

about, tasting that apple skin, patting away at that crumb of bread; now out the window, then in again, on your nose, on neighbour's cheek, off to the very school-ma'am's lips dodging her slap, and then letting off a real round and round buzz, up, down this way, that way, and every way.

Oh we envied the flies more than anything except the birds. The windows were so high that we could not see the grassy meadows; but we could see the tops of distant trees, and the far, deep boundless blue sky. There flew the robins, there went the blue-birds, and there went we.—We followed that old Polyglot, the black black bird, and heard him describe the way they talked at the winding up of the Tower of Babel. We thanked every meadow-lark that sung on rejoicing as it flew. Now and then a "chirping bird" would flutter on the very window-sill, turn its little head sideways, and peer in on the medley of boys and girls. Long before we knew it was in Scripture, we sighed: "Oh that we had the wings of a bird!"—we would fly away, and be out of this hateful school. As for learning, the sum of all that we have ever got at a district school, would not cover the first ten letters of the alphabet. One good, kind, story-telling, Bible-telling aunt at home, with apples and ginger-bread premiums, is worth all the school ma'am's that ever cool by to be poor little fellows roast in those boy-camps called district-schools.

But this was thirty-five years ago. Doubtless it is changed long since then. We mean inside; for certainly there are but few school houses that we have seen in New England whose outside was much changed. There is a beautiful house in Salisbury, Conn., on the edge of the woods. It is worth going miles to see how a school house ought to look. But generally the bareness of the spot is chosen, the most utterly homely building is erected, without a tree or shrub; and those that can't do better, pass their pilgrimages of childhood education there.

We are prejudiced of course. Our views and feelings are not to be trusted. They are good for nothing except to show what an influence our school-days had upon us. We abhor the thought of a school. We do not go into them if we can avoid it. Our boyhood experience has pervaded our memory with such images, breeds a repugnance to district schools, which we shall not lay aside, until we lay aside in the grave. We are sincerely glad that it is not so with everybody. There are thousands who revert with pleasure to those days. We are glad of it. But we look on such with astonishment.—H. W. Beecher.

STUDENTS OF THE BIBLE.—That we may see what can be done in becoming acquainted with the Bible, let us look at a few facts. Eusebius tells us of one who had his eyes burnt out in the Diocesan persecution, and who repeated in a public assembly every word of Scripture, with as much accuracy as he had been reading them. Jerome says of Nepotian, that by reading and meditation he had made his library of Christ. Theodosius, the younger, was so familiar with the word of God, that he made it a subject of conversation with the old bishops, as if he had been one of them. Augustine says, that after his conversion, he ceased to relish even Cicero, his former favorite author, and that the Scriptures were his delight. Tertullian spent a great part of his time reading the Scriptures, and committed large portions of them to memory. In his youth, Beza, learned all Paul's epistles in Greek so thoroughly, that when he was eighty years old he could repeat them in that language. Cranmer is said to have been able to repeat the whole of the New Testament from memory. Luther was one of the most indefatigable students of the Bible that the world has ever seen. Ridley said:—"The hills and trees of my orchard, could they speak, would witness that there I learned by heart almost all the epistles; of which study, although in time a great part was lost, yet, the sweet savour thereof I trust will carry with me to heaven." Sir John Hartop, a man of many cares, made the book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day. A French nobleman used to read three chapters of the Bible every day, on his bended knees, with his head covered. Joshua Barnes is said to have read a whole pocket Bible a hundred and twenty times over. Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through twelve times a year. The Rev. William Romaine studied the Bible for the last thirty years of his life. John Boyse, one of the translators of our Bible, read all the Scriptures before he was five years old; his mother read them through twelve times; he had read the Bible through many times in a

year, I have read of more than one, of whom it was said that if the Bible had been lost, the whole might have been recovered from their memories. In short, was there ever an eminent Christian who was not remarkable for his study of Scripture, as he had opportunity?

CONNECTING THE PRESS.—A Scottish gentleman resided during some portion of last year in St. Petersburg. During his stay in the Russian capital he had addressed to him from Paris that most useful and admirably conducted English continental journal, *Galignani's Messenger*, in which as is well known, large extracts are daily given from all the leading London and other British newspapers. But in passing through the Russian Post Office, every copy of *Galignani* was subjected to the strictest scrutiny and revival, and underwent a very curious process of purgation, by which all matter reflecting on Russian policy, on the Czar or his designs, was carefully removed. In some of the numbers whole columns are cut out bodily, but the fact of entire articles being thus slapped out at once by the censor's scissors, by no means affords so correct an idea of the laborious nature of that official duties, as another device which he resorts to when the objectionable matter is something short of an entire article. Throughout the paper, from articles of various kinds, paragraphs, and even single sentences are carefully obliterated with putty-stone, the surface of the print being entirely rubbed off, and rough blanks left in the columns. In the report of a meeting at Sheffield on the Eastern question, a portion of the speech and motion of Mr. Alderman Cairn is obliterated.—The worthy Alderman will no doubt think much more highly of himself when he learns that in Russia he is considered a dangerous man. The state of matters indicated by these facts contrasts curiously with Mr. Cobden's championing of Russia as a civilizing and improving State, and also, we may add, with the way things are ordered in Turkey, where all sorts of newspapers are freely circulated, and even printed.

BENEFIT OF RAILROADS.—At a Breakfast Meeting recently held at Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Duff made the following remarks illustrative of the benefit of Railways to a country:—

"I had an exemplification furnished me the other day of what this railway which has been opened westward from Niagara to Detroit, is likely to do for this region. A respected friend, a brother minister, mentioned to me at London, that the person who had managed the stage line between Niagara and Detroit told him that the average number of passengers conveyed in a whole twelve-month, used to vary somewhat between 1,500 and 2,000. The other evening—and the railway is not yet quite completed, there being still some quicksands that tumble down now and then—and which, however, will soon be rectified—it so happened that there was an accident. The engine took it into its head to run off the line, but happily it was noticed in time to prevent the passenger cars from being overturned. In this train there were between six and seven hundred passengers, and while they were detained another train came up with three hundred more.—The train from the east next came up with six hundred passengers, so that it really happened that at that station, in the neighbourhood of Paris, there were congregated at one and the same moment of time that evening, not fewer than 1,500 passengers, nearly as many as used to be conveyed by the stage in a whole twelve-month. That was in one day, and that not in the travelling season of the year; By and bye you will have floods of what is going on in Canada. But this shows what you have to expect from the railway, and you can see, already, that short as the time has been since the railway first passed through certain regions, it has awakened a new spirit of enterprise among the Canadians. In travelling along through the forest you see new log houses erected and trees beginning to be felled, indicating that the moment the railway was opened, the spirit of enterprise took a spring forward. I believe that within a short space of time the whole of the track opened by that railway will be turned into as thoroughly cultivated a garden as will be found in the whole world.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD TEACHER.—A gentleman from Swampville, State of New York, was telling how many different occupations he had attemped. Among others he had tried school-teaching. "How long did you teach?" asked a bystander. "Wal, I didn't teach long—that is, I only went to teach." Why did you give it up?" "Wal, I give it up—for some reason or nother. You see I travelled into a district and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my object, introducing myself—and asked what he thought about letting me try my luck with the

big boys and untuly gals in the district. He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my handwriting. But he said, no, never mind; he could tell a good teacher by his gait. "Let me see you walk off a little way" (says he), and I can tell (says he), jist well's I'll heard you exaninze," says he. He got in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was considerably flustered and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked off as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough, then I expected stibing was to pay, and looked around. Wal, the door was shut, and Snickles was gone!" "Did you go back?" "Wal, no; I didn't go back." "Did you apply for another school?" "Wal, no; I didn't apply for another school—(said the gentleman from Swampville), I rather judged my appearance was against me."

SCENE IN AN INDIANA COURT.—The Richmond Palladium gives the following account of a very singular scene which occurred on the opening of the court in Newcastle, Henry county, Ind.—"At Newcastle we found quite an excitement existing in regard to the President Judge of this Circuit, the Hon. Judge Anthony. The court met on Monday morning, but before proceeding to business a member of the Henry county bar presented a petition signed by every member of the bar in that court, asking in most respectful terms his Honor to resign his seat upon the bench.—The gentlemen who presented the petition, however, stated that in case he would not resign, the petitioners had agreed among themselves that they would not do any business in the court so long as he presided. Another gentleman addressed the court, renouncing the determination they had agreed to, and urged in very plain terms the necessity of a resignation. Another followed, expressing the high personal respect he entertained for the Judge as a gentleman and a *lawyer-keeper*, but justice required him to say that he regarded the present incumbent of the bench as utterly unqualified for the place he occupied, and hoped he would resign. He was followed by another, and he by another and by another, until every member had expressed his opinion as to his incapacity, &c. With a nonchalance peculiar to his Honour, he told the gentlemen of the bar that he would think of the matter, and in the meantime would proceed to business. He called the cases upon the docket, and every case which had not been compromised was continued until the next term of the court. Court was adjourned for dinner, and in the afternoon a petition signed by the jury was presented to the Judge, asking him to resign. His Honor asked time to consider, when the lawyers proposed to him, that if he would agree in writing never to come into that county again for the purpose of holding court, and would send some one in his place, they would be content to drop the matter, so far as they were concerned. The Judge again took the matter under advisement, and we are told finally promised never to come into that county again for the purpose of holding court until he should be sent for, and would either send some other judge to hold the court, or permit the judge of the court of common pleas to hold the court in his stead.—So ended the matter for the present.

WONDER OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Observer, writes:—"Saturday was the 'Eve of May,' and the Roman Catholic church in Georgetown was filled with spectators to witness the coronation of the statue of the Virgin, a sort of May party, composed of children, assembled to crown the Queen of May." After marching about the church with candles in their hands blessed by the priest, one of the girls, more beautiful or holy than the rest, is deputed to crown the idol statue, that has been carried in the procession, with a chaplet of flowers, while soft music rolls its melody through the place, and the imagination and the senses are intoxicated with the scene. And then, too, the Virgin is entreated to intercede with her Son for the suppliants that crowd around the high altar decorated for the occasion. If this be not baptized heathenism, where shall it be found on earth?

ABSOLUTION.—If a man be truly a penitent, the promise of God renders his absolution certain. If not, though a priest pronounce him absolved a thousand times, his guilt remains. It is the sole prerogative of God to give repentance and remission of sin. The priest can do neither. The man who relies upon the absolution of a priest, is like an imprisoned and condemned malefactor, who in the night dreams that he is released, but in the morning finds himself led to the gallows.

LOVE FOR THE DEAD.—The love that survives the tomb, says Irving, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved are softened away into passive meditations on all that it was in the day of its loveliness.

Who would root such a sorrow from the heart? though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song, there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living.