

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

"I LOVE, YOU LOVE."

Old Jones, the village pedagogue,
The grammar lesson called one day.
Young Bess, a maid of sweet sixteen,
Began the well known words to say.
"First person, I love," first she said.
Sly Tom, beside her, whispered, "Me?"
"Second person, you love," Bess went on.
"Ay, that I do!" said Tom—"love thee?"

"Third person, he loves," still said Bess.
Tom whispers, "Who is 'he'?"
"Oh, 'Tom'!" said Bess, pleading low,
"Do hold your peace, and let me be."
"No whispering!" calls the master, loud,
And frowns upon the forward youth.
"First person, we love," Bessie said.
"By George!" Tom whispered, "that's the
truth!"

The lesson o'er at last, Poor Bess,
With cheeks all crimson, took her seat.
While Tom, sly fellow, tried in vain
The maiden's soft blue eyes to meet.
But when the recess hour was come,
Tom begged a walk with coaxing tone,
And 'neath the trees Bess said again
The lesson o'er—for him alone.

—Harper's Bazar

A HOUSE TO BUILD.

I have a wondrous house to build,
A dwelling humble yet divine;
A lowly cottage to be filled
With all the jewels of the mine.
How shall I build it fair and strong?
This noble house, this lodging rare,
So small and modest, yet so great;
How shall I fill its chambers bare
With use, with ornament, with state?

My God hath given the stone and clay,
'Tis I must fashion them aright;
'Tis I must mould them day by day,
And make my labor my delight.

This cot, this palace, this fair home,
This pleasure-house, this holy dome,
Must be in all proportions fit,
That heavenly messengers may come
To lodge with him who tenants it.

Such is the house that I must build;
This is the cottage, this the home,
And this the palace, treasure-filled,
For an immortal's earthly home.
O noble work of toil and care,
O task most difficult and rare,
O simple but most arduous plan,
To raise a dwelling-place so fair,
The sanctuary of a Man!

The pupil must himself realize every rule which the master gives him. Action is the real teacher. Instruction does not prevent waste of time and mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teacher of all.

Here is a new receipt for making a blackboard mixture, which is said to work well and costs but little: Extract of log-wood one-half pound, dissolved in five gallons of hot water; and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bichromate of potash; strain and bottle. Of this consistency, it is adapted for writing fluid. Less water should be used for blackboards. Apply with cloth to smooth, white wood.

A TRIBUTE.—There is a name sacred to every lover of our profession, that of David Perkins Page. A man who had sentiments high and holy, and who understood the mighty responsibilities of his labor. He worked as very few men have worked, and, like a valiant soldier, died in the harness. Though dead he yet operates through a multitude of noble men and women whose characters he moulded. He left a grand dissertation on his profession which has brought scores of teachers through their difficulties to be princes of their calling. Every teacher should read