

writers of such songs would be only too glad to have in their pockets, if the music publishers would extend their liberality in that direction.

To judge by the ultra-popular songs of the present day, whether they be sentimental or comic, we might well come to the conclusion that the age of English song has passed. But this would be an error. The song worthy to be so called will continue to exist and be admired in literature and be enshrined in books, if it do not find a place in the music-stands of the boudoir and the drawing-room. Lyrical poetry will never die. It is the earliest form of poetry and in many respects the best, as has been proved from the days of the patriarchs, when Miriam sang her song of triumph on the overthrow of the hosts of Pharaoh, and of the later time when King

David poured out his full soul in exultation or repentance, and when his son, not so great as his father, because he had not been purified in the fires of adversity, sang "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's." The days for the production of new epic poems may have passed, never more to return, but the days of lyrical poetry will never pass as long as there are young and passionate hearts in the world, and cultivated intellects to appreciate the noble, the pathetic, and the tender outpourings of affection and fancy which, in combination with the music of rhythm and rhyme, constitute lyrical poetry, and which only needs what it does not always obtain—the music of the "human voice divine" to become "songs" in the truest sense and in the highest meaning of the word.—*Nineteenth Century.*

## ECHOES FROM THE CLASS ROOM.

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### 1. *The Class Room a Microcosm.*

TO the student of adult humanity, there is no school like the world, no teacher like his fellow-men. To the student of boy and girl life, there is no school like the home and the street, no teachers like the personalities of children themselves. In the closet or the college-hall man is but half-himself. He has no incentive to be aught else. Only before the restless, busy, eager world is he seen in his true colours, with all his varied accomplishments displayed, his mean-nesses apparent, his manifold passions working, his powers of aggression, endurance or self-restraint manifested. So with the child. In the class-room he is but half-himself. He has no inclination or courage to be anything

else. Only on the threshold of the home, within or without, is he seen in his true colours, with all his affections expanded, and all his idiosyncrasies of temperament, whether for good or evil, laid bare, unchecked by the shackles of discipline, and unawed by the ferule of authority.

Admitting the truth of the foregoing statements, I deem I am right in calling the class-room a microcosm, *a little world*; for such in very fact it is. The great world of boy and girl nature lies outside the school-room walls: within it is exotic, breathing a foreign atmosphere—of coercion, of restraint, of taskwork, sometimes, alas! of positive dislike and dread; outside is freedom—the glorious sun.