

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.—*British Mothers' Journal*.

7. MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

There is one spot on earth I love most; one that memory and affection will for ever hallow. It is a quiet spot begirt with mountains. Near it flows the stream whose banks have been full of the scene of my childish pastimes. Here, hand in hand with her I doated on, it was my delight to seek the sparkling pebble or the early wild-flower. Here in transport, I watched the varying movements of the spotted trout as now slowly, and now with an arrow's speed, it cut the crystal flood. A little beyond, shaded by a spreaded elm, the old school-house stands, where, having ever the peculiar good fortune to win the favor of the master of the birch and the rule, I passed happier days than is common in these schools of initiation into the mysteries of science.

A little farther on, at the foot of a high and irregular hill, half covered in sweet May with the fragrant apple-blossom, and in autumn with her golden fruit, stands an antique mansion—my grandmother's home. Here I was wont to repair during the interval of school, to listen to the tale of olden time, or the strain that was still sweet, though flowing from lips that had inhaled the cold breath of more than eighty winters.

But why do I linger thus around the spot I would fain approach? Why do I speak only of days and scenes, which were interwoven with the golden web of bright thoughts and joyous memories, while—

"Ever and anon of grief subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever."

There is an instinctive shrinking of soul when we would probe again those wounds which time has failed to heal. There is a sacredness, a solemnity prevailing our heart when we stand over the resting-places of our buried dead. We shun the observer's eye—alone and silent, retiring within the inner sanctuary of the soul, we would hold communion only with the past and with the departed.

In the valley I have mentioned, just by the murmuring river, is a small enclosure—within is a narrow mound marked by a plain white slab. This slab bears a name I cannot mention here, but it is hers—my sister's. This spot is the dearest of earth. I stand by it—my aching head rests upon its cold marble—distance of time and space is annihilated. The world around has "vanished from my thought," alone with her who rests beneath the sod on which I stand. Not with that form merely, which so calmly beautiful we placed in this narrow dwelling-place, but her pure spirit is here. I know its soothing power. I feel its holy ministrations. Is it indeed sent forth to me as to one that shall conquer in the stern conflicts of earth—that shall become an heir of the great salvation? Glorious thought! Together we seek the past—exhume its buried years, its slumbering images. We taste again its joys, we feel its sorrows. And then from this irrevocable past I would turn to the eternal future—to that

future which looms up before me, but as the misty image in the far distant horizon. I turn inquiringly to her, but, ah! the spell breaks—the vision vanishes and the stern reality stalks forth but "too coldly real." * * * * I am alone—before me is nought but mouldering ashes—still the scenes of that last day of my sister's life are more vividly present than those of yesterday. I see the death damp on that brow and cheek, where now the pale marble rests, and now again the deep hectic plays. Those deep mild eyes beam on me with an unearthly lustre. Hear those words—not faint and low as they have been, but clear and firm—they speak a Saviour's love. Oh, God! I hear angelic music from those lips—she is hymning on earth the glad song of the redeemed. All is still again—with her head reclining on my bosom she sleeps—her lips move—I listen to catch the sound—she speaks in a whisper, bidding me bring her chair from the yard, where she has been wont to breathe the freshness of June, for she is cold. Alas, it is the chill of death! She wakes, but it is only to heave a few faint sighs, and the silver cord is loosed—the struggling spirit freed.

Now I am inded alone. The shadows of the holy Sabbath evening are gathering darkly around me—but deeper are the shadows on my soul as memory brings back the anguish of that hour, mingled as it was with mercies, when my sister breathed out her life on my bosom; and the cold heart sinking too, of the return from that still uncovered grave to the vacant, desolate home. Alone! alone, with night and her pale moonbeams, and the silent dead—but yet not alone. The hushed voices of evening address me with words of consolation. The rustling breezes whisper peace. The voice of Inspiration speaks, saying, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," pointing to that spirit-world, where there is no more sin—no more death. An angel voice, too, I hear, soft and low, but with beckoning hands saying, "come up hither."—*British Mothers' Journal*.

8. PARENTS' TREASURES.

Kind mother, approach with your husband, and behold that child of yours. There it lies in the embrace of sleep! How innocent—how lovely—how interesting. What a smile on those cheeks—what heavenly radiance sits upon that little countenance! What an essence is wrapped up in that form! What inherent power lies concealed there! In that workmanship Nature has done her best.

Now parents, while it lies there peacefully slumbering, look upon it as a treasure and as a charge. Can you claim this as your treasure? Is it indeed yours? Who gave that gift? That nature came from God. Be careful how you look, however, on the treasure. Worship it not as some would silver and gold. Worship it not as many do the treasures of earth. A peculiar and mysterious treasure, it requires a peculiar and wonderful management.

While you gaze upon it and wonder, remember it is a charge committed to you but for a few days. It is a union of the mortal and immortal. It is a link between heaven and earth. It resembles the angelic, as well as the earthly. But whatever mysteries hover round its nature and destiny, remember you have it only for a short time. It is in your care. You can do with it as you please. Its nature is very susceptible of impressions. You may stamp upon that smooth beautiful material any image within your reach. As you look on that child, remember it has been born into a wicked world. It will be surrounded with unholy influences. Never forget its immortal nature. It will live for ever. In its nature there is a spark that will for ever glow. In its little bosom there is a principle that will run parallel in its existence with that of Jehovah. That thinking thing, so soon to become an accountable being, will go through eternity. That child may, by grace, rise and soar towards the infinite perfections and happiness of God for ever, or sink and be approaching the dimensions and misery of Satan.

As you, therefore, turn away from that curious being, let it be with the prayer, that you may remember its nature and prospects, and so manage the charge, that when your Lord shall call for you all, you may be able to say, "Here are we, and the child Thou didst give us."—*British Mothers' Journal*.

VIII. Educational Intelligence.

CANADA.

ADDRESS TO HON. FRANCIS HINCKS.

The subjoined Address was presented to His Excellency Hon. Francis Hincks in the Normal School, on Saturday last. Hon. S. B. Harrison, chairman of the Council, read the Address. In addition to the members of the Council of Public Instruction, several gentlemen were present, and appeared to take a lively interest in the proceedings. The address was as follows: