

Frank looked with a sigh at the grass-plot, and his hoop, lying so temptingly there, under the elm tree; then, fetching his books out of the hall, and cleaning his slate, he commenced operations.

"What lessons have you to-night, dear?"

"English history, mamma; and parsing, geography and composition, and Latin grammar, and French verbs, and then this sum in fractions to prove!" and the little fellow sighed again, and looked at his hoop. There was no play to-night, at any rate.

"There, I think I know it now," said he; and laying his tiny hand on the page, so as to hide the words, he began to recite his geographical lesson. The reader will not be surprised to learn his childish pronunciation of the alien words was such as Mr. Lee's German professor would hardly have commended; neither will we inquire too impertinently into the value and permanence they conveyed:

"The Thuringian states comprise the grand duchy of Sachsen Weimar Eisenach, the three Sachsen duchies of Cobourg Gotha, Meiningen, and Alterburg, the two Reus principalities of Greitz and Schleitz, and the two Schwarzenburg principalities of Rudolstadt and Soulershausen. Their united areas are 5,934 square miles, with a population of 970,000." There, I'm glad I've done with that. Now for the sum."

For awhile nothing was heard but the scratching of the pencil and a gentle rustling sound, as the breeze blew the long flower-starred jasmine branches across the window.

"Oh, mamma, my head does ache; can't I finish this sum to-morrow, or ask Mr. Lee to excuse it?"

"No, dear; it *must* be done. You know papa wishes you to *push on*, and learn as much as you can." And Mrs. Denton put another leaf into her Berlin work, and went on with "Queechy."

The little fingers closed over the pencil once more, and the sleepy eyes bent down on their task. But time conquers most things; and when eight o'clock struck the last lesson was mastered, the last verb learned, the last line construed; and with a languid "Good-night, mamma," and a confused conglomeration of Sachsen duchies, verbs, fractions, parts of speech, and Latin numbers, Frank went up stairs to bed.

"Lessons all prepared?" said Mr. Denton, as he came in from business, and stretched himself in the great easy chair.

"Yes, all of them. Don't you think, my dear, Mr. Lee pushes Frank on a little too fast? You know he is but a child yet—not nine years old—and he does not seem well; besides—"

"Nonsense, my dear, nonsense. Why, when I was a boy, I did twice as much. I mean to ask Mr. Lee next quarter about his learning Greek. He's a clever child, and it's a pity he should not be kept up to the mark; besides, you know, he'll never get on when he goes to the grammar school without a good knowledge of the classics, and I'm determined to make a scholar of him—nothing like keeping children up to the mark."

So the subject passed. Mr. Denton was away on business all day, and when he came home Frank was generally gone to bed, so he did not notice the heavy eye and flushed cheek, nor the pale forehead and trembling hand; he only knew that his little boy had begun to construe Casar and work sums in fractions, that he had taken the first prize in history, and could match his compositions with those of the biggest boy in the school; he was going to be a scholar, a credit to the family, as Mr. Denton had made up his mind he *should* be, and that was quite sufficient.

"From the centre A, at the distance A B, describe the circle B C D," murmured little Frank, as the tides of sleep drove back life's weeds and pebbles on the bright shores of dreamland. Yes, *he was* "pushing on;" but *where*? That was another question altogether.

Mrs. Dale, the lady who lived at the cottage a little beyond Mr. Denton's was also a woman who had her own views of education, and always paid the best price for it. She expected the best article too, though not so particular as Mr. D. about having plenty of it. So, though Harry Dale was more than eight years old, he never went to school more than two hours in a day, and the rest of the time was spent in roving with his mamma and sisters through the glens, and woods, and meadows that cluster so closely round the town of H—, gathering wild flowers, ferns, and mosses, and arranging them in vases at home (Mrs. Dale was not so fastidious as some ladies are about having flowers littering the parlor,) learning their names the while, or examining their delicate structure, and listening with eager interest, as his mamma told him stories of distant lands, their trees, and birds, and flowers, and then led him on from this to the kind and loving Father who gave the forest its glowing tints, the birds their voices of music, and all nature its loveliness.

People laughed at Mrs. Dale for calling this education, and expatiated largely on the folly of parents who sent their children to school only a quarter of the time, and yet paid full terms. Divers

were the shrewd predictions as to the harvest which would be reaped from a seed-time so irregular, and many the far-seeing hints which were dropped on the subject. "They knew what would come of such vagaries." "Talk of educating children in fields and meadows—such nonsense." "Sure to make the boy idle and useless." But Mrs. Dale went quietly on; she had her own views of the case, and acted according to them. So at eight years of age Harry had never seen the inside of a Latin grammar; could not, for the life of him, have got further than the second column of the multiplication table; was ignorant of geography, except from his mamma's conversations and the stray books he had picked up on the parlor table; parsing, dates and dictation were strange words to him; and he knew nothing of French save from the little songs Mrs. Dale, sometimes sang to him, with an accent so pure and true. But Harry had a fresh, bright, intelligent soul within him. He would listen, with quick appreciation, as you told him of the wonders of nature and art, of the great men who lived in distant ages, of the strange inventions of genius, and the noble results worked out by patience and perseverance. He was learning to enjoy life, that when time came he might use it wisely and well. There was rich promise of future energy and vigor in those clear, honest eyes of his, the firm bounding step, the guileless, unsuspecting confidence, the fearless innocence with which his glance met yours—promise which after years failed not to realize.

So much for Harry Dale. And the *pushing on*—whither had that tended? There was another grave in the H— cemetery, and the neighbors, as they read on the marble head-stone the touching inscription, "*Aged eleven years*," said, "Very astonishing, isn't it, how soon these clever children always die!"—(*British Mother's Journal*.)

Duties of Parents to Schools.

1. Parents should send their children to school constantly and (1) seasonably.
2. They should see that they are decently clothed, and cleanly in their persons.
3. They should encourage them to respect and obey the rules and requirements of the school.
4. They should encourage them to be orderly in their deportment, and studiously to regard right.
5. They should encourage them to be studious by manifesting an interest in their lessons.
6. They should have a regard for the character of the books their children read, and see that they read understandingly.
7. They should cultivate in their children habits of true politeness and courtesy.
8. Besides visiting the school and co-operating and sympathizing with the teacher, they can do much for its improvement and success, by manifesting at all proper times, and in all proper places, an interest in its welfare, and a deep solicitude for its reputation; by speaking well of the teacher and of all his judicious plans; by palliating or excusing his faults or failings (of which every teacher must be expected to have some), and by inducing their neighbors to visit the school and take an interest in its exercises, thus showing to their children, in the most convincing manner, that they feel that their present employment is an important one, and that the duties of a school are not to be regarded as of little consequence.—(*Ohio Jour. of Ed.*)

Notes of Lessons.

THE STUDY OF READING LESSONS.

This habit of careful study should, if possible, be formed in childhood or early youth, and to the teacher is entrusted, in a great degree, the responsibility of its formation. May it not be done in a way most pleasant to ourselves and to our pupils, and without interfering with the discharge of other duties? Experience convinces me that it is possible; and at the request of a friend; who has approved my plan and rejoiced in its success, I write a brief account of it, with the hope that it may prove of some benefit to others.

Before adopting it, I had often observed with regret, that the reading lessons were regarded by my pupils with little interest. They would come with bright, animated faces to their recitations in history, geography, grammar, and arithmetic; but the appearance of the reading book was the signal for languor and restlessness. Especially was this the case when the lesson assigned had been read more than once. The charm of novelty was gone, and none

(1) With the exception of weak and delicate children who are not to be dealt with like others as seen by the preceding article. (Edr.)