

conversation on her peculiar trials, with these same children, who had so rudely interrupted her.

"There; I declare it is enough to weary the patience of Job," said she, passing her handkerchief over her moist brow. "Did you ever hear such noisy children? What I shall do with them, I'm sure I don't know?"

Good Mrs. Brown said nothing, but the rapidity of her knitting showed that her mind was busy. She was one of Mrs. Edwards' neighbours, and had come in to pass the afternoon. Kind, pleasant, and loving always, Mrs. E. looked up to her, as one of her best and truest friends. More than once had her timely advice been of great service, and now she hoped for assistance in her perplexity. Mrs. B. did not speak, however, and so Mrs. Edwards kept on. "I get all worn out and discouraged during the day, and when James comes home at night, I sometimes begin to tell him over my trials, when he just laughs, and tells Jenny what a comfort she is to her mamma, frolics with Willie, calling him a *fine boy*, dances baby, and makes him caper and crow, telling me all the while how *good natured* they all are!" In the morning they are all asleep when he goes away, so he knows but little about them!

"Oh dear! when will woman's troubles be less?" Here the excited mother stopped to take breath, and looked at her friend, who was now knitting as calmly as if there was not a child on earth. Thinking Jenny very still, she looked next to where she sat her, when lo, she was gone. Taking advantage of her mother's excited talk, she had stolen softly out to join her brother. This did not tend to calm Mrs. E., who started immediately in pursuit. She found them both in the back yard, running to and fro, falling down now and then by way of variety, and greatly to the detriment of white pants and aprons. Shaking Willie, and saying sharply, "Look at your clothes, you careless child," she left him, and took Jenny into the house, seating her upon the chair again, at the same time giving her three or four smart blows upon her cheek, saying, "Now see if you can sit still; I'll learn you not to sly off so, Miss." Once more she seated herself, when baby finding all his playthings beyond his reach, and tired also of sitting upon the floor so long, commenced crying, and she must get up again and take him.

Just then Willie came in with a huge rent in his apron, his face red with temper and excitement, and wanted water. "Oh! dear, dear," sighed poor Mrs. E. Aunt Brown kindly offered to get the water, and going into the kitchen, she not only gave him to drink, but bathed his face and head in the cool water, and the little fellow was soon at his play again, while Aunt Brown sought the sitting room. Jenny sat in the chair, her curly head thrown back, and the traces of tears upon her plump fat cheeks—fast asleep! She could not sit still awake, so nature came to her relief. Taking her in her arms, Mrs. Brown said, "Katie, where shall I lay her?" Mrs. E. started from her study; all her anger vanished at seeing Jenny asleep, and she quickly placed a pillow upon the sofa, and she was laid down. The baby, too, soon followed his sister's example, and was laid upon the other end of the same sofa, and Mrs. E., with a sigh of relief, turned to her sewing.

Then Mrs. Brown spoke. Her large brown eyes were filled with tears, her lip quivered, as she said, "Katie, shall I tell you a story?" Mrs. E. Nodded assent, and she commenced: "Years ago I learnt the lesson you must learn. I had a husband then, and three dear little ones. I was young, energetic, impatient, and nervous. The noise of my children disturbed me. I wished them to be quiet and thoughtful like men and women. One day, not feeling well, their noise disturbed me even more than usual, and I sent the two oldest out to play. In a little while, Jamie, my second child and only boy, came running in rough and boisterous, as he always was. He carelessly hit my arm as I sat sewing, and I pressed my needle deep into my finger. The pain and provocation unnerved me, and I raised my hand and struck him on his head a blow that sent him far from me, at the same time saying, with my voice choked with passion, 'Now be more careful.' He put his hand to his head, burst into tears, and left the room. I was sorry I struck him; I did not intend to inflict so severe a blow; my conscience smote me a few moments, and then the event passed from my mind. He played out till tea time. I had recovered my usual good spirits, and at the table noticed Jamie's wit and fun as he played with his father. When I undressed him, I called his father's attention to his looks, so rosy and healthy. He repeated his little prayer, kissed me, said sweetly, 'Good night, mamma,' and was soon asleep. About nine o'clock he woke up screaming, and I saw him sitting up trying to ward off some imaginary blow. His eyes were open, but he did not know me. I took him in my arms. His hands were hot and dry, his lips parched. All night we watched by his couch, listening to his piteous cries. 'Don't whip Jamie, mamma, don't whip Jamie, he is so sorry;' and then he would place his little hot hands upon his head, and cower down, as though the blow was coming. O! Katie, the anguish of that night! How I prayed for his life. How I begged forgiveness for that thoughtless blow. I knew it was the

first cause of his sickness, and, if he died, the cause of his death, and I—I—his own mother, had dealt it. But reason at length returned. He had a long and tedious fever, but recovered. God heard my prayer, and I never struck another blow in the heat of passion. My simple tale is finished, Katie, and you can draw your own moral; but let me tell you one thing. You *must* have patience, and try again and again, before you can overcome the difficulties of managing noisy children; and God grant you may never have such a lesson as I had."

"Katie's tears were flowing fast, and she went to the still sleeping Jenny, almost fearing she should find her sick. When little Willie came in, tired and sleepy, she rocked him on her breast, and talked softly to him, while he wondered in his child-brain, "what made mamma cry." When Jenny and Willie were both quietly sleeping side by side in their cosy crib, Mrs. E. sat at her sewing alone. Aunt Brown had gone home, and she had time for reflection. She shuddered as she thought of her own ungovernable temper, and the many, many angry, needless blows she had given her little ones, and she firmly resolved, with the help of God, to subdue that temper. She did it, and also learned the great secret of governing children,—"*Govern yourself first. Seldom, if ever, raise your voice in reproofing them. Speak earnestly, slowly, and softly, if you would have them heed you. Never raise your hand in passion. You will repent it if you do.*"

In time, Katie Edwards had three as quiet, pretty children as any mother can boast of. Her face was always wreathed in smiles, her eyes brimmed over with love. Her husband heard no long, doleful tales about naughty children, and a discouraged mother. Their home is now a pleasant and happy one. "Go thou and do likewise.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

5. MOTHER'S LOVE.

Lamartine tells a story that exquisitely illustrates a mother's love. "In some spring freshet, a river wildly washed its shores, and rent away a bough, whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer hopes. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, with its wicker cup of unfledged song; and fluttering beside it as it went, the mother bird. Unheeded the roaring river, on she kept, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses of the storm. How like the love of the old fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world. Swept away by passion that child might be, it mattered not; bearing away with him the fragments of the shattered roof-tree, though he did, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

6. NOBLEST WORK.

It requires great wisdom and industry to advance a considerable estate; much art, and contrivance, and pains, to raise a great and regular building; but the greatest and noblest work in the world, and an effect of the greatest prudence and care, is, to rear and build up a man, and to form and fashion him to piety and justice, and temperance, and all kinds of honest and worthy actions. Now, the foundations of this great work are to be carefully laid in the tender years of children, that it may rise and grow up with them; according to the advice of the wise man.

7. HYMN OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

The Marseillaise was inspired by genius, patriotism, youth, beauty, and champagne. Rouget de l'Isle was an officer of the garrison at Strasburg, and a native of Mount Jura. He was an unknown poet and composer. He had a peasant friend named Dietrick, whose wife and daughter were the only critics and admirers of the soldier poet's song. One night he was at supper with his friend's family, and they had only coarse bread and slices of ham. Dietrick, looking sorrowfully at de l'Isle, said, "Plenty is not our feast, but we have the courage of a soldier's heart; I have still one bottle left in the cellar—bring it, my daughter, and let us drink to liberty and our country!"

The young girl brought the bottle; it was soon exhausted, and de l'Isle went staggering to bed. He could not sleep for the cold, but his heart was warm and full of the beating of genius and patriotism. He took a small clavichord and tried to compose a song: sometimes the words were composed first—sometimes the air. Directly he fell asleep over the instrument, and, waking at daylight, wrote down what he had conceived in the delirium of the night. Then he waked the family, and sang his production: at first the woman turned pale, then wept, then burst forth in a cry of enthusiasm. It was the song of the nation and of terror.

Two months afterwards, Dietrick went to the scaffold listening to the self-same music, composed under his own roof and under the