

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in Winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now that the Spring-time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found,
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

'Thou small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know the Father loves me,
Have you less faith than me?

THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

IF length of descent is a thing to be proud of, there ought to be no prouder family in Europe than that of the Bourbon. Not only can they trace a line unbroken to Hugh Capet, the strong-handed putter-down of a degenerate dynasty, but it leads through thirty generations of kings, interrupted here and there, where a stream breaks off, to run through banks studded with castles of honor only just short of royal. Hugh Capet is the first. From him the line runs uninterruptedly till we come to Louis IX., the Saint. The direct trunk here carries on the race of kings, which terminated in the children of Philip the Fair, and gave place to the House of Valois. After their failure of male issue, the Bourbons come in. Robert, sixth son of Louis the IX., married Beatrix, heiress of that noble sief of Bourbon which lay in the centre of France, north of Auvergne and Guienne. From him sprang eight Dukes of Bourbon; a stalwart, hard-fisted race, who were ever to the fore when fighting was going on, and always loyal to the crown, in good times and bad.

Antoine de Bourbon—a poor, irresolute creature, "the prince *son's gloire*," who never knew which side he was fighting for, nor which religion he belonged to—had the great good luck to marry Jeanne d'Albret, daughter to the King of Navarre and his wife, Margot of Valois. By greater luck still, he had for an only son the jolliest, if not greatest, of French kings—their fourth Henry—whose succession put the Bourbon family for the first time, on the throne of France. His claims were threefold. Through his father he sprang direct from Louis IX.; through his mother, from Charles V.; and through his maternal great-grandfather, from Louis X. In the next generation but one, the race splits up again. The brother of Louis XIV., the Duke of Orleans, was the first of the Orleans branch, which now survives in the child-

ren and grand children of Louis Philippe. The representative of the direct line is the Count de Chambord, who is now fifty years of age, and has been long married, without children. He is supported by a very small following in France, who adhere to him from principle, and who will transfer their allegiance to the Orleans family as soon as he is out of the way. From time to time he puts his name to a document, which is drawn up and published to let people know he is still alive, and their king by divine right; and it may very reasonably be supposed that he has long since given up all hopes of succeeding to the crown. He seems to have inherited that character which is occasionally reproduced in the Bourbon family, of which the type is the indecisive and vacillating Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henry IV.—Such was Louis XIII.; such Louis the Dauphin; such Louis XVI. Their energy and bravery are dashed by a fatal hesitation; they dare, but they think too long about daring; they resolve, but too late; they act, when the time for action is past.

One word on the Orleans family. They began, as has been said, with the brother of Louis XIV. He chiefly distinguished himself by trying to spoil the grand old Castle of Blois. Three more dukes followed him, including that prince of debauchery, the regent. And then we come to Philippe Egalite, the father of Louis Philippe. This family, which had been in exile for twenty-two years, has shown how adversity may be borne without loss of dignity. They have been guilty of no conspiracies and no intrigues. Probably their conduct has never excited a single suspicion in the breast of the Emperor. They have spent their time in travel, in study, in writing; and they have shown, that, in intellect at least, there is one branch of the grand old house which is still ready to go to the front.—*Appleton's Journal*.

LANGUAGE.

PROFESSOR J. C. GREENOUGH.

LESSONS in reading are valuable as a means of training pupils to a proper utterance of the language of others. They should also be made a means of developing the pupil's own language, and it is the object of this article to show some ways in which this may be done.

If the selection is descriptive prose, then before it is used as an exercise in reading, let the teacher write upon the black-board, topics including that which is presented in the selection. These topics will serve to fix and to direct the attention of the pupils while studying the selection for the ideas expressed, and will also aid the pupil in his subsequent writing. When the pupils are prepared to study, then, having laid aside their reading books, let them, in a connected manner, state orally or write the thoughts which the selection has occasioned in their minds.

If the selection is in verse or in difficult prose, then let the teacher designate portions which the pupils are to translate into prose of their own. They may be required to give their translations in writing or orally. In these exercises, the pupils should be required to use other words than those found in the selection, excepting the participles and the relation words. These exercises, if rightly conducted, will furnish pupils in our grammar schools no mean equivalent for exercises in translating from Latin and Greek,—a kind of training from which the great mass of the pupils in our schools have been hitherto excluded.

The written productions of the pupils should be carefully criticised in respect to spelling, capitals, punctuation, neatness and accuracy. This may be done by the teacher, or one pupil may criticise the work of another.

The tasks assigned in these lessons in language, should be short, and, in their preparation, pupils should be encouraged and required to use books of reference. The teacher should prepare himself, so far as he can, to give a full explanation of what the pupils are unable to find out for themselves. Much might be said of the importance of furnishing our schools with dictionaries, atlases, gazetteers and cyclopedias, so that some of the excuses, made by pupils and teachers for reading that which is not understood, may be removed.

Such exercises in language as we have now noticed, furnish a good preparation for reading the selections which have been studied. Such exercises also tend to prevent the habit of reading without regard to the ideas expressed.—*From the Rhode Island Schoolmaster*.

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