

look of good health. There were many lovely countenances—lovely with an expression of intellect and goodness—but they were like fair flowers resting upon a fragile stalk. Narrow chests, round shoulders, meagre forms, pallid cheeks, were far too common. There was a general want in their movements of the buoyant vivacity of youth and childhood. The heat of the day and nervous exhaustion of the occasion were to be taken into the account, and due allowance should be made for them. But this was not the first time that we were forced to the conclusion that here in Boston, in the education of girls, the body is lamentably neglected. And it is a very great and serious neglect, the consequences of which will not end with the sufferers themselves. Of what use is it to learn all sorts of things during the first sixteen years of life, and to stuff the brain with all kinds of knowledge, if the price be a feeble and diseased body? A finely endowed mind shut up in a sickly body is like a bright light in a broken lantern, liable to be blown out by a puff of wind or extinguished by a dash of rain.

“If the destiny of woman were to be put under a glass and looked at, like a flower, it would be of little consequence; but woman must take her part in performing the duties and sustaining the burdens of life. These young medal scholars, in due time, will marry men whose lot it is to earn their bread by some kind of toil, in which their wives must aid them. To this service they will bring an intelligent capacity and a conscientious purpose; but how far will these go without health and the cheerful spirits which health gives? A sickly wife is no helpmate, but a hindermate. If we neglect the body, the body will have its revenge. And are we not doing this? Are we not throwing our whole educational force upon the brain? Is not a healthy city born and bred woman getting to be as rare as a black

swan? And is it not time to reform this altogether? Is it not time to think something of the casket as well as the jewel—something of the lantern as well as the light?”

Maxims.

From the Journal of a Canadian Farmer.

“Never put off till to-morrow what can as well be done to-day.” Our short working seasons and variable climate render this absolutely necessary.

“Never occupy more land than you can cultivate thoroughly.” One acre well tilled is more profitable than two acres slovenly managed.

“Never contract debts, with the expectation of paying for them with crops not yet grown.” There are so many liabilities to failure, that we seldom realize what we anticipate.

“Never keep more stock than you can winter well; nor less than will consume all the fodder you can raise.” To sell hay or straw is unwise and unprofitable.

“Never expose stock of any kind to the inclemency of a Canadian winter.” They require at least one-third more food, and are poorer in the spring; besides, it is cruel and shiftless.

“Never neglect getting up a year’s supply of wood in the leisure of winter.” It is unprofitable to cut wood in summer, when wages are double, and every hour is required on the farm.

“Never spend your labor and waste your seed, in trying to raise grain in ‘drowsical’ land.” It is better to spend the price of the seed, and the labor of plowing and harrowing, in drains at the first; then your capital is properly invested, and you will be likely to get a handsome dividend.

“Never plant an orchard with the expectation of its thriving, unless you first prepare the land well, then plant well, stake well, fence well, and cultivate well—hoed crops are the best.” “What is worth doing at all, is worth