

worrying her to death. Call Jane, and have him taken from the room." Mr. Jacobs glanced over to his wife.

"Oh, no, uncle! Don't send him out the room," interposed Anna. "He does not trouble me in the least."

"Wait patiently, dear," she then whispered to the child. "Your time will come soon, and then I'll talk to you just as long as you please."

That time did come at last; but after what seemed to Philip a long, long delay. During supper time his father threatened him twice, without fully repressing the impulsive curiosity which almost every object excited in his young mind; and finally sent him from the table, ordering him, at the same time, to be taken off to bed. Anna looked surprised and grieved at this, and her pitying gaze followed the unhappy child as he was borne from the room. His sad, disappointed face, as she saw him lay it down almost hopelessly, upon the shoulder of Jane, touched her sympathies, and brought tears to her eyes. Mr. Jacobs observed the effect upon her of Philip's removal. The shade of disquiet alone that dimmed her young countenance rebuked him; for he perceived the cause.

"There is no other way," said Mr. Jacobs. "You might as well talk to the wind."

But Anna made no response.

"As to satisfying his idle curiosity, that is impossible."

"I have never thought the curiosity of children idle," said Anna.

"The world is all new to them—and all a mystery. We hold the key to these mysteries; and we must unlock for them the doors of knowledge. If they do not come, questioning, to us, where can they go? We are their only hope."

There was nothing in the manner of his niece, as she thus answered, to offend. She spoke with simple truthfulness. And Mr. Jacobs was not offended, though her words threw light into his mind; and the light rebuked him.

"They are so thoughtless of time and seasons," remarked Mr. Jacobs.

"They are young, artless, and ignorant," replied Anna, "and need our widest consideration. I often think that we expect too much from them. Making all allowance for the difference of age and experience, we will find grown persons quite as inconsiderate as children."

"I believe you are right," said Mr. Jacobs, as he leaned back in his chair, and looked unusually thoughtful. "It has often occurred to me that we had too little patience with children. Well, you have full liberty to experiment with Philip—and if you satisfy his curiosity, I will have your name handed down to posterity as the eighth wonder of the world."

Anna smiled, and replied that she had no objection to make the experiment, and if they would excuse her, would go to Philip at once and soothe him in his trouble.

"I don't wonder at his impatience," she added, as she rose from the table, "for I was in the very midst of some very interesting explanations when you came home, to which he was listening with eyes and mouth, as well as mind, wide open, trying to take in my words at every possible and impossible avenue."

When Cousin Anna entered the bed-room to which Philip had been sent in disgrace, she found him half undressed, lying with his face buried in a pillow, and Jane endeavoring to remove his clothes.

"I never saw such a bad boy!" said the nurse impatiently. "He's always doing something. Turn over here I say!" But the child remained as immovable and heedless as a piece of wood.

"Philip!"

What a magic there was in the voice of Cousin Anna! What quick life flashed electrically through all the child's frame. She had bent over him as she spoke. Scarcely died the sound of her voice, ere his arms were about her neck.

"I will undress him, Jane," said Cousin Anna. The girl left the room, half wondering at the singular influence gained over the restless, almost ungovernable boy, by a stranger who had not been three hours in the house.

Tears dry quickly on the cheeks of childhood. Scarcely three minutes had glided away, ere sunshine succeeded the rain.

"Now tell me about the people on the other side of the world. Can't we dig right through?"

Anna had, through many interruptions by Philip's mother, who constantly repressed the child's questions, and reproved him for annoying his cousin, endeavored, during the two hours that succeeded her arrival to satisfy his highly stimulated curiosity in regard to the strange story he had heard about the world's turning around. She had made some progress, when her uncle returned home, and interrupted the talk with the child.

In reply to his renewed query, Anna, by the aid of the lamp, and an India rubber ball which happened to be lying on the bureau,

showed Philip, by one of the common illustrations, familiar to every one, how the earth turns on its axis, giving the alternation of day and night. Of course, he was only partially convinced, and had many difficulties to interpose. He could not see how it was possible for the people to remain sticking on to the side of a round ball—and he wanted to know who turned the world around; if there was a man turning it with a crank like a grindstone; and why the water did not run off?

Not once did Cousin Anna smile at his amusing queries. She saw that they were simple, out-spoken difficulties that met him on the path of knowledge he was so eager to tread; and with wise and loving patience she answered and illustrate, until the grateful boy was satisfied. For full two hours he pressed his queries, going over the entire ground of doubt and difficulty already encountered in his young experience, and then, after so rare a feast of knowledge, listened with tranquil delight to a pleasant story that left his mind ready for sleep and dreams.

For the last hour Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs had listened near the door. "God bless her!" whispered the father, as he laid his hand upon the arm of his wife, and drew her away. "She is wiser than we. Her loving patience is a rebuke. How unjust to that boy I have been!"

On the next day, Mr. Jacobs offered his niece a permanent home in his family.

"Be to us as a daughter," he said "and to our children an elder sister."

She smiled half sadly, as she replied, "My mother will not give up her claim. Let me be to you, dear uncle! a grateful niece, and to your sweet children, simple Cousin Anna."

"She is better than any sister, I'm sure—a great deal better than George Fitch's big sister Mary, who's always saying, 'O, hush!'" to him. "I want her to be just Cousin Anna; and that's a great deal better than any sister."

Philip had been listening, and this was his uninvited commentary.

"It shall be Cousin Anna, and no more, said the grateful girl, stooping to hide her blushes, and kissing the forehead of the loving child.

And Cousin Anna she remained, blessing that household with her presence, and receiving her reward daily. Not so much in outward acknowledgment, as in deep interior satisfaction, arising from the consciousness that she was doing good among the children who loved her as a sister.

If any one inquired of Philip whether she was his sister, he would answer almost indignantly.

"No—she's not a sister! She's Cousin Anna!" And no one, who saw or heard him make this reply, could fail to understand his impression of the vast superiority of a cousin over a sister.—*New-York Teacher.*

Notes of Lessons.

SKETCH OF A LESSON ON THE LUNGS.

AGE 9—11.

Leading idea.—The necessity that we should breathe a sufficient quantity of pure air.

I.—INTRODUCTION:

This morning, children, I am going to talk with you about our lungs. Does any child know what I mean by our lungs?—What do we draw into our mouths and down our throats when we breathe? *The air.* Quite right; and who can tell me where the air goes after passing down the windpipe in our throat? Hold your hands here while you draw in your breath, (on the chest.) Now where does the air go? *Into our stomachs.* Yes, or what we call our chests. But there is a particular part in the chest into which the air passes and that part we call our * * Well it is what I said we were going to talk about. What are they? *Our lungs.* Quite right. The lungs are the part inside the chest into which the—air goes. Yes, but do we keep all the air in our lungs, and only keep drawing air into them always? *No, teacher.* No; besides drawing air into our lungs, we also breathe air out. Quite right; we draw air—into the lungs, and also—breathe it out.

II.—POSITION.

In what part of the body did we say the lungs were? *In the chest.* Quite right. And why should this part of our body be called our chest? What is a chest? *A box.* Then we call this our chest because it is like—a box. Quite right. Now we will see if it is really like a box. We know that this box is not made of iron or tin, or wood but of—flesh and bones. Quite right. Now I want you to name the bones which form this box or chest. What bone have we here? *The back bone.* Yes, the back