

music done by the pupils of the primary schools' some of them six years of age, is especially noteworthy.

"The sewing done by the pupils of the Boston schools and exhibited with the scholars' work as a result of instruction, is a matter of much interest.

"The exhibit of Kindergarten work and material is also very instructive, particularly at a time when Froebel's ideas are gaining deserved prominence.

"The city of Worcester makes a very extensive and creditable exhibit, as do New Bedford, Lowell, Lawrence, and some other towns. The work of the Lawrence High School appeared to the writer exceptionally excellent. And this leads one to say that there was not in all cases found such evidence of thorough instruction, care, and neatness in the manuscript work as justified expectation."

Our School Days.

BY T. HAGAN.

Crowded back, we look upon them—

Past, yes, past—forever gone—

Scenes of pleasure, hours of treasure,

Sweet to gaze and look upon;

Past, yes, like a fleeting moment,

Off they constitute an age;

Budding forth from earliest childhood,

Soon we turn life's gayest page.

Mingling with our infant comrades,

Life stamped naught upon our mind;

But when school days dawned upon us,

Footprints, then, were left behind.

Traces of a new-born era

On the way by which we trod,

Like the plough which marks its furrow,

Leaves behind the upturn'd sod.

Thus do we in pensive silence

Wander thoughtfully through the field,

Gathering flowers of early childhood,

Fragrant with life's morning seal;

Straight, perhaps, our course has led us,

Sweetly smells each glowing flower,

Planted well and watered duly,

Index of a happy hour.

Not alone we find we've labor'd,

Mainly hands came to our aid;

Cheering words, like dews of heaven,

Gave a vigor not to fade.

Helping hands and toiling comrades

Made our interests all but one,

While our troubles, light and narrow,

Soon were lost in blithesome fun.

Pass'd we've now the span of boyhood,

With its memories flooding on,

Like the bosom of a river,

Ever bears its tide along.

Launched upon more ruff'd waters

And beset by greater fear,

Swift our bark floats down the current,

And the verdant leaf grows sere.

Pause we then—yes, stop to ponder

How our happy school days sped;

Years roll'd by and days long number'd—

Would we could again but wed.

Thus we look upon life's morning,

Ushering in a noonday sun;

Veering round, it shrouded leaves us—

Thus the race of life is run.

Selected.

The Teacher's Duty.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE WENTWORTH TEACHERS ASSOCIATION BY ROBERT M'QUEEN, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THAT BODY.

In order to succeed in life we must have a clear conception of what constitutes success, and, having settled this point, we must keep it constantly before us, and, bending all our faculties and directing all our energies towards it, press forward to the goal. Or, in other words, if we are to succeed in life, we must have an object or aim *in life*, a purpose in living. For I care not with what talents a man may be endowed, or what his opportunities may be, if he has no definite purpose in life, if he has never settled with himself the question as to what he is best fitted for, and wherein he would be most likely to be useful to the world, then, though his course may be marked by the flashing of wit and the coruscations of genius, his life will prove a miserable failure, unsatisfactory to himself and unserviceable to the world. I take it for granted that every teacher has a settled purpose in life; that is, that he has mapped out for himself a course, and, if he is to succeed, having imaged the whole, he must diligently execute the parts. I do not mean to say that no one should engage in the profession of teaching who does not intend to make it a life work, but what I insist upon is, that every teacher should have a definite object in life, a purpose in living, and this purpose and object should be above and beyond self—it should embrace his own and fellow-beings' best interests. One may have engaged in teaching as a stepping stone to one or other of the learned professions, but having done so, he must constantly bear in mind that his life is a single whole, and a successful whole can only be secured by success in all the parts. He must never forget that his ability to fill a higher sphere or nobler profession (*if there be a nobler profession than teaching*), can only be indicated by success in the lower. While, then, we should have a definite object in life, worthy of an immortal being, we should be constantly impressed with the truth that, in order to reach the goal, we must travel over the necessary steps; and if we have made teaching one of these steps of our life, then we ought faithfully to perform the duties of the teacher while we remain in the profession, for it is only by so doing that we can pave the way for honorably leaving it, or worthily remaining in it. This brings us to the question, What is the main duty of the teacher, as a teacher? I suppose it will be readily granted that the education of the youth is, or ought to be, the end aimed at by every teacher. But this involves the other question, What do we understand by education? "Education is the educating or bringing forth of the latent faculties, powers and susceptibilities of the human soul, and guiding these to the objects for which they are designed." It will be seen that education is something very different from instruction. Instruction, as the etymology of the word implies, is a piling or pouring into the mind. Instruction is the presentation of truth to the mind, and storing the memory with facts; while education is training the mind to arrange and manipulate those truths and facts so as to make them subservient to the best interests of the individual and