

I saw a painter turn his eye
 To heaven's blue dome and radiant
 spheres,
 To fleeting clouds and mountains high,
 With promise of immortal years ;
 He touched the canvas, and it glowed
 With visions of enchanting dreams,
 While glorious o'er the picture flowed :
 His soul's desire in rapturous streams ;
 The color faded, and the pencil lay
 Still as the painter who had passed away.

I saw a weaver at his loom,
 With warp and woof of strange design ;
 He made the threads in flowers bloom,
 And painted with a hand divine ;
 The web was crossed with golden threads,
 The gems were radiant with the sun,
 And beauty such as genius sheds,
 Bathed in the picture as he spun ;
 The shuttle trembled, and at last stood still,
 While other hands the waiting picture fill.

I saw a TEACHER building slow,
 Day after day as passed the year,
 And saw a spirit-temple grow
 With fear, and hope, and often tears ;
 A mystic palace of the soul,
 Where reigned a monarch half-divine !
 And love and light, illumed the whole,
 And made its hall, with radiance shine.

I saw a TEACHER take a child,
 Friendless, and weak, and all alone,
 With tender years, but passions wild,
 And work as on a priceless throne ;
 Out of the rude and shapeless thing,
 With love, and toil, and patient care,
 I saw her blest ideal spring—
 An image pure and passing fair.

Upon a canvas ne'er to fade
 I saw her paint with matchless art,
 Pictures that angels might have made
 Upon a young and tender heart ;
 And growing deeper for the years,
 And flowing brighter for the day,
 They ripened for the radiant spheres,
 Where beauty ne'er shall pass away.

TEACHER ! FAREWELL ! For all thy care
 We long shall love the cherished name
 For all thy toil we give a prayer,
 For all thy love we give the same ;
 Farewell ! Be thine the happy years,
 And thine the Hope, and Faith, and

Trust ;
 That when the dawn of Heaven appears,
 Thy crown may shine with all the just.

—W. O. Bourne, in *N. Y. School Journal*.

—Education and health should never be separated — or rather they ought to be considered in connection with each other ; and the duties of life can not be perfectly performed unless the physical and intellectual health and culture are united. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. These principles are acknowledged by all who are qualified to consider the subject, and must ultimately be acted upon, but the reform is slow. The State Medical Society of Rhode Island lately took action in the matter, and published a number of resolutions calling for various changes and improvements. That physical culture and gymnastics should be part of the school system. That 300 cubic feet space and 25 square feet of floor are required for each pupil. That the same position should not be maintained more than half an hour. That children under seven should be prohibited. That for those over twelve, four hours a day of mental exertion is enough. That undue emulation and study in school ought to be repressed, and that the half-time system should be generally introduced. Some of these suggestions are calculated to cause a revolution in the teaching business, but there is no doubt that when the body and mind are both fresh and strong as much work can be done and better done, in half the time occupied in a humdrum, apathetic fashion.—*Orillia Packet*.

PEDANTRY.—As pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathize, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamblers, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occupation, are quite as guilty as scholars ; but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry, while scholars have both the vice and the name for it, too.—SIDNEY SMITH.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—As the matter now stands, the time of women is considered as worth nothing at all. Daughters are kept to occupations in sewing, patching, mantua-making, and mending, by which it is impossible they can earn tenpence a day. They are kept with nimble fingers and

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