

are who can read discriminatingly. Why urge so many into the higher education, the college training, for which they will have, if the world goes on marrying and baking and sweeping and keeping domestic establishments running, so little use? The question might be briefly answered, to make them women. In detail it might be added, to make them more interesting women, better company for themselves and for others, fuller of resources for a life alone or a family life, with an intelligent apprehension of what is going on in the world. To improve the tone of society is excuse enough for the higher education, even if it were not desirable that typewriters should be intelligent. And beyond the needs of society, can it be doubted that if all the mothers of this generation were educated, capable of rightly directing the intellectual development of young minds, the next generation would show a marked improvement over the present? The disappointment about this education arises from misplaced expectations. It isn't the office of education to upset society, but to make it better. The professions can absorb a limited number only. Society needs an unlimited number of highly intelligent persons.—*Charles Duddy Warner, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

• The child is a little Athenian, always listening for some new thing. All the world about him is mysterious, ever breaking out into tidings of itself.

The best which the soul is in itself should be turned towards and poured upon whatever other soul may need it anywhere.

Wherever the background is lost, the foreground grows false and thin. What is this foolish realism in our literature but the loss of the background of the ideal, without which every real is base and sordid?

TO THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING.

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in,
sweet,

The virginal untroubled sweep,
And this vext region at my feet,
Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made,
Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with grief and
fears;

My song comes fluttering and is
gone.

O high above the home of tears,
Eternal joy, sing on.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From "Odes and Other Poems."

To make children prematurely wise is useless labor. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted.—*Dr. Johnston.*

Perhaps all the things that a successful teacher should know and be able to do can be summed up briefly in this way: first, she should be skilful in reading the minds and hearts of her children through their various modes of expression; and, second, she should understand how to use the means at her disposal so as to discipline each mind committed to her care in a manner befitting its particular needs. It hardly need be said that no teacher can employ the agencies of discipline and culture in the school-room intelligently until she comprehends how they will affect the one under training, or whether they are adapted at all to accomplish the special purposes in view.—*M. V. O'Shea.*