

costly journeys I travelled; how many famous libraries I have searched into; what variety of ancient and modern writers I have perused; what expenses I have not spared; and what fair opportunities of private gain, preferment, and ease I have neglected! Howbeit, the honour and benefit of this commonweal wherein I live and breathe hath made all difficulties seem easy, all pains and industry pleasant, and all expenses of light value and moment unto me."

Hakluyt is buried in Westminster Abbey, but his best monument is the Society which bears his name, and carries on his work. Founded in 1846 for the printing of rare and unpublished voyages and travels, it "aims at opening by this means an easier access to sources of a branch of knowledge which yields to none in importance, and is superior to most in agreeable variety."

Selections.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues that the idle never know.—*Charles Kingsley*.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others, and has given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration—his memory a benediction.—*A. J. Stanley*.

Who are the most delightful and sympathetic people you know? The ones, I will warrant, who, when they meet you, are not so eager to tell you of their health and their affairs as they are eager to know about yours. And the most entertaining and charming conversationalists? They are those who tell you about other people, not those who tell you about themselves; they are those who interest you in things outside themselves and yourself. And the most beautiful lives? They are those who have forgotten themselves in love for others.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

For the Review.]

Nature Rhymes for Children.

By AMOS STEBBINS.

The Icicle Man.

Oh, the cold cold days,
Are the days for me;
It is then that I grow
So happy and free.
I cling to the roof
When the birdies are fled,—
The eves are my home,
The eves are my bed.
When the sun shines out
He makes me cry,
But the tears will do good
In the bye and bye.
Now, little folks, what
Do you think I am?
Jack Frost helps make me,—
I'm an icicle man!

The Game of the Snowflakes.

A little Snow Flake
And his half-brother Jake
Left White Cloud, their home in the skies,
Said little Snow Flake
To his half-brother Jake
"We'll give the old Earth a surprise."
Brothers, sisters and cousins,
Aunties, uncles by dozens,
All came quickly along on the run,—
"We will go to the Earth;
If they are the first,
We'll be there to join in the fun."
"But what will we do
When we get there, I rue
This starting in frolicksome play."
"Just never mind that,
Come on in my track,
All follow and I'll lead the way."
Thus spake little Snow Flake
To his half-brother Jake,
And for truth what did they all do?
They blocked all the roads,
They stopped all the trains
And gave mother Earth a white robe too.

Nature's Sympathy.

Brown, sear and shrivelled,—faded leaves
From their tree homes flutter down,
Unsought, unasked for, find a place,—
The cold and frozen ground.
Some tender plant bemoaned its life,
The lack of sun and summer's breeze;
Now sleeps it safe, secure and warm,
Wrapt in its coverlet of leaves.
Above, the mother tree lifts up
To heaven her arms, deserted, bare,
Beseeching that the wintry blast
Touch light these children of her care.