

Spring Quotations.

There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

—Emerson.

It never rains roses: when we want more roses we must
plant more trees.—George Eliot.

The best and highest thing a man can do in a day is to
sow a seed, whether it be in the shape of a word, an act,
or an acorn.—James Boyle O'Reilly.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod
Trusts in God.

—Bulwer-Lytton.

I hear from many a little throat,
A warble interrupted long;
I hear the robin's flute-like note,
The bluebird's slender song.
Brown meadows and the russet hill,
Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
And thickets by the glimmering rill,
Are all alive with birds.

—William Cullen Bryant.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm
and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against
nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in
her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—Milton.

Audubon's Tribute to the Grosbeak's Song.

One year ago, in the month of August, I was
trudging along the shores of the Mohawk river,
when night overtook me. Being little acquainted
with that part of the country, I resolved to camp
where I was. The evening was calm and beautiful,
the sky sparkled with stars, which were reflected
by the smooth waters, and the deep shade of the
rocks and trees on the opposite shore fell on the
bosom of the stream, while gently from afar came
on the ear the muttering sound of the cataract. My
little fire was soon lighted under a rock, and, spread-
ing out my scanty stock of provisions, I reclined on
my grassy couch. As I looked around on the fading
features of the beautiful landscape, my heart turned
towards my distant home, where my friends were
doubtless wishing me, as I wished them, a happy
night and peaceful slumbers. Then were heard the
barkings of the watchdog, and I tapped my faithful
companion to prevent his answering them. The
thoughts of my worldly mission then came over my
mind, and having thanked the Creator of all for His
never-failing mercy, I closed my eyes, and was pass-
ing away into the world of dreaming existence,
when suddenly there burst on my soul the serenade
of the Rose-breasted bird, so rich, so mellow, so loud
in the stillness of the night, that sleep fled from my
eyelids. Never did I enjoy music more; it thrilled
through my heart, and surrounded me with an

atmosphere of bliss. One might easily have imagin-
ed that even the owl, charmed by such delightful
music, remained reverently silent. Long after the
sounds ceased did I enjoy them, and when all had
again become still, I stretched out my wearied limbs,
and gave myself up to the luxury of repose.

The Discipline of Self-Direction.

One night I had a lesson taught me of the quiet-
ness that makes for joy. I am a young teacher,
usually in perfect health, and make my second
primary department a wide-awake place, where
visitors are entertained and pupils kept enthusiastic
and inspired.

One morning I entered my room with quaking
heart. I was unable to speak louder than a whisper.
I knew the children were well disciplined, but I had
always been able to entertain them at restless times,
and present their work in an attractive way. Could
I hold their attention without a voice?

In the opening exercises I took no part, merely
whispering directions. The songs were sung never
more sweetly, the prayer by Canon Wilberforce re-
peated never more devoutly. Study period came,
still my faint heart doubted. From my desk I lifted
the two text-books to be studied by the two divisions.
I smiled as they brought theirs out, and in thirty
seconds every head was bent at as industrious an
angle as if I had spoken with the tongue of angels.

And so it was all day. When I wished to speak,
I tapped on my desk, *not for quiet*, but for their
eyes. They could have heard my whispered direc-
tions at any time. It was all such quiet change!
They rested—so did I. And now, when four o'clock
seems far away, and my ingenuity seems exhausted,
I give up the idea of trying to entertain the restless
eyes and tired backs. I think of the day of whisp-
ers, give them some quiet work to do, and again
they become each an entertainer and instructor for
himself.—*Teacher's Magazine*.

A prominent pastor tells this story: "I visited a
certain school one day where Bible instruction was
part of the daily course, and in order to test the
children's knowledge, asked some questions. One
class of little girls looked particularly bright, and I
asked the tallest one: 'What sin did Adam commit?'

"He ate forbidden fruit."

"Right. Who tempted Adam?"

"Eve."

"Not really Eve, but the serpent. And how
was Adam punished?"

"The girl hesitated and looked confused. Be-
hind her sat a little eight-year-old, who raised her
hand and said: 'Please, pastor, I know.'"

"Well, tell us. How was Adam punished?"

"He had to marry Eve."