

is tedious, arithmetic is a bore, reading is horrid, writing is her special abomination. If she speaks of either at the table, she is hushed up. You talk of stocks and senatorship, of the war and free trade. The young ones learn to think their studies very small matters in comparison with yours.

But visit your school to-day. Hear a lesson or two recited. Learn from their teachers what their standing is, in what they oftenest fail, and in what they excel. See who sits next to them in the school-room. See how they compare in personal appearance, whether they look happy and at home. If acquainted with their school habits, you cannot but be interested in them, and then you cannot possibly avoid talking of them. Making these matters subjects of home conversation will certainly stimulate them to better efforts—make better scholars of them. By all means, then visit your schools. Go alone, if no one will go with you. You will always be welcomed by the teacher, unless he is a fit one to be turned off.—*Agriculturist*.

THE CROOKED TREE.—A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer! How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy objects of some kind direction and culture! The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be now rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to develop, cultivate, and train in a right direction.—*Goley's Lady's Book*.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

The Cross.

BY CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

"In hoc signo spes mea."

Er 'blest of love divine!
Thou speak'st to me of Calvary's holy hill,
Where Jesus, bowing to his Father's will,
Yielded his life for mine.

What pain, what agony
Overwhelmed his spirit in that fearful hour,
When love, subduing every sterner power,
Bled for humanity!

Nature's offended eye
Would not behold him of each friend bereft,
And on that drear and lonely mountain left
To suffer, groan, and die.

The Temple's veil was rent;
The glorious sun withdrew his cheering light,
And earth was sunk in universal night,—
Man lost in wonderment!

One true heart scorned him not,—
When in all other bosoms pity slept,—
Mary—his mother—sat her down and wept
O'er his forsaken lot.

So may I, Saviour, cling
In every trial to thy bleeding side,
And in thy wounds my weeping spirit hide
From stern despair's dark sting.

Teach me this truth profound,
And let my heart the useful lesson know,
That in this dim and tearful vale below,
Happiness is not found.

But by thy cross and love,
Oh, may I learn to purify from sin
Each inward feeling, that my soul may win
A crown of bliss above!

Philadelphia Ladies' Christian Annual.

Times go by turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower,
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
The man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may view that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man be fall;
Who least, hath some; who most, have never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SCIENCE.

Natural History.

ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ROSSIGNOL OR SONG SPARROW,
FRINGILLA MELODIA.

This interesting little bird is one of the first to proclaim with his song the return of spring, with its wood-music, flowers and soft southern breezes. His note is no sooner heard than all nature seems to arouse itself from the torpor of winter and burst forth into an universal revivification. No Canadian can listen to the sweet ditty of the rosignol, at the same time recalling the incidents of his school-boy days, without feeling his heart warm towards the happy little creature. It is remarkable that with respect to so very common a bird, there should yet be a doubt as to its correct specific description. Audubon figures it with a black spot near the centre of the breast, but does not mention this spot in his summary of the characters of the species. He, however, quotes Dr. Brewer, who says that he has reason to believe that there are two birds included under the same appellation. One of these has the breast spotted nearly all over, while the other has the black star in the centre. He says, the latter builds its nest in bushes or young trees at least two feet from the ground, and the other always upon the ground. He says, the most common resort for nesting is a young cedar tree where the branches are very thick, and where he has twice found an arched entrance leading to it, and a cover to the nest, made by weaving straw and hay among the thick foliage of the tree. The eggs have a ground colour of green, which is perceptible all over the surface, not even excepting the large end, where the spots of lilac brown with which the egg is spangled over, are the thickest. The egg of the other species, or that which builds upon the ground, has a ground colour which appears to be white as far as can be seen, but the whole is so thickly spotted with blotches of a rusty brown as to appear almost wholly of that colour.

Both of these birds spend the summer in Canada, and their nests may be found in almost every meadow, both on the bushes and on the ground. We hope that some of our youthful readers may endeavour to solve the problem of "two species or one," during the approaching season.

The Rossignol, after leaving us in the autumn, passes into the Southern States, where these birds actually swarm during our winter months. This abundance, Audubon says, is easily "accounted for by the circumstance, that it rears three broods in the year; six