

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO MOTHERS.

A distinguished physician, who died some years since in Paris, declared "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practiced in this city, 20,000 children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms and necks."

It would not be wide of the truth to say that fifty thousand children are every year immolated upon the altar of capricious fashion, in civilized society. However much intelligence they may be possessed of, it is an undeniable fact that our women—especially mothers—are the slaves of senseless and outrageous fashion. Health, comfort, and happiness are each in turn sacrificed to the all-potent query, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Children must be models of style, whether they live or die. Short dresses, low necks, and bare arms make our daughters look more angelic than their grandmothers did in their homespun wrappers, but not half so cozy and loveable. A sweet face peeping out from the smiting blasts of our northern climate, are altogether more bewitching than the shrivelled and bloodless forms with their goose-skin pimples. A correct taste is seldom over-demonstrative. A living President of one of our oldest medical schools always gave this parting advice to his classes on their graduation day: "Young gentlemen, take good care of the *old ladies*—there never will be any more." This sensible advice was predicted on the destructive nature of prevalent fashions. Let our women break away from the enchantment of custom this winter, and dress up their darlings to the ears in warm apparel, and their increased health and vigor, will more than compensate for the frowns of the whole school over which dame Grundy presides.—*Fall River News.*

A HOME THRUST FROM FLAVEL.— "Two things a master commits to his servant's care," said one, "the child and the child's clothes." It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say at his master's return, "Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost!"— Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day. Lord, here is my body, I was very grateful for it. I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever. I took little thought and care about it.

NOT TOO MUCH AT ONCE.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a recent lecture in England, said.— "Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'Where do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this. 'I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work well, must not overwork himself, or, if he do too much work to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow.' Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much, and have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and the various business of life; and in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes—some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during these hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

DELICACY.

Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste.— Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes a merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark, this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense, but that high minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among our women as in the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, at things which it would be ashamed indeed to smile or blush. This is the delicacy which forms so important a good taste, that where it does not exist as a natural instinct, it is taught as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society.

PARADISE is always where love dwells.

WRITING.

To think rightly is of knowledge, to speak fluently is of nature, to read with profit is of care, but to write aptly is of practice.—TUPPER.

What a *multum in parvo* is contained in the words "to write aptly is of practice." Writing is said to be the "world's messenger." Through its medium we are enabled to treasure up the wisdom of the present generation and hand it down to generations yet to come. Through its medium we are enabled to drink at the fountain of knowledge, learn of nations and governments that were, but are no more; nations once second to none, now known only in history. By it we are enabled to chain the mighty thought ere it escapes from the mind, and its foot prints are forever erased from the tablets of the memory. "No talent among men hath more scholars and fewer masters." Many there are who have dabbled in both poetry and prose, and yet have never become proficient in either, for want of that "practice" which makes perfect. How many there are that converse fluently and learnedly upon the topics of the day that are mere novices at writing. That instrument, more powerful than the sword—the pen—is wielded but by few successfully.

THE TEACHER AND HIS PUPILS.

"Joseph, where is Africa?" "On the map, sir." "I mean, Joseph, on what continent—the Eastern or Western continent?" "Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South." "How do the African people live?" "By drawing." "Drawing what—water?" "No sir, by drawing their breath." "Set down Joseph." "Thomas, what is the equator?" "Why sir, it is a horizontal pole running perpendicular through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers." "Go to your seat Thomas." "William Stiggs, what do you mean by an eclipse?" "An old race horse, sir, Silence." "Next, Jack, what is an eclipse?" "An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bust and runs against the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face." Class is dismissed.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon your lips, and ready to drop out before you are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many to make it good. Truth can live in all regions, flourish in all soils, and become naturalized in all climes.