

urgently requested that "His Majesty would suffer his college at Oxford to go on." This the King did, but transferred the credit of the measure to himself. Meanwhile, Wolsey had founded at Ipswich, in 1527, a school, as a nursery for his intended college at Oxford; and this school is said for a time to have rivalled the colleges of Eton and Winchester.

Hugh Latimer, the son of a Leicestershire farmer, born in or about 1472, was first sent to a grammar-school, and afterwards to Cambridge. Of his family circumstances, Latimer has left us this interesting record: "My father," he writes, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Bockheath field. *He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now.* He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all that he did of the said farm."

Thomas Cranmer was born at Aslacton, Notts, in 1489, of a family who had been settled in that county for some generations. His first instruction was received from the parish-clerk, at the village school, from which he was removed by his mother, now become a widow, who placed him in 1503 at Jesus College, Cambridge, amongst "the better sort of students," where Greek, Hebrew, and theology were the principal objects of his industry.

(To be continued.)

Encourage the Little Ones.

"There is no principle in education, and in life, more sure than this—To stigmatize is to ruin."

It is a part of our nature to desire the good opinion of others. This is plainly seen in the child; and that teacher best rules the minds and hearts of his pupils, who shows them that he loves them and has confidence in their good intentions.

Few of the reproofs, a teacher is called upon to give, are for *wilful* wrong-doing. The moral strength of the little one is weak; he is easily overcome by temptation, and almost before he is aware of it, he has gone out of the right way. He feels that he is not intentionally wrong, hence, so often the child's excuse: "I didn't mean to," or, "I didn't think." Though this is not a sufficient excuse, yet it is often a true one. He was off his guard, and was overcome. Now it is the duty of the teacher, in these little wanderings, not to stigmatize, but to encourage. We all know—for we have been children—how hard it is for the child to keep its ever active energies exerted in the right direction. "Children of larger growth" are often led away and overcome, after years of experience and knowledge of the enemy's manoeuvres, and the deceitfulness of the heart; and shall the child who has to struggle with an unknown enemy, no experience, and but little strength, be expected never to fail? Never do I hear the despairing words a teacher hears: so often, "I do try to be good, but I can't," but my heart aches. They do try, these little ones, God help them, and often put to shame the indifference of older hearts, but the Devil, the evil in their own hearts, and temptations without, are often too strong for them.

It is the teacher's duty and privilege to help them, by removing temptations as much as may be, encouraging them to resist such as necessarily lie in their way, showing the evil effects of wrong-doing on themselves and on others; God's hatred of sin, and what Jesus has suffered because of it, and above all, pointing them for help to Him who has bid them come to him, and teaching them, though they are weak, that Jesus will help them if they ask him. Let them learn to love and trust in Jesus, by feeling that he loves and cares for them. It is by thus bringing into exercise the moral powers, that they are to be educated for a safe-guard in the battle-field of life.

But, if instead of this sympathy with them in their struggles and trials, this encouragement to struggle against the current that seems bearing them irresistibly away, they hear at each failure, "You are a naughty child" "You are always doing wrong," or "You do not try to be good," they are discouraged; the evil in them is aroused, and they are made worse instead of better.

Is not this "offending the little ones," than which, Christ says, "it were better a millstone be put upon the offender's neck, and he be cast into the sea?"

I do not mean that serious offences should not meet with proper

rebuke, and perhaps the withdrawal of confidence for a time, that the child may feel if he follow wrong inclinations wilfully, he is not deserving of the confidence of the good. But let the teacher watch carefully, and make a distinction between the little swervings from the right path, through the force of temptation or weakness of moral powers, and wilful offences.

We can not read the heart, it is true; but many keys will unlock the little bosom and allow us to inform ourselves pretty correctly, of what is going on within. Often the child is more to be pitied than blamed, and "I am sorry you have done wrong," will then have more power to prevent his yielding to temptation the next time, than severe chastisements. An unjust censure often plants a thorn in the little breast, that rankles there unobserved, save by His eye who sees all things, and diseases the moral powers for years to come.

Oh, could teachers know the lasting effects of every word, and action and even of every look, upon the impressible minds of the little ones, how careful they would be to leave right impressions.

Payson says, "What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence, which should be read at the last great day, and shown there, as an index of your own thoughts and feelings! What care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe, every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited, for or against you, at the Judgment Day."

Let us then be careful, lest by rebuking instead of encouraging, we offend one of the little ones for whom Christ died. Y.

(Connecticut Common School Journal.)

Annie's Wish.

A nervous headache of a week's duration had left me in a depressed, wretched state, totally unfitted for the duties of the school-room. The feeling was so unusual, that instead of striving against it, I set most industriously to nursing it.

There was a sort of satisfaction in imagining myself to be suffering unheard-of miseries. The children gazed with astonished yet sympathizing faces into my own, wondering "what ailed the teacher." This only increased my gloom, for I was in no mood for sympathy. At last the oppression became intolerable, and I turned for relief to a bright little face which I had never seen un-illumined by a smile, but the fair brow wore an anxious, troubled look, and the brown eyes were full of tears. As I looked at her, the little hand was raised timidly, yet eagerly, as though some great favor was desired. Without inquiring what she wished, I nodded assent to the mute request, supposing she wished to speak to some of her companions.

Instantly she was at my side, her arms about my neck, her lips pressed to my own, while her frame quivered with emotion.

"What is it, Annie?" I asked; but a burst of passionate sobbing was my only answer; while drawing her more closely to my side, I felt the throbbing of her heart, like that of a frightened bird. "Annie, darling, what is the matter?" and now thoroughly frightened at her emotion, I strove to calm the excited little creature by kisses and endearing words. At last she sobbed out, "I wish"—and again passionate kisses were pressed upon my lips, while my neck was wet with her tears. "What do you wish, my darling? tell me, my precious child." "Oh! I wish I could comfort you!" and completely exhausted by her emotion, she lay almost senseless in my arms. What a rebuke! for a moment I felt crushed to the earth beneath its weight, and then my tears fell like rain on the dear little head, nestled in my bosom. "God bless you, my darling Annie; you have comforted, you do comfort me, more than I can tell you." There was a quivering of the exhausted frame, then a bright light came dancing again into the sunny eyes. "Do I really? oh, I'm so glad," and then the tears again mingled with my own, until, reassured by my smiles and caresses, she slipped quietly from my arms, and seated herself to her lesson. I can never express how utterly mean and cruel seemed my selfishness, and how crushing the sweet rebuke. It was a lesson hardly learned, but one which will never be forgotten.

How often does a sad look on the teacher's face bring a pang to the little hearts, and tears to the bright eyes of loving children.

They are not all as sensitive as little Annie; still there are many like her, and not for worlds would I again bring such agony upon a child. Teacher, wear at least a cheerful face, in the school-room. Whatever may be your own feelings, for the sake of the little ones strive to wear a cheerful look; and this can not be done unless, *forgetting self*, you strive to *do good* to your charge. Often when op-