

that he might spend as he chose, with no spectres of huge heaps of corn to husk, or vast fields of potatoes to dig, looming up in the distance.

How well these hours of study were improved, or how highly prized, the bright light which the blazing pine splinter shed from the attic window, until long past the hour of twelve, might tell. (A pine-splinter, because the mistress was a careful soul, and saved the candle-ends to light Henry to bed.) He advanced with surprising rapidity in his studies, and what wonder? Ardent, persevering effort was never unsuccessful. When the spring came, he was quite master of the Latin grammar, and was beginning to read in this language with some degree of ease. The summer, with its wearisome round of duties, could not damp his desire for knowledge. Every spare moment was carefully seized and sedulously employed in his favorite study.

The winter came again, and with a gleeful heart Henry bounded away to the village school. On the way a classmate overtook him; one who had often jeered him for his bashfulness, and plain, homespun attire, and who, with every advantage, had uninterruptedly pursued his studies.

"Ha, ha, how are you, Hal?" said he; "don't you wish you could read all that?" triumphantly holding up a Latin Reader, and spreading his palm complacently over the open page. Henry kept his own counsel, and together they proceeded towards the school house.

Soon after the opening of the morning exercises, the class in Latin was called to the recitation bench.

"Henry," said the master, "I think you will not be able to go on with the class you were in last winter; you must fall back with the beginners."

"I should like to enter the Virgil class, sir."

"Virgil class! Nonsense, boy, you could not read one word. Just let me see now," opening the book and placing it in his hand.

"How far shall I read?"

"As far as you can," replied the master with a sharp twinkle of his grey eyes, and an involuntary sarcastic smile.

Henry commenced unhesitatingly to read, and had turned the first, second, and third, leaves, before the master had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to arrest him.

"Stop sir! Where did you learn all this?"

Henry told him where. Taking him by the arm, the master led him to the centre of the room, and placing his hand upon his head, said:

"Attention, boys; here is a hero; a greater conqueror than was Cæsar or Napoleon. Give him a round; three times three, now!"

Cheerily, heartily rang out that applause, penetrating the farthest recesses of that time-worn building, making the windows fairly shake again. What a proud day was that for Henry! How his heart leaped and almost bounded out of his bosom—how the girls nodded and blinked their pretty eyes at him; he has not yet forgotten, and although at the present time the laurels of a country's regard are clustering thick about his brow, he often says, "That was the victory of my life. It was at farmer Howard's I learned to labor unflinchingly for a given end."

Children, this is no fancy sketch. Such a lad as I have described really existed, and from his example may we not learn to plan for ourselves elevated standards, and never give over until we have mastered every obstacle and reached our aim?

It is not always lessons to be learned, or woodpiles to be demolished or rebuilt. There are bad hearts to govern, vicious inclinations to restrain, selfish disposition to be overcome; many, many wrongs to be righted. There is room for a life-long labor in our own hearts. Up, then, my young friends, with a strong purpose of life. Shrink not at the sight of difficulty. Remember that "where there's a will there's a way," and that perseverance is a sure guaranty of success.—*Independent in the Indiana School Journal.*

KEEP WATCH UPON THE TONGUE.

People are often subjected to extreme mortification by indulging in disparaging remarks of strangers, and learning subsequently that the persons themselves or some of their intimate friends were within hearing of the remarks. Such unpleasant occurrences rarely have so pleasant a termination as the following singular rencontre between Dr. Dwight and Mr. Dennie:

As Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at a stage hotel, in one of our populous towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same, arrived also at the inn, Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with lodgers except one, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennie; although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings. The landlord accordingly waited on Dennie to the Dr.'s room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night-gown, cap and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. The Doctor was struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of several literary and distinguished characters, for

some time gave zest and interest to their conversation, until Dwight chanced to mention the name of Dennie.

"Dennie, the editor of the Portfolio, (says the doctor in a rhapsody) is the Addition of the United States—the father of American Belles Lettres. But sir, (continued he,) it is astonishing, that a man of such a genius, fancy and feeling should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and to bacchanalian revels!"

"Sir," said Dennie, "you are mistaken; I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years, and I never knew or saw him intoxicated."

"Sir," says the Doctor, "you err; I have my information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right, and that you are wrong."

Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Drs. Abercrombie and Mason were amongst our most distinguished divines; nevertheless, he considered Dr. Dwight, Professor of Yale College, the most learned theologian—the first logician—and the greatest poet that America has ever produced. But sir, (continued Dennie,) there are traits in his character undeserving so great and wise a man, of the most detestable description—he is the greatest *bigot* and *dogmatist* of the age!"

"Sir" said the Doctor, "you are grossly mistaken. I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary."

"Sir," says Dennie, "you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth."

"No more slander," says the Doctor, "I am Dr. Dwight of whom you speak!"

"And I too," exclaimed Dennie, "am Mr. Dennie of whom you spoke!"

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.—*Connecticut Common School Journal.*

PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He was come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE CROOKED TREE.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied, "Somebody trod on it I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer. How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy subjects of some kind direction and culture. The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be now rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to devolve, cultivate, and train in a right direction.

INFIDELITY DECLINING AMONG SCIENTIFIC MEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

One interesting fact was stated by Professor Henry a few days ago, that among the scientific men in the United States, he knew of but one man who professed infidel principles! This is an improvement, and it doubtless is a pledge of still greater progress. Our Presidents, one after another as they come in, take the side of the Bible, and an ever-reigning, overruling God, and they publicly announce their sentiments. See also the beautiful address of Mr. Buchanan to the College Students, in which he warns them against indulging in the social glass.

THE GOLDEN TEXT OF EMINENT CHRISTIANS.

Suppose that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of Heaven; the text through whose open lattice a reconciled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope