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THE PAUPER'S GRAVE.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torchlights to illume;
No parting glance, no heavy tear
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way;
No mortal form, no human breast
Cares where the pauper's bones may
rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh—he does not weep,
But will not leave the fresh-piled heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate;
The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his listening head, as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come;
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But, stretched upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polish'd marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth,
Are claimed by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimm'd
eyes
The mourning dog that starves and
dies?
Who would not ask, who would not
crave
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

PARENTS HELPING CHILDREN IN STUDY.

We teachers feel that the aid which parents will persist in giving to their children at home is a great hindrance to their improvement, and, consequently, a great injustice done to us. The teacher, for instance, gives a pupil a lesson consisting of questions on the map. He wishes him to look for the answers himself, and, by habit, to gain facility in finding places. The child, if he cannot find a place immediately, asks the parent to find it for him. He complies; when, if he had refused, the child would have found it by himself after a time, and, while looking for the particular place, would have gained a general knowledge of the situation of places on the map which would have been useful at other times. He would also have been forming the habit of self-dependence.

Take another case. A teacher, after he has, in the class, explained a certain rule in arithmetic, and made the pupils perform examples under that rule, till the process has become familiar, gives them some examples to be done out of class. A pupil carelessly makes mistakes in doing them. The teacher would tell him to look till he found his mistake and correct it. This would be a good mental discipline. He takes the example to his parent, who finds the mistake for him, and thus encourages useless habits.

Again, in arithmetic and algebra, problems are often given, concerning which there are no particular directions in the book, but the benefit of which consists in the thought which the pupil is obliged to exercise in regard to the manner in which they are to be solved. In such a case, if the parent tells him how to do them, does he not injure his child? Who, then, has reason to complain,—the parent or the teacher, whose efforts to discipline the mind of the pupil are rendered unavailing by the interference of the parent? But the parent will reply, "If I do not assist my child, he will lose his marks or his standing in the class." If you have committed the training of your child to a judicious teacher, he will not make him lose credit because, after having worked a sufficient time over a problem, he has not been able to solve it. He will reward him for the effort, whether that effort is successful or not. If the pupil has made a mistake through carelessness, making him lose his marks will be the best way to make him more careful another time.

In studies which are not mathematical, it will often happen that, in a new lesson, there is something which a child cannot understand. In such a case the judicious teacher will not blame the child for not being able to recite that particular paragraph, but will explain it to him, and the explanations thus given help to make the recitation interesting.

Again, how many parents help their children in writing compositions; thus, not only preventing them from strengthening the powers of their own minds by exercise, but teaching them to *try* to deceive their teachers. I say try, for the experienced teacher will not often be deceived. If he is judicious, he will give the pupil no credit for what he has done with the assistance of another, but will reward him for his own exertions, however many faults there may be in his style. The object is, not to have a well-written essay copied by the pupil, but to teach him to express his own thoughts with facility.

But it may be said that all teachers are not judicious in regard to this thing. Then let the parent send his child to one who is; and, even if this is impossible, would it not be better to let him lose his marks or his standing in the class than to let him lose the benefits of proper mental discipline?

I hope that what I have said may lead some thoughtful parents to a different course from that which they have pursued, and I think they will find that their children will have their powers of mind more thoroughly educated (drawn out) than by the former method.—*An Experienced Teacher, in N. Y. Observer.*

SAY WELL AND DO WELL.

In closing a sermon on "Good Works and Good Words," Dean Stanley, of Westminster, quoted the following lines, which some suppose were written by one of the earliest deans of Westminster:

"Say well is good, but do well is better;
Do well seems the spirit, say well is the letter;
Say well is goodly, and helps to please;
But do well is godly, and gives the world ease;
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But do well is free on every ground.
Say well has friends—some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.
By say well many to God's Word cleave;
But for lack of do well it often leave.
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were gain."

A venerable Christian in Connecticut, aged ninety-two, opposes pipe organs because he does "not believe in pumping praise up to God." It is also understood that he objects to lightning-rods, because they "pull thunder down from heaven."

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER.

It is not to Niepce de St. Victor that the citizens of Chalonisur-Saone (a town, by the way, not to be mistaken for Chalons in the Champagne country) are about to erect a statue, but to his uncle, Joseph Nicephore Niepce, who might as well be distinguished as the first photographer, since he it was who succeeded first of all in fixing an image in the camera. In a *Life of Nicephore Niepce*, recently published by Victor Foque, appear letters which leave little doubt that in May, 1816, Niepce had accomplished the feat of fixing shadows in the camera, for in communication of that date to his brother he incloses four photographs, of which he says: "The pigeon-house is reversed on the pictures, the barn, being to the left, instead of the right. The white mass which you perceive to the right of the pigeon-house, and which appears somewhat confused, is the reflection upon the paper of the pear-tree, and the black spot near the summit is an opening between the branches of the trees. The shadow on the right indicates the roof of the bake-house." This, then, is a description of the first camera picture ever taken, and it was by reason of Niepce's inability to prevent his impressions from fading after lapse of time that he turned his attention to the bitumen of Judea process, with which he produced photographs as early as 1824, one or two specimens being still among the science treasures of the British Museum. The name of Nicephore Niepce is little known in England. And yet this should not be. As is well known, he came to this country in 1827, and resided at Kew in the hope to receive aid and encouragement, and shortly afterward, on his return to France, entered into partnership with Daguerre, to work out together a more practical process. When Daguerre made known his discovery in 1839, his partner had been dead two years, and no mention was made of Niepce at the time Arago made his famous speech announcing the discovery of the Daguerrotype. Specimens of the wonderful process were not long in reaching this country, and the first picture was placed in Faraday's hands with the remark that he had never seen anything like it before. But Faraday said he had. A Frenchman, he remembered, had brought him a picture of Kew Church a dozen years ago, with the quaint remark that "the sun had done it." Faraday was so certain of this that inquiries were at once instituted into the matter, and in the end a communication was addressed by the Secretary of the Royal Society, Mr. Bauer, to the *Academie* at Paris, a communication which helped materially to substantiate the claim of the Niepce family, and to obtain for the son, Isidore, a pension in acknowledgement of the father's services. The deed of partnership between Niepce and Daguerre is still extant, but how much of the latter's published results were due to his dead partner the world will never know.—*Nature.*

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

There is something very ingenious in the manufacture of marbles. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone found near Ceburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small cubical fragments, and about a hundred or a hundred and fifty of these are ground at one time in a mill, something like a flour-mill. The lower stone, which remains at rest, has several concentric circular grooves; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water or wind power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The little pieces are made to roll about in all directions, and in a quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into nearly accurate spheres.

WHO WAS CASABIANCA?

Owen Casabianca was a native of Corsica, on which island he was born in the year 1788. His father was Louis Casabianca, a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and the friend of Napoleon. He was captain at this time of the Orient, one of the largest vessels in the French navy, a magnificent ship-of-war, carrying 120 guns and 500 seamen. Of Casabianca's mother, we know little, save that she was a young and beautiful Corsican lady, and devotedly attached to her son. Owen was her only child, a handsome, manly little fellow, with her beauty in his flashing eyes and dusky hair. She died while he was yet quite young, and when the green sod was placed over her grave, the boy left the pleasant valley under the smiling hills of Corsica to go with his father and tread the dark deck of a war vessel. Mere child as he was, Casabianca soon grew to love his father's dangerous calling, and became a favorite with all on board. He was made midshipman, and at the early age of ten years participated with his father in the battle of the Nile. Soon after, Captain Casibianca, the father, was wounded by a musket ball. Not yet disabled, he was struck in the head some minutes later by a splinter, which laid him upon the deck insensible. His gallant son, unconscious of the chieftain's doom, still held his post at the battery, where he worked like the hero he was. He saw the flames raging around him; he saw the ship's crew deserting him one by one, and the boy was urged to flee. With courage and coolness beyond his years, he refused to desert his post. Worthy son of Louis Casabianca, he fought on and never abandoned the Orient till the whole of the immense vessel was in flames. Then seeking refuge on a floating mast, he left the burning ship behind him. But he was too late. The final catastrophe came like the judgment doom. With an explosion so tremendous that every ship felt it to the bottom, the Orient blew up, and from among the wreck the next morning was picked up the dead, mangled body of the young hero, whose story, romance and poetry cannot make more heroic than it was.—*Youth's Companion.*

A very little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after paternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his heavenly Father. His offense was passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better; never to be angry again; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, "Lord! make ma's temper better too!

A carrier-pigeon, carrying a message to the French Ambassador in London, won a race against a train going sixty miles an hour. The bird was liberated as soon as the steamer reached Dover, whence it flew to its dovecot in London, seventy miles in sixty minutes.

SUBSTITUTE FOR STONES IN PRINTING.

The name of stenochromy is given to a new process of color printing, described in one of the London scientific journals and which consists in producing pictures composed of many different colors by one impression, on paper. Instead of stones, as is practised in mosaic works, cakes of color are substituted, the colors being so compounded that, when moist paper is pressed upon them they yield a print in kind. The colors are originally prepared and used in a liquid state, but are of such a character that they rapidly solidify. A little of the color is poured on a flat slab into a sort of little cell, or compartment, formed by slips of metal standing edgewise on the slab. As soon as this has become solid, the slips are removed and the little mass of color pared away to the outline required—say the form of a green leaf; the next color is similarly applied, and cut, say to the form of a rose leaf,—then the next to that,—and so on, until the picture thus is built up, piece by piece, in different colors. The paring away is done by a vertical knife fixed in a frame, so that it can be moved sideways in any direction, but all its cuts are perfectly vertical. From this compound block the picture is printed in a press like that used the lithography.

A young lady in Newton county, Ga., is possessed by a strange monomania. She fancies herself a baby, and has not spoken a word in three years, although her powers of conversation used to be of more than ordinary average. Notwithstanding this absurd hallucination, she is inconsistent enough to read and write letters.

—A mother having occasion to reprove her little daughter for playing with some rude children, received the reply, "Well, ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

In giving a geography lesson down East, a teacher asked a boy what state he lived in, and was amused at the reply, drawled through the boy's nose, "A state of sin and misery."

—The daughter of Archbishop Whately has a school of four hundred boys and girls in Cairo, Egypt.

—A proud and devoted wife, whose husband had got a job on a cellar excavation, explained his absence by saying he had gone to Wheeling.

—The artesian well in Charleston, S. C., has been bored to the depth of 1,450 feet and no water obtained. They intend to have it if they have to bore through to China.

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as a man said when he threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

"Are those soaps all one scent?" inquired a lady of a juvenile salesman. "No, ma'am, they are all ten cents," replied the innocent youngster.