

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN.

In youth, while the child is vigorous in mind, before the cares and toils of this life overtake them, is the time to educate the child. Secure to each one of them, while in their youth, an education, that, when they grow up to manhood and womanhood, though misfortune may assail them they may have something to which they may look for succor. It will be an asylum in time of adversity, from which old age and youth can still gain sustenance and protection, though misfortune may rob them of all else—it cannot take from them their education, and, with it, they still feel they are free—still entitled to walk the green earth and breathe the air of Heaven, in defiance of the potency and power of accumulating wealth and domineering of the pretended and ambitious. They are still happy. Their education will make them warriors in the time of eternal strife. Secure an education to every child, and you rivet the affections of the child in years of manhood, by a stronger tie than any earthly consideration that could exist. He will remember the old school house and the play-ground where he gambled in his early youth; the stream upon whose banks the old school house stood; his pleasant schoolmates who would greet him with their sweet smiles, each morning when he would go to school; and then he will remember that he is blessed with an education—a treasure that nothing in this world can take away, and he will be happy.

WHAT A GOOD PERIODICAL MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without those silent private tutors, can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which, unconsciously, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*

UNIFORMITY OF THE TEXT BOOKS IN SCHOOLS.

It is believed that the period has now arrived when an earnest and systematic effort should be made, under the auspices of the Town and County Superintendents, to relieve our institutions of elementary instruction from the serious embarrassments resulting from the diversity and constant change of text books. The several County Superintendents are therefore enjoined to avail themselves of the earliest practicable opportunity to cause an uniform series of text books, embracing all the elementary works ordinarily used in the common schools, to be adopted in each of the districts subject to their supervision, under the direction and with the consent of the Trustees; and when so adopted, not to be changed for the term of three years. Whenever such uniformity can be extended throughout all the districts of the Town, and throughout all the Towns of the County, it is very desirable that such extension should be made; but from the great diversity of views in relation to the relative merit of different works, the progress of this extension must necessarily be slow. The foundations may, however, be laid by the attainment of uniformity in the respective districts, for an ultimate harmony of views and concert of action on a wider theatre.—*Official instructions of N. Y. State Superintendent of Schools, 1843.*

See. The eye is a haven, at which the treasure fleets that sail through the ocean of light are unladen, and their stores deposited in the vaults of the intellect; but it is through the whispering gallery of the ear that man reaches the heart of his fellow-man most quickly and surely. Light and knowledge are for the eye, love and music for the ear. Hearing oftentimes seems to me a nobler sense than sight, with richer benedictions attendant on it, with tenderer and holier offices assigned to it. Man's voice, tuned by sympathy, moving to the modulations of intelligence and love, may perform the sweetest and holiest ministry of human life.

INTELLECT.—The only true source of happiness is that which springs from the intellect, because it is pleasure enjoyed by that faculty which is to live throughout eternity; and it is not certain whether our amount of happiness in the next world may not depend upon our intelligence and the cultivation of our talents in this, provided they are cultivated consistently with religion.

A LITTLE CHILD AT PRAYER.

A child at prayer,—a beautiful sight? Dimpled hands clasped, eyes lifted heavenward, imploring a blessing upon the youthful one. An orphan of six summers,—God help the orphan,—though not one word was breathed, her looks would be eloquent enough. An orphan! sweet child, like a frail bark upon the uncertain sea of life, to battle with the waves of sorrow and disappointment. But a mother's spirit watches over you, and though the canopy of heaven veil her from view, yet she is a talisman. The evening hour bears upon its fleeting wings your orisons to the shrine of heaven; angels there the record write. Who could harm you? Who could say one cruel, unkind word, when they gaze upon you and reflect that you are indeed an orphan? An orphan! What does that word convey? It is but a name, alas! of too many thrown upon the unfeeling world, trusting to kindness when so little is to be found. Heaven shield you from all harm; pluck the thorns from your pathway, and strew sweet flowers.—As I watch you on your bended knees, does it not seem an example bidding me to "go and do likewise." And as the sweet words, "Our Father," fall from your lips, angels are the listeners. Let it breathe its simple prayer. He who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will hear your voice, sweet one.—*Leisure Moments.*

WINTER.

Cold, gloomy, cheerless Winter, is fast coming upon us. The Autumn leaves are gathering to their wintry bed, and the wind will soon commence its mournful wail. Whilst nature assumes a weary aspect without, we must enliven our spirits, and warm our hearts that we may contribute happiness to the home circle within. Although Winter is considered the most dreary of all seasons, I think it is the most social. With a bright fire blazing cheerily, kind friends conversing merrily, useful books and music to enliven, what can be more social and cozy than the Winter fireside? and why should we not be happy?

NATURAL CONVENIENCES.—A tribe of dwarfs has been found in Africa, says Petheric in his new work on "Central Africa," whose ears reach to the ground, and are so wide that when they lie down one ear serves as a mattress, the other as a covering.