

however, she has let fall to her side, while she is looking up with a rapt expression as if listening to the music of heaven. Some modern pictures represent her seated at a modern instrument, which she plays while angels listen to her music. She has been celebrated in poetry also. Dryden wrote a song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687, which closes with the lines:

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Also in "Alexander's Feast," an ode for St. Cecilia's Day, he sings the praises of "divine Cecilia." Pope was the poet of her day in 1708, and from his ode we quote the following:

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joy below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
The immortal powers incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
His numbers raised a shade from hell,*
Her's lift the soul to heaven.

In the "Palace of Art," Tennyson describes a picture of St. Cecilia, which exists only in his imagination:

Or in a clear-walled city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily,
An angel looked at her.

The 25th of November is the day assigned to the memory of St. Catharine, of whom very little is really known, but a great deal has been told. She is said to have been a lady of great learning and piety, who was put to death by the Emperor Maximin because she would not worship the gods, and because by her earnest faith and moving words she

* Orpheus is fabled to have played so sweetly that not only human beings, but beasts, and even rocks and trees, would follow the sound of his music. By the charm of his playing he induced Pluto, the king of the world to the dead, to restore to him his lost wife, Eurydice.

persuaded others to become Christians. She was ordered to be killed in a horrible way by being bound on a wheel with sharp blades, but in answer to her prayers the wheel was broken, and she was afterwards beheaded. She is generally represented with her wheel, and a certain kind of circular window is called a Catharine wheel window. She is the patron saint of Venice, and of unmarried women. "To braid St. Catharine's tresses" was to live and die unmarried.

St. Andrew's Day comes on November 30th. St. Andrew was the first to be called to be an apostle. Then, we are told by St. John, "he first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, 'We have found the Messiah,' which is, being interpreted, the Christ; and he brought him to Jesus." Tradition tells that he taught and worked around the borders of the Black Sea, and was the founder of the Russian church. At the time of his death he was in Greece, and when bidden to leave off preaching to the Greeks, instead of consenting, he proclaimed the message of the gospel before his judge. He was then fastened to a cross by cords and left to die. The cross on which he suffered was of the form of the letter X, and now bears his name. Since the fourth century he has been the patron saint of Scotland, and his cross forms a part of the national banner of Great Britain.

At a recent meeting of teachers, the question of history in the seventh and eighth grades was discussed, and the consensus of opinion was that any pupil in the eighth grade who cannot stand on his feet and discuss a topic in history at least five minutes has not been well taught. Too many teachers, it was held, suggest the answer by the form of question and leave the pupil nothing to do that serves to give him self-reliance and a broad grasp of the subject.—*Sel.*

The wise teacher will say to himself, "I must know the lesson I teach. I must do reading outside. I must take an interest in my individual scholars. I must keep myself strong and happy and well. These are essential, and for the sake of these things I stand ready to sacrifice all mere red tape. I stand ready to be misunderstood by good people who know nothing of the strain I am under. I stand ready to shrink and to slight minor matters when it is necessary to do so in order to do the main things well."—*President Hyde, of Bowdoin.*