

Woollens.—If you do not wish to have white woollens shrink when washed, make a good suds of hard soap, and wash the flannels in it. Do not rub woollens like cotton cloth, but simply squeeze them between the hand, or slightly pound them with a clothes-pounder. The suds used should be strong and the woollens should be rinsed in warm water.

Spirit of Disobedience.—A natural affection and obedience is frequently destroyed in children by parents themselves, if so conducting themselves as to lose their hold upon the generous instincts of childhood; or else in so mismanaging and misgoverning, as to rout and destroy them. This is done sometimes by harsh and severe methods of training. At other times, and more frequently, by an unwise indulgence and a neglect of suitable correction in their earliest years, when good or evil habits are chiefly formed. For I must insist that instead of waiting till children are ten years old, we should begin when they are ten months old—or still earlier—to form their characters and mould their dispositions. The outlines of the future man are pretty distinctly drawn before the child is five years old. Many important changes will take place after that; but the framework generally remains the same.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY.

MR. EDITOR,—Your little paper penetrates even down here, almost to the end of the Province. I joyfully hailed its first appearance as something of which the youth of our country stood in need, which they could call their own; and I wish it may increase in circulation till every family subscribes for it.

We want in our country as much intelligence as any other; and if in the young mind a thirst for knowledge is awakened we need not fear as to the result. This thirst, I think, can only be awakened by bringing information forward in a manner at once plain, simple and interesting: your paper aims at this; and may it be successful. In acquiring knowledge there is a great deal of drudgery to be done; and hitherto, in the foremost rank, has stood learning the meaning of words. I am well aware there is "no royal road to learning," and I am equally aware there are some roads easier than others, by which it can be reached in a shorter time, more surely, and with less vexation.

A few weeks ago you recommended to study the dictionary, quoting the words of no less a person than Daniel Webster. If it were in the power of every youth of Nova Scotia to procure Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary or Webster's, I might in a great measure agree with you; but since the great majority are not able to do so, I think there is a better way. I would therefore recommend to take some book of useful information and read it, having a dictionary lying by your side, and whenever you meet a new word turn it up in the dictionary. By doing this, two or three important points are gained: not only

the meaning of the word is gained, but what is a most essential part, the particular SHADE of meaning and also the position in the sentence: the last two the dictionary cannot give—I mean a common dictionary. To illustrate my meaning: the words "condign" and "levy" are respectively defined "merited, deserved" and "to raise or collect;" now, bearing these definitions in mind, would not the student be justified in composing such sentences as these? "The man condign a reward for his actions" or "Please levy those things for me?" Most assuredly he would; and these are but two words out of thousands of which the same might be said. The dictionary gives the meaning, the book the shade or kind of meaning; and it often happens that the meaning may be obtained merely from the connexion of the word in the sentence. Besides getting the meaning of the words, you are obtaining other knowledge from the book and thus "killing two birds with one stone." If I should wish to punish a child, one of the worst things I would set him to work at, would be to learn a column of words from the dictionary. By pursuing the course I have named; an otherwise unpleasant task becomes a pleasant one; it does not weary you at all, as does the other method, and the words remain indelibly fixed in the memory. I have spoken from experience, and I think every thinking person will agree with me. I shall be pleased if my remarks will assist any one, in this particular, in toiling up the hill of knowledge.

Yours &c.,

G. A. C.

Sandy Cove, Jan. 23, 1864.

"JUST ONE MINUTE."

Ah! that is it—that is it. "Just one minute!" when on that one minute may hang the fate of a man, a family, or a nation. "Just one minute" has spoiled many a fortune, and lost many a life. There was my neighbor, old Job Shortly, who was always "just one minute" behind, in everything. He was always grumbling because his dinner was cold, but never heeded the ringing of the bell. He never found anything fit to eat at breakfast, because, by his own fault, he had only what others had left. He generally lost a day, and sometimes a week, on every letter he mailed, because he never reached the office till after the mail was closed.

The habit had grown with him from his boyhood. It used to be said of him at school, that if, by any accident, he was present at the opening of the school, the teacher would immediately set his clock ahead, satisfied that the error was there, and not in Job.

This habit of being always behind time was frequently rather expensive to the poor man. He lost several good bargains by it. He often had his notes

returned when he had money in pocket to pay them, because he was "just one minute" too late. He often had to wait fifteen minutes for the ferry-boat, or an hour for the car, because he was "just one minute" too late for the one or the other. One incident of the kind, which happened to him in middle life, if it had occurred in his youthful days, might have proved a sufficient lesson, and made a different man of him. By it he lost forever a very comfortable fortune.

An aged uncle, who had recently returned from South America, where he had resided many years, and accumulated a large fortune, sent for Job to meet him on a certain day in the city. He charged him to be very punctual, as he should leave at a certain hour, and not return for several weeks. Job expected great things from his uncle, as he bore his name, and had received some valuable presents from him. He resolved, for once, to be ready early, and prepared to start before the time. The stage was as regular as the clock. It passed Job's house precisely at one o'clock every day. Job was in a slow fever all the morning—so slow, that he did nothing but wish it was one o'clock, while his patient wife made early his valise and bags. At half-past twelve he sat down to dinner, which had been ready at twelve. At one o'clock, after he had been urged and entreated a dozen times to put on his hat, and be ready at the door, he was still deep in the mysteries of his last dish of pudding, ever and anon ejaculating, "Just one minute!" At length the stage dashed by. Job's wife screamed—Job's man screamed; but where was Job? He bustled up, seized his valise and his bags, his cane and his umbrella, and rushed out. He ran as fast as his dumpy limbs would allow—he screamed—he bellowed—he swore—he lost his hat; but all in vain. The stage-driver could not hear; and if he had heard, his rules were so rigid, and his time so exact, that he would not have dared to stop.

Poor Job! he went the next day to the city; but his uncle had left, so much vexed with this inveterate habit of delay, that he struck Job's name from his will, and left his entire estate to another, instead of giving half, as he had intended to Job. The uncle died soon after—soon to forget his vexation, or restore Job to his good-will.