

to raise the poor creature from the sidewalk to the carriage; he observed she was in great pain, and when she told him she had dislocated her hip, he knew that she must be suffering intensely."

"Drive slowly, father," said Mittie "she lives just round the corner of our street, in that little brown cottage."

"Oh, you are too kind, sweet child," said the suffering woman; "I am not worth all this trouble you are taking for me."

"Yes you are," replied the tender hearted child; "I love old people, and it always makes me sad to see them treated unkindly."

Just then, they reached the humble dwelling of the old lady; Mr. W—— carried her into the house, while Mittie ran for their physician. After an hour of intense suffering, the dislocated limb was replaced, and our kind little Mittie installed, at her own request, as nurse to the invalid.

The loving, tender little watcher, spent a part of each day at the cottage, and always chose to devote the time she had usually given to play, to the childless, suffering old lady, who regarded her as she would have done an angel visitant.

Mittie had frequently read to her from the word of God, and it was while thus engaged; that her aged friend said to her, "Why, my dear child, do you come so often to comfort and cheer me in my lonely home?"

"Because I love to," replied the child, "and I know if Jesus were on earth He would come to comfort you too."

"Ah! yes," replied the aged disciple, "it is for Christ's sake you have done all this for me, and you will be richly rewarded, darling for the blessed Saviour himself has said, 'In as much as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

HOME.—How touchingly beautiful are the relations of home! There each is bound by an electric chain, that seems to pass to all hearts in the family group; so that one can't enjoy pleasure unless all partake in it. If one heart is oppressed, all sympathize; if one is exalted, all must share the happiness. It is in the home where the aching heart is soothed, where the oppressed are relieved, the outcast reclaimed, the sick healed, or falling, the tear of joy drops from the mourner's eyes, when the dear ones are gathered to their long home.—*Selected.*

## EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

[The following valuable remarks we take from the Annual Report on Public Schools in Rhode Island.]

"I think the time has arrived, when these should be more comprehensive and more thorough. The evidence can not be ignored, that these examinations are, in quite too many instances, altogether superficial, nor are they made in the right direction. I apprehend, that a question or two in geography—perhaps as many more in history—a paragraph in reading—a few words in spelling—a sample of penmanship—a reference to the very simplest elements of grammar—the repetition of a few rules of arithmetic, and the solution of a problem, make up the whole of very many examinations, all of which may be *passed through*, without so much as touching the *real* qualifications of a teacher: his idea of manners, of morals, of discipline, of *teaching*. Guizot remarks, 'That a good schoolmaster ought to be a man who knows much more than he is called upon to teach, that he may teach with interest, intelligence, and taste; who is to live in an humble sphere, and yet have a noble and elevated soul, that he may preserve that dignity of mind and deportment, without which he will never obtain the respect and confidence of families; who possesses a rare mixture of gentleness and firmness; \* \* \* \* \* a man not ignorant of his rights, but thinking much more of his duties; not given to change, but satisfied with his situation, because it gives him the power of doing good. A bad schoolmaster, like a bad parish priest, is a scourge to the community, and, though we are often obliged to be contented with indifferent ones, we must do our best to improve the average quality.' The schoolmaster should not merely *know*; he should know *how*—just as a farmer should not only know enough to hold a plow, but should know *how* to hold it. Very many teachers have sufficient endowment, and intellectual culture, while they are quite ignorant of the *art* of teaching. Their labors are awkward and ill advised, and consequently they fail. Their schools are dull, lifeless, with no system—no purpose—no mental activity—no progress."

## EARTH'S TREASURES.

There are as many opinions afloat in the world, as to what the treasury of the earth consist, as there are blessings which compose it, and invariably; will each class

be found bending all their energies toward securing their ideal treasure. They who find it in shining gold, or glittering pearls, may be seen wending their way over rugged heights, and deep ravines, to the golden land of promise—or perchance, plunging far below things animate in order to glean from Ocean depths, the wished-for treasure. With this class, no sacrifice seems too great to offer,—life, health, home and friends, are objects not too dear to be relinquished, if only their ideal treasure be won.

With another class, wealth seems to possess no charms, but Fame's broad scroll is unrolled, and they gaze upon the names thereon inscribed, with an inherent desire to see their own written in more glowing characters, far above those of their predecessors; and being actuated with such emotions, they begin their arduous task. Inspired by a vain, delusive hope, they struggle onward until the wheels of life grow weary; and if, perchance, their hopes are realized, in getting to themselves a name, which is to live while "ceaseless ages roll," what a worthless treasure, when so soon they must pass from sublunary scenes, to an untried eternity.

There is another class whose treasures are found amid the groveling, sensual things of earth—of these we forbear to write.

But there is a treasure obtainable on earth upon which we love to dwell, for it proves to be not only a beacon light to guide the mariner over life's tempestuous ocean, but serves to point out to other shoals and breakers of false doctrine and sin. The miser, the lover of fame, and the pleasure seeker, feel the influence of that irradiating power as its possessor moves along unruffled by the storms of life, and when the grave messenger, Death, approaches, how quickly he smiles a welcome. Such is earth's noblest, heaven-bought treasure,—"the pearl of great price." Reader, would you seek it?—you may obtain it without money and without price, and it shall not only secure thy happiness in this world, but in the world to come,—life everlasting.

Salt Lake is probably the saltiest body of water on the globe. Three barrels of this water are said to yield a barrel of salt. The water is of light green color for about ten or twenty rods, and then dark blue. No fish can live in it—no frogs abide in it—and but few birds are seen dipping in it.