

question. The final report of the committee of ten is not yet ready and will not be for some time.

At the last meeting of the N. E. Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, President Eliot of Harvard University reports some points which are almost certain to appear in the report of the committee of ten. On the teaching of languages there are four separate conferences and they were all unanimous in recommending to read aloud the language to be studied, to write in the language to be studied, and not to dissociate the writing of the language from translating the language; they all desire accurate and idiomatic translation.

There is a remarkable agreement among all the conferences that, in their opinion, the teaching of every single subject in a secondary school should help the teaching of every other subject. All were agreed, conferences and committee of ten, that no distinction ought to be made in the manner of teaching a pupil in a secondary school because of his destination. President Eliot stated that no pupil in a secondary should have more than twenty-five recitations per week.

Considering the compositions of these conferences and the committee of ten, the care and labour which they are bestowing on the work in hand, all educators will watch with interest for the appearance of the final report, meanwhile they will welcome these general conclusions and give due effect to them in the general conduct of secondary schools.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Men say the sullen instrument,
That from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fiber sent,
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in the memory glow;

The secret of the wind it sings;
It hears the April loosened springs;
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago.

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance blown;
The winds through its glooms sang low,
And it swayed to and fro
With delight as it stood,
In the wonderful wood
Long ago!

Oh my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in their
blowing,

When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the flowing
Of the inexhaustible years?
Have we not from the earth drawn juices
Too fine for earth's sordid uses?
Have I heard, have I seen
All I feel and I know?
Doth my heart overween?
Or could it have been
Long ago?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not, and do not,
Like music heard once by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show;
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

And yet could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again
Could I but speak and show it—
This pleasure more sharp than pain
That baffles and lures me so,
The world should not lack a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad,
Long ago!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.