

graphy: What is a bay? Father's best horse. What is a sound? A thunder clap. What is a strait? Whisky without water. What is a cape? Something to wear on the shoulders. . . . . There is a difference between polish and education. It is easy to polish a stove-pipe, but hard to educate one to fit as it ought to. . . . . "Chairmaness" is the latest development of feminine grammar.

A SCHOOL POST OFFICE.—I had a school once, not graded, where I introduced a post office as the property of the school, and found that it was a valuable incentive to the children to learn to write. My plan was this: I had a small box with a locked door, and a place at the top through which to slip the letters. This box or "P. O." was opened only once a week, and that on Saturday. During the week the children were in the habit of writing as many letters as they pleased and on whatever subject they pleased, but all were addressed to myself as teacher, in order to invest the affair with a certain dignity. Finding the numerous letters for me one Saturday, I carefully made a list of the writers, and before another Saturday came around had answered each and all. Each little correspondent knew he or she would find a letter when the precious "P. O." was opened, and many sweet little missives I received to reward me for all the trouble and care it was to me. Some of them could only print but I accepted them as well, for well I knew how hard they tried to learn. It is proper to say that for this interesting "aside" from the inevitable routine of school life, all the writing was done out of school hours, and only the grand culmination, the opening of the "office," was effected during the session.—*Mary F. Colburn, in New England Journal of Education.*

DRAWING A PART OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.—A liberal education may be described as a clever mixture of what a practical man would call the useful and useless. By the former he would mean those studies which fit a man for success in that part of life which may be called its working day; by the latter, those which during that day will probably lie unused and hidden from sight, like beautiful stars, their light insufficient to enable the laborer to gain the bread that sustains him; but which brighten and glorify his homeward path when his day of

toil is ended. The literary excellence which enabled the school-boy to excel his fellows on commencement-day, may form no part of the ordinance by which he forces from a hard-fisted fate that most necessary of all things, a competency; but the balance at the banker's once obtained, the wealthy man of leisure finds, in his pen a pleasant resource, and has frequently added some of its brightest pages to his country's literature. And what the "making of books" has been to some one of those who have found the burdensome weariness of doing nothing more irksome than the burdensome weariness of doing too much, the arts of drawing and music have been to others. Of these two the former seems to be in some respects the superior, whether we consider its relation to him who practices it, or to those who surround him.

In the first place it is unobtrusive. A grown up family of sons and daughters may object, with some reason on their side, to their father's shattered voice, or to old-fashioned tunes played on his beloved violin. His best efforts in pursuit of harmony may produce only discord by sending a shudder of pain over unstrung nerves and aching head. Drawing or painting being confined strictly to himself, can annoy no one. And, to him, how rapidly pass the otherwise weary hours during which he places upon paper or canvas some conception of his own imagination, or copies the work of a more gifted artist, or depicts in glowing colors nature's handiwork, some lovely view, some gayly-tinted flower, some winged bird or butterfly, some object which time destroys but which his pencil immortalizes. And, to his children, how precious in days to come may be these memorials of his last, well-remembered years. In view of all this, may it not appear, even to those who glory in the thought of being practical men, that the art which seemed almost puerile in the boy's education becomes, in his later manhood, of the very highest importance; preserving him from the most wearing of all occupations "killing time."

As a motive-giver, drawing is in some points superior to music. They both find their votaries in the quiet of home. But music frequently takes them from home to scenes of lightness and folly which are opposed to the highest culture of mind and