

tive, and our whole school fabric is jeopardized by the heaping on to the already overtaxed brain of the scholar. I am told that the Board of Education of this city are now agitating the expediency of introducing new studies, each of which demands a new text-book, numbering in all, I think, twenty-one; thus inundating the already well-filled vessel of scholastic ability.

Many young teachers, who have had little or no experience, commit great errors in bringing into play the simple cultivation of the memory. It sounds well, and makes a fine impression on the mind of the visitor, who hears a child recite page after page from some text-book; but what is the ultimate effect upon the child? Is his imagination quickened; his thought matured; his power to arrange and conceive truth strengthened? Is a desire for investigation awakened; in short, has he learned to think? I think not. He simply handles the key of knowledge, but with it makes no attempt to unlock the mystic door and draw therefrom new ideas and original thought. This kind of education can but result in failure of the direst kind, and for this reason I would not advocate too free a use of the text-book. But this increases the teacher's labors and

renders her work twice as arduous, you say. Yes, this is so; but as teachers we are unfitted for the vocation we have chosen if we are not willing to unveil the image which shall fill the childish mind with delight, and inspire in it a lively sense of its vast capabilities. It is our business to light the torch and guide the way to worlds teeming with all that is beautiful and grand; not only paving the way with flowery beauty, but also resting awhile by the boulders of stern fact, thus constantly opening to the mind of the child new and varied truths, which shall be the stepping stones to a future replete with longings for more light! more knowledge! Discover the secret art of the spontaneous play-life, ever active, ever happy, ever inventive, of children in their own little world of daily pastime. Capture it, harness it to school work, and in the tenderness of our spirit sympathies, be a child with them, older in knowledge but as young in heart. That, I believe is the divine way of help. Oh! that we could fully realize what we have in our hands to do, and do it with our best strength, and thus accomplish our labors which are freighted with God-given accountability.—*Mary E. Hoffman, in Chicago Teacher.*

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S GUESTS.

A FARM LEGEND.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

The district school-master was sitting behind his great book-laden desk, Close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay and grotesque.

As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's brisk breezes have come, His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-smothered hum;

Like the frequent sharp bang of a waggon, when treading a forest path o'er, Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their heels struck the floor.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face was withstanding a drought, And Jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new moon for a mouth;

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they bore names that could bloom, And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young knave in the room,

With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his honest eyes fixed on a pin, Queer-bent on a deeply laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkin's chin.