; but how can he possibly perform this portion of his task if he understands not the first principles of morality? It is not enough that he abstain from the inebriated bowl—from the ball-room, and more noted places of "public dissipation;" his mind must be pure, his heart uncorrupted. "Mind acts upon mind;" no man can mingle in society without partaking, to a certain extent, of the spirit of that society; how much less a little child, so susceptible of every impression, either good or evil. Nor does the injury cease here. "The angle of reflection and incidence are always equal." We have heard it remarked of a "fast" young man, make a school teacher of him for he will never make anything else. Most assuredly if he will never make anything else, he will never make a school teacher. We need not apply to Euclid for a demonstration of this; it is self-evident.

We live in an age of knowledge, improvement and refinement; as the poet has beautifully expressed,

"To be living is sublime."

Theories the most absurd are presented to the world; they are received by some, reflected by others—passing from the stage of public opinion give place to a volley of ideas more Quixotic than they. No time for investigation—a decision is made at once. Man is impatient of the swift flight of thought itself. "This age is proverbial for the velocity of its movements." Nothing is now done with the slothlike pace of former days; mankind rush from one thing to another with unceasing activity; time is too slow to satisfy the aspiring mind.

The world to-day is more intelligent than at any previous time; yet the unceasing cry daily echoes in our ears more talent, more genius. The world is ever moving; but like the locomotive it sometimes moves backward, probably with the same intention to take a fresh start in the advance. If we do not live in an age of infidelity, we live in an age of extreme mental corruption and depravity. Mankind are not christians, they are "practical atheists." I speak in general terms. We need not labor to substantiate this statement, it is admitted by all; but shall we venture to trace it to its first cause. Though we might naturally anticipate a difference of opinion, yet we unhesitatingly say the common school teacher is answerable for much—very much of this grand evil. It is in the school room we receive impressions, imbibe principles for right or wrong. We might by way of apology, speak of the wrongs of the teacher; but it is said that it is woman, oftener than her wrongs, that needs redressing. We think this a parallel case; surrounded by the essence of those living realities shall our profession be left to men of meagre minds? It shall not be. There is a band of men coming up who are determined the profession shall not be neglected or left to men of small abilities and smaller souls,—men who consider the result of the operations of the human organization of less value than the organic machinery in the abstract.

"Truth must fight its way into notice." The establishment of every principle is preceded by a revolution. This is literally true in the world's history. Look at the Egyptian—the British,—the American revolutions; it is also true relevant to the teacher on his humble throne surrounded by his pupils. You all remember the circumstance in a certain neighborhood upon the introduction of grammar in the school. A "gentleman" called to see, I suppose, how they were getting along. His own daughter was called to the stand and requested to conjugate the verb "love"—Potential, "I may or can love." The father did not like it much, but thought he would wait and see how matters stood. "Thou must love," "he must or can love." The father was indignant—the teacher remonstrated: the child proceeded to the past tense: "I might, could, or should love" "Thou might—" The father could endure no longer, fiercely demanded of the child who she loved, and giving the teacher to understand that he was not employed to "love" his daughter or teach her to imitate the holy emblem of Omnipotent goodness. No doubt when that teacher took his little bundle and left the place he was convinced of the truthfulness of the saying "truth must fight its way into notice." The establishment of every principle is preceded by a revolution; but had he possessed the knowledge of human nature, which every teacher should possess, he might have succeeded. In conclusion allow me to draw a picture of the perfect teacher. You look out upon the rising sun, watch him as he progresses, brighter and brighter he grows, until he reaches the summit of his glory. Thus with the teacher, gradually his light increases until the halo of glory encircling himself and all his acts, surpasses the brilliancy of the "Sun of Austerlitz." Again, watch the sun in his downward course; in a little while he sinks from our view; but the virtue of his rays still warm and refresh the earth and prepare it for the rising of another sun. Here we behold the teacher, worn down with care and anxieties; we see him pass from the stage of action. In a little while the green grass covers his frail form. "Though he is dead, yet he lives." His influence still warms the hearts of his pupils. They pass the silent tomb—a sigh heaves the breast—a tear moistens the eye, but they remember that in the morning of the resurrection, he, with all teachers, will assemble in one vast concourse, to meet their pupils and receive their reward.

TRUTH.—A parent may leave an estate to his son, but how soon may it be mortgaged! He may leave him money, but how soon may it be squandered.—Better leave him a sound constitution, habits of industry, an unblemished reputation, a good education, and an inward abhorrence of vice in any shape or form; these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

SIGN OF VANITY.—Scarcely have I over heard or read the introductory phrase—"I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed it.—*Franklin.*

## A SHORT CLERGYMAN.

A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there now lives, and has lived for many years past, a worthy clergyman, a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. — in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice, proclaimed in nasal tones the text:

"Be of good cheer; it is I—be not afraid."

A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused, and turned all sorts of colors.—Many in the general uproar left the church; and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with the sermon, so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came—and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of his audience. The text was announced in due form:

"A little while ye shall see me, and again a little while and ye shall not see me."

In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back, lost his elevated footing and disappeared from his hearers! The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

## SCENE IN A SANCTUM.

Enter a large, strong man, with a long cow-hide in hand.

"Is the editor in?"

"He is."

"You?"

"Yes."

"I have come to settle with you."

"Well, (Editor draws a revolver) go ahead."

"I have taken your paper now about a year—"

"Well" (Capping his pistol.)

"And an article in your last week's paper (Editor cocks the pistol) convinced me that you need—"

"I deny your right to give it—be cautious, sir."

"Give you what?"

"A thrashing."

"Why, no, my dear sir, I came to pay in advance for another year."

The Editor immediately winked.

POWER OF KINDNESS.—No man has ever measured it, for it is boundless; no man ever seen its death, for it is eternal. In all ages of the world, in every clime, among every kind, it hath shone out a beautiful star, a beaming glory.