

Quotations.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they will come to like doing it.

—John Ruskin.

Govern the lips

As they were palace doors, the king within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win. —Edwin Arnold.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than a great display of talents and accomplishments.

—M. A. Kelly.

Hath any wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

—Quarles.

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the "law of kindness" still,
Whatever others do. —Marion Bernstein.

An agreeable behaving is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures.

—R. W. Emerson.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—Bible.

It is a comely fashion to be glad,
Joy is the grace we say to God.—Jean Ingelow.

The habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.—Dr. Johnson.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the clover-scented grass;
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"I have told you," says Southey, in one of his letters, "of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments, and pack away my troubles in as small a compass as I can."

Opening Exercises.

The country teacher, whose room contains many classes, can often vary her work more than her sisters in the city. One country teacher used her numerous classes to great effect in the matter of morning exercises. She assigned one day in the week to each class and the members were to be entirely responsible for the opening exercises on their day. Fridays she reserved for herself, when she gave little talks on some subject connected with the school work, or on topics connected with events of the day. The classes were at liberty to vary the exercises as much as they wished with songs, recitations, dialogues, essays, quotations, current events, and so on. The children took a keen interest in their own days and a scarcely less keen one in that of their mates, because only the class responsible had any idea what the exercises were to be.—*Popular Educator.*

Maples.

Maples are trees that have primeval fire in their souls. It glows out a little in their early youth, before the leaves open, in the redness and rose-yellowness of their blossoms, but in summer it is carefully hidden under a demure, silver-lined greenness. Then, when autumn comes, the maples give up trying to be sober and flame out in all the barbaric splendour and gorgeousness of their real nature, making of the ancient wood a thing out of an Arabian nights dream in the golden prime of good *Haroun Alraschid*.

You never may know what scarlet and crimson really are until you see them in their perfection on an October hillside under the infathomable blue of an autumn sky. All the glow and radiance and joy at earth's heart seem to have broken loose in a determination itself for once before the frost of winter chills her beating pulses. It is the year's carnival ere the dull lenten days of leafless valleys and penitential mists come.

The maples are the best vehicle for this hidden, immemorial fire of the earth and the woods, but the other trees bear their part valiantly. The sumacs are almost as gorgeous as the maples; the wild cherry trees are, indeed, more subdued, as if they are rather too reserved and modest to go to the length the maples do, and prefer to let their crimson and gold burn more dully through over-tints of bronzy green.—Miss L. M. Montgomery, in *October Canadian Magazine*.