

Months Department.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Be kind to thy Father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee more fondly than he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy Mother—for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayst thou comfort and cherish her now,
For gentle and kind has she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee she will pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy Brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the view of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are;
The love of a brother should be
An ornament purer and richer, by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy Sister, not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy mother, so true;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

We advise every little grammarian just entering on Murray, Brown, or any of the thousand grammars in use, to commit to memory the following easy lines, and then they never need to mistake a part of speech.

1. Three little words you often see
Are Articles—a, an and the
2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.
5. Verbs tell of something being done—
To read, write, count, sing, jump or run.
6. How things are done the Adverbs tell;
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
7. Conjunctions join the words together;
As men and women, wind or weather;
8. The Preposition stands before
A Noun, as in or through a door.
9. The Interjection shows surprise;
As oh! how pretty; ah! how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which Reading, Writing, Speaking teach.

THE QUAKER AND THE THIEF.

There are few persons who have not heard of Isaac T. Hopper, the Quaker, or Friend Isaac, as he is familiarly termed in New York. The anecdote below is from his own pen:—

While residing in Philadelphia, I had in my yard a pear tree, which bore most excellent fruit. Between my yard and that of my neighbor, was a very high fence, with sharp iron pickets upon it. I don't approve of such things. It was the landlord's work. Well, one year when the pear tree bore very abundantly, there happened to be a girl belonging to my neighbor's family, who was as fond of pears as I was myself, and I saw her several times climb the high fence, and walk carefully along between the pickets, until she would reach over, fill her basket with fruit, and carry it away.

One day I called upon my young friend with a basket full of the nicest pears I could find.

"Rebecca," said I, "here are some fine pears for thee."

She did not know what I meant. I explained: "Rebecca, I brought these pears on purpose for thee. I wish to make thee a present of them, as I see thou art very fond of them."

"I don't want them, sir."

"Ah, but thou dost, Rebecca; else thou would not take so much pains, almost every day to get them."

Still she would not take the pears, and I used a little more eloquence.

"Rebecca," I said, thou must go and get a basket for these pears, or I shall leave them on the carpet. I am sure thou must like them, or thou would not climb such a high and dangerous fence to get them.—Those pickets are very sharp, Rebecca; and if thy feet should slip as thou art walking along on the fence—and I am very much afraid thee will—thou would get hurt a great deal more than the pears are worth. Now thou art welcome to the fruit: but I will not see thee expose thyself any more so foolishly. But, perhaps, thou hast taken the pears so long on the fence they seem to belong to thee, as much as they seem to belong to me. So I do not wish to blame thee, any more than thy conscience does.—But look out for those pickets, they are dangerous. I would have them removed; only I am afraid the landlord would not like it. Thou art welcome to the pears though, and I will bring thee a basket full every day."

The little girl did not steal any more pears, and I venture to say she was sufficiently rebuked before the end of the pear season, for I remembered my promise, and carried her a basket full every morning.—Prisoner's Friend.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

During a lecture on Popular Education, recently delivered, Governor Briggs related the following impressive incident:

Twelve or fifteen years ago I left Washington three or four weeks during the spring. While at home I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of her letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy of twelve years of age, in Europe. Says she, "I would rather see you laid in your grave than that you grow a profane and graceless boy."

After returning to Washington, I went over to Mr. Adams' seat one day and said to him:

"Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" said he.

I replied, "I have been reading the letters of your mother!" "If I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eye could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed more quickly, than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He started up in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said:

"Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my Mother."

Oh, what a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had in his remembrance all the scenes of his manhood! "All that is good I owe to my mother!"—Mothers think of this when your bright-eyed little boy is about you. Mothers may make the first impressions upon their children, and these impressions will be the last to be effaced.

SECTIONS OF CADETS MEETINGS

Should close uniformly at 9 o'clock. It is very improper for boys to keep late hours, as it in time leads to bad habits. Parents complain of the matter if their children are kept away too late.

According to the official statistics, the number of visitors to the Crystal Palace from May 1 to August 30, was 4,205,530. The fullest day was July 15: when there were 74,122 persons in the building.



The Literary Gem.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

When sorrow, like the dread Simoon,
Hope's cherished blossoms sears,
How precious to the drooping heart
Are woman's daisy tears:
Yet hearts may feel their soothing power,
And still be dark the while,
But sorrow fails to cloud the heart
That's lit by woman's smile!

When angry passions uncontrolled
Disturb the heaving breast,
And fellow-man attempts, in vain,
To lull the storm to rest!
What makes the demon of revenge
Before her power recoil,
While whispering softly—"peace, be still?"
'Tis lovely woman's smile!

The hardy son of labor plies
His task from morn till night;
Though hard the task, and coarse the fare,
His simple heart is light:
Welcome to him life's numerous cares;
Its arduous—ceaseless, toil,
If he that priceless guerdon gains,
A grateful woman's smile!

Should tyrants, spreading war and death,
To waste his country come,
The patriot grasps the sword to guard
His altar and his home.
The parting tear his loved one sheds
O'ercomes him for a while,
But nerves his arm to meet the foe,
And win the maiden's smile!

Life's voyage were a gloomy one,
Without that beacon light,
To guide our bark, and cheer our hearts,
In sorrow's darkest night!
The world were drear as Egypt's land,
Unwatered by the Nile,
Without that fertile source of joy—
A loving woman's smile.

Then may no tears but tears of joy,
E'er dim dear woman's eye:
Or if they should, be ours the task
The briny drops to dry.
And when our day of sadness comes,
Our woes she will beguile,
And pay us back a thousand fold,
With woman's balmy smile!

Toronto, Oct., 1851.

W. P.

THE FOOTMARKS OF THE OCEAN.

It is interesting to lay aside the commonplace topics of the day for a time, and think of that olden time, when a silent pathless desert of waters, rolled over the busy land or the forest homes in which we dwell. When the mighty whale snorted into the air the waters of the sea, and the porpoise, the dolphin, the sword fish, the flying fish, and myriads of creatures of the ocean, with the sea gull at the stormy petrel, sported in a mighty ocean of briny waters; whose only barrier westward was the rocky mountains or high lands in that direction, and whose eastern terminus was probably high lands in Asia. Silence then reigned where we dwell, and thought was