

ORPHANS FRIEND



BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun ;
Beautiful goal, with race well run,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—Oh, beautiful sleep.

HOW TO MAKE CORRECT WRITERS IN SCHOOL.

Children should practice copying on slates from their very beginning in schools. It is as easy to teach writing and reading at once, if commenced together, as either one separately; for they mutually assist each other. I would not have children write isolated words, which tend to cumber the mind, but whole sentences and verses. An ingenious teacher can readily find means to practice this. A class may be divided, and one portion be writing, drawing or studying; or occupied in some way to develop what I may call the fourth R of education—Reasoning.

When children are advanced to the Third Reader, and onward, I would take regular dictation exercise thus:—Slates all ready—blackboard (on easel that may be turned round) facing away from the class. One of the class ready to write on it this is turned.

Bring in a strict rule here that during dictation no question is to be asked. If a child cannot write every word, let him do the best he can. On the words and sentences being clearly pronounced by the teacher, and repeated sufficiently to give every child an opportunity to know it they soon acquire confidence, and will not want to ask about it. The child at the board repeats the last word dictated, when written. The matter for dictation will be chosen to suit the class. But have it new to them.

In the beginning, I would explain punctuation marks, capitals, the dividing a word on two lines, quotation marks, etc., and spell, or have spelled the difficult words.

When the portion is dictated, using about one-third of the time for such study, the child at board reads what is written, and the others may correct their if they can. On a signal all write their names, and turn over slates; writing not to be looked at again till examined by teacher. The writing on board is then presented to the class. All look for first mistake of any kind. Hands up by those who see it. Teacher calls on one to name it, when all hands come down. If the answer should show the first mistake, teacher says "Correct it." Child answers, "It should be so and so." The child at board alters it and marks 1 over it. If the pupil called on did not correctly name the error, many will be again ready to do so on a call for hands.

This will be continued to the end; the child at the board numbering each mistake.

Teacher directs all to study well from the board, while the pupil standing out passes up each slate, returning the previous one. Teacher marks the mistakes, and gives a credit mark as the mark may deserve. It is well to commence at the weakest end of the class, so a child can study from the corrected slate as well as from the board.

All slates being handed back, they and board are cleaned off, and the same thing repeated, but a little quicker.

The second examination will not take much time, as corrections will be but few. This time I would give no credit marks, correctness being expected as a matter of course: but give demerits for any clear case of carelessness.

With a class so begun, and exercised three-quarters of an hour twice a week I can now take a newspaper of the morning, dictate from any part of it, including auction advertisements of household furniture, etc., and find but few mistakes.

I occasionally vary the exercise by reading a paragraph or relating or reading an anecdote, and see which of the class can reproduce it the best in a limited time from ten to twenty minutes, giving a full sketch in all cases, but more or less particularly according to time and length of article.—*M. Long, in School Journal.*

THE GREAT PARIS TELESCOPE.

Already in 1855, M. Le Verrier purchased two enormous pieces of glass in England, one of crown and the other of flint, which were destined to form the elements of an objective for a new telescope in Paris, and to Leon Foucault was intrusted the proper cutting and grinding of the lenses.

No objectives so large as the one proposed had ever been ground, and it was necessary to invent new machinery for the manipulation. The work was resumed in 1868, after the delay caused by the Exhibition of 1867; but unfortunately for its success, Foucault was taken ill and died, just at a time when his services were of the utmost importance to the world.

The completion of the work was confided to M. Eichens, and has been accomplished in the most satisfactory manner. The cost of the instrument was 200,000 francs (\$40,000). The platform and stairs for the observers are constructed in such a way that they can be moved around the solid foundation on all sides. The tube of the telescope is 24 feet long, and its weight is 5,280 pounds, and yet it is so delicately adjusted that it can be moved with the greatest ease.

It is built on what is known as the Newtonian system, employing a reflecting mirror, the weight of which is 1,760 pounds. The ocular piece and its accessories has the same weight. The whole apparatus with its two axes, marvels of mechanical skill, weighs 22,000 pounds, and is propelled by an enormous chronometer clock-work, in perfect harmony with the movements of the earth.

M. Wolfe, to whose care the instrument has been confided, proposes to employ it in the study

of the planets and their satellites, and he will use for this purpose all the latest improvements in photography and the spectro-scope. It is anticipated that, in the hands of such a skillful observer, the instrument will prove of great value to the advancement of astronomical science.—*Sunday Magazine.*

CRUMES OF KNOWLEDGE.

The English language consists of about 38,000 words. Of these about 23,000 are of Anglo-Saxon origin.—Anciently, old books, in their original binding, were placed on the shelves with the leaves, not the back, in front.—Although the celebrated Alexandrian Library was said to have numbered 700,000 volumes, the rolls—*volumina*—referred to contained infinitely less than an ordinary modern printed book.—Notwithstanding the assertion of Pliny, that papyrus was not used for paper before the time of Alexander the Great, there is a papyrus now in Europe of the date of Cheops. Papyrus was used until about the seventh century of our era. Dr. Kitto tells us in his "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature" that a soldier's leave of absence has been discovered written upon a piece of broken earthenware.—"De Proprietibus Rerum" was the first English printed book in folio. It was got out by Caxton in 1480.—The most ancient sort of charta or paper was of the inner bark of a tree, called *liber* in Latin. Hence the term *library*, and *leaf* of a tree.—The earliest type used in printing was intended to imitate writing. No marks were used for punctuation at first, other than the period and colon; afterward an oblique stroke was introduced as a comma. Pages had neither running title nor number; the division of words and sentences was most imperfect, and the text was not divided into paragraphs. Capital letters were not used to commence a sentence nor in proper names. Orthography was without method; and abbreviations were so numerous as to necessitate the printing of a book by which they could be read. But one kind of letter was used throughout. A space was left at the beginning of chapters for the illuminator, who wrote the initial in various colored ink, and sometimes adorned it with gold and silver devices, intermingled with flowers. Two or three hundred copies of a work were then considered a large edition.—In the Middle Ages there were in most monasteries two kinds of *scriptoria* or writing-offices; for, in addition to the large and general apartment used for the transcription of church-books and manuscripts for the library, there were several smaller ones occupied by the superiors and the more learned for private devotion and study, etc. It was a common practice for the scribe, at the end of his copy, to adjure all who transcribed from it to refrain from the least alterations of word or sense.—A law was framed in Paris in 1342 compelling all public booksellers to keep books to lend out on hire. Only fancy—circulating libraries in the Mid-

dle Ages; and to meet the necessities of the poor student, at a period when a Bible was so valuable, it was regarded as a kingly gift.—The keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, England, speaking of the little animals called bookworms, says: "The mite eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding; the caterpillar and another little moth takes its station between the leaves of damp old books, and commits great ravages; the little boring wood-beetle has been known to bore through twenty-seven folio volumes in a straight line, so that by passing a cord through the perfect round hole made by it, the whole could be raised at once. The wood-beetle also destroys prints and drawings, whether framed or kept in a portfolio. Some of the various depredators on books are said to be not more than the fifteen-hundredth of an inch long, and rather narrow in proportion. But these latter destructive agencies are no longer the terror of the human book-worm. The printing-press and modern inventions have neutralized their power almost completely.—*Selected.*

AN ICELAND CAVE.

The interior of Iceland, as is generally known, is a great uninhabited, grassless desert, for the population (only about 70,000 for an area one-fourth larger than Ireland) is mostly confined to the sea-shores and neighboring valleys. In going from coast to coast this desert must be crossed; it edges the inhabited land as the sea does on the other side, and gives a wild charm—for us, at least, who suffer from over-population. We were now on the borders of this region, crossing a great valley or plain of old lava, with a background of snow mountains. The lava was rather like a very rent and crevassed glacier, but all black; the sombre coloring being only relieved by the patches of gray and yellow lichen. Right in the middle rose the isolated conical hill, Erik's Jokull, with dark crags below, and perpetual snow and ice above. Even on that sunny day, the scene conveyed the strongest impression of vast, weird, remote desolation. We rode over the lava till we reached a great gaping pit, and then dismounting, we clambered down over rough rocks into the cave of Surtsheller, which they say runs for two miles under ground. The floor of the cavern was of transparent, hard ice, covered near the entrance with some inches of water. The last sight of daylight, looking back, was, therefore, very pretty, as the ice gave a perfect blue reflection of the over-arching rocks. Now lighting candles, we scrambled over icy slopes. Down in the clear depths we could see the strange, black shapes of the lava, as Dante saw the traitors like flies in amber in the ice of his frozen "Inferno." All this cavern must have been once a huge bubble in the boiling lava, and these fantastic boulders flung from some furious volcano. Then came the frost giants and made the place their Summer palace;

for where the cavern is at its highest, and the clear ice stands in tall columns, and fretted arches reaching to the roof, it is curious and pretty enough for any fairy tale. In the light of our torch, the whole place flashed back prismatic colors with a blaze that made our two little candles seem very dim when it was out. At the far end of the cave, in a hollow rock, we found seals and coins, and carved names, left by former travelers, some of them dating from early in the century. We added our names, as we were the first ladies who had been in the cavern—not that there is any special difficulty about going there, but that, speaking broadly, ladies seldom travel in Iceland. We were glad to return to the warm daylight, feeling convinced that the outlaws who once inhabited these caves must soon have become the most rheumatic of men.—*Good Words.*

THE MONARCH AND THE ARCHITECT.—Louis XIV., taking air in the garden of Versailles with his courtier, saw Mansard, the architect, walking through one of the alleys. He soon joined the old man, and Mansard took off his hat, as was strict etiquette, in the presence of his sovereign; but the Grand Monarque lifted up his hand in friendly reprehension, and said, "Pray keep it on. The evening is damp, and you may take cold." The courtiers who were all standing bareheaded around the king, as was the custom stared at each other at this extraordinary show of courtesy. But Louis XIV., observing their surprise, said, "Gentlemen, you are amazed; but learn this: I can make a duke or a marquis with my own breath, but God only can make a Mansard."

A little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the nursery fireplace, innocently inquired, "Mamma, is it done when it is brown?"

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake." "You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

A poor, wild Irish boy, taught in a mission school in Ireland, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

At a recent school examination a little girl was asked, "What is a fort?" "A place to put men in," was the ready answer. "What is a fortress, then?" asked the teacher; whereupon a little girl of eight summers answered, "A place to put women."

Dear little Harry B — was taken to church to see a fashionable wedding. The bride was in full dress, including a long, white veil. Harry gazed intently as she passed up the aisle, and just as she reached the altar he exclaimed, "See, mamma, her has got a skeeter net on!"

A CALCULATING BOY.—A boy, on seeing a placard in a shop-window, "Sugar-sticks, five sticks for four cents," went in and calculated, "Five sticks for four cents, four sticks for three cents, three sticks for two cents, two sticks for one cent, one stick for nothing. I say, mister, hand us over one stick." The storekeeper "didn't see it."

Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffries. "Richard," said the brutal chief-justice, "I see a rogue in thy face." "I had not known before," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."