

## RECOLLECTION OF SCHOOL DAYS.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,  
 To love the play-place of our early days;  
 The scene is touching; and the heart is stone  
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.  
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,  
 The very name we carved subsisting still;  
 The bench on which we sat while deep employed,  
 Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;  
 The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,  
 Playing our games, and on the very spot,  
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw  
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at law;  
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,  
 Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat:  
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites  
 Such recollection of our own delights,  
 That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain  
 Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.  
 This fond attachment to the well-known place,  
 Whence first we started into life's long race,  
 Maintains its hold with such unflinching sway  
 We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.—*Cooper.*

**HINTS TO YOUNG MEN IN CITIES AND TOWNS.**—A young man, in the city, and, some avocations, in the country also, who has only a limited stipend for the supply of all his wants, is sorely tempted to indulge himself in what meets the public eye, and to scrimp himself in needs of a more private character. An unhealthy sleeping-room may be endured, that a showy dress may be displayed. A month of penurious living is the penalty of an expensive entertainment. A day of indiscreet and perhaps baneful pleasure absorbs what would have sufficed to spread comfort over weeks. In former days, under the disposition of a custom as cruel as it was ridiculous, a young man, with a few spare dollars in his pocket, was expected to spend them in the sensual pleasures of a wine-bibbing entertainment, instead of spending them for the god-like joy of succoring distress, of reclaiming from guilt, or of rescuing innocence from perdition. I once knew a young man, who, on removing from the country to the city, was introduced to a very respectable circle of persons about his own age, who were in the habit of meeting periodically, for the nominal purpose, at least, of conversation and social improvement. But any looker-on at their symposia might not have been deemed uncharitable, had he supposed that the supper, the wine, and the cigars, constituted the principal attraction. He became one of the number, and for a time enjoyed the hilarity and shared the expense of the entertainments; but being at last rebuked by his conscience for this mode of spending both time and money, he quietly withdrew from the club, though without abandoning his intimacy with its members. Though one of their number, he learned the average cost of their suppers, and taking an equal sum from his own scantily-filled purse, he laid it aside, as a fund for charity. At the end of a single season, he found himself in possession of a hundred dollars, wholly made up of these sums saved from genteel dissipation. This amount he took to a poor but most exemplary family, consisting of a widow and several small children, all of whom were struggling, as for life, and against a series of adverse circumstances, to maintain a show of respectability, and to provide the means of attending the public school. The bestowment of this sum upon the disheartened mother and the fatherless children, together with the sympathy and counsel that accompanied it, seemed to put a new heart into the bosoms of them all. It proved the turning point in their fortunes. Some small debts were paid, the necessary school-books and a few articles of decent clothing were obtained, the children sprang forward in their studies, equalling or outstripping all competitors; and, at the present time, they are among the most respectable, exemplary and useful citizens in the State. Now, it would be to suppose myself, not among men, but among friends, were I to ask the question, as if doubtful of the answer, which of those young men extracted the greatest quantity and the purest quality of happiness from his hundred dollars! Nor can such a charity ever fail to benefit him that gives as much as him that takes.—*Horace Mann's Lecture.—Thoughts for Young Men.*

**REAL STRENGTH AND SECURITY OF THE UNITED STATES.**—America has nothing to fear from any foreign foe; for nearly forty years she has had no quarrel but of her own making. Such is our enterprise and our strength, that few nations would, carelessly, engage in war with us; none, without great provocation. In the midst of us, is our danger; not in foreign arms, but in the ignorance and the wickedness of her own children, the ignorance of the many, the wickedness of the few who will lead the many to their ruin. The bulwark of America is not the army and the navy of the United States, with all the men at the public cost instructed in the art of war; it is not the swords and the muskets idly bristling in our armories; it is not the cannon and the powder carefully laid by; no, nor is it yet the forts, which frown in all their grim barbarity of stone along the coast, defacing the landscape, else so fair; these might all be destroyed to-night, and the nation be as safe as now. The more effectual bulwark of America is her schools. The cheap reading-book, or the vane on her school-house is a better symbol of the nation than "the star spangled banner;" the Printing Press does more than the cannon, the Press is mightier than the sword. The army that is to keep our liberties—you are part of that, the noble army of Teachers. It is you, who are to make a great nation greater, even wise and good,—the next generation better than their sires.—*Theodore Parker, of Boston.*

**ENGLAND.**—Least among the nations, and farthest from the springs of civilization, the light of Divine truth early visited her shores, and tarried on them long. Cradled in storms, and overrun by fierce adversaries, she nevertheless acquired strength under every calamity, till the floods of war and bloodshed which broke on her strand, rolled back with accumulated fury to overwhelm her enemies. A thousand times, every thing dear to a nation, was put in peril—a thousand times an unseen hand wrought her salvation. Providence and religion were still with her; and, in most forbidding circumstances, wrought out for her a good which came not to other nations. Whose homes are so sweet as hers? whose valleys so fair? what people so happy? Where has liberty a firmer throne? or justice a better tribunal, or peace a more secure habitation? Where, if not here, shall we find the mind beaming with intelligence, the soul rising to heroism, the heart melting with charity? The hand which has supplied her with every element of good, has also made her great. At first, least among the nations, and an outcast from civilized life, she is now the greatest of them all. The sun, travel where he may, looks not on that portion of our world which bears not the impress of her name and her power!—*Rev. A. Reed, of London, England.*

**OUR COUNTRY—OUR NATIVE LAND.**—Your country! Is there no charm in that word? The land of your fathers! Your land! The land of your birth; where you first breathed the vital air, and saw the pleasant light; where you first heard a mother's voice, and were welcomed into life by a parent's smiles! The land where you first thought of God; first bowed the knee in prayer; and started in your pilgrimage to heaven! The land of your best associations and dearest loves; which has often brightened to your smile, and been wetted with your tears! The land of your privileges and your hopes; where is the book of knowledge, the covenant of promise, and the glorious tabernacle of the Most High! The land of great and hallowed deeds—where sages have prophesied, heroes have fought, martyrs bled, and saints passed to heaven; where piety has found a refuge, liberty a throne, and slavery a grave! The beacon land of the world—whose lights beam on every nation, to guard them from surrounding evil, and to guide them to the haven of human hope!—*Ibid.*

**THE MOST PERFECT POPULAR GOVERNMENT.**—PERRANDEUS, (reckoned as one of the seven wise men of Greece,) was Governor of Corinth, and invited the other wise men to spend some time with him as his guests. One day at table, one of the company proposed this question: *Which is the most perfect popular government?*—That, answered SOLOON, where an injury done to any private citizen is one done to the whole body:—That, says BIOS, where the law has no superior:—That, says THALES, where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor:—That, says ANACHARSIS, where virtue is honoured and vice detested:—That, says PITTACUS, where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the