

## MAGGIE AND HER NEWSPAPERS.

We wish every boy and girl who may sometimes think it a hardship to be obliged to attend school and learn lessons, to read the following story :

A poor man, who lived in New York a few years ago, removed to Chicago, taking with him his wife and little daughter. A son, old enough to work for himself, was left there. The family were unfortunate at the West. The father, after various hardships, died, and the mother soon followed him, leaving Maggie an orphan, without relatives, and with none to assist her. She was then about fifteen years old; but, as you will see, she had the energy of a woman.

She went out to service until she had earned money enough to pay her way to New York, and then started to look for her brother. She said she wanted to be near him, and also that she was determined to get an education, which, perhaps, he might help her to do.

When Maggie reached New York, all her efforts to find her brother were vain. Her money was soon spent, and she had no friends to give her more. She had, therefore, to rely solely on her own efforts. She at once went to the office of one of the daily evening papers, and asked permission to get subscribers and deliver their papers to them.

The proprietors were much astonished at such a proposal from a respectable, modest-looking young girl. They told her it would be foolish to attempt it, that she would have to go through every kind of weather (it was then winter), that it would require her to be in the streets after dark, where she would be subject to insult, and that it was very doubtful whether she could get subscribers enough to pay her board. But she was not to be put off in this way. She said she was determined to get an education, that she felt sure she would succeed if they would only let her try. The proprietors at last reluctantly consented, and Maggie started with her bundle of papers.

She found it hard work indeed, but she had expected that, and she went patiently forward. Very soon her story became known to several gentlemen, who were so much interested by her determination to get an education, and by her modest, respectful manner, that they assisted her in getting subscribers. She found a place

where she might work part of each day to pay her board, when she was not busy with her papers. Before long she had obtained enough customers to give her a clear profit of nine dollars per week, which she carefully saved. Soon it amounted to enough to enable her to commence attending school. She then hired two boys to deliver the papers, superintending their work herself, and receiving enough profit to pay all her expenses. She is now hard at work getting an education. She had to fight a battle with poverty and hardship to win the *privilege* of studying, and she gained a noble victory. She did not value the *privilege* too highly, and her example is a strong rebuke to those children who neglect the opportunities which kind parents give them freely. When you are tempted to idleness think of Maggie and her Newspapers, and go to work with a will.

## CAN YOU READ ?

Jane says, "Of course, I can read. I could tell all the big words in the Bible years ago, and I can tell all the hard names in the geography as soon as I look at them;" and John, and Susan, and Charlie, and hundreds more, say the same thing, and laugh at what they call a silly question.

Not too fast, my dears; naming words is not reading, any more than chewing is eating. You might look at a page and tell me every word on it, and pronounce them all right, and yet not read a single sentence.

Suppose a Turk should talk to you in his language, would you hear what he said? You might know he was using words, but to you it would not be talking; it would only be a mumble of sounds. Just so if a person repeats the words of a book without taking in the meaning—it is not reading, but only making what sounds the letters stand for. To read in the true sense of the word, means to *take thoughts into the mind* by looking at printed or written words.

When you have nuts to eat, do you swallow them one after another without cracking? No, indeed; each one must be well picked to pieces, and the meat all extracted. Whoever truly reads must take equal pains with sentences and words, which are only the shells that hold the thoughts. You ought now, while young,

to form a habit of doing this. Instead of allowing the eye to run over the page, like a locomotive on a rail track, just getting a glimpse of the sense, stop long enough at each sentence to know just what it means, and to get the thought into your mind just as it was in the mind of the person who wrote the sentence. If a hard word occurs, whose meaning you do not know, ask your teacher or a friend to explain it, or, better, find it for yourself in the dictionary. When you are reading the description of any persons, places, or things, stop and think about them until you can see just how they look—make a picture of them in your mind. Where places are mentioned, unless you know their location, find them upon a map; in this way, while reading the news of the week, more of geography may be learned than most girls and boys know when they leave school.

"But how long it must take to read a book through in that style!" says Jenny Spring; "I should be tired of the sight of it before it is finished." It would take more time than to slide over the pages with the eyes, just as it takes more time to pick up the apples from an orchard than it does to run through it; but it will not be the tiresome work you may suppose. On the contrary, the mind will enjoy the exercise, and the more it is practiced the pleasanter it will become, until there will be found no more delightful employment than reading. "Slow and sure" is the motto for the young reader; try it for a year, and let us know if you do not find the benefit of it.

## MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

Upon examining the edge of a very sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silkworm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and every where equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature