

SCHOOL STATISTICS.

'Twas Saturday night, and the teacher sat
 Alone, her task pursuing ;
 She averaged this and she averaged that
 Of all her class were doing.
 She reckoned percentage, so many boys,
 And so many girls all counted,
 And marked all the tardy and absentees,
 And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residence wrote in full,
 Over many columns and pages ;
 Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt.
 And averaged all their ages,
 The date of admission of every one,
 And cases of flagellation,
 And prepared a list of the graduates
 For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
 And her weary heart still lower.
 For some of her pupils had little brain,
 And she could not furnish more.
 She slept, she dreamed ; it seemed she died,
 And her spirit went to Hades,
 And they met her there with a question fair,
 "State what the per cent of your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,
 Leaving but partial traces,
 And the teacher's spirit walked one day
 In the old familiar places.
 A mound of fossilized school reports
 Attracted her observation,
 As high as the State House dome, and as wide
 As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they'd buried her
 bones
 And the ground was well built over,
 But labourers digging threw out a skull
 Once planted beneath the clover.
 A disciple of Galen wandering by,
 Paused to look at the diggers,
 And plucking the skull up, looked through
 the eye,
 And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.,
 "How easy it is to kill 'em,"
 Statistics ossified every fold
 Of cerebrum and cerebellum ;
 "Its a great curiosity, sure," said Pat,
 "By the bones can you tell the creature?"
 "Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that
 Was a nineteenth century teacher."

CLIPPINGS.

The pupil must himself realize every rule which the master gives him. Action is the real teacher. Instruction does not prevent waste of time and mistakes; and the mistakes themselves are often the best teacher of all.

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boating than to study: "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay," replied the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would find out how I spell."

A shrewd Wisconsin teacher had "a general information class" last year, whose exercises consisted merely

of half-an-hour's reading and discussion of the daily newspaper. It is said that the plan worked admirably. The pupils were kept well informed in current affairs, and showed a greater proficiency in ordinary studies after the class was organized. This is worth trying in all schools where there is time for it.

Here is a new receipt for making a blackboard mixture which is said to work well and costs but little: Extract of logwood one-half pound, dissolved in five gallons of hot water; and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bichromate of potash; strain and bottle. Of this consistency, it is adapted for writing fluid. Less water should be used for blackboards. Apply with cloth to smooth, white wood.