

Church, and at his dying day was engaged in a translation into Saxon of the Gospel of St. John.

Alcurie, another learned and pious Anglo-Saxon, became the trusted counsellor of the Emperor Charlemagne, and an illustrious teacher not only of his own countrymen, but of the people of France, too.

To Alcurie it is supposed that we are indebted for an important work known as the Caroline Books, which came to be promulgated under the following circumstances: In 792 Pope Adrian transmitted to Charlemagne the decrees of the second council of Nice, and he in turn forwarded them to Offa, King of the Mercians, who laid them before the Anglo-Saxon clergy. These decrees sanctioned the adoration of images of Christ and the saints. The Anglo-Saxon Church had looked for some time past to the Pope with deference and respect. He was without doubt the most powerful and important bishop in western Christendom. But this demand upon their obedience was one to which they could not yield. They were, however, in the dilemma that the Pope himself had adopted this decree, which seemed to them subversive of the first principles of their religion. The English ecclesiastics, therefore, offered to ignore the Pope's connection with the second council of Nice, and treated that assembly as merely oriental, and denounced its decrees as a grievous disgrace to Christianity, *the worship of images being* (as they affirmed) *that which God's Church altogether execrates.* This was, however, really nothing less than an open defiance of papal authority, and the Anglo-Saxon Church sought an advocate whose pen might give weight to its opinions. For this task Alcuin, the most illustrious of contemporary scholars, was selected, and his execution of it excited unqualified admiration. The work that he produced is not preserved to us under his own name, but it is supposed to be none other than the celebrated Caroline Books.

(To be Continued.)

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS."



BLESSING upon those who are considerate to children! As a rule their habits and wishes are not sufficiently studied. In order to promote their happiness they must be viewed largely from their own standpoint instead of from that of the full grown. Children should be allowed to play. It is nature's pastime, it is God's pastime for them, and old people should promote this instead of repressing it. Children will love that home best which is a free and generous play ground for them. To expect children to "keep still" is an enactment which borders on cruelty. Play grounds in a city

are, alas! a scarce article, and boys anxious for sport can scarcely find means for obtaining it. They must not play on the street for fear of that ogre, the policeman. They must not play in the park,—oh! no—they must "keep off the grass"—dogs and children are not allowed. The parks are meant for men and women who do not care to gambol, at least not when spelt in that way, but who like to look at faultless green lawns and magnificent banks of flowers, that is all. The children gaze on it, too, but it is wistfully. They wonder why they may not play on such lovely playgrounds. It may be well to have things beautiful, but it is not well to rule children out of all consideration in the matter of vacant space. Even parents are often inconsiderate in this matter. Their own back yard is turned into a miniature park, with tender vines all round the fences, with flower beds and velvety lawns in the space between. Dogs and children are not wanted there either. But then there is the house—ah! but the carpets and the furniture. They must not be damaged or scratched, and the poor children must "keep still." The street, the park, the yard, the house, all closed to them, and their young hearts must learn to be still, and they must become demure, like men and women. Those parents are not only wise, but merciful, who give up at least their back yards to the children, where they may romp and play, with puppy or kittens as they may choose, and if they can extend that to the house, on rainy days, at all events, all the better. But then they make such a noise—well it is a lovely noise to hear. There are those who would gladly have little ones restored to them even at the price of allowing them to make what noise they might choose. Village children are happy in this respect. They have the village green, where there are no flowers nor artificial lawns to check their mirth, where they can "drive their wickets in" and strike out right and left, where they can plough up the grass round their bases at will. This is what promotes that true boyhood which alone can develop into vigorous manhood.

It is pleasing then to find that the late Mrs. Withers, of Bloomington, Ill., has left a valuable piece of land in the heart of the city for the children of the citizens of Bloomington and she has specified that no flowers shall ever be planted there and no notices to "keep off the grass" shall be set up. Again we say a blessing on those who are thoughtful for children.

GUIDE us, Lord, from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace;
Clear all hindrances away,
That might foil us in the race;
When we stumble, hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.