

the Irish mud-house, of the Hottentot Kraal and of the Tartar tent, are to be provided with a decent home for every family. Mankind at large are to be educated, not a few beloved Benjamins, but all the sons,—AND ALL THE DAUGHTERS TOO.—and all inconceivably above our present standards. The libraries of which our cities are now proud, must exist in all our towns. Apparatus for explaining the wonders of nature, museums, cabinets, gardens, such as now enrich our colleges, must be the possession of our schools. The means of mental and moral growth must come and stand around our children and youth, unasked and unpurchased, as air and light come now to their cradles. All heathen lands are to be civilized and Christianized; and what we now call civilization and Christianity are to be purified and elevated into forms indefinitely higher than at present prevail."

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

The Power of Perseverance—a Dialogue for two Boys.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

Richard. What have you there which so much interests you, William? You look as grave as a man who has just lost his purse.

William. I have a picture of an Egyptian boy learning his letters. And very queer letters they are too. Look here! (He shows Richard the picture.) I don't think I could ever understand such uncouth letters as those are. Do you think you could, Richard?"

R. Certainly I could, if I made up my mind to do so; and so could you. Don't you know that what has been done by one boy, can be done again by another?

W. I don't know about that, master Richard. There's that wonderful mathematician, young Safford, whose skill in numbers has surprised all the savans to old Harvard; do you think every boy can acquire the power to solve problems like him?

R. Perhaps not, with the same quickness. Young Safford is a very extraordinary boy, a brilliant exception to children in general. Still, I think every boy may learn to solve the same problems which he solves; only most of us will have to be longer about it, and it will cost us more labor.

W. I wish I could think so, Richard. I hate Arithmetic soundly; and as to my Latin, why, it vexes me so, I am afraid it will spoil my temper.

R. I hope your temper is not past spoiling already, William; for pardon me for saying it, you speak of your lessons in a way that sounds very much as if your temper had, at least, begun to spoil. But I don't wonder, you don't get along with your Latin and your Arithmetic.

W. You don't? What do you think is the reason?

R. You don't try to master them. You say you hate them. Now I can assure you, you must get rid of that silly feeling, or you will be a dunce all your life-time. You must learn to look at the value of knowledge. You must think how much of your future usefulness depends on what you acquire at school, and then, you must set out to conquer all your difficulties, with a determination to subdue them at all hazards.

W. Do you think I could become a good Latin scholar if I should do so?

R. No doubt of it. Perseverance overcomes everything. No one can tell how much he can do until he really tries. Did you ever read of Wolf, a great German scholar?

W. No! Who was he?

R. He was a very learned man among the Germans. When he was a youth, he went to Heyne, a celebrated professor in the University of Göttingen, saying that he wished to study philology, and nothing else. Heyne started at the youth and advised him to do differently; giving as a reason for his advice, that there were but four or five professorships in all Germany where a professor of Classical Philology

could be supported. So that, as Wolf was poor, he would have but poor prospects, if he did not fit himself for some larger sphere.

W. That was good advice certainly. Did Wolf, follow it?

R. No. He felt too much confidence in his own powers to do that. But, with a soul on fire, he told the good old professor that he intended to have one of those five professorships.

W. Heigo! He was a bold fellow. You would not have me imitate him, would you, Richard?

R. Not exactly. Yet, let me say, Wolf did get one of those professorships. Still his manner was too abrupt and positive. But I would like to have you feel a little of Wolf's confidence in your own powers. I know you might be at the head, or nearly so, of all your classes, William, if you would only try and persevere.

W. I have often thought I would try, but in a day or two I have lost all my zeal again.

R. That is because you have not studied with a noble aim in view. With you, the recital of your lesson has been the highest object. You must aim higher. You must study in view of growing up to a useful manhood.

W. Well, I should like to be something when I grow up. But I don't know about it. This trying is a hard word.

R. That is true. But it is harder to suffer the consequences of not trying. Besides, there is a real pleasure in hard study, when you once get used to it. It would soon inspire you with hope, and that is a pleasure. It would lead you to a real victory, and that is a pleasure. Don't you think the little ant which had a kernel of wheat to roll down the hill leading to its cell sixty-nine times, and got it in only at the seventieth trial, enjoyed a pleasure rich enough to pay for all its toil, when the grain was stored? The pleasure of a boy is much greater where he wins a victory, and that pleasure may be yours.

W. You encourage me a little; and I think I will try to become a scholar, that I may become a useful man. Adieu.—Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine.

Kindness.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another!
While we are only yearning
At the name of 'Brother!'

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Tho' it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly,
But have some angel touch;
Yet nursing loves untold,
We live for self too much!

As the wild rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart for ever,
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kindliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

—From Gerald Massey's Poems.