

BIG WAVES.

When the great ocean is disturbed, it forms surface waves, which are sometimes of great magnitude. In a gale, such waves have been more than once measured, and it is found that their extreme height from the top to the deepest depression of large storm waves, has been nearly fifty feet, their length being from four to six hundred yards, and their rate of motion through the water about half a mile a minute. Such waves, breaking over an obstacle of any kind, or mingling strangely with the clouded atmosphere raging above, are the wildest, grandest, and most terrible phenomena of nature. When they approach land, they break up into much smaller bodies of water, but these are often lifted by shoals and obstructed by rocks till they are thrown up in masses of many tons to a height of more than a hundred feet. The tidal wave is another phenomenon of water motion of a somewhat different kind, producing an alternate rise and fall of the water over all parts of the ocean every twelve hours.

In addition to the true waves there are also many definite streams or currents of water conveying large portions of the sea from one latitude to another, modifying the temperature of the adjacent land, and producing a mixture of the waters at the surface or at some depth which cannot but be extremely conducive to the general benefit of all living beings. Storm tides; or those waves which occasionally rush without any pause along narrow and confined seas or up funnel-shaped inlets, have occasionally proved disastrous to a fearful extent. Thus it is recorded that upward of one hundred thousand persons perished in the year 1832, and again in 1842, in this way numerous complete villages and towns being washed away by a wave advancing from the North Sea over the low lands of Holland. Between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the ordinary spring tide often rises to a height of one hundred feet, sweeping away the cattle feeding on the shore.—*Dickens "All the Year Round."*

REARING CHILDREN.

The following rules for rearing children are deserving the attention of every man and woman:

1. Children should not go to school until six years old.

2. Should not learn at home during that time more than the Alphabet; religious teachings excepted.

3. Should be fed with plain substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.

4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bedtime.

5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea, or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.

6. Should sleep in separate beds, or hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after-breakfast until half an hour before sun-down, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.

8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.

9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or property, or against good morals.

10. Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust, dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.

11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly—no more.

12. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed-time, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unimixed lovingness and affection.

THE ART OF LAUGHING.

A merry heart—a cheerful spirit, from which the laughter bubbles up as naturally as gold-bright heads from a glass of champagne—are they not worth all the money-bags, stocks, and mortgages that Wall Street holds? The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. If things go right he laughs, because he is pleased; if they go wrong he laughs, because it is cheaper than crying. People are always glad to see him—their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended

with him; it seems as if sunshine came into the room with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway. A good-humored laugh is the key of all hearts. "Satire," says a keen observer, "is the most useful of all forms of writing; sentiment is literally wasted on sixteen readers out of twenty!" The truth is that people like to be laughed at in a genial sort of way. If you are making yourself ridiculous, you want to be told of it in a pleasant manner, not to be sneered at. And it is astonishing how frankly the laughing population can talk, without treading on the sensitive toes of their neighbors! Why will people put on long faces when it is so much easier and more comfortable to laugh? Tears are too plentiful in this world by far—they come to us unsought and unbidden. The wisest art in life is to cultivate smiles; to find the flowers where others shrink away from thorns. The man that laughs is on the high road to discover the philosopher's stone.—*Life Illustrated.*

BLESSED CHILDREN.

Christ, in blessing the little ones of Judea, blessed all children; and meant that we should reverence them as the hope of the world. How when life grows dark before us—when its woes oppress, and its crimes appal, we turn instinctively to little children; with their brave, sunny faces of faith and good cheer—their eyes of unconscious prophecy, and drink from the full fountain of their fresh young natures, courage and comfort and deep draughts of divine love and constancy. How a child's pure kiss drops the very honey of heaven into the heart soured by worldly misfortune! How a child's sweet smile falls like oil on the waters of thoughts vexed by worldly care, and smooths them into peace!—*Grace Greenwood.*

In one of the Washington churches last Sunday a pretty occurrence took place. After service a young man who carries the collecting plate, as usual, put his hand in his vest pocket to place upon it a piece of money before starting to collect. He dropped, as he supposed, a quarter on the plate, and, without looking at it, passed around among the congregation. Instead of silver, however, he had inadvertently placed a conversation lozenge in the centre of the plate, and all were astonished at seeing the lozenge with the words staring them in the face, "Will you marry me?" The young ladies, probably thought that was an unusual mode of "proposing," but no doubt it was the signal of those which caused the...
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