

characterized the children in their relations to those whom God had placed over them in their own homes? In those days, under the direction of parental authority, children kept their places, regarded their instructors, and observed all the little acts of civility which throw a charm around the family circle. Not so now. Rudeness characterizes all their movements at home and in school. With their heads covered, they lounge about the house, intrude themselves into company, interrupt conversation, dispute with superiors, and make themselves disagreeable in every way. At school the bound and scream which follow the word of dismissal remind one of incipient savages.

Now, the manners of a people surely indicate their morals; but human society itself exists only so long as the moral sense of the community is preserved. Of manners and morals it may, then, be affirmed that the one is but the complement of the other, and that they cannot be separated. Morals divorced from manners become cold and repulsive; but when

united they are attractive and pleasing. And how are we to gain what we have lost in this important department of education? Lack of home culture and discipline is the principal cause of the evil we contemplate. Children left to their own ways grow up in the entire disregard of common courtesy. They neglect to show proper respect to parents and teachers, to seniors in age, and to superiors in station; wisdom, and virtue. And if the ordinary civilites of refined life are not regarded in the family and school and in the social intercourse of home society, how can we expect that politeness will be extended to the stranger met in the marts of business or in the walks of pleasure? In the present condition of society, much responsibility in regard to the needed reform rests upon the teachers of our public schools. And the only way to accomplish the desired object is by earnest self-culture and faithful instruction on the part of the teachers of the nation, and those who are candidates for that responsible office.—*Chicago School-master.*

SONNET.

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A., ON READING KEATS'S "FANCY."

"She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost."

Ah Keats! 'tis hard for me—so far away
From all I love and long to see again—
To "let the Fancy roam" and not complain
That *my* commands at least she'll ne'er obey.
No boisterous ocean towers from shore to shore
Between you and your own sweet English home.
To you all flowers, long winter lost, will come
As fresh and lovely, smiling as before.
But here, alas! no whitening hawthorn trees
Vie with soft scent of violets unseen
That shyly steals through hedge of moss-banked lane;
No daisies gleam Ay me, *to think* of these,
These meekest "beauties" of my island green,
Is sad, since oft I seek for them in vain.