

And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
That throbbed from all the world apart—
And that it broke.

It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that it broke.

Low as it seemed to others' ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers—
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.
'Tis said, a lovely humming-bird,
That, dreaming, in a lily lay,
Was killed, but by the gun's report,
Some idle boy had fired in sport;
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very sound a death-blow came.
And thus her heart, unused to shame,
Shined in its lily too;
Her light and happy heart that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard,
It fluttered like a frightened bird;
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder died."

BAD SPELLING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Some years ago a teacher presented himself as a candidate for the mastership of a school, of which the salary was fifteen hundred dollars. His qualifications were deemed satisfactory in all respects, *except in spelling*. On account of this deficiency he was rejected. See, now, what ignorance in this elementary branch cost him. In ten years his salary would have amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, throwing out of the calculation the increase which by good investment might have accrued from interest. Besides, the salary of the same school has since been advanced to two thousand dollars. But he might have remained in the position twice or three times ten years, as other teachers in the same place have done, and that large amount might, consequently, have been increased in proportion.

A gentleman of excellent reputation as a scholar was proposed to fill a professorship in one of our New England colleges, not many years since; but in his correspondence, so much bad spelling was found, that his name was dropped, and an honorable position was lost by him. The corporation of the college concluded that, however high his qualifications as a professor might be in general literature, the orthography of his correspondence would not add much to the reputation of the institution.

A prominent manufacturer, in a neighboring town, received a business letter from an individual who had contracted to supply him with a large quantity of stock; but so badly was it spelled, and so illegible the penmanship, that the receiver found it nearly impossible to decipher the meaning. An immediate decision must be given in reply; and yet, so obscure was the expression that it was impossible to determine what should be the answer. Delay would be sure to bring loss; a wrong decision would lead to a still more serious result. Perplexed with uncertainty, throwing down the letter, he declared that this should be the last business transaction between him and the writer of such an illiterate communication; for, said he, "I am liable to lose more in this trade alone, than I can make in a lifetime of business with him."

A gentleman who had been a book-keeper some years, offered himself as a candidate for the office of secretary to an insurance company. Although a man of estimable character, possessed of many excellent qualifications, he failed of being elected because he was in the habit of leaving words misspelled on his books. The position would require him to attend to a portion of the correspondence of the office, and it was thought incorrect spelling would not *insure* the company a very excellent reputation from their method of doing business, whatever amount might be transacted.

Inability to spell correctly exposes one to pecuniary loss. It is, moreover, an obstacle to an advancement to honorable station. Such instances as those recited above are satisfactory proofs; but that this defect in one's education is productive of mortification and mischief, is illustrated by the following actual occurrences.

A young teacher had received assistance from a friend in obtaining a school, and wrote a letter overflowing with gratitude to his benefactor, but closed it thus:—Please *except* (accept?) my thanks for your kind favors in my behalf."

Another individual addressed his friend thus—"My dear sur," (sir?).

So, in the one case, the grateful emotions of a young man are nullified by a solitary, perverse word; in the other, the writer unwittingly applies to his friend the epithet which the follower of Mahomet uses,

when he would degrade his Christian neighbor to the lowest point his language will admit.

We were about to write a brief homily on the science of spelling as a coda to the foregoing, but for the present refrain, with the hope that a few cases like the foregoing will awaken attention to the importance of the subject, and we can expend our logic to better advantage hereafter.

In the mean time, we invite everybody to furnish facts, *veritable* facts, tending to the same point, the accumulation of which will carry with them a weight not easy to be resisted.—*Massachusetts Teacher*.

A. P.

A CANADIAN SCHOOL INCIDENT.

My third attempt at teaching school was in the Parish of St. A., C. E. I had been engaged in the ordinary duties of a common school for three or four weeks, when, on a very cold, bright day in January, a group of children arrived rather earlier than the usual hour; they were all new pupils except one. This was pleasing to me. As the children approached I heard sobbing, and upon opening the door the lad who had previously attended the school entered, leading by the hand a little girl, about seven years of age. Her eyes were large and blue; her hair, which was too fair to be golden, hung around her neck in little ringlets; her cheeks were red, though partly concealed by frozen tears. Her complexion was very fair and her features of an exquisite mould. Her cousin Charley was about twelve years of age, tall and well formed; his eyes were black and his hair was of the same color; his features were regular, and indicative of intellect as well as benevolence. As Charley entered he said, "This is Cousin Polly; she's coming to school, please sir, and I told her you wouldn't whip her if she is a good girl; she's crying with the cold." With a little chafing of the cold hands and the aid of a good fire, Polly soon became comfortable. After this introduction, Polly, Charley and myself were very good friends; time glided pleasantly away, for we had a most agreeable assemblage of youth, and, with one exception, a pleasant school room. The exception was, that two of our windows overlooked the highway, and thus presented a tempting attraction to violate the rules of discipline by looking at passers-by in the time of study. The winter was nearly over, and I had become strongly attached to Charley and Cousin Polly, for they were docile and obedient, seemingly full of affection for me as well as for each other. I had never had occasion to chastise either of them during the term; indeed I had to be cautious about addressing them in a hasty or excited manner, else they would have burst into tears immediately, and to speak harshly to them would be worse than whipping some children. One day, near the close of the term, I had been disturbed several times while attending classes by the scholars seated near the windows already mentioned; they would rise from their seats to look at any vehicle which might be passing. After having been interrupted three times while engaged with a class, and as often remonstrating, I lost patience, and said that I should ferrule the first one who arose again to look out of the windows. After this announcement all were very quiet for some time, but before I had concluded the exercises of my class I heard a noise, and looking around I saw Polly standing upon a desk and stretching past two girls to look out of the window. Here was a case. All eyes were upon me. I had described a certain kind of punishment, and pledged my word to inflict it upon the one who should violate the rule. Polly was the last one I deemed likely to be guilty, and the last person in the school whom I wished to punish in such a manner; but now my only alternative was to break my word or to punish Polly. I called her to me; she came with tears in her eyes. I asked her why she wept? She said she was sorry she had forgotten the rule; that she had been told by Fanny Only that her Pa and Ma were coming for her in the sleigh, and she got up to look out without thinking. I replied, "If I should not punish you as I said, I would be guilty of an untruth, which is sinful, and I should lose your respect and esteem, as well as that of your schoolmates." "Oh dear! yes; you must punish me," said Polly, with a gush of tears, "but I feel so bad *because I cannot help it now!*" and she held out her hand. I stood up as though I was about to inflict the expected blows, when Charley approached, and holding out his hand, said "Please, master, whip me and don't whip Polly." From this little incident I learned two things about teaching: first, never to pledge myself to any particular kind of punishment beforehand; and second, that children often shed tears because their error is past recall, or, in the words of Polly, "because they cannot help it," when their teachers suppose they are crying for fear of the punishment.

Mount Forest, Upper Canada, 18 7.

M. Y. Y.

A DIAMOND IN YOUR HANDS.—The soul of the scholar, is not that a diamond? A diamond before which the gems of India and Brazil turn pale? Is it not more valuable than the whole world? more precious than rubies? Is not each galaxy of stars that glitters in the sky as very dust or dross compared with the soul of that little one? How it peers through his eyes! How it sparkles in his features!