

And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—

The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—

And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;

We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,

And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;"

In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,

And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;

And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,

Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,

Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?

And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,

Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?

And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?

And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering to crack?

And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?

Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word

(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);

And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear

(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer);

And Lanty Wood whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,

And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;

Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee.

Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,

And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;

And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,

And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;

But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,

And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!

It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—

A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

—WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Contributed.

MACAULAY.

The object of this article is not to give a systematic account of Macaulay's life, nor even to lay out a connected statement of his great career. My desire is to give those students to whom it may be acceptable, an informal introduction to these writings which constitute the great right arm of modern English literature. Just enough history will be told to give the readers an intelligent knowledge of the man whose works they do, or will admire.

In common with others I have lately felt the need of our young people, and especially those who are to guide others, reading a higher grade of literature than is at present common, not that many of our young people have not read some of the standard works, but there is, perhaps in the greatest degree among the young men, a lack of knowledge, and of that refinement of thought which must result from properly reading first class *prose literature*.

The difficulty in my case was to get started, to give up the secondary class of reading and start upon a higher grade. Once started on the right road no trouble will be experienced in continuing; a fairly intelligent mind after carefully reading such a work as Macaulay's or Carlyle's essays, will have little desire to fall back into the reading of *unnatural trash*, which is too common in libraries of both old and young at the present day.

Presumption it may be for a person of my slight literary knowledge, to try and influence our school in a way that will be of good to us all, but such is my desire, and if any young man or woman after reading this, have their standard of literature raised, feel within themselves a desire for a higher intellectual life, or are even induced to read the works of one as great as Macaulay, I am well paid for the energy expended.

If at any time I should seem to be extreme on the subject, please excuse me as one who feels he has been helped and wishes to see his fellows also benefited.

Thomas Babbington Macaulay was born in Rothlay temple, near Lambeth in the year of our Lord 1800. His parents were of Scotch descent, and rather above the average intelligence,

his father taking an active part in the abolition of slavery.

Young Thomas early showed signs of special ability, at five years old he was a great reader, very imaginative, and possessed a *wonderful memory*. Many interesting things are told of his early days, his experiences at college, etc., but we must pass them over.

At the age of 24 he first came into real prominent notice, as a speaker in favor of liberating the slave, and as a writer. His first essay was published at this time in the *Edinburgh Review*, and called forth a cry of applause from its readers, both in England and America. From this time till near his death Macaulay remained in close connection with this Review, and upon the presence of his articles mainly depended the popularity of the magazine.

Macaulay started his professional life as a lawyer, but not liking the work he did not accomplish much before the bar. When 30 years old, upon urgent request, he contested in an election for a seat in the House of Commons, and took his place as representing Calne.

His maiden speech on "Grants Bill" for the removal of Jewish disabilities, was a great success, but in March 1831 he made the speech that established forever his ability as a statesman, and as an orator. It was upon the passing of the Reform Bill, and the audience, friend and foe, were completely carried away by the depth of thought and force of argument for which he was always distinguished.

Soon after this he sailed for India, and spent four years there as an active member of the Supreme Council governing that country. In the intervals of public duty he read a great deal, and by means of articles in the Review kept himself before the English public. While there, sufficient money was made to enable him to support, with less difficulty, his parents and sisters, who were depending on him.

Macaulay returned home in 1838, and the next year was elected to the House of Commons to represent Edinburgh, and the same year was taken into the Cabinet. Ten years later he was defeated in an election contest, principally because the electors could not get him to promise them what they required, his theory being that the constituents should leave a good deal to the judgment of their