

EARLY SPRING.

The following is Tennyson's New Poem written for the *Poet's Companion*, for which he is said to have received \$1,000. —

More the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And dimes the red plough of hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their walls,
The throats too.

Opens a door in heaven;
From skies of glass
A Ja's had let fall
On green grass,
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.

Before them flots the shower,
And bursts the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung to the woods.

The woods by living air
How freshly fanned,
Light airs from water to creep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season here!
O heart, look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the snow-cup,
Like the snow-drops, pure.

Past, future, glimpse and tale
Through some slight spell,
Some gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thy twinkling soul,
The fairy fancies lounge,
And, lightly stirred,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wings,
The poets too.

READING.

WHEN I am reading a good book," says Hamerton, "the only Cæsus that I envy is he that is reading a better book." In some schools the attention of the pupil is confined to "doing sums," "parsing," and other routine work. The atmosphere of such schools is deficient in the essential elements of intellectual stimulus. To read well is to think well. A thinker excites thought in others, and purifies the educational atmosphere about him. One of the best services a teacher can do for a pupil is to lead him to think more, by inducing him to read more and to read more judiciously. This all teachers can do. The teachers may inquire of pupils what they have read or are reading, how they enjoy it. He may in turn tell what he himself is reading, and propose to bring his book and read a little to them, asking them to bring theirs and read a little to each other. Books, magazines, and news papers will thus be brought to schools, and interesting selections be read from them. The children will experience the delight of reading good stories, and of hearing good stories read by others. The teacher can mention some good books which contain delightful reading, naming such as are known to be in the district or can be easily secured.

Several of the pupils might be led to read the same book, and compare views upon it. Such an exercise is most valuable in cultivating the taste and

judgment. To be useful in this work, the teacher must look over the family libraries in the district, and learn something of their contents. This will make him acquainted with the people, will make him know the home life of the children better, and will thus prepare him to reach the hearts and minds of the pupils. By associating with the parents, and talking over the contents of their libraries, the teacher will become an instructor and adviser of the parents, and will be consulted about papers, magazines, and books for the family. If he is competent to advise, he may do great good by his suggestions. In many families, new books are a rarity. In most cases, book purchases are accidental. A teacher acquainted with books, and familiar with the cheap editions, can do much to increase the reading facilities and reading habits of the young. Some of the best works in science, biography, history, and travel can now be had for ten or twenty cents. Five dollars would buy forty instructive and readable works in cheap form, and furnish a winter's reading for the whole district. Nearly every teacher, if he knew the books well, could induce the parents to spend the five dollars. —*Prof. J. A. Cooper.*

AN EGYPTIAN HOME.

LET us begin by visiting the house of a poor member of the community, so as to get an idea of Fellah life in its simplest form. In a blank wall of about eight feet high, composed of sunburnt bricks, and veneered with a coating of sun-dried mud, we find a small door through which no one over five or six years of age could pass without stooping. As this is the only entrance, we conclude that the proprietor has neither buffalo nor any of the larger kinds of agricultural instruments, and that any hopes he may have of acquiring live stock in the future, do not soar above a cat, a few barn-door fowls, and perhaps a very diminutive donkey. A glance at the interior confirms this conclusion. The enclosure consists of three small courts—if a space 12 feet by 6 can be dignified by such a name—connected by holes in the partition walls similar in size to the entrance. The first court is occupied almost entirely by a windowless mud hut, by a covered flat roof of maize stocks mixed with clay. This diminutive structure is at once the kitchen and winter bed-room of the whole family, comprising a married couple, the husband's old mother, and two young children. A large brick stove, which occupies two-thirds of the dark interior, is used in daytime for baking the bread and cooking the scanty fare, and at night it serves as a bed for all the inmates. During the warm summer nights they can sleep on a bit of seed matting in one of the two other "courts." In the first of these are two hollow mud-pillars for storing the grain and other provisions, and close to these primitive provision chests sits the old grandmother churning buffalo's milk—presumably for one of the neighbours—in a kid's skin, suspended by a bit of palm-tree rope from a long peg in the wall. Leaning on her shoulder is a young child, whose perfect nudity is only partly concealed by the multitude of flies which cluster on his dark brown skin, and who divides his attention between the churning operation, the

unexpected strangers, and the bit of sugar-cane which he is gnawing in his intense satisfaction. In the third and innermost court there is nothing but a small mud hut which represents the family treasury. Without making a personal inspection, we can construct with tolerable certainty an inventory of its contents. There will be the gaudily-painted wooden trunk in which the wife, when a bride, brought her modest trousseau to her new home, the few articles of wearing apparel and female ornament not actually in use, and some copper cooking utensils. These constitute the entire movable property of the family, unless we include under this term half a dozen lean chickens, which have been taught to subsist by their own exertions. The premises are quite sufficient therefore, for all practical wants, and if the live stock should be increased by the addition of a few kids, lambs, or even a donkey, no additional accommodation will be required, for the new comers can sleep comfortably in close proximity to the family, without any danger of bipeds and quadrupeds interfering with each other's comfort.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

FEW nights ago a well-known citizen, who has been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning by the special sophistries the father of evil advances at such times for his credit fund, and went his way. But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits, and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home, in order that he might get in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses. But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlour and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the picture on the hearth. There, in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed, and as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound to the spot.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with beard and lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset

gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober,"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone.

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober, Amen." Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"

WHAT A FALL.

A MINISTER of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, "I spent the night in that house, I went out, bared my brow, that the night dew might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child dead! There was his wife in convulsions, and he asleep. A man about thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and his wife on the brink of the grave! Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must stay until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way! I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah, my child!'" That minister said further to me, "One year after he was brought from the lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in the city of Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and Godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, and hellish. When are we not to fight till the day of our death? —*J. B. Gough.*

"De Shanghigh chicken 'minds me ob certain m n dat I 'se seed. He crows mighty loud, an' brags aroun' 'mong de hens an' young chickens, but when a game rooster comes around he's got business on de udder side ob de fence."