

many great men have struggled in a good cause, is to lead by the hand the unsteady and the wavering until their foothold is sure. A great author used to observe that, whenever he sat down to write, he always placed the *Iliad* on the table open before him; "For," said he, "I like to light my taper at the sun." And certainly, the actions of an illustrious individual may be said to be a great moral luminary, from

which all who choose may borrow light. That which elevates us above the brute, which does us service, is moral energy; which, like the fabled gift of the alchemist, extracts gold—golden rules, at least—from every thing around us. It determines us in the pursuit of that which we seek, with the spirit which may become a man.—*Illinois Teacher.*

Plant Flowers near the School House.

"Well that school-house looks twenty-five dollars better—together a more cheerful and comfortable house for our children." And what has wrought the transformation? What has added to its intrinsic worth? It is the same in its construction; no addition has been made to its physical proportions. It looks very much internally as it did many years since. That same two-paned window over the door, with a crevice in one corner, the work of some truant snowball. The same gay fence in front, upon which are some hieroglyphic characters whose language is the genius and indefinite emanations of some crude youthful intellect. The old step, with a piece split from one side, and worn by the 'droppings' of many a merry foot-fall, is still in its place. If you enter the house, you will find things very much as of yore. The same rows of desks, with here and there the carvings of some "Yankee blade;" the stove-pipe running the entire length of the room, suspended by a dozen stout wires; and the master's desk, in its silent eloquence, standing beneath the old whitefaced clock. But there is an air of cheerfulness about the room, unknown to its earlier days. In front of the master's desk are two white shelves, upon which are vases, filled with the most beautiful flowers. The morning glory, peeping out amid the smiling family of *Flora's* household. The daffodil and daisy, the tulip and the buttercup, the bold crimson peony and the modest violet, blending their variegated colors, make altogether an object of peculiar interest to the lovers of the beautiful. But where is the extra twenty-five dollars? Whence this additional value? Why, about

one year since the teacher planted a morning glory by the doorway. A few rose bushes were brought from a neighbour's garden and planted beneath the window. A row of pinks and daisies were set beside the walk. In a neglected corner was a circle of daffodils and buttercups, and the spirit of beauty seemed whispering amid a happy, joyous group of children. The morning glory sprang up at the touch of the first spring shower, and soon was seen winding its tender vine around a string leading up beside the window. Some red, white and purple flowers made their appearance, and attracted the attention of many a happy girl and boy. The daisies and pinks were soon in blossom, and the great peony, that Mrs. A. gave the teacher, was soon seen in broad luxuriant bloom by the gateway.

Before June had clothed the meadows in their thick, green vesture, the rose tree under the window bore more than a score of bright beautiful blossoms. Indeed, the inspiring breath of nature seemed to whisper encouraging words to the teacher's care for flowers. The rough, impetuous boy would stop and drop a word of admiration, as his eyes caught the phenomenon, and then stoop to tear up the weed that was choking the growth of the flower. What a beautiful text for a moral lesson. How simple, and how plainly similar the weeds of passion and lust are forever intercepting the growth of virtue. Every little girl had her own favorite flower. Some admired the daisy for its proverbial, its beautiful modesty, and almost stooped to listen to the sweet low words of "innocence" it seemed to breathe. Others delighted to gaze upon the