

correct example by which many have been led to decorate their grounds and to cultivate flowers and shrubbery. Many such men there are in the land, and their worth is inestimable. We hope their number is increasing from year to year. That such may be the case, we would urge upon teachers the importance of training their pupils to observe and to hear. This may be done in many ways and on various occasions. Let them frequently be called upon to give an account of objects of interest that may have attracted their attention on the way to and from the school-room. If they take a holiday walk, let that be made the subject of familiar conversation, with a view to learn what was seen and heard. If a journey has been made by a pupil, take special pains to interrogate him as to what of interest he saw, and thus by your own spirit of inquiry you will awaken in him a desire to afford you gratification, and make him ever watchful to note objects of interest and to catch the sound of sweet music. In fine, it should be the constant aim and wish of the teacher to train his pupils to move about with open eyes and listening ears; and also so to cultivate the senses of vision and hearing, that only beautiful scenes shall be treasured up,—only sweet and harmonious sounds remembered. Then may we hope to meet with more men who possess a genial nature and in whom the true spirit of observation and investigation is properly developed. "Teach a child to see properly and hear properly, and you have prepared him to receive instruction on any point."—*Conn. Common S. Journal.*

THE SANCTITY OF CHILDHOOD.

What then are children really? Their constant presence, and their often disturbing wants, conceal from us the charms of these angelic forms which we know not how to name with sufficient beauty and tenderness—blossoms, dew-drops, stars, butterflies—But when you kiss and love them, you give and feel all their names! A single child upon the earth would seem to us a wonderful angel, come from some distant home, who, unaccustomed to our strange language, manners, and air, looked at us speechless and inquisitorial, but pure as Raffaele's infant Jesus; and hence, we can always adopt every new child into the child's place, but not every new friend into the friend's place. And daily from the unknown world these pure beings are sent upon the wild earth; and sometimes they alight on slave-coasts or battle fields, or in prison for execution; and sometimes in flowery valleys, and on lofty mountains; sometimes in a most baleful, sometimes in a most holy age, and after the loss of their only father, they seek an adopted one here below. \* \* \* I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can yet raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or hope; but the child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black, poison drop of the present.—*Richter.*

NOBILITY OF LABOR.

Labor is of Divine origin. The first work ever performed upon the globe was executed by the hand of the Almighty. He implanted the ore beds deep in the secret recesses of the earth. By his hands the stately pines and the towering oaks were made to grow. He made the waters to flow in their destined channel. All for what purpose? Was it that they should ever remain thus? If no one labored, the great designs of Deity in furnishing the raw material for the use of man would never be fulfilled. But why did not the Creator himself perform this work? The same Power that created the iron ore, might with the same ease have spoken into existence shovels, fires, stoves, and various domestic utensils, and thus have furnished them to man without farther effort on his part. The same Being that spoke into existence the trees and the forest, might have furnished man with houses ready built, ships prepared for sea, tables, chairs, and all the implements now in use. All these could have been presented to man without effort or labor on his part.

But then the designs of God would have been thwarted. It is necessary that men should labor, and giving him the materials and the ability, urges him onward and prepares him for that high and holy existence for which he has been created.

He who refuses to labor then, disobeys the law of God, perverts nature, weakens his intellectual faculties, and by requiring his fellows to labor too much, that they may be supported in idleness, becomes an enemy to his race and is only unworthy of a place in the workshop of the Great Architect.

CULTIVATE DOMESTIC PEACE.—To those scenes of domestic peace which pure religion created and adorned, the thoughts of the youngest member of the family will cling in after years; they will become a kind of hallowed ground in his memory; they will exert a restraining and sanctifying power: and thus we may expect to see the promise fulfilled:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

WELL-SPENT TIME.—Spend your time in nothing which must be repented of.—Spend it in nothing on which you might not pray for the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.—*Baxter.*

Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of unhappy organization.

THE ALPINE HEIGHTS.

The pen and pencil may attempt, and not unsuccessfully, to reproduce the soft gradations of the beautiful or the abrupt contrasts of the picturesque, but they are alike powerless and paralyzed before the awful grandeur of the Alpine Heights, where there is neither life nor motion, where a stern, unsmiling sublimity has molded every form, and stamped upon the scene the frown of a perpetual winter.—There is nothing in the ordinary aspect of nature that prepares us for what we see when we have entered the region of perpetual snow. Here is no hum of insects no rustle of foliage, no pulse of vitality. There is no provision for animal life in the pitiless granite, ice, and snow, that make up the landscape. The solitary eagle, whose slow circling form is painted on the dark sky above, seems but a momentary presence, like ourselves, and not a part of the scene. Nature is no longer a bounteous and beneficent mother, but a stern and awful power, before which we bow and tremble, and the earth ceases to be a man's farm and garden, and becomes only a part of the solar system.—*HILLIARD'S Italy.*

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen in which you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy.—Mothers rarely become conscious that their children have grown up out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not fully fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child—Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes the next year, at the furthest, she may have "just her own family there;" and if you see there, look out for the fat lamb or a fried chicken, and the coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence full of household history, and running over with genuine mother-love is telling by beautiful. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the yearly sacrifice."

A mother mourning at the father's grave, or closing the dying eye of child after child, displays a grief whose sacredness is sublime. But bitterer, heavier than the death stroke is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart into vice which he would hide even from the abandoned and vile.

Napoleon once asked a lady what France most needed for the education of her youth; and the short, profound reply was, "Mothers!"