

Teachers who hold certificates and are not University graduates? There is none of this exclusiveness in the medical or legal profession, and why should it be in the case of the Public School Teacher?

If teachers are to be represented in the Council of Public Instruction I would say let that representation be universal to all who have been for a prescribed number of years engaged in the profession, and are therefore likely to make their employment a permanency, and I think I am safe in saying that there are many Public School Teachers in the Province of

Ontario who do not hold first class Provincial certificates, but at the same are not void of intelligence, and are fully competent to form opinions and suggest improvements relative to the School law and its workings, in which all, apart from classification, have a common and united interest.

I am, Sir,

Yours Respectfully,

A PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER.

February, 19th, 1873.

### SELECT POETRY.

#### TO THE TEACHER.

Toil, teacher toil;  
Prepare the soil;

Go forth to sow the precious seed,  
To pluck up noxious plant and weed:  
Toil teacher, toil.

Pray, teacher, pray,  
Ask God to-day  
To fill thy soul with grace and might,  
That thou may'st do and teach the right:  
Pray, teacher, pray.

Hope, teacher, hope:  
The promise take—  
Faint not and thou shalt surely reap  
In season due. Bear trials well;  
Let each day's work thy patience tell:  
Hope, teacher, hope.

On, teacher, on;  
The joy be thine,  
Rightly to instruct from day to day,  
To lead one mind in wisdom's way—

The bliss will all thy care repay  
On, teacher, on.

#### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,  
As an angel dream passed o'er him.  
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone  
With many a sharp incision:  
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—  
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand  
With our soul uncarved, before us;  
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,  
Our life-dream passes o'er us.  
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision.