

pursuits become distasteful and are left at the first opportunity. We wonder sometimes at the iron constitutions of foreigners who seek their homes with us. The main secret is here. Boys are not put to hard labour there. You scarcely ever find a young emigrant of twenty that has handled a scythe previously to coming here. It is considered there to be work only fit for full grown men. Think of this, farmers, when your boys want to "pitch in" with the men, and give them lighter toil, that shall give healthful exercise, not over straining labour.—*A Lover of the Farm.*

5. AN ITEM FOR BOYS.

It is one of the besetting sins of the young men of this extravagant age to endeavor to get rid of work—to seek for lazy employment—and the consequence is that many of them turn out to be worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot, banish from your mind forever the dangerous desire to live without work. Labour is honourable, dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth and happiness; never consider it a burden and a curse. Shun idleness and sloth; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful.

6. TWENTY USEFUL PROVERBS.

1. Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
2. Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.
3. Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.
4. Diligence is the mother of Good Luck.
5. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.
6. Extravagance and improvidence end, at the prison door.
7. It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.
8. If you would know the value of money, try to borrow some.
9. The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands.
10. What maintains one vice would bring up two children.
11. He that goes borrowing returns sorrowing.
12. Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.
13. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.
14. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.
15. Three removes are as bad as a fire.
16. Creditors have better memories than debtors.
17. The rolling stone gathers no moss.
18. If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.
19. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
20. Buy what thou needst not, and it will oblige thee to sell thy necessaries.

X. Miscellaneous.

1. AUTUMN.

The summer's departed so gentle and brief,
And autumn has come with its sere yellow leaf;
Its breath's in the valley, its voice in the breeze,
A many-hued robe is spread over the trees.

In red and in purple the leaves seem to bloom,
But winter, cold winter, has spoken their doom;
And while they are seeming with rubies to vie,
They tell us that beauty blooms only to die.

While sad as the whispers of sorrow its breath,
And mournful its hues as the garment of death,
Tho' faded the flower, and leafless the tree,
Yet autumn, with ripe fruit, is welcome to me.

2. THE BROKEN STICK;

OR, THE YOUNG CRIMINAL CONVICTED.

My mother was of a family of the Puritans. Over us, her little children, she held the reins of government lovingly, yet most firmly. She has really punished us in love as she kissed us in love. She went to her rod one day, and found it broken, and broken in such a way that it must have been with hands. "Some one of the children," she said, "has done this." We all denied. Mother grew in earnest, and said the one that did it had better own it for she should find it out. We all denied it again, and mother turned away.

By and by, one of the children went softly up to her and told her that I did it, and she saw me. Mother came to me alone, and laid it to my charge. I denied it, but she produced her evidence. I began to be silent. "As soon," she said, "as I get baby to sleep, I

shall reckon with you." I noticed she felt deeply, and could not sing to baby as usual, but would once in a while cast her black piercing eyes upon me.

Soon she made all ready. The moment of trial had arrived. She took me by the hand. She summoned her witness, and took the Bible in the other hand, and led me away to the barn. And when she had closed the barn-door she sat down and placed me before her. She opened the Bible, and read very distinctly the words, "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Then she looked to me with anger, being grieved. She asked me again if I was guilty. I pleaded not guilty. She called up the witness. Witness testified that I did it. Witness cried and I cried. But the court was firm. The court sent for the very stick that had been broken. And when I looked at it, and my sister told the court how I did it, all in a moment I knew I did it. But even now my head is gray, I can say I really thought myself innocent until I saw how the stick was broken. Solemn day, solemn moment. The judge was convinced—the culprit convicted. I told her I forgot—I forgot, but she bade me not to add sin to sin.

Mother told us it was not for the stick she cared; it was the lie. I told her I was sorry, and never would do so again. "Oh, you are sorry now because I am going to punish you." She went on and explained the crime. She rehearsed the evidence and aggravations attending the sin, and how God looked down on my wicked heart. She told how one little sin would lead to a greater, and that to a greater. "And now, my son, you are come to this." I looked at her, and tears stood in her eyes. And every time I looked at her I fell a-crying as if my heart would break. She still kept her finger on the passage about liars, once in a while reading it. That passage was the law, the verdict, and my warrant. And all the hope I had was that mother said she was sorry for me, and hoped that God, for Christ's sake would forgive me.

She asked if I thought it was right that she should punish me, and I told her I thought it was. But she said she wanted time to talk with father about it; and she bound me over to receive my final trial before him; then she arose from her seat, and we all left the court-house. I knew mother pitied me, and so did all the children.

When father came in she rehearsed the whole matter to him, and asked him what she had better do. He sat down and looked at me, and went on to tell me what a wicked thing it is to tell a lie, and how he had hoped better things of me. But he told mother that she must do with me what she thought best. If she thought best to punish me, he would not object.

Then mother called me to her, and told me it was the first time she had ever found me in a lie. She hoped that I would ask God to forgive me, and give me grace never to do so again; and with many other such words did she persuade me to hope that there was mercy for me. I kept close to my mother. I rocked the cradle, and brought her water, and swept the room. I loved her more than ever. But never again did she have occasion to accuse me of that great sin. And never did she or any of the family allude to that trial until I became a minister, and she was on her death-bed. I asked her if she could remember it. She wept, and I wept again. I thanked, her and she said, "Thank God, I have never done more than my duty."—*British Mother's Journal.*

3. OBEDIENCE TO A MOTHER.

"Come away; come instantly, or I will tell your father;" I heard a mother say to her child, who was playing in the street before her window. I did not stop to learn the result; but I pitied the poor mother who had not power enough within herself to control her child, and who so unhesitatingly declared her inefficiency.

A mother should never thus appeal to the father's authority to strengthen her own, nor should she admit, by thought, word or deed, that her power is inferior to his, God never made it inferior, and he requires as prompt obedience to the one as to the other. The mother who allows herself thus to appeal to another is continually weakening the authority she should exercise over her children. She is herself teaching them to disobey the 'commandment with promise,' for what child can honour a mother too weak to govern him?—*Mothers' Magazine.*

XI. Educational Intelligence.

CANADA.

— UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA COLLEGE —The Academic year of 1859-60 of the University of Victoria College has lately commenced. As some changes have been made in the Faculty of Arts since last Session we subjoin a list of the Staff of Professors and Teachers. PRESIDENT: Rev. S. S. Nelles, A.M., Professor of Mental Philosophy, Logic, &c.;—Wm. Kingston A.M., Professor of Mathematics, &c.; John Wilson, A.B., Professor of the