

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

The following beautiful passage is taken from Timothy Titcomb's "*Preaching upon Popular Proverbs*," which the Springfield Republican is now giving to the world:

"The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes to tell. The imagination visits the realm of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters—but wings its way back with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in! Shut in!—Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart; but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her."

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—It is astonishing how much substantial nutriment can be obtained from books. English literature presents to the hungry reader a rich variety of solid dishes. One can take a cut of tender and juicy *Lamb* or a slice of *Bacon*; nor are the *Greens* wanting. If he is not fond of smoked meat, there is the original *Hogg*, or he may choose a *Suckling* or a *Kyd*. He may have a *Boyl*, if not a roast; and if he is fond of fish, there's *Pollok*. Some like a dish of *Crabbe*—a little crusty, yet many prefer a poet still more *Shelley*. And what for dessert? *Opic*. To wash all these good things down there is plenty of *Porter*, and flowing *Bowles*, with a *Butler* to serve them. With such a feast before him, one may "laugh and grow fat" until he gets *Akenside* and all *Scott* free. What the *Dickens* can he want *Moore*?—*Home Journal*.

☞ Praise is not pleasing to the mind of men, yet it is the original motive of almost all our actions.

GOOD ADVICE.

If the poorhouse has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need.—Before you pay three cents for a jew-harp, see if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for such nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that cost just half the money. If she wouldn't, let her crack her own walnuts and buy her own clothes.

COOL IMPUDENCE.—The editor of a western paper owes a bank \$1,000, for which they hold his note. The defaulting wag announces it thus in his paper:—"There is a large and rare collection of the autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, each accompanied with a note in the handwriting of the autographs. We learn that they have cost the bank a great deal of money. They paid over a thousand dollars for ours. We hope great care is taken to preserve these capital and interesting relics, as, should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be collected again. Should the bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose ours, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the very hard times."

A great aim in family discipline should be to provide for each of the juveniles some line of pursuit which will give them a sense of their usefulness and necessity to the household. This feeling properly instilled into their minds will make them members of society valuable to others and happy in themselves. The Creator, who makes nothing in vain, does not in vain send human beings into the world if only they would find their places and fill them. Idle men and women are the bane of any community. They are not simply clogs upon society, but become, sooner or later, the causes of its crime and poverty, its folly and extravagance. In plain old English, every family motto should read:—"Be somebody; do something; bear your own load."—*Philadelphia Amer.*

☞ Nature has strange ways of doing the most beautiful things. Out of the oozy earth, the mud and rain of early spring, come the most delicate flowers, their white leaves borne out of the dirt, as unsoiled and pure as if they had bloomed in the garden of Paradise.

NOT QUANTITY, BUT QUALITY.

The man of ideas is a man of few words. It has been said that words are ideas—and so they are; but they are elemental, and from the implements of the mind with which it fashions and builds images of its thoughts and emblems of its sentiments. As a man may handle bricks all his life without building a house, so a man may repeat words without conveying an idea, save of the words uttered. A bungler may use tools, and only waste the material he works on, while the skillful workman will add value to everything he touches. In like manner, a man may use words to the waste of his own and the time of his hearers, while the man of thought will convey a truth in every sentence.

CAUTION TO MOTHERS.—DON'T RIDE YOUR BABIES BACKWARDS.—It is a very common thing to see mothers and servant girls pushing along the sidewalk the little carriages in which they are giving infants an airing on pleasant days. An exchange remarks that the practice is a very dangerous one and is liable to do great and permanent injury to the child. The position of a child riding backwards instead of forwards is an unnatural one, and directly affects the brain. Some grown persons, even, cannot ride backwards in a railroad car without experiencing a sense of faintness, and to expect a child to do what a strong adult cannot, is unreasonable, to say the least. It is believed by medical writers that infants have died from disease produced by being ridden backwards.

NO PENSIONS TO COMMON SCHOOL TEACHERS UNLESS THEY SUBSCRIBE TO THE FUND.—Public notice is hereby given to all Teachers of Common Schools in Upper Canada, who may wish to avail themselves at any future time of the advantages of the Superannuated Common School Teachers' Fund, that it will be necessary for them to transmit to the Chief Superintendent, without delay, if they have not already done so, their annual subscription of \$4, commencing with 1854. The law authorizing the establishment of this fund provides, "That no teacher shall be entitled to share in the said fund who shall not contribute to such fund at least at the rate of one pound per annum." No pension will be granted to any teacher who has not subscribed to the fund.