

From the West Shore.  
The Teacher's Dream.

BY POUNCE.

Not long ago I came across a poem with the above title. I read it, and since it has been recited in my school room by a thoughtful pupil, who desired, no doubt, to contribute something consolatory to the teacher who for days and weeks struggles with his pupils, of whom the declaimer is one, without receiving much material reward. The child thought that his teacher could gain great comfort from hearing of the wonderful changes that came upon the pupils of this dreamer's class, and take new courage, hoping that he might, at some distant day, yet concealed in the mysterious vale of futurity, realize what this careworn weary teacher only dreamed.

With all the confidence that youth possesses when conscious of good intentions, and full of the belief that he is doing a noble deed this pupil stepped upon the platform one Friday afternoon and in a clear full tone uttered these words:

The weary teacher sat alone,  
Unnerved and pale was he;  
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care  
He spoke in sad soliloquy.

Another round, another round  
Of labor thrown away;  
Another drain of toil and pain  
Dragged through a tedious day.

Of no avail is constant zeal,  
Love's sacrifice is loss;  
The hopes of morn so golden,  
Turn each evening into dross.

I squander on a barren field  
My strength, my life, my all;  
The seeds I sow will never grow,  
They perish where they fall.

He sighed, and low upon his hands  
His aching brow he pressed;  
And o'er his frame ere long there came  
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,  
But started back aghast,  
The room by strange and sudden change,  
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a senate hall, and  
One addressed a listening throng;  
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,  
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew  
The speaker's voice and look;  
"And for his name" he said,  
"The same is in my record book."

The stately senate hall dissolved;  
A church rose in its place,  
Wherein there stood a man of God  
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,  
And though his hair was gray,  
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,  
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantom, vanished soon,  
What saw the teacher, then?  
In classic gloom of alcove room  
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad," the teacher said,  
Filled with new surprise;  
"Shall I behold his name enrolled  
Among the great and wise?"

The scene was changed again, and lo!  
The school house rude and old;  
Upon the walls did darkness fall,  
The evening air was cold.

"A dream," the speaker, waking said,  
Then paced along the floor;  
And whistling slow, and soft and low,  
He locked the school house door.

And walking home his heart was full  
Of peace, and trust, and love, and  
praise;  
And singing slow and soft and low,  
He murmured "after many days."

When the boy had finished speaking  
and was passing down the aisle to  
his seat, ringing in my ears yet were  
the words:

"I squander on a barren field,  
My life, my strength, my all."

And I have thought so much on these  
words that it really seems to me, I  
should forget everything else I know,  
before I could forget them. The line,  
"Love's sacrifice is loss,"  
Touched a responsive chord in my  
heart and vividly called to remem-  
brance a boy whom I had loved—a  
sweet appealing child, with heavenly  
blue eyes, an honest look in his fair

young face, and an ample brain ready to be stowed with valuable impressions. He transgressed one day—was naughty. For the very love I bore him I detained him and reasoned with him, and urged upon him in the utmost kindness how beautiful it is to be good, and how noble it is to always do right. It would have been much easier, and occupied far less time for me to have boxed his ears or struck him a dozen blows with a whip and sent him home in disgrace. The next day, unfortunately for me, I accidentally overheard that same boy heaping curses upon me for detaining him after school. Curses more deep and crushing could not have been used if I had whipped him severely. Verily in this case

"Love's sacrifice was loss."

Let us review the teacher's profession as it actually appears, divested of that peculiar sentiment, with which, for the sake of euphony, it is so often clothed.

First, years of invaluable time must be spent, and untold agonies of hard work must be done in preparing for the field. Then when life is brightest and hope looms highest, the teacher enters upon his duties at a salary of, say \$50 per month, or six hundred dollars per annum. In ten years from his first hour's teaching, if he has been steadily employed in the meantime, and has been successful, just in the prime of his life when his powers are at their best, he may command sixty dollars per month, or seven hundred and twenty dollars per annum. Alas! this is only too true.

Then what extravagant castle building can a teacher indulge in! What visions of future happiness must pass before his mind in his contemplative moments! Can he, like the young physician, look forward to a joyous home of wealth and luxury, surrounded by a happy family and everything else to make life blissful? Or like the young farmer, know that his labor will be rewarded with substantial fruits and that in his old age he will be able to enjoy peace and comfort? Or like the young lawyer, who has no more intellect and not so much education, anticipate fame and fortune, and step gradually up through his profession to the forum, to the bench, to the Senate hall? I pause for a reply.

Such a venture as marriage, for the man who has chosen teaching as his life-long work, is entirely out of the question. It is a luxury of which he must deny himself. In the first place he can't afford it, and—in the second place—if he should be so reckless as to think he can, the woman who would be willing to join her future with his cannot be found. If she can I have only to say, that the fortitude, and pure unadulterated and deliberate bravery possessed by such a woman, amounts to that which is beyond sublimity itself, sublime.

Then the professional teacher, generally speaking, must be a celibate, without a home, because his income won't permit it, a wanderer on the face of the earth, contented to pass his best years—his life—in preparing others to win fame that he may have the honor, if it will bear so exalted a title, of being himself aware, for few others will ever know it, that he one time away back when he was young, taught some boy arithmetic and grammar, who now makes the world ring with his eloquence or entrances mankind with his enrapturing poetry.

But to return to the dream. Soon after the weary teacher fell asleep, there appeared to him in his vision, a vast room.

"It seemed a senate hall, and  
One addressed a listening throng;  
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,  
Applause rose loud and long."

And after he took a good look at the speaker, he recognized him and declared his name was in his record

book. Now suppose this had not been a dream, but that the teacher had been a teacher ever since, and that he really had heard burning words of eloquence fall from the lips of him whose name could be found in one of his old record books. The teacher would be an obscure old man, wrinkled and grizzled, leaning upon a staff, and moving with slow and faltering steps. He would probably approach the distinguished senator and remind him that at one time he had the honor of being his teacher. The senator would receive him with a gracious smile, shake his hand heartily, look admiringly upon him and be as pleased to see the good old man as he would to see the trundle bed upon which he slept when a boy, or the cradle in which his mother rocked him when an infant. Each occupy about the same relative position in the mind of the senator. After a brief conversation he would bid his old teacher a good afternoon, inviting him to call some day, and with a coach-and-four be conveyed to his palatial residence. At dinner he would sip his wine at a table glittering with silver and china, backed up by a salary of eight thousand a year, and then in his princely parlor he would recline upon magnificently upholstered mahogany, and listen to "music's voluptuous swell," as it arose from a three-thousand dollar piano, discoursed by an accomplished daughter, beautiful as Venus; and as the hour draws late would lose himself in sleep on a couch soft as downy pillows are, and awake in the morning to read of his fame, that while he was sleeping had circled the globe on the wings of the lightning.

How with the teacher? It is soon told. He hobbles away to his obscure and lowly dwelling, enters its cheerless and chilly precincts and drops wearily into an uncushioned chair to think of "what might have been." He partakes of his frugal meal, and retires to rest—not amid laces and linens, satins and down—but upon a bed, fortunate indeed, if it be even comfortable.

Next, in his dream, he sees a clergyman dispensing words of grace, whom he found upon close examination to be a boy that he had flogged the same day. Yes, but the boy had decided not to follow teaching for a living. He rather had opened a gate into a field where are found a Luther, a Spurgeon, a Talmage and scores of others with a brilliant fame that will go down to the end of time, not to say anything of a Beecher with a hundred thousand a year.

Then he saw another who had been his idlest lad, and he? He was an author. Ah, yes, my good old friend; he preferred to go along with a Walter Scott, who could make a hundred thousand a year and astonish the entire civilized world with his marvelous stories; and a Byron, a Longfellow, a Tennyson or a Bryant, who captivate humanity with their transcendental verses, or with the authoress of Daniel Deronda, who has acquired a name that can never die, as well as two hundred thousand dollars with her pen.

Indeed these are better company—at least most persons, strange to say, would rather be found in the company of such people, than in that of teachers.

When the teacher's days are numbered, and the time comes when he is called hence, the country is not thrown into mourning, the telegraph wires are not made hot transmitting the intelligence of the sad fact throughout the length and breadth of our broad land, public meetings are not called from the Orient to the Occident to pass resolutions of condolence, as at the death of a Morton or a Chandler. No grandeur displayed at the funeral, no memorial poem: from all quarters of the globe as if a Bryant were to die—no, none of this. He sinks down to rest quietly and ob-

scurely as the autumn leaf, passing from earth, alas! "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

In the beautiful words of a silvery-tongued poet,

"Close his eyes, his work is done;  
What to him is friend or foe-man,  
Rise of morn, or set of sun,  
Hand of man, or kiss of woman.

"As man may, he fought his fight,  
Proved his truth by his endeavor;  
Let him sleep in solemn right,  
Sleep forever and forever."

Select Reading.

—Over 20,000 car loads of poultry are carried to New York yearly, and 25,000,000 dozen eggs.

—One of the largest Sunday schools in the world is the "Union Bethel," at Cincinnati. The attendance is over 4000.

—Franklin College, Ohio, has for fifty-four years sent 84 per cent of its students to theological seminaries. Which of our other colleges can show such an honorable record?

—There are 38 people to every carriage on wheels in this country, according to statistics.

—Only two manufactories devoted exclusively to making plate glass exist in this country—one at New Albany, Ind., and the other at Lenox, Mass.

—Tennessee is shipping timber logs to Germany.

—Great Britain imported 2,000,000 eggs a day last year.

—The Russian government spends five and a half million dollars annually upon military schools.

—The New York Sun consumes 3,800,000 pounds of paper per annum.

—France, it is said, will soon construct a railroad to the interior of Africa.

—The family home of Bayard Taylor, called Cedarcroft, and surrounded by 150 well-improved acres, is offered for sale.

—The total number of both written and printed copies of the Bible extant at the beginning of the present century did not exceed 3,000,000; but since that time 116,000,000 have been printed by the British and American societies alone.

—Charles F. Brush, of Cleveland, Ohio, has just sold his English patents for electric-lighting apparatus, to a large incorporated company in London for £30,000.

—The king of Burmah has turned the S. P. G. mission house at Mandalay into a lottery office.

—There are in all England between 50,000 and 60,000 Jews, of whom about 30,000 live in London.

—The total earnings of Sing Sing prison for December, 1879, were \$18,261; expenditures, \$15,209; profits, \$3,052.

—It costs \$30,000 a year to keep St. Peter's at Rome in repair.

—It takes \$58,000,000 a year to support the State Church in England.

—A photograph has been issued by a Boston house, representing a Chinese hotel, intelligence office, laundry, mercantile houses, and dispensary, with a whole cloud of Chinamen rushing across the continent toward it. It is reported that the pictures are selling fast, which is taken as an indication that Chinese immigration is not approved.

—A severe earthquake shock was felt at Yankton, Dakota, Dec. 28th, and one occurred the day before at Charlotte, N. C.

—The annual net profits of the London Daily Telegraph are \$650,000.

—There are now over 2,000 convicts in the Texas penitentiary.

—Of the 143 daily newspapers now published in Great Britain as against 151 last year, 18 are issued in London, 85 in the provinces, 2 in Wales, 21 in Scotland, 16 in Ireland, and one in Jersey.

—Robert Mitchell, a rich man of Cincinnati, distributed half a million dollars among his family for Christmas presents.

—The olive has, after several

years' trial, been proved profitable in Victoria county, Texas.

—Among quite a number of valuable ways in which different portions of the sunflower are utilized in Lithuania, is the making from the seed receptacles a species of blotting paper, and from the inner part of the stalk a fine writing paper.

—A Russian physician named M. Malarevsky has satisfied himself, by experiments with fifty persons, that if books were printed in white ink on black paper, the strain upon readers' eyes would be less, and short-sightedness not so prevalent.

—The widow of the late Prof. Louis Agassiz of Harvard College was the first woman to cast her vote at the recent municipal election in Boston.

—Harvard University Library has received nearly 150,000 additional volumes since 1838.

—Poor Richard's Almanac was first published in Philadelphia, in 1732, by Benjamin Franklin.

—New Hampshire has 2,535 public schools, with an average daily attendance of 43,910 pupils. Private schools instruct 3,066 pupils, while 3,985 children between five and fifteen years attend no school at all.

—The New York Congregationalist takes up the cudgel against the free exchange of newspapers, and says that there is no more reason why newspapers should exchange publications with each other than there is for hardware dealers exchanging jack-knives.

—Caxton's "Game and Play of the Chess" is claimed by many to be the first book printed in England. An edition of St. Jerome's "Expositio in Simeonem Apostolorum" bears, to be sure, an earlier date, 1423, but it is generally believed that the correct figures should be 1478.

—The memory of Benjamin Franklin is honored in Boston, the city of his birth, in the name of a square, a court, an avenue, four streets, a school house, an insurance company, a foundry, a woolen company, a savings bank, a typographical society, a lithographic company, a lodge of Odd Fellows, in the Christian and surnames of numerous citizens, in books that he printed, letters that he wrote, and a suit of clothes that he wore on a historical occasion, which are preserved. Now it is to be further honored by a Frankliniana Collection, to include everything which he wrote and was printed; everything that has been written about him; portraits, prints, medals, autographs, and other personal memorials. This collection has been begun by a gift of more than two hundred pieces made to the Public Library by Dr. Samuel A. Green.

—It is stated of postal money-orders, that not even one rightful claimant has lost a single dollar under this system from the date of its organization until the present time, although during the last fiscal year alone the post-office department issued over \$90,000,000 worth of these orders. Of misdirected orders, or orders not called for on account of death, the aggregate worth now amounts to \$700,000.

—Fifty thousand acres of the hop plant are cultivated in England, the inhabitants of Bavaria also devote much time and pains to its raising, while in the West great fields are covered with it. Besides the great demand for the blossom used in making yeast, the stem can also be utilized, in that it yields a long, fine, soft, and elastic fibre similar to flax. The tow obtained from the stems, which are hackled and bleached, makes an excellent material for stuffing furniture.

—A Japanese publisher recently printed in his native country an edition of the book of Genesis in the Chinese language—the first publication of any portion of the scriptures ever allowed by the Japanese government.