

varying demands of the moment. Of course such liberty is safely granted only to good teachers; but can an elaborate course of study get satisfactory results from poor teachers? A fine school-building is well, but brains are better than bricks. A course of study may be metaphysically perfect, but only true men and women can make true men and women of pupils.

THE CENTENNIAL.

We give the hymn by Whittier, that was set to music by John K. Paine and sung with magnificent effect at the opening exercises.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that work of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and fallen chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unavailing all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use
We thank Thee, while, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold
The manhood never bought nor sold.

O! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
The door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window-panes
And low eaves' icy fretting;

It touched the golden, tangled curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing—
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, because they love him.