

ting much by which the minds of the young in particular are led away from the paths of virtue.

But let us turn to the bright side of the picture, and consider the great benefits that have accrued to the world since the invention of the "art of arts." Prior to that event almost universal ignorance prevailed, and we may safely assert that scarcely one in a thousand could read; and even were they able to read, the high price of books placed them beyond the reach of all the most wealthy, there being no public libraries or other means by which access could be had to the works then written. As far as we can observe the events of the past, it appears that the period immediately preceding the invention of printing, like that portion of night just before day-break, was about the darkest, most ignorant and superstitious since the christian era. No sooner, however, were the productions of the press spread abroad, than the clouds of ignorance and superstition began to disperse before the rays of this great enlightener; and like the appearing of the majestic orb of day above the eastern horizon, diffused its benign rays throughout the world. In a short time the press changed the character and symmetry, as soon as books were abundant enough to subject it to a close scrutiny. The records of divine wisdom, which had long been concealed, were now diffused. And as the world was emerging from the glimmer and gloom of the middle ages, history warrants us in asserting that the press effected more towards the emancipation of the world from the feudalism, the absolutism, and the dogmatism then existing, than any other instrumentality.

It must be gratifying to every lover of progress to know that, though the press of our day is far from being perfect, yet it is decidedly in advance of that of former days, as well in moral influences as in every other respect. At all times we doubt not but that the good effected by it has far outweighed the evil. Macaulay, in his incomparable history, thus illustrates our statements: During a hundred and sixty years the liberty of our press has been constantly becoming more and more entire; and during those hundred and sixty years the restraint imposed on writers by the general feeling of readers has been constantly becoming more and more strict. At length comes that class of work in which it was formerly thought that a voluptuous imagination was privileged to disport itself; love songs, comedies, novels, have

become more decorous than the sermons of the seventeenth century."

But why do we thus refer to the good that has been effected by the press? We do so in order to prove that much good might yet be accomplished by the same instrumentality. The evil which it has effected, and is still effecting has been to some extent portrayed. The only antidote we at present suggest is, that in every case possible there should be a well-selected library in the possession of every family, at least one or two reputable periodicals, besides the regular newspaper. Most desirable and important is it too that the contents of these have for their basis the great and eternal principles of revealed religion. With these prerequisites it is almost impossible but that children will grow up with intellectual habits, a taste for good reading, acquiring a vast amount of knowledge and valuable moral lessons. Besides the profit resulting from adopting such a course, as well as the numerous evils avoided, a rational enjoyment is placed ever within reach.

April 27th, 1861.

DISCOURAGING CHILDREN.

It is somewhere related, that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the Doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it, for he always said I had no brains," he replied. How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown-up person tells a child he is foolish, brainless, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten the statement is believed, or if not fully believed, the thought that it may be partially so, acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look back to childhood's days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence over him, as to tell upon his whole future course of life.

We knew an ambitious boy, i. e. he, at the age of ten years, had become disappointed with fruit-finding and unprofit, not only mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no ability to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had been so often told of his

faults and deficiencies that he seemed to himself the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities or capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved him." The moment he thought he could do well, he resolved that he would—and he has done well.—Parents, these are important considerations.—*Selected.*

THE PLEASANT WORLD.

This is a very pleasant world and very pleasantly made, curiously contrived indeed to keep life wide awake until we "round it with a sleep."

There is an arrangement effected in the last way in the world we mortals should have thought of—just by rolling the globe over and over. Of course we mean day and night—the lights and shadows of life's fair perspective. Aside from the necessity we feel of that almost dying now and then which we call "sleep," what could possibly afford a grander series of surprises than the alternation of night and day.

Day: nothing but a little lighted vestibule to something, we know not what. Night: a short, dim hall, that leads us to another. And on we go, through this grand suit of brilliant chambers with shadowy passage ways between, until we have explored this wondrous castle of our mortal being.

What if it were one great, unbroken day; how dull 'twould grow in life's long afternoon! How like a Monday would existence be! Nothing made over new, no twilight to muse in; no dawning to await; no to-morrow to dream of, or to hope for; no surprise to quicken thought and heart, but just a steady blaze of day—an Arabia the Rocky, without an "Araby the Blest."

For our part, we are glad we are ignorant; glad we are not ubiquitous; we would not have "the wings of the morning," if we could. This opening and shutting of doors all through the world pleases us. It is a poem without a prefractory "argument," a play without a programme. Were life and action "laid out," then action and life would be a corpse, and all we mourners should "go about the streets."—*Chicago Journal.*

Men deceive themselves more frequently than they deceive others.