

also a thing natural and to be expected. And Maggie was the only person looking on, for Mrs. White had just called Sir Walter away to give his opinion about the site for the new orchid-house, and Sibyl was deep in the wonders revealed by the microscope. When she looked up, breathless with delight, Mrs. Rosebay and James Darrent had already shaken hands quietly one with the other, and exchanged some few of the commonplaces which—the staple of our ordinary talk—are better than sedatives to over-excited nerves.

When James Darrent asked Mrs. Rosebay how she liked the neighborhood, and was answered that she found it charming; when he made the standard remarks on the weather and the state of the crops, and was met by the same stereotyped replies, both of them felt quieter. It was as though they had shaken hands over a tacit agreement that what they knew should remain their own, a something with which no stranger might intermeddle.

In the meantime Sibyl, who was unreasonably impatient of the commonplace, drew James Darrent's attention to the microscope again, and he was in the midst of a charming little exposition of the mechanical structure and chemical components of the little flower they had dissected, when the dignified Thomas threw open the drawing-room door, and informed the company generally that lunch was on the table.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the better land: Thou call'st its children a happy band; Mother, oh, where is that radiant shore? Shall we not seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the orange blows,

And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise, And the date grows ripe under sunny skies; Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,

Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze, And strange bright birds on their starry wings

Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old, Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine, And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand— Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy; Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair; Sorrow and death may not enter there; Time doth not breathe on its faultless bloom,

For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb, It is there, it is there, my child!"

TALK TO THE CHILDREN.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in books; and

even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training, in lively, social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the art of conversation at home.

HOW A KIND ACT SHINES.

"Charlie," said his mother, when he came in from school, "will you try to amuse your little sister for a while?" Did he scowl and pout, and look "No, I won't," if he did not say it? No, Charlie did not. Did he wince and say, "Oh, mother, I have been shut up in school all the morning, and I want to go out and play; can't somebody else take her?" No; many would, but Charlie did not. The boys were waiting for him at the door to come and play, and Charlie would have liked to go, but he gave up his own pleasure for his dear mother's sake, or rather, he made it his pleasure to help her. "Yes, mother, I'll take Sissy, you look so tired," answered Charlie pleasantly. And his kind and willing tones sent sunshine into his mother's heart. "Sissy" had been sick and fretful, and mother had had to neglect many things for her sake. Mother, thus released, had time to take a long breath in another room; then to meet Amy, who was trudging up stairs crying, with a splinter in her finger—she took out the splinter, soothed the little finger, and kissed away the tears; then she hastened to the kitchen, where poor Bridget was worried with her work. "I'm indeed glad you've come, ma'am," said she, "there's a woman waiting at the door, and I told her you couldn't come; everything's at beam-ends." The mother spoke cheerfully to Bridget, and then she went to the door and said a kind word to the poor old woman on the steps, and put a loaf in her basket, and she hobbled off with a streak of sunshine in her heart. Then mother helped Bridget about this thing, and told her about that, and put new life into the boiling and roasting, in order to have dinner all ready at the proper time when father and uncle came home.

As mother went about her household cares, lightening and brightening every burden in her way, it was her greatest comfort to feel that "sissy" was in good hands; for Charlie, she was sure, was doing his best to make the little one happy. Charlie's kindness to his little sister did not stop there: it shone on his mother, on Amy; it shone into the kitchen; it shone on Bridget and the poor woman; and it shed its soft warmth over the dinner hour, and streamed with a mellow light over all the rest of the day long.

"Canst thou read the name on yonder boat?" asked a gentle short-sighted gent of a stander-by as the steamer Corsican went past the wharf. "Of course I can," came the savage reply. The gentle short-sighted gent with features writhing in agony, cried, "Alas! thou dost rend my bosom." "Go, then," came the swift rejoinder, "and buy the shirt made by A. White, 65 King Street West, which for excellence fronts all."

"BIDDY-SKIN."

"Mamma, mamma, see my arms; they are all biddy-skin," cried little Ellen Wilks, one cold, frosty morning; and she pulled up her sleeves, and displayed her little fat arms, all covered with little fine points.

"Goose-flesh, you mean," said mamma, laughing heartily at her little girl's mistake. "It always comes when we are cold; do you know what makes it?"

"Will it always stay so?" asked the child, ready to cry.

"No, indeed, dear; when you are warm your little arms will be as smooth as ever. These little points are the ends of the nerves; and when the nerves are suddenly affected by the cold, or, as they sometimes are, by fright, they start, and make the skin look rough, like the skin of a goose or other fowl. That is why we call it goose-flesh."

"What are nerves, mamma?" asked little Ellen, looking up from her play that same forenoon.

"The nerves are the little fine telegraph wires that run all through the body, to carry messages back and forth, between the thinking part, which is up here in the head, to the eyes and ears, the arms and legs, the fingers and toes, and every part of the body. If you stick a needle into your finger, you would not know it but for the little nerve that at once carries the message up to the brain. Then the brain sends word back, 'Take it out, take it out.' You see a pretty picture, or smell a flower, or hear lovely music, and the nerve of the eye, the nose, the ear, tells about it to the brain, and the brain says, 'How sweet! how charming!' And if you want to move your arm, or your foot, to sew, to play the piano, or to walk, you can't do it till the order comes down by the little nerves. These little messengers are very, very busy all the time."

"Do they go to sleep when I do?"

"Most of them do," said mamma, "but some of them have to be busy all the time. You must take good care of your little telegraph wires, dear, for if they get broken or lame, it is very hard work to mend them."

MAKE YOUR MOTHER HAPPY

Children, make your mother happy; Make her sing instead of sigh. For the mournful hour of parting May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy; Many griefs she has to bear. And she wearies 'neath her burdens, Can you not these burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy; Prompt obedience cheers the heart; While a wilful disobedience Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy; On her brow the lines of care Deepen daily, don't you see them? While your own are smooth and fair.

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