

## ABOUT SPELLING.

I wish to say that I think some of our teachers do not act so wisely as they should, in all cases. What is the object of spelling? Answer.—To impress on the memory a correct image of every word. But this cannot be done by a careless way of recitation, as if the only object was to see which would beat. If a scholar spells a word wrong, and it pass on till some other one gets it right, he is more likely to remember it wrong than right. This is my impression, and I have had considerable experience. To test the matter, put the same word to him at his next turn, and see if he don't miss it again.

What is the object of classing scholars? Ans: That the teacher may drill a number at once instead of one. Now, what I have proved by practice, I would recommend to others, viz:—See that the attention of the whole class is directed to the word that is being spelled; then, if one misses, say next immediately. When the word is spelled right, let it be repeated by those that missed it. Let the missed word be put again, and if missed again, again repeat, until they are impressed correctly on their memory. In this way you can see your scholars in the "manly art" of spelling,—one of the most useful accomplishments.—*Independent.*

**EARLY INFLUENCES.**—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty temper, without a headache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air, and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on it. *W. Oldham, at Graystones.*

John Quincy Adams asserted that the "abandonment of tobacco would add five years to the average of human life."

**O-R-I-O-N.**—Poets, unfortunately, accent this word on the second syllable.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

Do they, indeed? Well, that is unfortunate; but no more so, perhaps, than the fact that, because some hard-up rhymester—who was it, the original sinner, we mean?—wanted emphasis in a particular place, in order to the requisite lengthening out of line, everybody else, for all time thereafter, should be obliged to endorse his nonsense, and participate in the torture of this harmless and beautiful word. *O-ri-on!* It's perfectly barbarous. We shall expect, one of these days, to see a certain very odorous and nutritious vegetable thrust out, under our noses, with pronunciation changed to that of *On-i-on*. And, perhaps, too, when speaking of that beautiful little bird, which often builds its nest in the pendant, swinging branches of the weeping willow, we shall, as in duty bound, by the example of some "unfortunate" poet, be compelled to call it the *O-ri-ole!* Who talks of "poetic license?" We think the poet who was first guilty of this offence,—for it is an offence, even in the eyes of "good old Noah" Webster, or he wouldn't speak of the *unfortunateness* of the thing,—must have had his daily walks where *licenses* were either particularly plenty or entirely disregarded.—*Duffalo Commercial. Adv.*

## GENIUS FOR SUCCESS.

I have great confidence (says "Elsie Venner,") in young men who believe in themselves, and are accustomed to rely on their own resources from an early period. When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully—the World—and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers. I have seen young men more than once, who came to a great city without a single friend, support themselves and pay for their education, lay up money in a few years, grow rich enough to travel, and establish themselves in life, without ever asking a dollar of any person which they had not earned. But these are exceptional cases. There are horse-tamers born so, we all know; there are women-tamers who bewitch the sex as the pied piper bewitched the children of Hamelin; and there are world-tamers, who can make any community—even a Yankee one—get down and let them jump on its back as easily as Mr. Rarey saddled Cruiser.

Where a girl has too many boys about her, the indication is like that of buoys off a harbor—shallowness here.

## THE LITTLE ONES.

Do you even think how much work a little child does in a day? How from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter around, to us, so aimlessly?—Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling, reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day till that time comes, as the maternal love that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied.

A busy creature is a little child,—to be looked upon with awe as well as with delight, as its clear eye looks trustingly in faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask,—as it sits down in its chair to ponder, precociously, over the white lie you thought it "funny" to tell it,—as rising and leaning on your knees it says thoughtfully, in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile—"I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful thing is a little child.

Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you are with them. Your conversation falls into their mind, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

## FOOLS AND FATE.

Fate must trouble itself about a great number of foolish people; for, no sooner does a fool get into trouble of his own making, than he puts it all down to fate.

In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.