

pupils. Children do not soon forget a devoted teacher. Involuntarily they give her a large place in their hearts, and a generous share of their affections. And often in after life when they suffer from the rude jostlings of a selfish world, and seriously question if there be such a principle in human nature as justice or disinterested love, they fondly revert to the beloved teacher of their early youth, whose character was a living personification of truth and justice, and whose heart a deep fountain of love, pure and never failing, and check their incipient misanthropy and forget their sorrows, in the sweet remembrance of her gentleness, fidelity and love.

A yet higher reward awaits her when she closes her mission, quits the field and rests from her labor; for then the angels do greet her as their fellow-laborer and friend and welcome her with delight to their society and home; then she hears a voice from the excellent glory saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and enters with triumph into the joy of her Lord. Upon her tombstone no epitaph need be written, for upon the tablet of many a juvenile heart she has traced her character in a living inscription, more honorable and enduring than was ever written upon the monument of sage or conqueror. Of her life no obituary need be given, for her surviving pupils are her living epistles, where may be read, in her own autograph, the transcript of herself.

Many characters has she stamped with the impress of her own, in lineaments too deep for time to efface, too abiding for eternity to obliterate. Many friends has she guided along the pleasant paths of wisdom, virtue and piety toward Heaven, and thither her "works do follow" her. Ages roll away — still joyfully she gathers in the broad fields of Paradise, the rich harvests of her earthly toil.

THE BEE.

Clad in coat of brown and yellow,
Oh, the bee's a lucky fellow;
For when summer's at its prime
He's in clover all the time.

—Clinton Scollard in *Youth's Companion*.

Your paper is so bright and helpful, I enjoy reading it.—G. M., Maine.

NOTES ON SCHOOL READERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

FIRST AND SECOND READERS, NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

When the children are reading the poems in these books, begin to teach them something about rhyme.

After a verse has been read, close books, and write the verse on the board, substituting a word for one of the rhymes; *e. g.* in,

"Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly;
Give joy wherever you dwell.

Substitute "live" for "dwell" and call upon children to comment. Do this with other verses. Why do these lines not sound right? Because they do not rhyme. Well, then, what is rhyme? Get a definition from the children. They will probably say that it is the sounding alike of the words at the ends of the lines.

Put this definition on the board. Why do the poets use rhyme? Because it sounds pretty.

Do you know anything besides the verses in your books that is written in rhyme? (Songs and hymns.)

Tell children that the first poets sang or recited their verses. They were not written down, but one person learned them from listening to another. Now can you think of any other reason for making rhymes. (Easier to sing, easier to remember.) If children have had any information taught them in rhyme, such as "Thirty days hath November," the last reason may have been thought of sooner.

Suppose we say:

I have a cat, oh, such a pretty cat!
I cannot tell you how I love my cat.
I'm sure you never saw so nice a cat.

Would this be rhyme? There may be a difference of opinion here. If so, examine some of the verses in the reader. Children will find out that the rhyming words must not be *exactly* alike.

Name different rhymes for words in the reading lesson.

Put a verse new to the children on the