

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown ?
 —Dryden.
 The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
 —Francis Quarles.
 How long we livr, not yeers but actions tell,
 —Watkins.
 That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
 —Herrick.
 Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
 —William Masson.
 Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
 —Hill.
 The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,
 —Dana.
 For live we how we may, yet die we must.
 —Shakespeare.

—The teacher who thinks it is enough to know the lesson of the day and talk about it to his class loses sight of the chief work devolving on him as a teacher—the work of keeping his scholars at work. Dr. Vincent says: "A teacher gets work out of his scholars, gets questions, gets answers, gets hints, gets a good chance to keep his own mouth shut a good part of the time, and the mouths of his scholars open and their brains busy and their hearts excited."

—President Eliot, of Harvard, speaking of the system of local examinations for women that has lately been inaugurated under the direction of that institution, says: "If it be asked what good can examinations by the University do when the University does not teach girls, the answer is that they can do precisely the same service for girls' schools which college admission examinations have done for preparatory schools for boys—they can set a standard and prescribe a judicious programme of study for several years of life between twelve and eighteen. There is now no standard for girls' schools; no means of publicly comparing one school with another; no visible goal for pupils or teachers. These deficiencies the proposed examination may in part supply."

Industrial Exhibitions.—A suggestion has been made to the Commissioners of Education in the United States to encourage "Industrial Exhibitions" in connection with the public schools of that country. It is proposed that the pupils should be induced to bring to the school once a week, or one a fortnight some article of use made by themselves, to be exhibited and explained under the supervision of the teacher, in the presence of the parents and friends. The Commissioner, it is stated, entirely approves of this plan, which he considers to be a practical development and application of the Kindergarten system, and is of opinion that the youngest children, by a wise direction of instinct to make something themselves, may be taught several useful lessons. He also commands the plan as a means of increasing the interest of parents and friends in the schools, and of receiving their visits at the stated intervals, while it would furthermore arouse in the children such an interest in the daily work of the household, the shop, and the farm, as will teach them the value and dignity of labor, and fit them for usefulness.

Watch The Books.—How large a proportion of mothers and guardians exercise anything which can be called watchful care as to what books and papers the children shall read? And yet the booksellers' shelves groan under the weight of the most dissipating, weakening, and insidious books that can possibly be imagined; and newspapers which ought never to enter any decent house lie on the table of many a family sitting-room. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the records of any large circulating library will be astonished at the immense demand which there is for these average novels. And, in our parlors and chambers to-day, myriads of little girls are curled up in corners, poring over such reading—stories of complicated modern society, the very worst kind of reading for a child; stories "whose exciting pages delight in painting the love of the sexes for each other, and its sensual phases." And the mothers do not know what they are reading; and the children answer, when asked what they read: "Oh anything that comes along!"—*Anna C. Brackett.*

Why the boys leave the farm.—A contributor to the *Country Gentleman* supplies the following sound reasons for boys not having sufficient attraction to become naturalized farmer:—
 One is because their tastes and opinions are not consulted

enough. Another is that from the time they are large enough to do a few chores till they are twenty one, it is apt to be work, work, from morning till night, the year round, without hope of other reward than their board and clothes. The father seldom consults his son in regard to his plans about the farm, and as the boy grows older, he cares very little about them. After the work for the day is done, the boys come in and want something to do; they have been at work all day and their muscles are tired, but their brains have been resting all day and are pining for exercise. They look around, and perchance see a paper full of politics, or a paper whose columns are filled with local news of trivial importance, which they have read over and over, but see no books which tend to enlighten the mind and elevate the soul. Having nothing else to do, they go down to the village, and there they soon learn to smoke, chew and swear with dissolute companions. After a time they come into contact with one of those fellows who has been off to "seek his fortune" and come home "dead broke" to live on his friends. They listen to his stories of adventures by land and sea, and, since they have seen little of the world outside of their native town, believe all he says; and as they have seen none of the advantages of a farmer's life, but all its disadvantages, they are disgusted with it, and resolve to get away from home and try their fortune in other parts. Here they make a great mistake, for they have no education, no trade, no money, and are perfectly friendless in the great world; and the vices of their boyhood still cling to them, dragging them down. And after being knocked about from place to place, until hard work and debauchery have broken their constitutions, they return to their native town, homeless, penniless, friendless, to drag through a few more years and then sink into the grave, with few to mourn their loss or take warning by their example.

In order to make them stay on the farm, you should get them interested in farm work, tell them your plans, ask their opinion, and when they have given it, ask them why they think so and so, and what has led them to such a conclusion. Draw out their thoughts, procure good agricultural and literary papers and books. Perhaps you will say that you have not the money to spend for these things; but stop a moment and consider how much it has cost you for tobacco for the past year, and then resolve that you will never touch another particle of the weed, which has been the means of clouding your brain and darkening your intellect for many years; take the money which you will thus save in this, and purchase some books, not those trashy, yellow-covered things, but books written by our authors, no matter what they treat on, whether it be farming or astronomy; get something that will interest your sons. Once get them to reading, and they will take to good literature like ducks to the water, and instead of spending their hours at the village tavern they will be storing their minds with useful knowledge, that will be of infinite value to them as they grow up.

As soon as they begin to read they will want to try experiments for themselves. Let them have a good piece of ground, help them to plough and get it ready, and then tell them to go ahead. If they come to you for advice, give it; but do not tell them they must do this, and they must not do that, for they have quick perceptions, and if your advice is good they will soon find it out and follow it. Soon they will begin to talk about fixing up the house a little, and setting out some fruit and shade trees. A coat of paint, a few new blinds, and numerous other little attractions, render your house hardly recognizable to one who saw it a year ago, although your purse has not been made much lighter by the outlay. Then go the woods and get some trees, and plant them around the house, and in a few years they will make a delightful shade, which you can enjoy on a hot midsummer's day. Next help the girls to prepare some flower beds, which will add wonderfully to the beauty of your grounds. Next plant a hedge in place of the old, broken-down fence in front of the house, and other improvements of like trifling cost will follow in due time, the carrying out of which will render your home a lovely spot, which your children would never for a moment think of exchanging for a city home, and where you can live out the remainder of your days in peace, and go down to the grave having bid farewell to your children joined in love and harmony around your couch.

Nature's School.—By B. G. Northrop—The best sort of kindergarten is the open fields and varied objects of the country, if only the eye be trained to habits of careful observa-