

A child taught to love the beautiful things of nature, will earnestly inquire after nature's God. And to promote and direct this important inquiry, is the crowning work of education.

All systems of education, that do not regard *moral obligation* and *moral responsibility* as the corner stone, are most sadly deficient.

A flower will do what the rod can not accomplish. It may soften the obduracy of the heart, refine the dull mass of human affections. Then *plant flowers*. Plant them in early spring time. Plant them in every waste corner. Cultivate them with care, and you will soon hear their beautiful language echoed from youthful lips, their bright images glowing in youthful countenances, and an atmosphere of purity reigning all around.—*New-York Teacher*.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water-side,
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!

In the Baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Whereso'er a foot hath gone,
Whereso'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy.
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonder-so intense,
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone
On the wide Earth are ye known,
'Mid its labours and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

Mrs. HOWITT.

Little at First,—Mighty at Last.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, L. L. D.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree;
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in hearts of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd,
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall the word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of Love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Impatience the vice of the age.

The eager desire to press forward, not so much to conquer obstacles as to elude them; that gambling with the solemn destinies of life, seeking ever to set success upon the chances of a die; that hastening from the wish conceived to the end accomplished; that thirst after quick returns to ingenious toil, and breathless spurtings along short cuts to the goal, which we see every where around us, from the Mechanic's Institute to the stock market—beginning in education with the primers of infancy, deluging us with "Philosophies for the million," and "Sciences made easy;" characterizing the books of our writers, the speeches of our statesmen, no less than the dealings of our speculators, seem, I confess, to me, to constitute a very diseased and very general symptom of the times. I hold that the greatest friend to man is labor; that knowledge without toil, if possible, were worthless; that toil in pursuit of knowledge is the best knowledge we can attain; that the continued effort for fame is nobler than fame itself; that it is not wealth suddenly acquired which is deserving of homage, but the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth—the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed: in a word, that Labor and Patience are the true schoolmasters on earth.—*Bulwer*.

Curious Inscription.

In an old church, in Europe, built several hundred years ago, it is related that under the ten commandments were inscribed in capital letters the following:

PRSVRYPRFCTMN,
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

For a long time no one could decipher the meaning, which had been lost, so ancient was the venerable edifice. At length a gentleman told his friends that he had solved the riddle, and insisted that they also could do the same thing.

To assist them, he informed them that, in order to read the inscription, they must insert a certain vowel, and only one vowel, in its proper places, and, this done, the inscription would make two