

Seven Times One.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven
I've said my "seven times" over and over —
Seven times one are seven.

I am old — so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always — they know no better —
They are only one times one.

O Moon; in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright — ah, bright! but your light is failing —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You, Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O, velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O, brave marshmary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O, columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O, cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one today.

—Jean Ingelow.

How Many Hairs on a Rat's Tail?

When Prof. P. G. Holden was a college student he taught a class in summer. The following story from *The World's Work* illustrates how he stimulated his scholars to form a habit of observing:

One day he asked his class, "How many hairs are there on a rat's tail?"

One child said ten, another said fifty, a third said a hundred. No one knew.

"How can you find out?"

"Look in the dictionary," said one.

Finally a boy held up his hand and said, "Teacher, I'll catch a rat and see."

"That's the only way," said Professor Holden.

That night there was a general rat hunt in the Michigan village, and the next day every child shamefacedly reported that there were no hairs on a rat's tail.—*The Young Idea*.

The Schoolmaster's Prayer.

Lord, deliver the laddies before Thee from lying, cheating, cowardice and laziness which are as the devil. Be pleased to put common sense in their hearts, and give them grace to be honest men all the days of their life.—*Ian Maclaren*.

September Nevers.

Never say you hate to come back to school.

Never say how smart your last class was.

Never antagonize any pupil.

Never yawn as though you were tired out before the year's work begins.

Never fret about the year's work. Each day will bring cares enough.

Do not use up all the reserve energy the first week.

Do not sit up late nights.

Never nag any child.

Never fail to get enough outdoor life for your health after a vacation of outdoor life.

Never form prejudices as regards the children or the teachers.

Be positive.

Be helpful to children and other teachers.

Be healthy and hearty.

Be wide awake.

Be courageous.

Be in love with the town, with the school, with the teachers, and with the children.

Praise whatever is deserving.

Speak a good word for the work which the teacher did for the class last year.

Be patient with mischievous boys and giddy girls.—*Modern Methods*.

Tell me all the good you can about the people that you know. Tell me only the good about the people of whom you speak. Tell me the things which will make me think well of people and of life. Tell me the things which will make my sun shine, my heart glad, and my soul to rejoice. Tell me the things which will straighten up my thinking, and give me the right principles of work and of play and of thought. Tell me the things which will make me ashamed of compromise and pretense.—*Edward F. Reimer*.

I care not whether a man is called a tutor, an instructor, or a full professor; nor whether any academic degrees adorn his name; nor how many facts or symbols of facts he has stored away in his brain. If he has these four powers: clear sight, quick imagination, sound reason, and right, strong will, I can call him an educated man, and fit to be a teacher.—*Henry Van Dyke*.