

Canada, it is time to inquire into the source of our present moral and intellectual prosperity and to render homage to whom homage is due. Would to God that the task had fallen into hands more competent; but at any rate it could not have been left to one more desirous of doing it justice, or more delighted at the work itself, although it did bring to his mind the visions of by-gone days of happiness and the sad reflexions which are always inspired by the recollection of those dear mentors and fellow students who have departed, and whose fate reminds us but too forcibly of our own impending destiny. But such thoughts are wholesome, and not unpleasant after all. "There is a whole period in early life, says Alexandre Dumas, which glides away without even being crossed by one sad thought. The funeral knell which is constantly heard, falls powerless on our minds. Every voice that is heard, discourses sweet music to our ears, every whisper is like the humming and warbling of birds. The fact is that we are then ascending that lovely mountain of life so beautiful on one of its sides, so desolate on the other.

"Then hail to those first hours of melancholy awaiting us, when climbing to the summit, we reach the mid-way station of life, from whence our eye can embrace, on the one hand the gentle slope covered with flowers we have been ascending, and on the other the steep and waste descent which remains for the end of the journey. It is there, that you first catch, with the wintry breeze, the first echo from another life, the knell which tells you of the death of a mother, of a relative, of a friend.

"Then bid farewell to the genuine mirthfulness of life; the funeral knell will never cease—you will hear it perhaps once a year, then twice, then more frequently. You will be like a tree, which loses in the first summer storm, one of its leaves, and says to itself "What do I care for a leaf? There is such an abundance of them!" Then, storms will come in rapid succession, then the continuous gales of the fall, then the first frosts of winter, then the tree is bald, its branches are bare, and, a useless skeleton, it waits but the axe of the woodman.

But, after all, is it not by a kind permission from Heaven that we are visited by the gradual withdrawal of all who love us, and of all that are cherished by us? Is it not better, when we are stooping to the earth, that from the earth should rise the dear familiar voices of other days? Is it not refreshing, when fate is pushing us irresistibly faster and faster towards an unknown region, that we should be certain that we shall find there a world of *souvenirs* that have preceded, instead of following us!"

PIERRE J. O. CHAUVEAU.

The Penitent Scholar.

School is out. The last lesson has been recited and the evening hymn sung, and the shouts of merry voices are heard on the green. Their spirits overflow like long pent-up waters. But one of their number remains behind. All is quiet now in the school-room. There sits the teacher at her desk, with a sad and troubled look.

At one of the desks before her sits a boy, whose flushed countenance and flashing eye of a struggle within. His arms are proudly folded, as in defiance, and his lips are compressed. He will never say, "I'm sorry, will you forgive me?" No! not he. His breath comes thick and fast, and the angry flush upon his cheek grows a deep crimson. The door stands invitingly open. A few quick steps, and he can be beyond the reach of his teacher. Involuntarily his hand snatches up his cap, as she says, "George, come to me." A moment more and he has darted out, and is away down the lane. The teacher's face grows more sad; her head sinks upon the desk, and the tears will come, as she thinks of the return he is making for all her love and care for him.

The clock strikes five, and slowly putting on her bonnet and shawl, she prepares to go, when, looking out at the door, she sees the boy coming toward the school-house, now taking rapid steps forward, as though fearful his resolutions would fail him; then pausing, as if ashamed to be seen coming back. What has thus changed his purpose?

Breathless with haste, he has thrown himself down upon the green grass by the side of the creek, cooling his burning cheeks in the pure, sweet water; and as gradually the flush faded away, so in his heart died away the anger he felt toward his teacher.

The south wind, as it stole by, lifting the hair from his brow, seemed to whisper in his ear, "This way, little boy, this way," and voices within him murmured, "Go back, go back." He started to his feet. Should he heed those kind words—should he go back? Could he go? Ah! here was the struggle. Could he be man enough to conquer his pride and anger, and in true humility retrace his steps, and say "forgive me?" Could he go back? As he repeated these words he said to himself, "I will go back;" and the victory was won. Soon, with downcast eye and throbbing heart, he stood before his teacher, acknowledging, in broken accents, his fault, and asking forgiveness.

The sunbeams streamed in through the open window, filling the room with golden light, but the sunlight in those hearts was brighter yet. Ah, children, if you would always have the sunlight in your hearts, never let the clouds of anger rise to dim your sky.

He was a hero. He conquered himself; and Solomon says, "He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city." At first he cowardly ran away; but his courage came again; he rallied his forces and took the city. Brave is the boy that has courage to do right, when his proud heart says I will not.—*New York Observer*.

Rules for Home Education.

The following rules we commend to all our patrons and friends, for their excellence, brevity, and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and of being placed in a conspicuous place in every household. It is lamentable to contemplate the mischief, misery and ruin which are the legitimate fruit of those deficiencies which are pointed out in the rules to which we have reference. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder and inwardly digest:—

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.