

work easy, but is helping his pupils to acquire habits which will tell upon their welfare in all after life. For want of early training in order and punctuality many persons are always making blunders and failures. They forget the exact moment of an appointment and so lose the main chance. They rush to the railway station after their train has gone, and so disappoint waiting friends, or incur loss in business. These are but simple, commonplace illustrations. The teacher can set no higher aim before him than that of aiding his pupils to form correct habits of thought, speech and action,—correct habits, physical, mental and moral.

Special Articles,

THE UNAPPRECIATED TEACHER.

Skilled labor is always in demand. The best men in any vocation, whether it be a trade or profession, are always sought for, and command the highest price. The world is usually a fair judge of a man's worth and his market value tells more closely than any words can tell how much he is worth to any individual or community who may be in need of services such as he can render. The man who is not "appreciated" is a scarce article. The teacher who year after drudges through the so-called duties of school-room life and receives but condemnation and fault-finding where he deserves praise is of doubtful existence. Could the scales fall from such a teacher's eyes, and could he see himself as others see him, he would probably find a more potent reason than any that has heretofore suggested itself to his mind for lack of success and appreciation. If you are in a poor position, do not content yourself by grumbling at fate and bemoaning your unlucky state, but manfully go to work and fit yourself for a higher standard in your profession. When you will have done this you will at once rise to your level, and the position that you deserve will be in waiting for you.—*Educational World*.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

BY MISS MAGGIE JONES.

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I imagine there are many who when they hear poetry announced as my subject shrug their shoulders, and only say, "Poetry to the winds. Give science free course!" This is no age for dreamers, and there is no need of encouraging them to fill the editor's waste basket." But in sympathy for these editors let us as teachers find out and cultivate the true poetic sentiment, which, when one possesses, he dares not insult by clothing in the tawdry dress of unbecoming words. The majority of us prefer being silent, when we see our thoughts in the language of the great masters of poetry. There is a tendency to cultivate the reason to the neglect of the imagination. What is this but preparing men to put together the coincident angles and sides of the vast geometry of the universe without noticing the beautiful curves that are produced. We may see the time when these lines and curves and angles will be found to fit together, and form one circle. Who among us would appreciate the great poem? Would it not be those who detected all along that the cream of science is poetry? What is poetry? It is the appreciation of the beautiful. The essence of beauty is purity, color and form are only its habiliments. To learn poetry we should go first to the embodiments of beauty, not to descriptions of them, just as we learn color, size and number from objects, not from

words; in a word, just as the concrete precedes the abstract. Let every teacher get as near to nature's heart as possible. But she is coy, and will not be approached by the rude one indifferently. She is pure, and requires at least a longing for purity from those whom she would influence. Who ever saw a lover of nature coarse or degraded? View often her blushes of morning, her calm rest of evening, her frowning thunder clouds and lightning flashes, her gay dress when fresh and young, her sombre garb when old and withered, and the hopes of youth are falling thick in the blast. How every phase or fact of nature reflects a corresponding truth in the reflective and experienced mind. The silver-edged cloud, the rainbow bridging over many a chasm, the gentle shower, the snow-capped mountain, the illimitable space, has each its peculiar, due meaning. It is not necessary that the influence of such objects be expressed in words to prove the existence of a poetic mind. It is enough only to see them, and be glad, reverential, restful. Perhaps the language the soul would like to use will form part of the new song that we are to learn hereafter. Poetry does not shed its best influence on a man until he has learned the religion of Christ by heart. Then the halo of love that is thrown over all beautiful scenes makes them doubly attractive. Such a mind views nature in the light of a shareholder, and rejoices in the sure hope of one day understanding the simplicity and harmony of all nature, and reveling in its beauty. God is enthroned on the summit of his mountain thoughts, and Deity is seen from every elevation of the soul.

We will turn now to the subjective poetry of books, and here let us notice the importance of good training in the objective poetry of nature, such a training as will prepare the student to cull from the garden of poets such flowers as are pure and fragrant. The imaginative person is never lonely with the poets for companions. He can go wherever a fancy calls. He is present when the fair Helen is carried off to Troy, and hears the fierce battles rage on its plains. He watches their hero pursue his varied course under the care of the gods from Iion to Ithaca, and rejoices at his reunion with the constant Penelope. He is a guest at the feast of Alcinous and sees Ulysses, softened by the martial strains of the lyrist, draw the purple vest before his eyes to conceal the falling dew. With Sappho he breathes the pure air of Greece, wanders about its cavernous coast, its dewy lawns and fairy arbors, and is charmed by Grecian music, love and beauty. With Dante he stands at Hell's-gate and hears the dreadful wailing of the lost. He enters and sees the dreadful shapes as vividly as the furniture of his own room. Nor are the days of chivalry less vividly brought before his eyes by the poetry of the Troubadours, the tales of Canterbury, the poems of Ossian. The Faerie Queen stands before him the embodiment of beauty, virtue and truth. If he wish to look into the recesses of human nature, to have a side view of the main-spring that moves its complicated machinery, let him read Shakespeare. There he can discern the passions, prejudices and principles of humanity. He can view all the world as a stage, and the men and women as actors. Or if his imagination seek a bolder flight, let him go with Milton through the vast profundity obscure. See the great chieftain of the fallen as he stands, and for the first time, casts a look over the arid plain and burning lakes of hisdo-main, and exclaim, 'Is this the region, this the soil, the climate?' Witness the hellish throng gather round their leader to hear his speech from that high throne which far outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind. Hear too the harmonious sound of the golden hinges as the doors of heaven open wide to let cut the King of Glory and his celestial equipage coming to create new worlds. Take a pilgrimage with Byron to the sanctuaries of nature, or an airy flight with Tennyson, and look through the poet's glass which casts a dreamy haze over all. Be at home sometimes with the poets of the West, where the world seems fresh from the workhouse of God.

It may be said of the poet as Ruskin says of the winter. He makes his student at home with his own strong feelings and quick thoughts, and leaves him more than pleased, amused and instructed under a sense of having held communion with a new nature.