

## SELECTED.

"Slipping only what is sweet;  
Leave the chaff—take the wheat."

## A Home in the Heart.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;  
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,  
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love, once awakened, will never depart;  
Turn, turn to the breast like a dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like the home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,  
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;  
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,  
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.

Then the frowns of Misfortune may shadow our lot,  
The cheek-searing tear-drops of Sorrow may start;  
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him  
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

Eliza Cook.

## Training the Young Idea.

Many parents who undertake to superintend the education of their own children, are tormented by an over-anxiety which but evinces their sad want of judgment, whilst it is a hindrance to that real mental progress they so ardently desire to see going on in their offspring. This over anxiety is a feeling completely at variance with that quiet solicitude whose distinguishing feature is calm hopefulness, accompanied by a cautious, persevering spirit, far removed from that near-sighted, fussy feeling displayed by egotists, who take the whole burden and responsibility upon themselves.

The feelings of children are so inconceivably delicate and just, that we should respect their natural development, gradually and almost as imperceptibly, as the unfolding of a rose-bud.

Yet how many adults commence "educating" with a vague notion that children are ill-organized beings, whom it is their business in some way to remodel; and whilst denouncing the Chinese custom of flattening the heads of their infants, between boards, in order to produce that oval shape so much admired in the Celestial Empire, these people set to work to perform a similar operation upon the minds of their own helpless charges.

Primary education should be considered rather as a developing than an engraving system.

Behold with what state and circumstance, and armed to the teeth, well-meaning people march to meet the newly-born! with what self satisfaction they stoop to gaze upon it, whilst a confused idea is floating through their brain of some great beam to be removed, which, instead of in their own, they seek in the child's honest eyes.

We should remember that the little one has, at starting, one great advantage over us, it stands upon the threshold of life without one prejudice, it owes the world no grudge, nor any human being therein.

How loving and how trusting is a child! Unless perverted, trusting and loving it remains.

Let us not lightly pass over this elemental love—this first fact so beautiful and blessed; here are we brought at once into contact with the fundamental and most ennobling affection that stirs and expands the soul; here we encounter a pure breeze fresh from Paradise. This is the sacred fire whose flame should be jealously guarded; this is the pure heaven; this is the lever with which we may lift the world; its fulcrum is in the strong will and sound judgment of man.

How vitally active and inquisitive is a child, running hither and thither on the threshold of its new life—see how it enjoys the precious gift.

Listen to its original prattle; and since we cannot reply to all its queries, we will ponder them in our hearts, world-worn, weary men; for the time being the child shall be our tutor.

We must go cautiously, lest we inadvertently maim or wound his spirit, and there be war between us, and thenceforth every link in the social chain should grate.

Again, observe yon sunny child, with the beaming smile and clear open eye, fearlessly expressing his young ideas, wherefore is he so joyous whilst his little companion is pale and shy, and silent? or uncloseth his dewy lips but to utter falsehoods! Mark, the candor and the moral courage of this little one have been destroyed, and he is left timid, trembling and afraid.

Of what?

Rebuke or stripes, perchance, no matter of what, since afraid he is.

His opening faculties have been shaded from the sun, and fall back drooping to the earth.

Frightful perversion! when a child's aspirations are neutralized by fear—fear, the root of deceit, whose tendrils run downward, instead of upward.

Away with every system of intimidation which but gives the spirit back to chaos.

It has been well said, "Never depart from the rules of courtesy and good breeding with children; there is no more necessity of doing so with them than with grown men and women."

Lastly, hearts are to be won, not forced. Reason and affection are the golden links of humanity.

Let them go, let them love.

Let the light, the breeze, and the dews from heaven freely visit the plants of earth. Allow them to open their own blossoms to the sun. Would you destroy, because it is not the bud you expected, the flower for which you looked, or the fruit for which you toiled.

Let all share those genial influences that make life pleasant, and instead of wild wastes and barren shrubs, the earth will bear more palm-trees and golden shrubs, the men and women shall walk erect in the presence of one another, feeling that they are made perfect men and women.

## Discouraged.

"I'm so discouraged!" It was a tired, worn little mother who said it. Day after day, and week after week, had she worried through the endless details of household duties without change or rest. It was ever the same round of cares and anxieties, over and over again. The morning brought the many necessities of household duties. The noon came with its responsibilities, and the evening with its unfinished work.

How tired and worn that mother! As she looks over the work of the day she sees mainly the imperfections and failures. How vain her efforts to realize a high ideal of true motherhood! but instead of this the fragments of cherished hopes are her only consolation. True, she has tried to make her hands so skillful that nothing should be left undone; but in her varied efforts the poor body was wearied, and she felt that a mother's cares and duties could never be done, nor her ideal ever be realized. No wonder she was discouraged!

O, the duties of motherhood, strong as life and lasting as time! What other architect moulds and builds so patiently as she? From the recesses of her nature and the promptings of her heart come the giant that rules the earth. Yet at every step of her endeavors she meets difficulties that overshadow the greatness of her work, and leave her little more than the "shreds and patches" of an existence from which to weave the warp and woof of a life dearer than her own.

## A Gambler's Daughter.

The *New York Tribune* says that the old mistress of William M. Tweed is living in a villa near Cos Cob, on the shore of the sound. Her sister has a family by another celebrated city politician. Their father was the chief gambler in N. Y. city thirty years ago, and they were considered the finest women in the Broadway promenade. Both married and took to pleasure, and it is charged that Mr. Tweed's friend not only obtained a million from him but caused his imprisonment and death by refusing to accompany him abroad and he was too fascinated with her to fly alone. Like Jack Sheppard, he clung to the city for the sake of Edgeworth Bess.