

QUOTATIONS.

September.

Now without grief the golden days go by,
 So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
 And like a smile, half happy, or a sigh,
 The summer passes to her quiet end;
 And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
 Thy frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
 And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall rise,
 October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—Archibald Lampman.

Wild with the winds of September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with
 the angel.

—Longfellow.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end.—Shakspeare.

The past and the future are shadows,
 But the present is ours for aye,
 To us it is given to build our heaven
 In the kingdom of today. —J. A. Edgerton.

Though our bark is not too steady,
 And our compass sometimes errs,
 Never let the sail be slackened—
 Storms make skilful mariners.

The most heavenly poems the world e'er knew
 Never were written by pen,
 But were sung in the hearts and deeds of those
 Who live for their fellow-men.—Letitia Goston

Tomorrow hath a rare, alluring sound;
 Today is very prose; and yet the twain
 Are but one vision seen through altered eyes.
 Our dreams inhabit one; our stress and pain
 Surge through the other. Heaven is but today
 Made lovely with tomorrow's face, for aye.

—Richard Burton.

Drink slowly; sip life's varied cup,
 And taste it as you go.
 The daintiest half of all they sup
 The hasty never know.

—Emma G. Curtis, in *September Century*.

In soft September night, when all the woods were sleeping,
 From North, with silent tread, a royal herald came
 With torch of frost-fire, through the forest creeping,
 And lo, this morn, on every hill, the Sumachs are aflame.

—Beatrice Williams, in *September Canadian Magazine*.

He hides among the rushes tall, he hurries through the
 grass,
 He knows the birds and nodding flowers, and all the winds
 that pass;

He runs across the daisy fields, I cannot make him stay,
 Then down the hill, beneath the bridge, across the white
 highway.

He whispers to the tasseled grass and airy butterflies,
 The far-off stars look down on him, the arching summer
 skies;

He lives outdoors in sun and rain, and happy he must
 be,

My merry friend, the singing brook, so brown, so wild,
 and free.

—Alix Thorn, in *September St Nicholas*.

Concerning Discipline.

Prevention of the wrong-doing is better than pun-
 ishment of the wrong done.

Exercise great care in taking a stand, that you
 may have no occasion to retreat.

Fault-finding is not calculated to cure a fault.

Distrust in the teacher breeds deceit in the pupil.

A child properly employed is easily controlled.

Obedience won is far better than obedience com-
 pelled.

Absolute self-control on the part of the teacher
 is a necessary pre-requisite to proper control of
 the pupils.

A class that will work well by itself is well
 managed.

An orderly changing of places between lessons
 signifies much regarding a teacher's control over
 a class.

If children push or crowd in the file, there is
 weakness somewhere.

If the teacher has to talk much about order, there
 can be no good order.

Public sentiment in school can alone secure per-
 fect discipline, and it requires a great teacher to
 discipline through public sentiment.

Make no threats.

Be firm.

Be kind.

Be patient.

Be pleasant.

Be self-contained.

Be as perfect as you ask your pupils to be.

A Scottish lawyer recently conducted in court
 the cross-examination of a lady teacher, and found
 to his dismay that she was far too smart for him.
 At last he said: "Really, Miss Dash, you are very
 clever." The lady sweetly replied: "I am sorry I
 am on oath or I might return the compliment."