

beams upon you from the contrast. The easy flow of his language, and the faultless lucidity of his style, may make the reader forget the unremitting toil which the narrative has cost; but the critical inquirer sees everywhere the fruits of investigations rigidly pursued, and an impartiality and soundness of judgment, which give authority to every statement, and weight to every conclusion."

Mr. Prescott's library was adorned with striking portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella—of Columbus—of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal—and of most of the characters that figure in his histories. He possessed original letters of Ferdinand, Isabella and Charles V., and a piece of lace from the shroud of Cortes. The historian did not usually write in his library, but in a small room over it, made very light to meet the wants of one whose sight was imperfect. When fully prepared to write, Mr. Prescott's daily task would average about seven pages of one of his printed volumes. Most persons with perfect vision would complain if they were daily compelled to copy seven pages from those charming books.

The thirteen volumes which comprise Mr. Prescott's works are noble monuments to his life of labor and study. With a knowledge of the facts concerning their preparation, as above given, who will not say all honor to the memory of the man whose patient toil, careful training, rare scholarship, and heroic devotion, produced the Histories of Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquest of Mexico and Peru, and the Reign of Philip the Second!—(*Boston Evening Transcript.*)

Good Humor.

Among all the essentials of success in the school-room, none, perhaps, is more important or difficult of possession at all times, than good humor. If the teacher has this quality naturally, the love of mischief, carelessness, and inattention which he will surely find in every school, in a greater or less degree, will put his good humor to the test, especially as his head cannot be free from pain, nor his body from weariness.

We do not mean by the term which we have used, that everlasting meaningless smirk which we have sometimes seen on teachers' faces. Neither do we mean that the teacher is never to speak reprovingly, perhaps sometimes severely. Yea, he may be obliged to administer stern discipline, even with the rod. But we do mean that state of mind which should proceed from a real love of his business and of his pupils, from making due allowance for annoyance and delinquencies, from which he cannot reasonably expect to be wholly free, and from not expecting more of scholars than it is reasonable to expect of frail humanity in its juvenile stage.

This state of mind will save its happy possessor from all peevishness, all whining and snappish remarks to his scholars; even if he is obliged to administer the sternest discipline, he will do it in such a spirit that permanent resentment can hardly follow it, for the pupil will see that it is done from a sense of duty and a regard for his own good. If the teacher possess such a spirit, he is better fitted to grapple with any difficulty which may present itself, while by its loss he can gain no possible advantage.

We doubt not that all teachers will agree with us that it is no small matter to maintain permanently this invaluable frame of mind; and we think they will be equally unanimous in the opinion that, could they accomplish such a result, it were a "consummation devoutly to be wished."—*Mass. Teacher.*

Purity of Character.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone for ever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it never can be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes; and trees blending in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which when torn and

broken, can never be reëmbroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his early purity of character, it is a loss which he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.

H. W. BEECHER.

Punctuality.

Punctuality has been aptly termed the "hinge of business." It is a virtue that almost every person will regard with reverence as far as relates to the theory, and persons are always found ready to prate of its excellencies and advantages, but it is not every one who reduces it to practice in the business relations of daily life. We admire a punctual man, for we know he will regard our convenience, while he thinks enough of himself to honor his own word; and we detect an unpunctual man, because he often discommodates us by interfering with our matured plans, consumes our time, and leaves us to draw out the tacit inference that he does not hold us in sufficient estimation to render his engagements obligatory upon him. As it is usually possessed in common with other good traits, its absence denotes the want of other qualities essential to success in life. Individuals oftentimes through miscalculation, and imprudence in attaching obligations to themselves when they are aware of the probabilities of their inability to perform, occasion frequent disappointments to the persons in anxious expectation. The lives of great men show, in numerous instances, that pecuniary considerations have been sacrificed by them for the purpose of fulfilling an engagement. Blackstone, the eminent authority in legal jurisprudence, was scrupulously punctual, in his business affairs, and detested any one deficient in this particular. Lord Brougham, if we trace his history, affords a striking example of punctuality. Whether engaged in Parliamentary affairs, or in his connections with literary associations, his engagements were always promptly met. He placed the highest estimate upon his word, and regarded the voluntary forfeiture of that as a violation of honor irreparable. Barnum in his rules and observations for success in life, enjoins upon business men a strict adherence to their engagements, and remarks that when the character of a man for truthfulness is gone, when he can no longer be depended upon, his career is defined for a short duration.

Make Home Happy.

It is impossible for youth, or manhood, or ripper year, to live and enjoy a good measure of health and happiness without amusement—without something that shall entirely relax the mind and body. To walk or ride alone is better than to sit still, but it is far from being sufficient to create or keep up a healthy tone of intellect or feeling. It is not exercise alone that is needed. A woman that sees well to her household has sufficient exercise in the common acceptance of the term; but the harder she works the more necessary it is that she should have amusement. The men who toil incessantly, or mechanics, do not need anything to give play to their muscles, or set the blood in motion, but the more active their labors, the more do they need the relaxation which some exhilarating amusement would afford.

The great desideratum in training children is to make home pleasant. This should be the parent's first study; and this cannot be done unless parents retain their juvenile tastes and feelings. *It is their duty to never grow old!* If they become morose and morbid, and frown upon hilarity and mirth, they banish children from their presence, inspire them with a slavish awe, and drive back all their youthful impulses, to corrode, and very likely to corrupt their hearts. Oh! how many families do I know where parents, fond parents, too, are scarcely less a terror to their children than a "roaring lion." To go forth from home is the only talisman which unlocks to them a single hour's enjoyment. To return home is to return to a gloomy prison, where they endure a worse than solitary confinement.

Many a mother do I know who confines herself so exclusively to wearing toil that she has no time or inclination for recreation in any form; and indeed there are many who think it almost a sin to pass an hour in anything but productive labor; who think time is wasted that is not spent in coining money in some form; and there is no exception to the rule that parents who thus value time, reap the bitter fruits of their theory in seeing grow rank in the hearts of their children, distrust and fierce, dark passions, that destroy all their better natures, that make them gloomy or else reckless, and not only make them wretched during all the time they remain under the