

6. TESTIMONY AGAINST FLOGGING.

In truth the maxim is rapidly fixing itself in the public mind, that the ability to govern, by moral means, an appropriate number of pupils, is a fair test of the capacity and fitness of the teacher. Failure to govern well a class of forty or fifty children, without the use of the rod, is fast coming to be considered an indication that the teacher has mistaken his vocation. And I must take occasion to remark, as a fact within my official observation, that the order and excellence of those schools is precisely of the higher character, which in their government have dispensed altogether with corporal punishment.—*Maine Teacher.*

7. READ GOOD BOOKS ONLY.

The character of the books which are read by the children of the school or the family will leave its impress upon their minds. No teacher or parent should neglect to act upon this truth. Let only those books be read which are pure in sentiment and in language. The novel should have no place in the list. Life is earnest and real, not a fiction. This is a fact not sufficiently remembered. Be watchful, fellow teacher, for the best good of your pupils.

8. WHAT A GOOD PERIODICAL MAY DO.

Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. No body who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table; the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened; and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful, and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.

9. THE WONDERFUL POWER WHICH READING CONFERS—BOOKS FOR WINTER LIBRARIES.

Were every one confined to his own personal observation, how limited would be his knowledge, not only of the great principles of science and of the changes time has wrought, but of the vast open book spread around, above and beneath us!

Books have been termed "the spectacles with which we read Nature;" and how little could we know of the blue vault above us, that magnificent orrery formed by an Almighty hand, without the recorded opinions, discoveries and conclusions of astronomers? What could we know of the atmosphere around us, of its qualities, constituents and powers? what of the wonderful variety, beauty and adaptedness of the vegetable kingdom? what of the formation and structure of the earth?—unless some, in many ages, had added link after link to the great chain of discovery!

"In books we have the best products of the best minds;" but every book is not one to be read. Among those which are pre-eminently worthy our attention, are histories, travels, biographies, and works of a moral and religious character. Let a lover of novel reading sit down to the perusal of Prescott's Philip 2d, or Ferdinand and Isabella; to the travels of Dr. Livingstone in Southern Africa, or Kane's Arctic Expedition; to the biographies of Capt. Vicers, Capt. Bate, Sir Fowell Buxton, or Amos Lawrence; or to English Hearts and Hands, Ministering Children, or any of the thousands of beautiful and attractive books now issued from the press, and he will find tropics more engrossing, language purer and more elevating, scenes more instructive, and lessons more just to life and nature, than any depicted on the most elaborate page of fiction.

Any thing worth reading at all, should be read with deliberation, with reflection, and, if need be, with reception; with a full understanding, so far as possible, of the author's meaning; and with a critical attention to his style and expression. Truth should be seized wherever it is found, and error repudiated whatever garb it may assume. Reading should be a recreation after the severer toils and studies; it should come as a solace to the weary and harrassed frame; it should cool the heat of an excited intellect, and divert the anxious spirit from its perplexity and care; it should bring "corn from the sheaves of science," honey from the dark old wood, and grains of pure gold from the troubled waters.

We should read, that we may store our minds with the truths others have labored to reveal. We should read, that we may stimulate and strengthen our intellectual powers. We should read, that we may communicate knowledge, and thus do good to others. We should read, for the pure pleasure it affords ourselves, for, in the

acquisition of knowledge, we may be miserly without fear or reproach. Let none say they have no time to read. Every one can redeem time, especially in the winter evenings, for a solace so sweet, in the daily, toiling, treadmill life we lead.

"Oh! what were life but a blank? what were death but a terror?"

What were man but a burden to himself? what were mind but a misery?"

without the help, the comfort, the friends, the treasures,—found in books! Efforts should therefore now be made to establish good School Libraries for the winter months.

VI. Miscellaneous.

1. CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Yes, open the eastern windows,
That looked toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the earth be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the light behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest
With light and air for food,
Ere the sweet and tender juices,
Have been hardened into wood,

Such to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
That reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks.

You are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the past are dead!

2. THE BEAUTIFUL EYES OF CHILDREN.

A child's eyes—those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender. The man who never tries the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life as one passes by a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.—*Mary Howitt.*

3. BLESSED CHILDREN.

As Mr. Andrew Freeman came up to the door of his elegant home a little before sundown, one pleasant Autumn day, he saw a coarsely dressed child, some seven or eight years old, sitting upon the doorstep, with a basket by her side containing some chips gathered at a carpenter's shop.—Wearied with her heavy load, she had stopped to rest herself.

Something had gone wrong with Mr. Freeman, and he did not feel in a pleasant humor. The sight of the child and her basket, both occupying the white marble steps that led up to his handsome dwelling, annoyed him. They looked out of place, were incongruous, and blurred the fair entrance to his home.

"Get away from here!" he said, roughly, as he came up to the doorway.

The child started, looked frightened, and taking up her basket, went hurriedly down the street.