

The educator encourages.—The teacher furnishes.

The educator has faith in great principles.—The teacher is the slave of little vexations.

The educator is a boy amongst boys in heart; in judgment a man.—The teacher has the hardness of a man, with the want and thought of a boy.

The educator in punishing considers what is best, not what is deserved.—The teacher applies a fixed penalty.

The educator deals in exhortation and hope.—The teacher in truisms and lamentation.

The educator is animated by a high and true ideal, towards which he is ever working; to which he is ever finding some response, even in apparent failures.—The teacher's ideal is a shallow dream of selfish success, the non-realisation of which leaves him apathetic and querulous in his work, sceptical of goodness, hardened in his own opinions, and closed against improvement.

The educator, as he believes in his principles and rules, earnestly strives to be the best example of them himself.

Unpunctuality makes authority grating.

Little changes make authority contemptible.

Little interferences make it hateful.—*Clerical Journal.*

#### NON-ATTENDANCE OF CHILDREN AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The attention of the New York Board of Education has been directed, recently, to the numerous children who absent themselves from the public schools. From information received, there must be about thirty thousand children, between the ages of five and sixteen, who are not partaking in the benefit of public education in the city of New York.

CAUSE.—The Board of Education referred this subject to a select committee, of which Robert H. Shannon, Esq., is chairman; and this committee have reported that the causes of the non-attendance of children are various. The principal reason appears to be the poverty of a large portion of our foreign residents, compelling them to employ their children in petty street trades during the school-hours of the day. Besides this, numbers are wilfully truant, and are engaged in pilfering and begging. With others, the ignorance of our language, the indifference of parents, or the idle habits of the family, are causes of the absence of the children from the schools.

REMEDY.—The committee think that much may be done to remedy the evil, by co-operating with the Children's Aid Society, in the establishment and support of "industrial schools." They also recommend a more stringent enforcement of the truant law by the police and magistrates. By this act, on complaint of any citizen, a child between the age of seven and fourteen, found vagrant, may be taken before a police magistrate for examination; and the parent or guardian can be compelled to enter into an engagement to keep such child from vagrancy, and send him or her to school "at least four months in each year." The act provides also for the punishment of the parent if this engagement be broken. It further makes it the duty of all police-officers who shall find truant and vagrant children, to make complaint as before described.

#### Miscellaneous.

##### A MOTHER'S HOUR OF PRAYER.

'Twas silent eve, the sun had set,  
But on the sky there lingered yet  
'Mid snowy clouds a golden hue,  
Reflected on the water blue.  
And from the greenwood shade was heard  
The distant song of vesper bird,  
Upon the low breeze floating by,  
Like spirits' message from the sky;  
In that most holy hour given,  
To wing each thought from earth to heaven.

Ere long that golden light had fled,  
The dew lay thick on violet bed;  
And the red rose had sank to rest,  
With sparkling jewels in its breast.  
How beautiful the heavens now!  
Bright, glorious, as an angel's brow.  
From the deep blue the stars look down  
Brilliant as gems in seraph's crown,  
And stainless as when first their beam,  
Was mirror'd deep in Eden's stream.

In that sweet hour of calm repose,  
To heaven the voice of prayer arose;  
A mother's prayer that well might bring

The shadow of an angel's wing  
To rest upon her boy, who slept  
Unconscious that his mother kept  
Watch by his bed, and softly pray'd,  
While moonbeams o'er his pillow stray'd,  
Bathing his cherub brow in light,  
And gleaming 'mid his ringlets bright.

Thou beauteous child! and can it be,  
That earth hath sorrowing for thee?  
Yet, sleep in peace, though time may bring  
No thornless roses on its wing  
For that pure, peaceful brow to wear,  
A mother's tear hath trembled there,  
And unseen angels linger near,  
That prayer of faith and love to hear,  
Which, born o'er heaven's starry plain,  
Shall wake a louder, sweeter strain,  
While seraph's tune their hearts above,  
To heaven's own deathless song of love,  
And moonbeams come with gentle smile,  
To make earth beautiful the while.  
Peace to that mother's heart, for she  
Hath left her child, O God, with thee.

THE MOTHER THE DIVINITY OF CHILDHOOD.—As the prophet spread himself upon the body of the dead child, applying limb to limb, till life returned, a mother can take man's whole nature under her control. She thus becomes what she has been called, "the divinity of infancy." Her smile is its sunshine, her word its mildest law, until sin and the world have steeled the heart. She can shower around her the most genial of all influences, and from the time when she first laps her little one in Elysium by clasping him to her bosom—"its first paradise"—to the moment when that child is independent of her aid, or, perhaps, like Washington, directs the destinies of millions, her smile, her word, her wish, is an inspiring force. A sentence of encouragement or praise is a joy for a day. It spreads light upon all faces, and renders a mother's power more and more charmlike, as surely as ceaseless accusing, rebuking, and correcting, chafes, sours, and disgusts. So intense is her power, that the mere remembrance of a praying mother's hand laid on the head in infancy, has held back a son from guilt when passion had waxed strong.—*Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D.D.*

#### PUSHING ON.

##### A PLEA FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Push him on, Mr. Lee—push him on; that is all you have got to do. I don't mind terms; only you push him on, and keep him well up to the mark. And don't be afraid of giving him plenty of lessons, Mr. Lee; he's a clever, active boy, and that's the only way of keeping him out of mischief. No use sending children to school to idle their time away—that's *my* view of the case. Education is a fine thing, Mr. Lee—a very fine thing—and I mean Frank to be a scholar. Hard work and plenty of it—that was the way when I was a boy. I was kept at it morning, noon, and night; and see what it has done for me. Yes, Mr. Lee, push him on, and I shall be proud of him some day. And having thus given his view of the case, Mr. Denton took up his hat, and, wishing the teacher good morning, went to his warehouse.

Mr. Denton was a wealthy merchant in the town of H—, a man very much looked up to and respected—a man who paid the best price for everything, and consequently expected the best article; no better material in all the county than that which came into his mill to be manufactured; no better goods to be met with anywhere than those turned out of his warehouse at H—. He also paid the best price for education, and in consequence expected the best article, and plenty of it too. No advocate he for sending children to schools where they left at four o'clock, and had holidays three times a week. He was quite right when he said that education had done a great deal for him. "Hard work, and plenty of it," had laid the foundation of his present standing; it had placed him at the head of one of the most flourishing concerns in H—; it had moulded his rough, firm nature into a form somewhat more befitting the elegancies of the sphere in which he moved—to use his own word, it had "made a man of him." What it should do for the delicate, excitable, sensitive little Frank, was a question not yet answered.

"Now, my dear, where are your books? You must work hard to-night, for we are late with tea, and if you don't mind you will not have your lessons ready for Mr. Lee by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, mamma, mayn't I just go into the garden a little first, it does look so fine, and I haven't had time to go in all day. Mayn't I go in, mamma?"