

nothing else on hand. The consequence was, that the children began early in the day to think and to reason, and were always ready to join in the devotional exercises, and to enter upon their duties with consideration and energy. The teacher is the sunlight of the school-room. How quickly the fogs and vapors of the earth, and the wicked works of evil men, vanish, when the bright orb of day breaks in splendor over the earth. No matter what the temptations of students may have been to idleness or mischief, if the teacher appears in the morning lighted up with the sunlight of truth, and has an apparent earnestness in his countenance, troubles will vanish, and joy and gladness will occupy the school room all the day long.—*Iowa Instructor.*

2. WHAT IS COMPRISED IN EDUCATION.

I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country depends upon habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. The attainment of knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated, under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.

3. EDUCATION AN INSURANCE OF PROPERTY.

The people do not yet seem to see that the intelligence and morality which education can impart are that beneficent kind of insurance which, by preventing losses, obviates the necessity of indemnifying for them; thus saving the premium and risk.

What is engulfed in the vortex of crime, in each generation, would build a palace of more than oriental splendor in every school-district in the land; would endow it with a library beyond the ability of a lifetime to read; would supply it with apparatus and laboratories for the illustration of every study and the exemplification of every art, and munificently requite the services of teachers worthy to preside in such a sanctuary of intelligence and virtue.

4. EDUCATION vs. VAGRANCY.

If poor children are not trained up in the way they should go, they will certainly be trained up in the way they should not go, and, in all probability, will persevere in it, and become miserable themselves and mischievous to society, which, in event, is worse, upon account of both, than if they had been exposed to perish in their infancy.

5. I TAKE CARE OF MY LAMBS.

Let teachers and parents weigh well the significance of the following extract:

"A gentleman in England was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, with all of which his friend was highly pleased, but with nothing so much as his splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but had never seen such noble specimens; and with great earnestness he asked to know how he had succeeded in producing such flocks. His simple answer was—*I take care of my lambs, sir.* Here was all the secret of his large, heavy-fleeced, fat sheep; He took care of them when they were lambs.—*Illinois Teacher.*

VII. Miscellaneous.

1. FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

A young man, who had left his home in Maine, ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and, though nursed with devoted care by friendly strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "*Stop,*" said an aged woman who was present "*let me kiss him for his mother.*"

Let me kiss him for his mother!
 Ere ye lay him with the dead;
 Far away from home, another
 Sure may kiss him in her stead.
 How that mother's lip would kiss him
 Till her heart should nearly break!
 How in days to come she'll miss him!
 Let me kiss him for her sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
 Let me kiss the wandering boy;
 It may be there is no other
 Left behind to give her joy.
 When the news of woe the morrow
 Burns her bosom like a coal,
 She may feel this kiss of sorrow
 Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
 Heroes ye, who by his side
 Waited on him as a brother
 Till the Northern Stranger died,—
 Heeding not the foul infection,
 Breathing in the fever-breath,—
 Let me, of my own election,
 Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"
 Loving thought and loving deed!
 Seek nor tear nor sigh to smother,
 Gentle matrons, while ye read.
 Thank the God who made you human,
 Gave ye pitying tears to shed;
 Honour ye the Christian woman
 Bending o'er another's dead.

—*Montreal Life Boat.*

2. THE POWER OF A MOTHER'S NAME.

A writer in an eastern paper describes a visit to a penitentiary at Philadelphia, and gives the following sketch of an interview between Mr. Scattergood, the humane warden of the prison, and a young man who was about to enter on his imprisonment. Few will read it without deep emotion.

We passed to the ante-room, where we encountered a new comer, who had just been sent up for five years on a charge of embezzlement. He was attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the nonchalance and careless appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled his watch-chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in. The warden read his commitment, and addressed him with:—

"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here." "It can't be helped, old fellow." "What is thy age, Charles?" "Twenty-three." "A Philadelphian?" "Well, kinder, and kinder not." "Thee has disgraced thyself sadly." "Well, I ain't troubled, old stick." "Thee looks not like a rogue." "Matter of opinion." "Thee was well situated." "Yes, well enough." "In good employment." "Well, so, so." "And thee has parents." "Yes." "Perhaps thee has a mother, Charles?"

The convict had been standing during the brief dialogue perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until the last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did when the name of "mother" fell on his ear. He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant. He recovered partially and said imploringly to the warden. "Don't you, Sir, for God's sake; don't call her name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group which surrounded the unfortunate convict.

The black cap was drawn over his eyes. He was led to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterwards he reappeared on the corridor. He passed silently in charge of the deputy keeper to a lonely cell in the distant part of the prison, the door creaked on its hinges, and he disappeared; the chain dropped from the outside bolts, and Charles was a close prisoner for five years to come.

3. THE MOTHER MOULDS THE MAN.

That it is the mothers who moulds the man, is a sentiment beautifully illustrated by the following recorded observation of a shrewd writer: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and among other things, he informed me that at their start they fell into a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives—and the uniform result was, their children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest in both wife and children. 'And