

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor; "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call my attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we have passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked, "for the dog does not need to be reminded."

The conductor laughed, and I wondered, as he walked away, who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year 'round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell the time by the clock."

The Joy of Hard Work.

Give your scholars hard work and encourage them to do it. Even the dull ones will catch something of the enthusiasm and bravely make an effort to win your approval. Never set hopeless tasks but gradually lead up to harder and harder work as the year advances. One of the best ways to teach pupils to think quickly is the simple drill in mental arithmetic two or three times daily, calling on one and another for the answer rather than having them give it in concert. There is nothing so apt to clear the cobwebs from the childish brains as a quick test in adding or subtracting and the boys and girls really love the brisk work.

Five minute lessons on tablet or blackboard in geography are much enjoyed too. Have each pupil write capital and largest city at the top of two columns and then rapidly read the names of countries to them. Give ample time to write each word carefully and correctly but none to look about them to see what others are doing. In this way a large number of children can be at the board at once and most children enjoy putting their work where all can see.

There is really no end to the mental stimulants that may be given if one is alive to the pleasure to be derived from hard work. "Work while you work," is the only motto for the schoolroom. A young girl told me that once her teacher handed her a problem with the remark, "Here is one you may try but you won't get it. I worked a week on it myself before I solved it." She barely took time to eat and

sleep and at the end of four days was ready with a faultless solution. That lesson helped her all through life and still inspires her in the face of almost unsurmountable difficulties.—*Selected from the Educational Gazette.*

The Battle Hymn of the Reformation.

The world knows Martin Luther as a reformer; comparatively few know him as a musician and hymnologist, writes Allan Sutherland in the August *Delineator*. Luther wrote some thirty-seven hymns and Psalm revisions, and these have been translated into many languages. His masterpiece, however, was "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," the great battle-hymn of the Reformation, which is as dear to the German heart as the Fatherland itself, each being inseparably associated with the other. It is said that this hymn accomplished as much for the Reformation as did the translation of the Bible. D'Aubigne says that "it was sung in all the churches of Saxony, and its energetic strains often revived and inspirited the most dejected hearts." It was sung at Luther's funeral, and its first line is carved on his tomb. It was first published about 1527, and has been translated at least eighty times, doubtless the most accurate being the version of Thomas Carlyle. That of Dr. Frederick Henry Hedge, beginning "A mighty fortress is our God," is the most popular in use in this country. Kostlin has well written: "This hymn is Luther in song. It is pitched in the very key of the man—rugged and majestic, trustful in God, and confident, speaking out to the powers of the earth and under the earth, an all-conquering conviction of divine vocation and empowerment." The world has many sacred songs of exquisite tenderness and unalterable trust, but this one of Luther's is matchless in its warlike tone, its rugged strength, and its inspiring ring.

An English newspaper says that a schoolmaster was in the habit of punishing scholars who came late to school in the morning by keeping them in in the afternoon. One who was five minutes late was kept in ten minutes, and so on in proportion. One morning it chanced that the schoolmaster was half an hour late, and a smart boy among his pupils was not slow to remind him of the fact. "I'm very sorry for being late—boys," said the schoolmaster, with a twinkle in his eye; "and, as I punish you, it's only fair that you in turn should me; so you will all stay and keep me in for an hour this afternoon."