

of bat'les, it might be supposed there was something in them to please the mind, and make people happier. It may seem very fine to read of armies marching forth with flags and music, and the horses prancing, the cannons roaring, the bright swords glittering, and a "great victory" being won. But you cannot see the misery behind. You cannot see the mother's tears, who waits and waits for her son to return from the battle, and whose "gray hairs are brought down with sorrow to the grave," because he comes not. You cannot hear the voices of innocent children asking when their father will be home, but whose cold and mangled bodies lie on the bloody field! You may fancy you hear the beating of the drums, and the sounds of the trumpet; but you cannot hear the shrieks of the wounded, or the groans of the dying. Oh! there is nothing pleasant in war; all is painful enough. People may say it was a "famous victory;" but they cannot tell us why. Children do not say so when they hear of all the horrors of the battle.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But this, I like that you know must be,
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince Eugene.
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing.'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.'

"And every body praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win;
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

A TRUE LAWYER.

Alexander Hamilton was once applied to as counsel by a man having the guardianship of several orphans, who would, on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was a material defect in the title-deeds, known only to their guardian, who wanted to get the estate vested to himself. Hamilton noted down the faithless executor's statement, and then said to him, "Settle with these unhappy infants honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." The advice was strictly followed, and the man who gave it was an ornament to the bar and the age he lived in.

WASH TO FIX BLACKLEAD PENCIL DR. WINGS.

1 Isinglass, 1 part; water, 50 parts. Dissolve with heat and filter. 2. Take skimmed milk, and strain. For use, pour the liquid on a surface sufficiently large, and take the drawing by the corners, lay it flat on the wash, then carefully remove it, and place it on a slanting surface to drain and dry. This will also answer for chalk drawings.

A SIMPLE BAROMETER.

Take a common phial, and cut off the rim and part of the neck, by means of a piece of cord passed round it, and moved rapidly to and fro, in a sawing direction; the one end being held in the left hand and the other fastened to any convenient object, while the right hand holds and moves the phial; when heated, dip it suddenly into cold water, and the part will crack off; or separate it with a file. Then nearly fill the phial with clear water, place your finger on the mouth and invert it; withdraw your finger and suspend it in this position with a piece of twine. In dry weather the under surface of the water will be level with the

neck of the bottle, or even concave; in damp weather, on the contrary, a drop will appear at the mouth and continue until it falls, and is then followed by another in the same way.

GENILE WORDS.

Who has not felt the influence of gentle words? what person have they not overcome with a greater power than harsh words or taunting remarks? Yet how few are in the habit of using them. Persons of the most trying dispositions, breaking forth in loud exclamations of anger, without any regard for the feelings of the individual for whom they were intended, become as calm as a summer's day when the answer in return was all gentleness—they become ashamed and humbled before their victim. Again, we see those who have met with others like themselves, answering each other tauntingly, and so keep up the controversy for hours, when a gentle word would have scuttled all difficulties. Why, then, should we not endeavor to smile sweetly upon all, and ever strive to use gentle words to those that surround us? They are words that require no exertion on our part to bestow.

(From the Child's Paper.)

THE BOY THAT, "DIDN'T CARE."

Ben Poor had a bad father, but a pious mother. She had a hard time, yet the faithful creature kept up a good heart, and the girls rewarded her for her pains. It was not so with Ben. One day the neighbors saw her in the little back bed-room talking to him, with tears in her eyes, about associating with bad boys; but the moment he was out of her sight, he was with them again—he "didn't care," he said.

He played truant, and the master and the school committee faithfully pictured to him the evils of idling away his time and growing up in ignorance. "I don't care," he cried, as soon as he was out of their hearing, and did no better than before. People who knew his mother wanted to employ him, that he might earn a little for the family; but he worked carelessly, or forgot his errands altogether, and when kindly or sternly reproved, he turned on his heel with a "don't care." At last he was apprenticed to a cabinet maker, who, after giving him a fair trial, shipped him off, saying he would have nothing to do with so careless and stubborn a spirit as Ben Poor was. The last I have known of him, he was seen sprawling on the green grass by the road-side on a bright summer day, without either jacket or hat, but with a jug by his side.

Ben is looked upon as a hopeless case; for there is nothing so utterly hopeless as a "don't care" spirit. Think of that, boys. The "don't care" spirit defies authority; disobeys parents, disregards leadness, and hates all wholesome restraints. What ruin it works! The last report of the State Reform School of Massachusetts at Westborough, says a considerable portion of those committed "are children who defy all parental authority," and adds, "those are the most difficult cases to reform, and little can be done for their permanent good until they are taught to respect the authority of others."

Some boys seem to think it is manly not to care—that it is smart to cast off restraint. I will tell you it is a very bad sort of smartness—a very mistaken notion of manliness. True manliness is never rude and lawless; it submits to just restraints, and respects wise counsel. Cain "didn't care" when he slew his brother. The people of the old world "didn't care," though they saw Noah building the ark and heard his awful warnings of approaching ruin. Judas did not care, when he sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver.

Boys, do care—do care to respect your parents, to mind your instructors, to be faithful to your employers, to reverence the Sabbath, and obey the Lord God. Do care how you spend

your time, what habits you form, what company you keep. Your parents care for you, your teachers care for you, God cares for you, angels care for you; and will you not care for yourselves? Remember, that as a man soweth, so shall he reap; and he that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

THE GARDEN.

Isabel had a little garden of her own. It was long and narrow, and separated by a path from the other ground. She worked in it morning and night; for she loved flowers, and was an industrious child, willing to work for what she had. She sowed a great many seeds in this precious bed, and watched eagerly to see them spring up: sweet-williams and pinks, fox-gloves and mignonette, the pretty little blue-bells and the yellow lilies, all were there, and many other little darling flowers. The weeds, "ugly, naughty old weeds," Isabel called them, would also come up all over the bed, right among her choicest flowers. It was very vexatious; for when she had pulled every one out, the next day they would thrust up their heads again as pert and vigorous as ever.

"Isabel," said her mother one evening, when they were sitting on a little board seat in the garden, "do you know I have a flower bed?" "No, mamma; where is it?" "I don't think you have ever seen it, Izzy, but it is one which is very dear to me, and in which I am trying to raise some very rare and valuable plants: I watch it as carefully as you do yours, and try as hard to keep the weeds out of it, but they will keep springing up." "What plants have you got in it? I want to see them."

"I have sowed the seeds of many; one of the choicest of these is called Benevolence, and a very fair and lovely plant it is, which diffuses fragrance all around it when it is in bloom. I think it is growing rather slowly in my garden, but the weeds sometimes grow so much faster that I can scarcely see it. Humility is a dear little flower, very fragrant also, but so low and delicate, that it makes little show, and is known by its exquisite perfume rather than its color. There is the beautiful Good-temper, so bright and lovely that all admire it; the pretty purple Industry, and the tall, snowy Truthfulness, never suited by a stain. They are all beautiful when well rooted and flourishing; but the weeds do trouble me so; they come up everywhere, right among my most precious flowers, and though I pull them up over and over again, still they show their ugly heads in the very same spot, till sometimes I am almost discouraged in attempting to destroy them. One grows very tall and rank, Pride we call it; and Vanity is very similar in shape and root, though the blossom has a different shade. But Selfishness troubles me more than all. It is a running vine, spreading in all directions, and twining itself around every stalk and leaf. I cut it up in one place, and it seems to gain new life in another. Do you think I shall ever get it out of my garden, Isabel?"

Isabel looked down; she knew her mother's garden was her own heart; she knew too how carefully her mother had sown precious seed in it, and how many, many weeds were choking them. She sighed, but said nothing. "I cannot tell you," said her mother, "how much I am rejoiced when I see these lovely plants growing, and, I trust, some of them are putting out strong shoots. Yesterday, when you stayed at home from Abbie's party to gratify poor Susan, I knew a large, ugly root of selfishness had been plucked up; and, I trust, a few more such vigorous efforts will lessen its growth materially. It is by constant effort you keep your flowers from being overrun, and you must never lose courage, nor cease to watch them. So in the garden of the heart, watch, labor, and pray, if you would behold precious flowers."