

THE DYING GIRL'S DREAM.

"Yester e'en, as I lay sleeping,
 When you thought that I would die,
 And when all around were weeping,
 As you said, sister, dear;
 I felt come o'er me stealing,
 A wild, mysterious feeling,
 And a voice, as from the ceiling,
 Calling, 'Alice, come away!'
 Then an angel quick descended,
 A seraph wondrous fair,
 And with him I ascended,
 Swiftly, sweetly, through the air,
 While he bore me like a treasure,
 High above the vault of azure,
 Till we entered the embrasure,
 In the battlements of heaven.
 Then with new sight to me given,
 There we stayed a moment, gazing
 Down upon the universe!
 Where a thousand 'suns were blazing,
 And in their circling course,
 The planets bright were trooping,
 With rainbows o'er them drooping,
 And moons around them grouping,
 Robed in their silver sheen.
 Surely grandeur so amazing,
 Ne'er by mortal eye was seen!
 Oh, the glory of creation,
 I never felt till then;
 And the value of salvation,
 That Christ had died for men.
 For this world seemed, I remember,
 Like a dim and mouldering ember,

Mid insufferable splendor,
 That no words of mine can render,
 And the myriad, myriad stars.
 Then I saw the Blessed One,
 Seated on a pearly throne,
 And I heard the seraph chorus,
 Praise the Father and the Lamb,
 And the anthem billow'd o'er us,
 'Glory to his kingly name,
 Who for rebels stooped to die,'
 Forever, and forever.
 It ceased a moment never,
 But echoed ever, ever,
 Through the mansions of the sky.
 Then the King said, 'Alice, Alice!
 You must come and dwell with me;
 You must drink the bitter chalice,
 You must pass the dreaded sea.
 Do not fear the Anguish-giver,
 But one arrow from his quiver,
 And you'll dwell with me forever,
 With the blest of earth for aye!'

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Hark! the angels *now* are singing;
 Look! I see their pinions white;
 Downward, downward they are winging
 In a flood of golden light!
 So farewell my darling sister!"
 Alice sighed in faint delight.
 Sadly Mary stooped and kissed her.
 Ere the spirit took its flight.

S.

SCHOLASTIC.

Extracts from an Essay read by Mr.

D. MORRISON, Teacher of the Carleton Superior School, before the Saint John Teachers' Institute.

GEOGRAPHY IN COMMON SCHOOLS, is really a most important matter. In its treatment, we must consider, not only the subject, but the persons to whom it is presented. They are children, whose only language is the language of the nursery; whose mothers, perhaps, have done little towards developing their mental energies, and delegated the task to servants, sometimes ignorant, often vicious. A child thus nurtured, has very great difficulties to overcome. He must learn a language entirely new; he must use strange words, which he never heard

before, and of whose meaning he is profoundly ignorant. He must repeat long lessons of this, to him, unmeaning jargon; and he is too often punished if he cannot do it. While he is preparing his lessons at home, probably his parents, even if they are willing, are unable to afford him any assistance, and yet the awful morrow draws on apace, which is sure to bring with it mental and physical affliction.

Now these things have a most dangerous influence upon the intellect of a child. How often the germ of a noble and generous mind is thus crushed in embryo, and a child who, under other treatment, would have grown up to be an ornament to society, and a comfort to his parents, is disheartened and discouraged, and in dis-