

Hurrah! for the life, the shadowy life,
That lies beyond to-day;
Bright hours we'll meet, if our young feet
But seek the perfect way.
Hurrah! tra la la, &c.

Hurrah! once more, for the school-boys' lot,
The school-girls' sunny hours,
And these holidays that fill with praise
This happy land of ours.
Hurrah! tra la la, &c.

2. EXERCISE FOR BOYS.

We love to see boys happy. We well remember our school-days—how the joyful scenes of those golden hours rise before us as we write. After a long and laboured session of school, what is finer for boys than a good frolic on the green grass? See them!—they hop and run, and toss their hats and balls;—every bone, and cord, and muscle of their young and active frames is brought into full and vigorous play. Their minds are unbent as well as their bodies. Let boys have exercise. They must have it, and a good deal too; and they must have the right kind, or they will become sickly and dwarfish, their minds feeble, and their feelings peevish and fretful. The open air, and the more free and pure the better, is important to good exercise to any one, but especially to boys. Otherwise they will be pale and weak, as a plant doomed to the shade.

They must have exercise which makes them forget themselves, and all their troubles and tasks, and throws the mind and heart into a glow of life and joy. It does them good to be excited. Our natures were made to be excited. This excitement, however, must be innocent, and kept in proper bounds. The notion which some parents and teachers have that the boys must be kept as prim as soldiers, and that every motion and step must describe certain angles, is as false to nature as it is destructive to their health and happiness. Let your boys, mothers and teachers, have enough of well-cooked, nutritious (not rich) food at regular and suitable intervals, good clear water in abundance, well applied to all parts of their bodies; air, free and pure as nature makes it; studies, to the full extent of their capacities, judiciously distributed; exercise, that will stir the whole being, and keep in full play every life current; and then let them have sleep, early, and enough of it, in well ventilated rooms, and they can hardly fail to be happy, and grow up well-proportioned and strong "to the full stature of men."—M. G. C., in *British Mothers' Journal*.

3. AUTUMNAL LESSONS.

Every green thing loves to die in bright colours. The vegetable cohorts march glowing out of the year in flaming dresses, as if to leave the earth were a triumph, and not a sadness. It is never Nature that is sad, but only we that dare not look back on the past, and that have not its prophecy of the future in our bosoms.

But there is as much of life in autumn as of death, and as much of creation and of growth as of passing away. Every flower has left its house full of seeds. No leaf was dropped, until a bud was born to it. Already another year is hidden along the boughs—another summer is secure among the decking flowers. Along the banks, the green heart-shaped leaves of the violet tell me that it is all well at the root; and, in turning the soil, I find these spring beauties that died to be only sleeping.

Heart, take courage; What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose. There is resurrection hope, not alone in the garden sepulchre of Christ. Every flower, every tree, and every root, are annual prophets sent to affirm the future, and cheer the way. Thus, as birds, to teach their little ones to fly, do fly first themselves and show the way—and as guides, that would bring the timid to venture into the darked-faced ford, do first go back and forth through it—so the year and its mighty multitudes of growths walk in and out before us to encourage our faith of life by death—of decaying for the sake of better growth. Every seed and every bud whispers to us to secure, while the leaf is yet green, that germ which shall live when frosts have destroyed both leaf and flower.—*British Mothers' Journal*.

4. CHILDREN—LITTLE COMFORTERS.

When the lone spirit is crushed beneath an accumulated weight of sorrow, and the soul shrouded in darkness and gloom, what is more soothing than the sweet caressings of a dear child! I have a little son, who for more than seven years has cheered my pathway. Three weeks since we stood by an open grave, and in that grave saw a coffin, which we knew contained the precious remains of our dearest

earthly friend. In early manhood he had passed away, leaving us to mourn the loss of such a husband and father as "few have to lose." We left the dear spot, and sought the home where for years we had enjoyed uninterrupted happiness. I threw myself on a chair, and was giving full vent to my agonized spirit, when a pair of little arms were thrown around my neck, and a sweet voice whispered, "Don't cry, mother, father is better off than we are. We will be good, and pretty soon we will go too." Oh! thought I, what a precious treasure is left me even now; and I thanked my Heavenly Father that He had not left me comfortless. I not only had a child, but he was affectionate, and manifested a disposition to assuage my grief. True, as days passed he said many things that thrilled my inmost soul, and gave freshness to the wound he vainly endeavoured to heal; making his very sympathy painful. But they were prompted by a spirit of affection, which made them a source of comfort to my desolate heart; I knew they were kindly said. I shall not soon forget his words, as one day he imprinted a score of kisses on my tearful face, saying, "We are all together now, mother; you and I are all our little family. Never mind, mother, I'll take care of you, and love you just as well as father did."

I have always felt the importance of cultivating the kindly feelings of children, but never before realized the vast responsibility resting upon mothers to cherish every generous emotion—every feeling of sympathy and tenderness. What a happy world would ours be, were love, kindness, benevolence, and pure philanthropy, in full operation! And where can these divine principles be more successfully disseminated than in the youthful mind? And who better adapted to foster and cherish such heavenly virtues, than the mother? What would be the glorious results if every child should be taught to "do unto others as they would have others do unto them? I would teach them the "art of thinking," and "inspire in their young hearts the love of the beautiful." I would teach them to think how many tears they might dry—how many hearts they might make happy—how many little acts of kindness they might perform among their brothers and sisters, or towards their school and play-mates. I would show them beauty in soothing and lessening the cares of a father and mother; or if one had been left alone in this vale of tears, the magnanimity of cheering the lonely hours of the stricken one. I would show them beauty in kindly words and tones of love—in participating in the joys and sorrows of their little associates—in doing good to all—in loving all, and trying to throw sunshine on the pathway of all with whom they come in contact. If children from their infancy are educated to feel—to love—to rightly appreciate earthly blessings, will they not be more inclined to love and seek after Him who is goodness itself, when they shall arrive at the years of accountability; and will not the world be made better through their influence?—A. L., in *British Mothers' Journal*.

5. GARIBALDI'S ISLAND OF CAPRERA.

The small island of Caprera, to which Garibaldi has retired, is situated on the northern coast of Sardinia, towards the eastern entrance of the Straits of Bonafacio, by the side of the Mledela Madelana, and almost opposite the southern point of the island of Corsica. It is somewhat less than six miles in length from north to south, and about two miles in breadth. It is very fertile in wheat, and derives its name from the number of goats that are bred there. Caprera must not be confounded with another island called Capraja, the ancient Ægidion or Capraria, which lies to the east of Cape Corsica, to the north-west of Elba, and opposite Piombino. The latter, although rather smaller than the former, is nevertheless more important from its military and maritime position, from the safe port which it has on the east, and from its town and fort, which defends it. The surface is mountainous and volcanic. Grapes are grown, and the wild goats which gave it its name are still very numerous.

6. LIVE NOT FOR YOURSELF.

Man seeks to live for himself. God made him to live for others. How swells that mother's heart with joy when she can make her child happy! What a thrill of delight comes with that look of gratitude, that tear of joy, and that word of love, which are all that the widow and orphan can render to their benefactor.

7. CIVIL LIST LITERARY PENSIONS.

A list of all pensions granted between the 20th day of June, 1859, and the 20th day of June, 1860, and charged upon the civil list (pursuant to Act the 1st of Victoria, chap. 2), has been published. The total is £1,200. The following will specially interest our readers: Miss Caroline Lardner, Miss Louisa Lardner, Miss Amelia Lardner, Miss Adeline Lardner, Miss Clarinda Lardner, and Miss Jane