

The Infant's Death.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with Death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He bears her away.

Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angels are chanting
Their sweet welcome home.
Come, stricken weeper,
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our idol is dead!

Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed for the sky;
Cross her hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest.
Bear out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave-slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

THE two columns devoted to the Educational Department of the *RURAL* are always viewed with great interest by me, and the articles perused with much eagerness, for I expect to find something well worth reading, nor am I often disappointed, unless, perchance, it happens to be blank, i. e., occupied with other matters. My interest, perhaps, in that particular department arises from the fact that I have taught the "young idea."

I well know how to sympathize with those who follow so noble a vocation. Would it not be a good idea for teachers to compare notes occasionally?—give each other's experience in that greatest of all *patience-trying* professions?—for by so doing, not only would we benefit one another, but learn those who have just commenced, or are about to commence teaching, things that would otherwise cost them much trouble and experience.

The great secret of successful teaching, as I have learned it, is in governing a school; and the secret of governing is in beginning right. It wants a combination of traits,—I might say a decided talent, to make a good teacher. First of all we want *firmness*,—it is more efficient than an acre of hazel and birch, *decision*, to determine in a moment what it is best to do under the most extraordinary circumstances,—*confidence*, to carry out our plans, and lay down our rules, especially if they are new ones,—*quick perception*, to tell at a glance how matters stand when trouble is brewing,—*kindness*, so as to fill the minds of the pupils with affection and respect. And, lastly, we should understand human nature, so as to read the disposition of each new customer. Partiality should ever be discarded; it is a monster that will beget trouble whenever it enters within the walls of a school-room. Use every honorable means to beget a laudable spirit of competition, and so regulate it that all will be stimulated, and none

discouraged. Use the rod as little as possible. For my own part, I never use it unless in extreme cases. Let the pupil know that if he obeys the rules, studies hard, and endeavors to do as near right as possible, he will gain the esteem and respect of his teacher, and, in nine cases out of ten, he will try and do his best.

The idea of moving several spheres above the pupils, so as to cause them to think you are better and greater than they, and should therefore be obeyed implicitly, is an erroneous one, and should be discarded at once. After governing the school right, then teaching commences. Teach them, not only by causing them to learn their lessons, but by questions, short lectures, practical illustrations, and interesting stories, and success will surely crown your efforts.

HEBRON BELL.

Out West, 1860.

"YOU ARE A STUPID BLOCK-HEAD!"

Are you sure of that? Is it not just possible that the boy's teacher is the stupid one? Are you quite certain that your questions, or your explanations, are expressed in intelligible language? Don't you talk so rapidly that none but the brightest scholars can follow you? Does not your severity of manner frighten the poor fellow so that he cannot tell what he knows perfectly? Are you not, in your anxiety to make him recite promptly and brilliantly, embarrassing him so that he cannot recite at all? Have you ever done anything to give that boy self-confidence? Have you ever heartily encouraged him, sympathized with him, made him feel that you are his friend? Have you ever earnestly tried to find the avenue to his heart and his head? Say to yourself thoughtfully, "After all am not I the stupid one?"

But grant that the boy is naturally a 'stupid blockhead.' Is that his fault? Had he the making of his own brains? Is it not misfortune enough to have been born a blockhead without your repeatedly reminding him of the disagreeable fact?—Will your statement make him any brighter, or yourself more amiable? Put yourself down in that boy's place. How much better would you feel, how much more clearly would you think, how much more cheerfully would you study, if your teacher were to make a public announcement of your stupidity? Would you not be either utterly discouraged, or righteously indignant? What right, then, have you to outrage that scholar's feelings by your cutting words? If his father were sitting in your school-room, think you that you would utter such harsh words? And have you the thoughtlessness, or the meanness, to use language in the father's absence which you would be ashamed, and would not dare, to use in his presence? Is it not your duty to remember that that boy has sensibilities to be moved, feelings to be respected, as much as you have? And have not his

parents a right to demand that you shall treat him with kindness and patience?—Will you not do away, that you shall treat him with kindness and patience? Will you not do away, then, with all bitter words, assured that they will do no good, but much harm?—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES.

An interesting chapter might be written on the subject of illustrious dunces—dull boys but brilliant men. We have room, however, for only a few instances. Pietro di Cortona, the painter, was thought so stupid that he was nicknamed "Ass Head" when a boy; and Thomas Guini was generally known as "heavy Tom" (*Massoccia Tomassacca*) though by diligence he afterwards raised himself to the highest eminence. Newton when at school stood at the bottom of the lowest form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will and determined also to vanquish his antagonist a scholar, which he did, rising to the top of his class. The well-known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook were boys together at the parish school of St. Andrew's; and they were found so stupid and mischievous, that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

Chatterton was returned to his mother's hands as "a fool of whom nothing could be made." Burns was a dull boy, good only at athletic exercises. Goldsmith spoke of himself as a plant that flowered late. Alfieri left college no wiser than he entered it, and did not begin the studies by which he distinguished himself till he had run over half of Europe. Robert Clive was a dunce, if not a reprobate, when a youth; but always full of energy, even in badness. His family, glad to get rid of him, sent him off to Madras; and he lived to lay the foundation of the British power in India. Napoleon and Wellington were both dull boys, not distinguishing themselves in any way at school. Of the former the Duchess d'Arbantes says: "He had health, but was in other respects like other boys."

BROODING ON ONE THOUGHT.—If you think long and deeply on one subject, it grows in apparent magnitude and weight; if you think of it too long it may grow big enough to exclude the thought of all things besides. If it be an existing and prevalent evil you are thinking of, you may come to fancy that if that one thing were done away, it would be well with the human race: all evil would go with it. I can conceive the progress by which, without man's, without anything worse than the workable unsoundness of the practically sound mind, one might come to think as the man who wrote against stopping thought. For myself, I feel the force of this law so deeply, that there are certain evils of which I am afraid to think much, for fear I should come to be able to think of nothing else and nothing more.—*Fraser's Magazine.*