wily adversary.

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE EXCELLENT MAN.

BY HEINE. They gave me advice and counsel in store, Praised me and honored me, more and more; Said that I only should "wait a while," Offered their patronage, too, with a smile. But, with all their honor and approbation, I should, long ago, have died of starvation, Had there not come an excellent man, Who bravely to help me along began. Good fellow! he got me the food I ate, His kindness and care I shall never forget; Yet I can not embrace him, tho' other folks can For I myself am this excellent man.

THE REWARD OF MERIT. A FIRST RATE LOVE STORY.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader.) twenty-seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fallen in love as yet. "Had she no offers?" What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go rest will take care of itself." begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be accounted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how should she in her present position? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution - but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting room, really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and future, the far future, too, a gentleman presented himself and inquired for Mr. Bremen. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said "I am he."

The stranger might have been thirty years or so of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader :

"-, 11mo., 18-. Friend Paul-This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend upon him for aught that he can do. and shall not lean as upon a broken reed. If thou canst do any thing for him thou mayest peradventure benefit thyself and find cause to rejoice. Thy former and present friend, MICAR LOOMIS."

"It is not every one that can get old Micah Loomis's endorsement on his character," said Paul Bremen, to himself as he folded up the letter of his well known associate and friend of former days. "Old Micah is good for a quarter of a million, or for anything else-it will do-I want him-getting old, business increasing-must have some help-now as well as any time."

The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips.

"Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?" "I have had some few years experience." "Any objection to a place here ? Pretty close work-only one thousand a year."

"None." "When can you begin?" "Now."

A real smile shone on the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting son among the clouds of evening, lighting up those seemingly hard, dark features.

A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and, in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and young man had known each other for years. In reference to our new triend, it will be

sufficient to remark that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a general acquaintance with the most noteworthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits of which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two only daughters.

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt, though he said it not, that in him he pos-

Very little indeed was said by either of them, not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the young woman before him; something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be? And then, too, he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. "Sure," said James, "somethings coming." Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt

.. What is it, father?" she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face; "do tell me." "I wish you'd have him !" burst forth like

an avalanche. "Known him for six yearstrue as a ledger-a gentleman-real sensible man-don't talk much-regular as clock work -prime for business-worth his weight in

"Have who, father? What are you talking "My head clerk, Copeland-you don't know -I do-haven't seen anybody else worth

Annie was puzzled. She laughed, however, and said-

"Marry my father's clerk! what would people say ?"

"Humbug, child, all humbug-worth forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy gentry; say what they please; what do I care? what do you care! what's money, after all? got enough of it-want a sensible man-want somebody to take care of it, all humbug."

"What's all humbug, father ?" "Why, people's notions on these matters-Copeland is poor-so was I once-may be again-world's full of changes-seen a great I am sure you would.23 many of them in my day-can't stay here

"Father, are you serious?"? "Serious, child!" and he looked so. Annie was a chip of the old block; a strongminded, resolute girl. A new idea seemed to

"Father, if you are really serious in the matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get acquinted with him. If he likes me, and I like him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave | Copeland-papers all drawn up-can't alter it the matter to me?"

"Go ahead, my child, and do as you like. Good morning."

between his lips, parted them asunder, glanced | neither gives nor takes agay. be touched upon by her father, Annie would upon a set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there, when he left the house for his counting room. The twilight of that smile had not yet gone when he reached the well known spot, and bowed, and looked "good morning" to those in his employ, for old Paul was, after his fashion, a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles; so many, so peculiar, so full of something, and the head clerk could not but notice them, and that, too, with some alarm. What was coming? At length the volcano burst forth.

"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?" Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet be could not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremen say that, and in his counting room too? The very ledger seemed to blush at the intro-duction of such a subject. He for the first duction of such a subject. He for the first lectual festivities of the session. A third and a fourth may have still different views. This "I say-why don't you get a wife ?-know just the thing for you-prime article-poor enough to be sure-what of that-a fortune in a wife, you know-a sort of a relation of master is abroad." I shall quarrel with none, mine-don't want to meddle with other peo- but accept the opinions of all as allowable in a ple's affairs, know our own business best—can't free country. Who would be ashamed to be help thinking you'll be happier—must see her.' seen and heard in a good cause? Who would time past thought so himself; but how the of others? Who that is not damb would not old man should have divined his feelings was speak for truth and virtue? And who would

quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the not let the people know-for in some places day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hands | they do not appear to have learned yet-that which produced another grim smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. B. handed a sealed document of rather impostorm to Charles, saying-

"Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at No. 67 Hof the person to whom it is directed; don't the speaker presumes on his right to be heard; want to trust it to any one clse."

No. 67 II street. The door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed. engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

"She is not in, but is expected presently will you be scated ?" There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person which seemed peculiar to Copethen another; and soon the conversation grew | as I proceed, I cannot promise you so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance

at the outside: "Mr. Copeland ?" Charles bowed. "Miss Peyton." The young lady bowed, and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.

That night, Annie said to Mr. B., "I like his appearance, fatherr" "Forward; march!" said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction.

"The old man's as swate to-night as a new poratee," said James to the cook. The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing several times," Miss Peyton Dr.

as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold. "Delivered the paper last evening?" Copeland bowed.

"Mrs. Richards is an old friend-humble in her weight in gold any day-have her myself if I could."

"How much you remind me of Mr. B. said Charles one evening to Annie; "I think you said you were a relation of his?" "I am a relative of his through my moth-

er," was the grave reply. Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal smile.

Somewhat later than usual on that day, ry woman. Not only in the school-room are Annie reached her father's house. There was the teacher's patience and good nature severeno mistaking the expression of her countenance.

Happiness was written there. "I see, I see," said the old man; "the account is now closed, books balanced, have it all through now in short order. You are a sensible girl-no foolish puss-just what I want-bless you, child, bless you."

The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his countingroom. Casks and boxes seemed to be starting

"Copeland, you are a fine fellow-heard from Mrs. Richards-proposal to my relation, Peyton-all right-done up well. Come to my house this evening-never been there yet | will!" and Darkness recedes before him, Igbefore, eh ?-eight o'clock precisely-want to see you-got something to say." "How much interest he seems to take in

fellow in his way? a little rough, but good at heart." Yes, Mr. Copeland, even kinder than you

think for. At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles use in this address, the name "man," I use it school. Copeland was ushered in by friend James. as a generic name, embracing both sexes, and turning round abruptly, introduced him to "teacher." Did custom allow it, I should be "My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen," and immediately withdrew.

"Charles, will you forgive me this?" He was too much astonished to make any reply. before that little masculine pro-name. But "If you only knew my feelings and motives, That the motives and feelings were soon ex-

"Copeland, my dear fellow," shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, "no use of a long engagement." "Oh, father !"

"No use, I say; marry now-get ready afterwards, next Monday evening, who cares? Want it over, feel settled. Shan't part with Annie, though-must bring your wife hereno words-partner in business-Bremen and

-be quiet, will you? -won't stay in the room."

I have now finished my story, reader. I have given you the facts. I cannot say, how-"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my ever, that I approve of the deception practis-name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl, ed upon our friend Charles. As, however, a companion of our friend Mrs. Richard's, in our Lord commended the "unjust steward be-H—street. She shall know the whole affair; cause he acted wisely," so I suppose the good you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton; sense shown by the lady in choosing a husband I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The our approbation. It is not every one who has rest will take care of itself." est will take care of itself."

"I see, I see," and one of those rare smiles cles which surround the wealthy, and seek for illuminated his whole face. It actually got those qualities of mind and heart which wealth

THE TRUE TEACHER.

An Address read before the Clearfield County Nor-

mal School, at Curwensville, on Wednesday evening, June 16, 1858, by Rev. I. J. STINE.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL Young Ladies and Gentlemen of the Clearfield County Normal School :- I come before you this evening as the first on the list of those who are to deliver a course of lectures in this hall during the remaining weeks of your present session. Why I have consented thus to appear in your presence-why I am here, I need not consume time in saying, as, no doubt, every one has already formed an opinion. One may attribute it to a desire to be seen and heard, and another may view it as a commending, while that one may "presume that it is just to let the people know that "the school-Now the fact is, that Charles had for some not take pleasure in adding to the enjoyment

But again. I come before you, ladies and gentlemen, as one of your own number, as a teacher. Your interests are my interests; your hopes are my hopes; your good is my good. And now the gentlemen may suppose -street. Place it in the hands that from a long habit of dictating to children, while the ladies will, no doubt, think-but I The clerk saw on the outside, Mrs. Richards, | may not read their thoughts, and must content

myself with hoping the best. Let it be sufficient, then, to say that I have accepted the very flattering invitation of your worthy Preceptor to address you at this time, with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret. Of pleasure that I am permitted to add my mite to your intellectual enjoyments in your present capacity, and to meet, for my own enjoyment, the greetings of so many noble hearts and love-lit eyes; of regret that I have had He felt at ease at once, (you always do but two days' time to prepare my address, with such people,) made some common-place and that, in consequence of this, and more remark which was immediately responded to ; | real deficiencies, which may be perceived

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul" that should always accompany an intellectual "treat". I know that time and fore-thought are necessary to the production of an address suitable for the ears of an association of Teachers. But I know, also, that you, as teachers, have learned not to expect every thing from one weak mortal-the production of every intellectual flower and fruit from one decaying brain.

And in the poet's language, slightly altered, -if I chance to fall below A splendid oratoric show. Don't view me with a critic's eye, Nor pass me altogether by. For I may say a thing or two

That may be new to some of you But I find that I am making a little speech of my introduction, or, as my old schoolmaster used to call it, ' making the porch too big for the house";-a thing by no means premeditated; and you are anxious for the announcement of my subject. Then, let it be, The True Teacher, and our object, to consider his Charcircumstances-the young lady, Peyton-worth acteristics and his Influence. And here let me say that I have chosen this subject, not because I supposed that I could do it justice, but because of its fruitfulness-the shortness of the time allowed for the preparation of my address admonishing me that a fruitful subject

was necessary. The work of the teacher is something more than an ordinary work; and, to be successful, he needs to be something more than an ordinary man-she something more than an ordinaly taxed; oftentimes ahead he is faulted for his very virtues, and pupils come into the school-room with their heads swimming with false notions of his character and his worth, falsely instilled by falsely-judging parents and others, who were never inside of his schoolroom in their lives. Yet the True Teacher stands a man amid all these vexations-striving to do his duty, leaving the talk to others. Like Napoleon, but in a better cause, he not only undertakes; he accomplishes. His motto is not the cowardly one, "I can't," nor yet the timid one, "I'll try;" but in all the dignity of a man he stands and proclaims, "I norance hides her face in shame, and Sin skulks howling back to the pit whence first she sprung, while the glorious light of Science this matter," said Charles. "He's a kind old and Truth breaks in upon benighted minds as his comes in contact with them, and they acknowledge Virtue's reign. But let us specify. And here a word of explanation by way of apology to the fairer side of the house, may be advisable, if not necessary. Whenever I

custom is arbitrary.

pleased to show my respect for the sunshiny side of humanity, and especially for our whole souled lady teachers, by always putting an "s"

long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd plained to his entire satisfaction, no one will this he needs no little store, in order to meet successive lesson, comparing it with former doubt.

This he needs no little store, in order to meet successive lesson, comparing it with former and to overcome the trials and difficulties in ones, and illustrating it by them. Anecdote place to school-teachers—the profession is taking rank among the highest and the most cident to his profession. Trials are his. His may also come in for a good share in illustralife is a warfare. The enemy is cunning and trion. Hence the teacher should be familiar treacherous. He will not show his colors in open day, but while the sun shines he lies in ambush and "because his deeds are evil,"

One science, also, illustrates another, as well

stalks out in the darkness of the night, to come suddenly upon the object of his hatred. the necessity, on the part of the teacher, of a general fund of knowledge, and not only so; But he who catches the faithful sentinel asleep but a mind, also, of his own-a thinking, reaat his post, will have to visit that post more soning, and reasonable mind. "He must," in than once. Let him be sagacious. Ourteachthe language of a celebrated educator, "be a er is also sagacious—sagacious with a wiser sagacity; and his good common sense enables sort of locomotive patent-office." add, that he must be also a sort of walking enhim to meet on more than equal terms the cyclopedia-a living, moving being, full of ob-Good common sense is found necessary in servation, of reflection, and of originality-analytic and synthetic, deductive and inductive, relation to the assignment of every lesson and the hearing of every recitation-every order,

side of the school room and outside, with his pupils and with their parents. 2. Another characteristic of the True Teacher, is amiableness-gentle and persuasive manners. He needs not be, he must not be, a sickly sentimentalist, such as he who would appear refined; but he ought to be, and he is a man of true feelings, and of kind and gentle manner-in a word, a gentleman. A surly, crabbed man is out of his proper place in the

every motion-every word and every look in-

ranks of teachers. The minds and the hearts of children, as well as their bodies, are tender things, and must be tenderly dealt with. The True Teacher, observant of human nature, is aware of this, and his own amiable disposition naturally prompts him to a right discharge of his duties in this respect. He is not apt to snarl, as a chained dog, at every little annoyance, and even the petty failings of childhood sometimes please him. He sees in children nothing less than men and women undeveloped. And while he possesses absolute authority over his school, he commands by requesting, and this in a spirit of kindness and cheerfulness. And being kind and cheerful himself, the same spirit pervades his school. There love and honor dwell, from such a course. The Teacher is a general, happiness is there, and the children think at the head of an army—an army of regulars theirs. Blessed among teachers is that one supervision and discipline, but his firm, tha-

3. Again-the True Teacher is characteriz- ner as to leave no room for doubt or disobeed by patience. Impatience and fretfulness in dience. a teacher is a sure sign of his having been by Nature designed for some sterner calling than than that of directing the tender mind of childhood in the acquisition of knowledge.

Childhood has many little failings, scarcely amounting to faults, yet to meet which in the patience. Besides, in regard to "lessons," many things which to the teacher appear very plain and simple, are to the little learner very difficult and intricate; and much laborious and prtient explanation is necessary. For instance, the Alphabet is to the child but a complexity of characters, the different names and sounds of which it thinks a herculean task to learn. the letters, and then counts the leaves of the tient instruction-it may come to the conclusion of the "idle boy" in the book, that "that's bees improving each shining hour." too much to learn to know so little." The

mind of childhood to consider. So, again, when it comes to form letters into words, and words into sentences, these things, though more pleasant, are wonderful things, difficult things, and cause many anxious heavings of the little heart, and the escape of many broken little sighs. And so it greatness of his mission, who feels the responis throughout the whole course of elementary sibilities of his station, and boldly dares to dier's gun, and the sports of childhood to the education, until the pupil has become of an meet them. He uses no impropriety of ian- great battle of life. And as his mind's eye age and a mind to know the importance of guage, does not stake his reputation with his mental discipline, and the necessity of application, which, indeed, from the false notions of education existing among so many parents

and teachers, never happens with some. And patience in the teacher is required by another consideration. The results of his labors are not always seen at once. They are not generally immediate. Like the husbandman, he sews the seed in seed-time, but must wait until harvest-time for the fruit. More the harvest, and that saying is fulfilled, "one

soweth, and another respeth." 4. Moreover, the True Teacher is a man of strong Sympathies. He can sympathize with the "little ones" in their joys and their griefs; can amuse, as well as instruct; can cheer and animate; can comfort them in their little vexations and sorrows, and wipe away their tears. There is scarce a step between joy and sorrow in childhood, scarce a wink of the eye between

smiles and tears. A celebrated painter was once painting a child crying. Being asked why he represent- pupils. ed it in that mood, by one dash of the brush he cleared away its frowns and tears, and put upon its countenance a most bewitching smile. Then, by another dash of the brush, it appeared the same as at first_in frowns and tears.

The True Teacher is also capable of sympahood over. He is a poor teacher who can not with the boys. Let no one be afraid that his souls at their hands. "dignity" will be compromised by this line of are the most familiar with their pupils out of

5. Still another characteristic of the True Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and so with the pro-name "he," referring to Teacher is, ingennity. He is a man of ready because to speak of them fully would require invention. Children love novelty-routine at least the time that ought to be devoted to a they hate. The teacher to be successful, must single address, and secondly, because the chabe full of all manner of invention. He must racteristics which I have pointed out as bebe able to devise some "new thing" for the amusement and instruction of his classes, every gether, imply, to some extent at least, a cultiday. He must be able to present every suc-1. The first characteristic of the True Teach- cessive lesson in a different light—that is he that the Teacher should have a good general on the old or which we notice, is good common sense. Of must be able to shed still more light on each education. The time is past when "any body the pitch.

as one part of a science another part. Hence and productive. 6. But the True Teacher is farther and espe-

words, decision of character. With him "yes" always means yes, and "no" always means no. He always means just what he says-no more, no less. His pupils soon become aware of this fact; and hence they learn that, though, as I that whatever any one else has done, he can have said under another head, he commands do in like circumstances. He has, then, a by requesting, his requests must be complied with. The True Teacher is not a weak and conceil. I call it self-reliance. He feels that vascilating man. He is careful that he never he is a man, and not a mere machine—he has a makes a request of his pupils, nor forbids will of his own, and will not be dictated to by them any anticipation, except for their own them any anticipation, except for their own good, or at least without a very good reason; of the teacher's lot, though he is ever ready but he will allow not even the slightest resistand willing to receive counsel and instruction ance to his authority. Hence his pupils learn from his more experienced co-laborer in the to respect him, and, respecting him, they will great work in which he is engaged. respect his authority, too. His mere ipsedixit is enough for them. "He says so," is enough to teach. It will be readily interred, however, to settle any question or dispute among them. from the qualifications specified, that I would On the other hand, the teacher who is not have the instructor of the young "apt to characterized by firmness, is not, can not be teach." Indeed the characteristics named inrespected by his pupils. The soldier could not respect and confide in the general who was continually changing his orders, and reorganizing his files, in the same battle. Besides, only confusion and disorder would arise from such a course. The Teacher is a general, there is not on earth an-other such teacher as and irregulars, who need not only his constant who has gained the object and confidence of his pupils; thrice blessed is he who retains it. given, though in kindness, yet in such a man-

7. The True Teacher is also a good tacticias, or disciplina ian. Now, as to discipline, the world about us differ. So do teachers. By a tactician or discialinarian, I do not mean a stone to something in their estimation higher, great pounder of little backs and heads, nor as if there were something higher on the earth. great general, a skillful captain. Some peocessful in the school-room is to let the pupils know from the start that they have a master. My experience has taught me otherwise. Children must be taught to love, not to fear; to

obey from love, and not from compulsion. The True Teacher knows very well the turn urged up the Hill of Science. And with him "primer," to see how many it must turn over life is a reality. There is no monotony in his before it is "through," without just at that school-room. Others may talk of monotony— He is earnest, active, energetic, alive to his duties, pointments and the frailty of man. thought may arise that play is more pleasant | and life and energy pervade his school. The than coming over a page so dull; for what is hours glide like moments away, and "disprofitable or unprofitable it does not enter the missed" generally falls upon the ears of the busy group before it was expected, and they wonder where the time has gone which used to move so slowly when John Smith kept school.

8. Another very important-nay, absolutely indispensible characteristic of the True Teacher money in games of chance, does not use in- them honored and beloved, educated and usetoxicating drinks, nor spend his evenings at ful, virtuous and happy. He looks only at the grog shops and groceries, and-I was going to bright side. He sees them in the different himself with that filthy weed, familiarly called tobacco, in any of its shapes. How any man can lay claim to the title of a moral man, who others. He sees others in public life, swavgets drunk, or uses tobacco, I can not perceive. ing nations by a word, causing unjust judges And no man who is not strictly a moral man, to tremble at their expositions of justice, and if not decidedly religious, is fit to instruct the the throne of tyrants to totter at their bidthan this. He sews the seed; the world reaps young. The Teacher ought to be at least a dings, while justice and cruelty cower in very man who fears God, and keeps his commandwith all his heart; though better, far better were it for all concerned, could this be predi-

cated of him also. Teacher has the care of the intellectual faculties only, and that he is not responsible for the morality of his pupils. This is a serious, often a fatal mistake. The Teacher, though not entirely, is to a degree responsible for the

Some teachers endeavor to shuffle off the responsibility of moral even, to say nothing of religious instruction, by "leaving that to the preacher." I was not long ago not less astonished than grieved to hear one whom I had "Thus, sir," said the artist to his interroga- been accustomed to rank among the true teachtor, "you see how easy a thing it is to make ers, say, with a seriousness that left no room children either laugh or cry." And as the for doubt, that he felt himself "responsible painter has power over the canvass, so has the only for the mental improvement" of his puteacher power over the mind and the heart. pils, while he left "the doctor to look after At his will he can make his children either their health," and "the preacher to instruct laugh or cry. Oh, then, how careful should them in morals and religion." Truly here was he be that he cause not grief and tears and a defining of the duties of each profession, gloom, but joy and smiles and happiness in- and if correct, would not allow the physician to instruct any in anatomy or physiology even, nor the teacher to try to reform an evil habit, thizing with his pupils in their sports and nor the minister to stanch the bleeding of a plays. Not only does he know how to make death-wound. Believe me, I left that man the sad countenanc cheerful, but also to make with a much lower estimate of him than that even cheerfulness itself more cheerful. A- which I had previously entertained. Ah! let mong children, he becomes, in sport and play, such remember that, in regard to the children wealth she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepand at the proper time for these enjoyments, a | of their charge, there may come a time when child again. He lives the season of his child- society may have questions to ask of them which may not be so easily answered, and that build play-houses with the girls, and play ball there is one who may one day require some

Other traits or characteristics of the True conduct. The teachers most successful and Teacher I might mention, but the time would most respected in their schools are those who fail me to more than mention energy, activity, integrity, diligence, perseverance, love for his profession, devotedness to his calling. I vation of their minds depends the wisdom of have also omitted literary qualifications; first, longing to the True Teacher, when viewed to- similarly visited on the fourth. vated mind. Let it suffice to say on this point

learned professions; and there is no danger of the Teacher's education being too extensive, provided that it is thorough.

The True Teacher does not need a college diploma, setting forth that he has gone over a certain routine of studies, through which his abilities would never allow him to go, and very deeply into which he never has peeped; but he does need to bear on his manly brow tho mark of intellect enstamped, and intellect im-proved and cultivated. If he has enjoyed the advantagess of a public education, so much the better, if those advantages have been improved. But he must be educated, in the true sense of the word, just as much if he sports college honors to his name as if he does not. And the education of experience will be of cially characterized by firmness; or, in other most service, for experience is the school words, decision of character. With him "yes" where wisdom is learned.

Again, did time permit, I might speak of self-reliance. The True Teacher feels that what has been done once, can be done againmoderate share of what is vulgarly called self-

Nor have I said anything directly of aptness by long and varied experience. The True Teacher is "apt to teach." He can teach his pupils all he knows himself, if any body elso can teach them any thing, and—what may be called the 'educational paradox'-sometimes more than he himself knows.

Such, then, being the characteristics of the True Teacher, surely an importance and a dignity are attached to his office. The teacher's calling is not to be lightly esteemed. It is a great, a glorious calling, second to none on earth. How often do we find young men particularly, making school-teaching but a step-

yet a great ex-pounder of knowledge; but a | The True Teacher is a man to be respected, ple have an idea that the only way to be suc- Is not his influence greater than the influence of any other? Is not his work a nobler and a more laborious work? His life is spent in "doing good," in endeavors to make himself and others useful, honored, beloved, and happy. He has a right to respect and esteem and honor, and-what he rarely receives-a just of every mind with which he has to deal; and recompense for his labors; for he sims high. And as it gazes upon the open page, and scans | while some must be gently led, others must be | and hopes much. And as he has a right, a divine right, to these things, so he expects them. And above all, he expects his instructions to be heeded, and good results to grow out of time the right sort of instruction-cheerful pa- of the dullness of the school-room. His them; and if disappointed of this, whatever school-room is not dull; it is a hive of "busy encouragements may be denied him, none can take away his right to weep over his disap-

The True Teacher lives not for the present

only. He lives for the future. He points his pupils on and up, encouraging them by his own bright example. He looks away ahead, to the time when the little boys and girls around him have become men and women, and the play-ground has been exchanged for the great arena of sterner life; when the spelling book has given place to the ledger or the tomes of law or divinity, the mullen-stalk to the solscans the dim vistas of the future, he sees say, would blush as much to be caught defiling pursuits of life; some in humble retirement, spreading peace and happiness around them, and always strewing roses in their pathway for shame beneath their rebukes, and truth and ments, if he does not love Him, and serve Him virtue rejoice in the sunshine of their smiles. Some he sees in their abundance administering to the poor-feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, and spreading the Word of I am aware that it is urged by some that the | Life throughout the world. He sees others spending their lives, because all they have to spend, in "doing good;" some physicians, some lawyers and statesmen of distinction and merita some judges, governors, congressmen, while one stands at the head of government, moral as well as the intellectual growth of his with one by his side that would hardly be recognized as the romping bright-eyed girl of the hill-side school. Others he sees, like himself, instructors of the young; some again, heralds of the Cross, ambassadors from God to man; and with a thrill of holy pride and pleasure indefinable, he cries, "these were my pupils!" He labors not for gold; he toils by day and racks his brain by night, not for any marble monument to his fame; but, like the Spartan mother, he can point significantly to living monuments of his faithfulness, with the Spartan expression-"these are my jewels!"

FUN AND POVERTY .- Poverty runs strongly to fun. A man is never so full of jokes as when he is reduced to one shirt and two potatoes. Wealth is taciturn and fretful. Stockbrokers would no sooner indulge in a hearty laugh than they would lend money on a "sec-ond mortgage." Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends sia. The poor never indulge in a wooded but then they have a style of appetite that converts a number three mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

THE TRUE DOCTRINE .- Sheridan said, beautifully:- Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the culti-

men. May in Europe seems to have been as unpleasant as it has been in America. Snow had fallen in seme parts of France. Madrid was

A vocalist says be could sing, "Way down on the old Tar River," if he could only ge