

His Astonishment Grew.

They taught her both Latin and German, then Greek,
And science and physics profound.
Why, the girl really knew, before she could speak,
The world was most certainly round.

She sang like a bird, she could play like the wind;
She danced, she could ride, she could row.
It was rumored there was not a thing on the earth
Of which she was ignorant: so

When he wrote her a note, saying, "I would be pleased
On Wednesday to call once again,"
His astonishment grew at this word he received,
(It cost him the deepest of pain):

"Miss Blank regrets her engagements is such she
will be unable to receive Mr. Gray on Wednesday, but
will be delighted to have him call on the day following."

Trials of a Beginner.

Why don't some of the teachers tell us of their trials outside of the schoolroom, also some laughable incidents? And why don't they confess their early failures and let us know that our schools are no worse than some of theirs were? When I began to teach in the country, I knew my pupils would learn if they would only "behave," and I have spent several years in finding out what will make them "behave."

It is hard to go into a strange neighborhood and quickly gain the confidence of strangers, but, after I gained the respect of the parents, I had no trouble with the children. Perhaps it is with other young teachers as it was with me, I dared not confess any trouble I had at school at my boarding-place, or it flew quickly over the neighborhood and the children heard how nearly they had conquered.

And I wonder if others have had the same "big boy"—not the biggest in the school, but taller than the teacher—who was always respectful, but who was naturally restless and kept his part of the room out of order?

I believe the teacher's social work outside of school hours determines her control of the school. Take an active interest in the affairs of the neighborhood and the place will not seem so dull. — *The Popular Educator*.

READING.—Ideally, in oral reading, the position is perfect and strengthening, the articulation is correct and distinct, the head erect, the lungs have full play, the body responds easily and gracefully to the changing sentiment, the whole physical being is dominated and swayed by intelligence, imagination and the highest emotions. In itself this is a health-giving and uplifting exercise. — *F. S. G.*

Spring Lessons.

The joyous spring is come again; the moth flutters its feeble wings, and leaves its deserted winter home, the catkins hang their grey, yellow, and red fringes forth to the breeze, and happy children bring in the treasures of the woodland to adorn their teacher's desk. Every schoolroom window sill, we hope, is like our own, full of boxes and pots of plants and seeds, and every school blackboard is blooming with trillium, hepatica, marsh-marigold, and trailing arbutus. On our wall hangs a large-leaved calendar, on which are the records of observations of weather, birds, insects, and plants, made by the children since the first of March; the observations, which, by the way, are very numerous on Saturdays and Sundays, are written around the dates on which the observation was made, as, "First robin seen by J. H.," written on March 10th. We have kept our eyes upon the budding trees, and have noticed that the chestnuts buds are sticky," and further on have seen the bud-wrappings unclose and the taper fingers of the leaf peep out of its winter glove, so softly lined. To-day we have seen the branches "that just begin to feather with their leaves," this time next week the chestnut will have all its tassels hanging greenly in at our windows. What grander lesson can we teach our pupils than the charming story of spring's renewals, so like the mystery of life after death! What care has been taken, ever since the last withered leaf fell from the tree, that there should be the myriad leaves of to-day ready to greet the May-day! No fairy tale can interest and charm like this story of the awakening of the flowers. And what a power we give pupils, when we lead them into enjoying the everyday beauties of the world.

"I take the land to my breast,
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me are the hills in their best,
And all that's made is mine."

"I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught me to read—
He lent me the world for a book."

To this end, the wise teacher will use the material so lavishly brought to her these spring days, and teach the children lessons whose value they can have no estimate of. Besides the botany, simple as given in the Reader, "The Flower" being the lesson taken, a search may be instituted for references to springtime and its beauties. The Readers having been searched, other books of poetry may be examined. Tennyson, Longfellow, Moore, Burns, and any others convenient to get may be searched, the children writing out or memorizing the extracts they find. It is wonderful how interest is shown in such a search, by the parents as well as the children. Wordsworth gives us some rare flower notes, truthful to nature. * * Longfellow is especially attentive to the growing flowers, noting them with true poet's eyes and tongue. His "Birds of Killingworth" makes a fine reading for an Arbor Day celebration, also "Flowers," "An April