

heard. "What a succession of beautiful pictures," exclaimed one very little girl rapturously. The pupils held their breath as Mr. Alcott read :

"But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?"

When he ceased reading the verse, he waited a moment and then said, "was that a thought of life?" "No, a thought of death," said several.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,"—

"How is that?" asked the teacher. After a pause, one of the more intelligent boys, eight years old, said he could not imagine. The two oldest girls said they understood it, but could not explain it in words. "Do you understand it?" said Mr. Alcott to a little boy of five, who was holding up his hand. "Yes, sir." "Well what does it mean?" "Why, you know," said the little fellow, very deliberately, "that for all that our life seems so long to us, it is a very short time to God." This was not an unusual occurrence. Every day the exercises were carried on in the same way, and the most interesting things were developed. Great latitude of expression was encouraged and pains were taken to make the pupils speak out without hesitancy or fear. Mr. Alcott made conscience a study. The general conscience of a school, he was often heard to declare, was the highest aim. The soul, when nearest infancy, was the purest, the noblest, the truest and the most moral. The very artlessness which children possessed led them to express their convictions, their strongest impressions. The moral judgments of the majority, urged the teacher, would be higher than their conduct, and the few whose conduct was more in proportion to their moral judgment, would