

PHYSICAL MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN IN ENGLAND.

PRETTY children are seen in abundance every where—and so nicely kept! It seems to us that no body knows so well how to take care for the physique of children as the English.—They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich, heavy, high seasoned dishes of their parents. Oatmeal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simple dinner at one o'clock, the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven.—Exercise is considered one of the necessities of life, and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air, the proper form for it. It might be superfluous to notice anything so obvious if it were not that so many people in good circumstances with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air as amply requisite. We wish nothing so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors as the English, who have certainly brought the nursery system to great perfection, both as respects the comfort and advantage of the parents and children.—*Mrs. Kirkland.*

A WISE REMARK.—Some men are wise, and some are otherwise.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE HOUR OF PARTING.

IT is *unavoidable*. Let this life be ever so long, it will have an end. Its last scenes will be viewed. Its last work must be accomplished. The hands must cease to be employed; the feet will refuse to move; the heart must cease to beat; the cheeks to glow; the eyes to sparkle; and the blood to flow.

It cannot be far off. What is our life? We have just received intelligence that three young men were drowned in the Bay, in front of this City, last Sabbath. They were sailing in a small boat, for pleasure, and the wind and waves proving too heavy for their little craft, capsized it, and the three were drowned. Their bodies have not yet been found. This sad catastrophe should prove a warning to sabbath breakers. But what is this life but a dream—a vapor—a tale that is told—a feather in the wind. What is beauty? While we stop to admire, the grace thereof perisheth. What is wealth? While feasting us, and carrying us along in the car of pleasure, he drops us to tempt some other sojourners on their way to eternity: What is power? We just put on the robe, and we are forced to leave it for a successor. What is fame? She just crowns us with her wreath of joy, then plucks it off to present it to others. Everything reminds us that here we have no continuing city, that we are rapidly moving on, as all have done who have lived before us. How fragi-