

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling bird, the whirring bee;
Interpret right, and ye will find
That "power and glory" they proclaim—
The chimera, the creature, waters, wind,
All publish, "Hallowed be Thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds
To gain the star of his desires;
The hermit pores above his beads,
With zeal that never wanes nor tires,
But holiest rite or longest prayer
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear
Than "Father! hallowed be Thy name!"

The savage, kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The Moslem, prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in "Hallowed be Thy name!"

Whatever may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the bloomy mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill,
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing tells the same—
The strains may differ; but the theme
Is "Father! hallowed be Thy name!"

MY TEACHER'S PRAYER.

It was morning in winter. The wind moaned and shrieked around our dwellings, swept the slender arms of the shade-trees fiercely against our windows, and whirling and tossing the fast-falling snow-flakes, finally piled them in huge drifts at our very doors. I sat by my study window and gazed without upon the storm, whose bitter wailings seemed to be in perfect unison with my own thoughts and feelings. Yes, a more furious storm, a wilder conflict, was raging within my breast,—a school-mate had that morning uttered sharp, provoking words, I had retorted, the pool of passion had been stirred, and its angry waves were dashing fearfully against the chambers of my soul.

Presently, above the roar of the elements, sounded the academy bell. I threw on bonnet and shawl, and seizing my books, rushed hastily forth into the blinding storm, unmindful of its fury. I entered the school-room and took my seat moody and silent. Every thing there wore a cheerful and happy look; a bright fire diffused a comfortable degree of warmth through the room. Our kind teacher sat at her desk smiling and affable, and merry school-mates were grouped together, complimenting each other on their fleecy appearance, retelling the last bit of village gossip, or listening attentively to the recital of school-girl's secrets.

Soon we were summoned to attend the chapel exercises. I entered with the rest and took my usual seat. After a few preliminary remarks our beloved professor opened the "Book of Books," and read aloud from its holy pages. He was an old man, his head was crowned with the snows of age, and his voice possessed a richness of tone, a depth of feeling,

which I have seldom heard equalled,—never surpassed. And now, as he read the words of "Holy Writ," they seemed invested with a deeper sanctity, and fell upon my heart with a soothing, tranquilizing power, like "oil upon the troubled waters." He closed the book and bowed his head in prayer. He prayed for us—the company of youth then and there assembled,—that we might walk in the paths of wisdom and holiness, in the footsteps of Him who was "meek and lowly of heart,"—that we might dwell together in "brotherly unity," and if any was harboring ought against his fellow, he might be led to forgive as he would be forgiven. When he closed, tears, burning penitential tears, were falling through my clasped fingers. My anger was gone. That prayer was as the "still small voice" of the SAVIOUR, saying "Peace, be still." And there was a calm.

Not many years have passed since then, but I trust many will pass ere the memory of that prayer, and the impression which it made, be effaced from my mind. My teacher still lives,—still takes his accustomed seat in the school-room,—still offers the morning prayer, "holy, acceptable unto God." May his labors be abundantly blessed,—may his prayers reach the hearts of his erring students,—and when he shall have finished his earth-work,—when his last prayer shall have ascended to the throne of the Most High,—may he receive as an answer the welcome plaudit,—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD." JESSIE JUNE.

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OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

The common school gives the key of knowledge to the mass of the people. I think it may with truth be said that the branches of knowledge taught therein, when taught in a finished, masterly manner,—reading, in which I include the spelling of our language; a firm, slightly, legible handwriting, and the elemental rules of arithmetic,—are of greater value than all the rest which is taught now-a-days at school. I am far from saying that nothing else can be taught at our district schools; but the young person who brings these from school, can himself, in his winter evenings, range over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain,—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence which, like a moral life, pervades the country. From the humblest village school there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt,—with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets,—with Franklin, grasp the lightning.—EDWARD EVANS.

FIRMNESS AND DECISION.

Is firmness a quality indispensable to the teacher? Before we answer this question fully, let us look around us and see what effect this trait of character, or its opposite, has upon others.

In the common walks of life we behold the merchant, the mechanic, the professional man, busily engaged in their different pursuits, prosecuting with vigor, energy and enterprise their daily avocations. Yet even among these we observe that some excel and become noted for their business capacities, while others remain in comparative obscurity.

But, is the cause less apparent than the effect? Behold the merchant who habitually cheats and deceives his customers,—is it a wonder to you that he meets with ill success in life? The farmer who makes believe at farming,—only does it by halves,—the carpenter who slights his work to save time,—the doctor who deceives his patient, although almost at the point of death,—should these meet with success, even though they could excel? Certainly not. They are wanting in principle, they fail in firmness and decision of character, they care not to stand up for the right, but heedlessly adopt the wrong.

Is not this effect produced by the same cause among us teachers? Look not at the teacher who hesitates in the path of duty,—whose brow with many cares grows fretted, and who is upon the point of violating some rule of right. As a well-read book, so the children read his countenance,—every gesture, every word, every look, are carefully watched, and woe be to that man who hath not his members in subjection. Need we then ask, are firmness of principle and decision of character indispensable qualifications of the teacher? Try well, Oh, Teacher, the gifts God has given thee,—ascertain whether or not thou art lacking here, for he who attempts to teach without these, leans upon a broken staff, which shall deceive him in the hour of trouble,—which shall pierce his hand, and be to him a source of distress.

But mark, do not imagine that when we talk of firmness, we mean obstinacy,—far be it from us to recommend such a trait. The obstinate person sticks to his theory, or favorite idea, in face of right and wrong,—even when he knows he is wrong, still clings to it with the tenacity of a parasite. How foolish, how detestable such a mind. Nor would we be understood to recommend that humility which causes its possessor to be trampled upon and underrated by his pupils,—this, indeed, is not humility, but unworthy self-abasement, which we confess to be as dangerous as its extreme.

Choose, then, a happy mean,—a mean which is neither found in stern obstinacy, nor in weak humility, but which lies in that firmness which lays its hands upon both. To speak in plainer words, let us remark, 1st, Have few rules, but have them well observed; 2d, Never uphold a rule which you know to be wrong in its principle; 3d, Never give up a good rule simply because your pupils so desire.