

to me, than the art to which the ancients ascribed such power that, according to the fables of their poets, it drew the very stones of the earth from their beds, and piled them in a wall around the city of Thebes.

"It should be considered, moreover, that music in schools is useful as a motive to study. After a weary hour of poring over books, with perhaps some discouragement on the part of the learner, if not despair at the hardness of the task, a song puts him in a more hopeful and cheerful mood. The play of the jungs freshens the circulation of the blood, and he sits down again to his task in better spirits, and with an invigorated mind. Almost all occupations are cheered and lightened by music."

3. EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

It is assuredly then a thing to be profoundly regretted, that not one man in a thousand develops the hidden capacities of his organs of visions, either as regards its utilitarian or its æsthetic applications. The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None so blind as those that will not see" is as true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness, we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in the one pregnant sentence, "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true is that? The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can distinguish a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle-ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of the squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as a mark to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the out-stretched fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky, where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in his flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions in colour, where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

Man is a harp whose cords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which if He please,
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,—
Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.—COWPER.

—(From the "School and the Teacher.")

4. THE BEST ENGLISH.

We may say in Latin-English, "Fidelity attends virtue;" but if we use Saxon-English, "Well-being arises from well-doing;" it is a far better wording of the same idea. And mark the strength, expressiveness, and majestic movement of the following lines from the "Departments of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:—

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast;
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill
And their hearts heaved but once, and for ever grew still!"

The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.—*English Sunday School Magazine*.

5. NUMBER OF WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, in a recent lecture on the English language says, that the English words found in use by good writers hardly fall short of 100,000. Even if a man was able on extraordinary occasions to bring into use half of that number, he generally contented himself with far fewer. Each individual used in his daily life a repertory of words to some extent peculiar to himself. Few scholars used as many as 10,000 English words; ordinary people not more than 3000. In all Shakespeare there were not more than 15,000 words; in all Milton, 8000. Of the Egyptians hieroglyphics there were but 800, and it was said that the vocabulary of the Italian opera was scarcely greater.

6. BOYS DON'T GIVE UP.

A Chinaman will contend at the annual literary examination till he is seventy or eighty years old, although with the bare possibility of ultimate success. Mr. Cabanis, a missionary at Shanghai, says, that his teacher saw a man at the last examination who is 84 years old, and who has not yet despaired of graduating.

We are sad dunces in the school of life, reading our lessons slowly. And when Grief, with her sharp dagger, pricks our heart string sore

(seeing our little sorrow magnified through the false microscope of selfishness,) we cry out, 'Wo!' as if God were not just; as if the power which paints the tender flowers red, blue, or purple, as best pleases it, feeds them with sunshine, strengthens them with storms, and moulds them perfectly, were not the same which builds our lives up; knowing not, if we live passively as they do, in His hands, we, too, should grow up perfect in His sight, through good and evil, and our star of faith, for every night of wo, would lengthen out, a rainbow pavement, which our souls might climb to grasp the light beyond.—N. Y. Teacher.

VII. Miscellaneous.

1. SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
They are springing forth again;
Are opening their gentle eyes
In forest and in plain!
They cluster around the ancient stems
And ivied roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully
About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
Their pure and radiant eyes
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies!
They say that nought exists on earth,
However poor and small.
Unseen by God; the meanest things,
He careth for them all!
The fairest types are they
Of the soul springing from its night
To sunshine and to day:
For though they lie all dead and cold
With winter's snow above,
The glorious spring doth call them forth,
To happiness and love!

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!
We greet ye well and long!
With light and warmth, and sunny smile,
And harmony and song!
All dull and sad would be this earth,
Were your bright beauties not:
And thus, without life's Flowers of Love,
Oh! what would be our lot?

2. HOME DUTIES AND HOME ENJOYMENTS.

There is a class of blessings so quiet and peaceful, that men seldom pause to take note of them; and yet no others on earth are so precious. I mean *social blessings*. But, invaluable as they are, their history is unwritten. The achievements of armies, the machinery of governments, and the lives of great men, are nearly all that the historian has recorded. In fact, most that makes up the social life of people cannot come before the public eye. It lies in the shadow of more imposing objects, and the veil of privacy covers it. But should their history be written, they would be found to have governed, unseen, those greater events on which men gaze with wonder. The great ones, who have led in public affairs, and stamped their impress on their age, have themselves come from the bosom of social life, and from the shaping power of its silent influences. They have been borne up on the flood they seemed to guide. They were the index, not the contents of their age.

But if much of private life is insignificant to the world, and much too dark to look upon, still, it might present some of the brightest pictures, which it were refreshing to study. If it does not show us heroes in the battle-field, and kings in palaces, it might exhibit many a peaceful community thriving in all arts of industry; many a neighbourhood consulting its common interests in unpretending council, or gathering in smiling circles of friendship; and many a hamlet and cottage sprinkling valley and hill-side; every day the centres of honest toil and pleasant cares, and every evening gathering a joyous company around a cheerful fire to mingle the voices of innocent mirth, and song and praise—the homes of affection, and virtue, and peace. You might see greatness without its show, worth without its pretence, and every kindly feeling of humanity rooting itself in warm hearts, and blooming out in its own freshness and beauty.

We are all made for society. The best virtues are dwarfed, the best sympathies dry up, and man's whole nature becomes one-sided