

pleasure demands, or a fortune, save by a husband? Terrible perversion, I know! And, most of all, why I have left the honorable chair of the school-ma'am, to fill which my childhood dreamed the quintessence of all human perfectness, the crowning glory of mortals? In maturer years, when I was actually laboring to obtain the post of honor, I was initiated into a deeper earnestness of the great responsibility about to devolve upon me; yet none the less desirable, though the gilding looked less dazzling to older eyes. Oh! how thrilling were the emotions I felt at the thought that I could develop the pure unsophisticated mind in living principles; how I would develop all the good and strong that makes human nature glorious! But I will leave the charms of school-teaching to the dreams of childhood, and for a class of theorists to harp upon as the root of reform; and the practice of it to those who are born for it, whose natures, I must believe, are created of the rarest materials of humanity.

With a pardon for this digression, I would ask from the depth of my heart the blessings of all that is best and highest on the noble fraternity, as I most heartily bid it adieu. I enter my new field of labor to-day, although it is Friday, a day that the fates have frowned on, as fraught with disaster to the commencement of any new work. Wiser heads than mine have heeded the superstition with fear and reverence.

The childish goddess of April is here with her freaks and pranks—of storms, smiles, and tears. She wept all day yesterday as if she would never smile again; and I should have doubted that she ever could, had I not witnessed the same in her of old. But oh! this morning she laughs outright—so bright—too bright for mortals! All the nymphs in glee, are in her train, she the brightest. Her tears are turned to gems; only two hang in her clear blue eye, that tell she'll weep again—pleasing mark of her mortality! Such a morn-