

The Face that Ever Wears a Smile

I love the man whose open brow
Proclaims a noble mind;
I love the sympathetic soul
That feels for all mankind—
That feels for human wrongs and woes,
And pities e'en their guile;
And O, I love the angel face
That ever wears a smile!

I love my little lisping child,
And her who gave it birth;
I love the memory of the dead,
Whose deeds illumine our earth;
I love the friend of freedom's cause,
Whom gold could ne'er defile;
And O, I love the angel face
That ever wears a smile!

The face that ever wears a smile
Hath sunshine in the heart:
Its beaming rays reflect around—
A thousand joys impart;
It gladdens, cheers, inspires with hope,
Far more than tongue can tell;
'Tis in such hearts the angels bright
Forever love to dwell.

SPREAD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"The spread of the English language," says a document of the London Tract Society, "is a remarkable fact in the providential dealings of the Most High with mankind. Its study is increasing over all Europe. It is the mother tongue of the United States, as well as of the British Isles, and prevails over the whole of the vast colonies of North America appended to the British crown. It is the language of many of the West India Islands, and is heard, more or less, in all the centres of commercial activity in South America. It is the tongue of the infant empires of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, and appears destined to overspread the whole Polynesian Island groups. From the Cape it is moving upwards into the interior of Africa; and into whatever part Dr. Livingstone pierces from the west, he will take with him not only the merchandise but the speech of his country. Along the Egyptian highway to Asia it is becoming a familiar sound. Throughout all India, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, it is being acquired by the most active and influential of the native population; and in five of the crowded ports of China it is one of the dialects of every-day life. Wherever the English tongue is spoken its literature finds its way. Hence it is no exaggeration to say that the preparation of a Christian literature in the English language is an object of world-wide importance."

TRUTH.

If there is anything noble in man—anything that lifts him above the degraded, and places him by the side of the worthy and honorable—anything that lives within his heart a pure, priceless gem, it is truth.

If we wish to be honorable—if we deem it a privilege and duty to preserve our names and character—and look forward to the day when something of worth will be left in our footsteps, truth must

have a place in our hearts, and we cannot blind our own deeds and attempt to fix a foundation upon the sandy and unsafe grounds of falsehood and deception.

It is never injured by the false-hearted; and when "Crushed to earth, shall rise again," and appear more beautiful than before. Even should it be trampled upon and disfigured by those who have no soul or feeling for the "good and beautiful," by its own strength it will lift its head and stand even more beautiful for its oppression. So long as truth is our guide the "world will see and call us honorable." And when by-paths are open to lead us from the right, truth, the pure and noble, will stand by us and whisper—"The path of honesty is the only path of right."

Truth carries with it prosperity, happiness, and a conscience inoffensive. It leads to enjoyments which nothing else can give. Falsehood is but the first step to crime, which produces misery and want. It cannot mate with the virtuous and good, but seeks the abode of vice and wickedness. It propagates crimes without number, and like a fiend, laughs at its victims who have been ensnared by its cunning. Truth, then, is a priceless gem, and all who choose it for their guide may well feel proud of their choice.

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 blush that overspreads its blushing cheek.—Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever, 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 can never 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, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your 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, will never be re-embroidered. 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 mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once lose that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again.—Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.—Henry Ward Beecher.

GOOD TEACHERS.

A good teacher should possess, with other qualifications, a certain degree of knowledge pertaining to human nature. This will enable him to judge of the various dispositions and characters of the different individuals who may be placed within his charge. He should also pos-

sess cheerfulness, firmness, patience, and promptness of decision. These will at once command the respect and secure the confidence of his pupils. And it should be his duty to impress their minds with the necessity and importance of punctuality, neatness, order and regularity.

If a teacher possess these accomplishments, success will seldom fail to attend his efforts. A good teacher is that which every school should desire to possess, yet the pupils should understand that their progress in learning and science does not depend altogether upon their teacher, but in a great measure upon themselves.—Great success requires great individual effort. It should be the duty and pleasure of each scholar to obey promptly the wishes of his teacher, and in so doing he not only merits the approbation of his teacher, but advances the interest of the whole school.

A good example costs us but little, yet its value we seldom appreciate. The school-room, properly conducted, is a source of pleasure as well as of usefulness. Happy hearts and cheerful countenances should always be found therein. Time flies swiftly by, yet, on the wings of memory, our minds often return to those happy scenes which cluster round the Old School-house, and our youthful associates, where first we started to ascend the rugged hill of science. C. KEENEY.

WOMEN AND LITERATURE.

The literature of three centuries ago is not decent to be read; we expurgate it. Within a hundred years woman has become a reader, and for that reason, as much or more than anything else, literature has sprung to a higher level. No need now to expurgate all you read.—Woman, too, is now an author; and I undertake to say, that the literature of the next century will be richer than the classic epochs, for that cause. Truth is one, ere, absolute; but opinion is truth filtered through the moods, the blood, the disposition of the spectator. Man has looked at creation and given us his impression, in Greek literature, and in English, one-sided, half-way, all awry. Woman now takes her stand to give her views of God's works, and her own creation, and exactly in proportion, as woman, though equal, is eternally different from man, just in that proportion will the next century be doubly rich because we shall have both sides.

You might as well plant yourself in the desert, under the changeless gray and blue, and assert that you have seen all the wonders of God's pencil, as maintain that a Male Literature, Latin, Greek, or Asiatic, can be anything but a half-part, poor and one-sided; as well develop only muscle, shutting out sunshine and color, and starving the flesh from your angular limbs, and then advise man to scorn Titian's flesh and the Apollo, since you have exhausted manly beauty, as think to stir all the depths of music with only half the chords. The diapason of human thought was never struck, till Christian culture summoned woman into the republic of letters; and experience as well as nature tells us, "what God hath joined, let no man put asunder."—Wendell Phillips.