selves; true, sad pictures. Mrs. X. has a flock of little children; she has abundant means, at least her husband has, and she keeps two or three nurses. But she is so anxious about these children that she makes herself a slave to them. Three parts of her time she spends in the nursery; three parts of the house's regularity and comfort are destroyed by the exactions of these Their dinners are studied: their dresses are costly; they are exhibited as showchildren to visitors, indulged, pampered, petted. No cost is spared to make them little ladies and gentlemen; no cost will be spared to train them for the world. But that other and higher training--where is it? Well, you shall judge. They say their prayers like little parrots to mamma or servant, as may be convenient, gabbling the words over in a morning in eagerness to escape to breakfast and the pleasures of the new day, droning through them at night in sleepiness. The elder ones are taken to church on Sunday morning, the girls dressed out like puppets at a dolls' show, the boys in the most fashionable of little boys' costumes. If they possess any particular idea connected with church, it is as being a place for exhibiting flounces and feathers, and silk-velvet knickerbockers, and silver shoe-buck-There is never a holy word read to them at home, or a pious exhortation given: the religion inculcated, such as it is, begins and ends with the prayers and the church. How will these children, think you, be armed to fight against the temptations of life? Will they find the way to heaven in later years, when they are not put into its way in these their earlier ones? It is a solemn question.

The point of this is that Mrs. X. believes herself to be a most exemplary mother,

quite a pattern to some of her neighbors. For she does not gad abroad in the world and leave her children nearly entirely to servants, as they do; she is about them always. But, with all her bustle and activity, Mrs. X. misses the one thing needful. If she would but devote only a little tithe of her daily time, but a few minutes, to putting her children in the right road, it would be well—well—for her and for them. She wears herself out with cares and frivolities for their welfare in another way; she forgets this.

From some cause or other, it mostly is forgot ten. Some mothers are lost in the whirl of society: they have no space, save for dressing, gaiety, visitors, and visiting; others have too much to do for their children, in regard to their temporal wants, either of choice (as above) or of necessity; others are idle and indifferent; others are absorbed in the one fierce struggle to earn the daily bread. No matter what the preventing cause may be, a very large proportion of our children, the little bees now, as I write this, living and buzzing in the busy hive around us, receive none of that particular, special training that will stand them in good need in after life. I firmly believe that if the training were the rule, instead of the exception, society would present a widely different aspect from what it presents now. The spread of artificiality, of social sins, of frivolity, of pretentious show-the lust of the eye and the pride of life-and above all the spread of infidelity, is, each one, on the increase amid us, and will continue to be. We can expect nothing better when our children are not trained against it.

-ELLEN WOOD, in Sunday Magazine.

ENGLISH BRAIN-BUILDING.

Dr. Clarke, who by his essays on Female Education, has directed public attention in the United States to the evil of over-working the brains of young girls, gives in his last book a chapter on the English system of training which will be interesting to our readers, and will furnish useful hints to those engaged in the education of youth:—

From a careful observer who has been in England, and who found time in the midst of pressing avocations to visit some of the English schools, and to make a few notes of his observations upon them, I have obtained the following glimpse of English school-methods for girls, or of English female brain-building, which may be new to some on this side of the Atlantic.

While he was in England, he made various