

Ha ! 'tis not there. Where then ?—Ah ! mercy, Heavens !
 'Tis in the lock outside !
 What's to be done ?
 Help, Help ! Will no one hear ? Oh ! would that I
 Had not discharged old Simon ! but he begged
 Each week for wages—would not give me credit.
 I'll try my strength upon the door.—Despair !
 I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
 As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
 And no one in the house ? no one at hand,
 Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries ?
 Am I entombed alive ?—Horrible fate !
 I sink—I faint beneath the bare conception !

(Awakes.) Darkness ? Where am I ?—I remember now,
 This is a bag of ducats—'tis no dream—
 No dream ! The trap door fell, and here am I
 Immured with my dear gold—my candle out—
 All gloom—all silence—all despair ! What, ho !
 Friends !—Friends !—I have no friends. What right have I
 To use the name ? These money-bags have been
 The only friends I've cared for—and for these
 I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
 To charity, humanity and love !
 Detested traitors ! since I gave you all,—
 Ay, gave my very soul,—can ye do naught
 For me in this extremity ?—Ho ! Without there ?
 A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread !
 Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water !
 A pile of ingots for a helping hand !
 Was that a laugh ?—Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
 To see a miser in the grip of death.
 Offended Heaven ! have mercy !—I will give
 In alms all this vile rubbish, and me thou
 In this most dreadful strait ! I'll build a church,—
 A hospital !—Vain ! vain ! Too late, too late !
 Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him !
 Heaven will not hear !—Why should it ? What have I
 Done to enlist Heaven's favor,—to help on
 Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes ?
 Nothing ! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
 For any work or any prayer of mine.
 But must I die here—in my own trap caught ?
 Die—die ?—and then ! Oh ! mercy ! Grant me time—
 Thou who canst save—grant me a little time,
 And I'll redeem the past—undo the evil
 That I have done—make thousands happy with
 This hoarded treasure—do thy will on earth
 As it is done in heaven—grant me but time !
 Nor man nor God will heed my shriek ! All's lost !

CLIPPING VOWELS.

Yankees and Kanucks often amuse themselves with the eccentricities of the Cockney in the use or omission of his h's, but the prevalent American habit of clipping vowels must be more trying to the ear of an educated Englishman than any misplacing of h's can possibly be to ours. We have no fancy for over nice purisms, or anything bordering on affectation in speech, but it is certainly desirable that every teacher and educated person should do what he can to preserve the well of English undefiled from the impurities of careless and defective articulation as well as any other. Have any of our readers ever heard in Canada anything resembling the following as reported by a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* :—

"If the very people who laugh at the poor cockney could hear themselves as others hear them. What has become of the letter 'h' nowadays ? I hear people talking about 'weels,' and 'wales,' and 'wips,' and 'wiffs.' They tell me that they 'wistle,' or 'wittle,' or 'wisper.' Now, isn't this dreadful ? Just listen to a general conversation in 'good society,' and then tell me whether the following, as a sample of 'English as she is spoke,' is greatly exaggerated.

"Did they ketch the feller that stole the piannah ?

"Yas, a Government detective errested him las Sad'lay at Elligzandria. He'll be tried in Aprul."

"I've often ben suprised at their clever methids, but the innocent must sometimes be in perrul."

"The generally excepted theory is that he altered the reckerdz of the association without authority."

"I once had a wito sparrah that lived for munce an munce without watter."

"Please lemme your pensle."

"I reckinized his figger immojitly."

"These, Mr. Editor, are but few of the offenses daily and hourly committed against the language of the world."

"And that is English—great and glorious tongue
 That Chatham spoke, and Milton, Shakespeare sung !
 The English tongue—whose ample powers embrace
 Beauty and force, sublimity and grace,
 Ornate or plain, harmonious, yet strong,
 And formed alike for eloquence and song."

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

Prof. R. M. Streeter, Supt. of Schools, Titusville, Pa., gives this bit of interesting experience. It is altogether so wise and useful in its conclusion and outcome, that we are sure it will greatly help hosts of young teachers, and pupils too.

I see John away in one corner, anxious to get his head behind the boy in front of him. That means he is going to whisper. Now, what is the use of waiting for John to do that ? I don't wait. I say, "John, do you want anything ?" Of course he lies, and says, "No, sir." "Why," I say, "what were you going to whisper about ?"

"I was only going to ask him to take his knife."

"Well, do take it ; only let me know when you want anything like that, and don't get down behind Tom in that fashion. Tom, will you let John take your knife ?"

Out comes the knife, John takes it, uses it, and, when he gets through with it, looks at me with lifted eyebrows, and points the knife at Tom. I nod, Tom takes the knife ; and that is all there is to it. Another time when John wants anything, he asks for it, man fashion, for two good reasons : he knows he can have what he wants if it is necessary ; and he knows he will be caught if he don't. So, then if they do care to whisper, you can stop the whispering by watching them.

I hope I shall not shock any of you teachers when I tell you that I have a great deal of sympathy for a boy, big or little, who has smuggled an apple into the school-room. He has brought it with him with the best intentions in the world. He doesn't expect to be mean about it. He hasn't the slightest idea of eating it. He does take it from his pocket, but that is because the apple is so large that it is painful there, and he puts it into his desk for safe-keeping. For the first half-hour he forgets all about it : but when he stops a moment, tired with his work, with his elbow on the desk and his head upon the palm of his left hand, there comes floating up from that desk to the nostrils of that school-boy an aroma that the perfumes of Arabia cannot equal. Even then, no thought of guile drifts like a fancy across his mind. It smells so good that he puts his hand under to rub the luscious fruit, and carries to his eager nose the perfumed hand. Then the temptation comes ; then, the head goes down, then, quicker than light, the sharp teeth cut the red skin ; and for the next five minutes that is the most studious boy in the room.

Now, I like apples, and I suppose I have done what that boy has just been doing a good many times in my life. I saw him when his hand went into the desk ; when that big bite left the apple I heard it, and I saw every eye in that neighborhood turn to me to see if I knew what was going on. From that day to this the rest of those school-boys believe that I never knew about that apple being eaten. A day or two afterward, when they had forgotten it, and the apple-eater happened to be at my desk, I said to him quietly : "I didn't blame you much the other day when you ate that apple. It was a good one, and if it hadn't been in school I'd have asked you for a bite. You'd better not bring any more—do you think you had ? It was worth half-a-dollar to see that boy open his eyes and to hear the wonder-tone in his voice, as he exclaimed, "Did you see me ?" "See you," said I, "of course I did, but I thought you wouldn't do it again, if I asked you not to, and you won't will you ?"

"No, sir," and it came out in that honest hearty voice which a teacher likes to hear. I don't think he ever did, for two good reasons. I had used him as I would like to be used under the same circumstances, and he felt sure that he would be caught again if he did. So I say that boys can be kept from eating apples by watching them, and treating them with a dose of the Golden Rule, if you get a chance.—*Am. Journal of Ed.*