

Funeral of Mrs. Washington.

The lonely mountain,
That side of Jordan's wave,
In the land of Moab,
Was a lonely grave,
Where the spirit of the
Dead that upheaved,
Saw the light of day,
And the spirit of God united
The lead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth!
But no more word the trumping
Of the trumpet's forth.
Noisily as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noisily as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their verdant leaves,
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of the trumpet,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beasts and birds have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior died
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the band
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed;
In the great minister's transport,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the embellished wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet,
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And he had this high honor
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing
Plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his unconfined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous
Thought—
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of strife that was our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
On dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell—
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep,
Of him he loved so well.

At Washington's Deathbed.

THE LAST HOURS OF THE OLD HERO
DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

News and Courier.]

The following circumstantial account of the last illness and death of Gen. George Washington was noted by Tobias Lear on the Sunday following his death, which happened on Saturday evening, December 14, 1799, between the hours of 10 and 11:

On Thursday, December 12, the General rode out to his farm at about 10 o'clock, and did not return home till past 3. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad, rain, hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the postoffice. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening.

I observed to him that I was afraid that he had got wet; he said no, his great coat had kept him dry. But his neck appeared to be wet; the snow was hanging on his hair. He came to dinner without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual. A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the General from riding out as usual. He had taken cold undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before, and complained of having a sore throat; he had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it, as he would never take anything to carry off a cold, always observing, "Let it go as it came." In the evening, the papers having come from the postoffice, he sat in the room with Mrs. Washington and myself reading them till about 9 o'clock and when he met with anything which he thought diverting or interesting he would read it aloud. He desired me to read to him the debates of the Virginia Assembly on the election of a Senator and Governor, which I did. On his retiring to bed he appeared to be in perfect health, except the cold, which he considered as trifling; he had been remarkably cheerful all the evening.

About 2 or 3 o'clock on Saturday morning he awoke Mrs. Washington and informed her that he was very unwell and had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak and breathed with difficulty, and she wished to get up and call a servant,

THE STANDARD.

but the General would not permit her, lest she should take cold. As soon as the day appeared the woman, Caroline, went into the room to make a fire, and the girl desired that Mr. Rawlins, one of the overseers, who was used to bleeding the people, might be sent for to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I was sent for and went to the General's chamber, where Mrs. Washington was up and read to me his being taken ill between 2 and 3 o'clock, as before stated.

I found him breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. I went out instantly and wrote a line to Dr. Plask and sent it with all speed. Immediately I returned to the General's chamber, where I found him in the same situation I had left him. A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter was prepared, but he could not swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it he was distressed, convulsed and almost suffocated. Mr. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready, the General, observing that Rawlins appeared agitated, said with difficulty, "Don't be afraid," and after the incision was made he observed the orifice was not large enough. However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper in the General's condition, begged that much might not be taken from him, and desired me to stop it. When I was about to unite the string the General put up his hand to prevent it, and as soon as he could speak he said, "More."

Mrs. Washington, still uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after about half pint had been taken. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding and nothing could be swallowed, I proposed bathing the throat externally with sal volatile, which was done. A piece of flannel was then put around his neck. His feet were also soaked in warm water, but it gave no relief. By Mrs. Washington's request I dispatched a messenger for Dr. Brown, at Port Tobacco. About 9 o'clock Dr. Craik arrived and put a blister of cantharides on the throat of the General and took more blood, and had some vinegar and hot water set in a teapot for him to draw in the fumes from the nozzle. He also had tea and vinegar mixed and used as a gargle, but when he held back his head to let it run down, it almost produced suffocation. When the mixture came out of his mouth some phlegm followed it, and he would attempt to cough, which the doctor encouraged, but without effect. About 11 o'clock Dr. Dick was sent for. Dr. Craik bled the General again; no effect was produced and he continued in the same state, unable to swallow anything. Dr. Dick came in about 3 o'clock and Dr. Brown arrived soon after, when, after consultation, the General was bled again; the blood ran slowly, appeared very thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting.

At 4 o'clock the General could swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered without effect. About 4:30 o'clock he desired me to ask Mrs. Washington to come to his bedside, when he desired her to go down to his room and take from his desk two wills which she should find there and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at one, which he observed was useless, he desired her to burn it, which she did, and then took the other and put it away. After this was done I returned again to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: "I find I am going—my breath can not continue long. I believed from the first attack it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun."

He asked when Mr. Lewis would return. I told him I believed about the 20th of the month. He made no reply to it. The physicians again came in (between 5 and 6 o'clock), and when they came to his bedside Dr. Craik asked him if he would sit up in the bed. He held out his hand to me and was raised up, when he said to the physicians:

"I feel myself going—you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long."
They found what had been done was without effect; he lay down again and they retired, excepting Dr. Craik. He then said to him: "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my

first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long."

The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word; he retired from the bedside and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief. About 8 o'clock the physicians again came into the room and applied blisters to his legs, but went out without a ray of hope. From this time he appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done, but was very restless, continually changing his position to endeavor to get ease. I aided him all in my power, and was gratified in believing he felt it, for he would look upon me with eyes speaking gratitude, but was unable to utter a word without great distress.

About 10 o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said: "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead."
I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said: "Do you understand me?" I replied, "Yes, sir." "Tis well," said he.

About ten minutes before he expired his breathing became much easier; he lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; he came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist; I took it in mine and placed it on his breast. Dr. Craik placed his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief Mrs. Washington asked in a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?"

Boys.

BY AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD LAD.

Boys are useful things. If there were no boys people would not get along as well as they do. Boys have lots of fun, and some are very mischievous. Boys that live in the country have more fun than town boys. Country boys can go hunting, fishing and swimming every day. Some boys make lawyers, some make farmers, some make preachers, some make doctors and some don't make anything. When boys get to be young men they have "moustaches," which they are very proud of, and when they get to be a little older they have whiskers.

When boys grow old men sometimes they get "ball-headed." In the summer boys go bare-footed. Boys are stronger and tougher than girls. Boys make men, then they go to see the girls. Boys can do lots of things that girls can't. A boy is worth as much as a girl.
Boys are made of snags and snails and puppy dogs' tails.

Got Him in a Box.

Detroit Free Press.]

"Did you give that man money?" was asked of a citizen who had just parted with a man who walked with a limp.

"Yes—a quarter."
"He's a chronic beat."
"Well, perhaps."
"But you should discourage such characters."
"Yes, I know; but when a man comes up to you, and calls you colonel, and says he was right behind you when you charged that battery at Antietam, how can you go back on him?"
"But you were not at Antietam."
"No."
"You were not a colonel."
"No."
"You didn't even enlist in the late war."
"No, and do you suppose I'm going to own it up for the sake of saving a quarter? Not much! I've got a half dollar for the first man who calls me general."

Nothing Happened.

Detroit Free Press.]

She had just returned from Europe, and was telling about the trip at a party when an old bald-head inquired:

"See any whales going or coming?"
"No."
"See any sharks?"
"No."
"See any icebergs?"
"No."
"Pass any wrecks?"
"No."
"Rescue any castaways?"
"No."
"Very stormy?"
"No."
"Fire or fever break out aboard—run short of fuel or provisions—meet with any accident to create alarm?"
"No—nothing."
"Humph! Why didn't you go by ox-cart, madam?"

Mrs. John Wanamaker.

John Wanamaker, the Postmaster-General, is undoubtedly the richest man in Harrison's Cabinet, and Mrs. Wanamaker is one of the most retiring and modest women in the world. Wealth has made no difference in her. When her husband became one of the richest men in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Wanamaker remained just as quiet as when he was a poor man, only her work of charity grew larger. Mrs. Wanamaker is a Philadelphia like her husband, and it will be difficult to identify her with any place but Philadelphia. She was a Miss Mary Brown, of that city, daughter of Thomas Brown, and niece of Nathan Brown, then Mr. Wanamaker's partner in the clothing business. She was married to Mr. Wanamaker about twenty-nine years ago, and is about fifty years old but looks younger. The family



circle consists of the elder son, Thomas, now twenty-eight years old, married to a daughter of the late Samuel Welsh, who under Grant was Minister to England; and second son, Rodman, twenty-five years old, and of two daughters, Minnie and Lily, who are at college in Paris. Mrs. Wanamaker is a very handsome woman, about five feet four in height, quite plump, has a very pleasant figure, her hair is brown, her eyes are bluish gray in color and very calm and quiet, her mouth is beautiful and her teeth are perfect. She is worshipped by her children, and her big boys put their arms around her and kiss her as if she were a girl they loved. Mrs. Wanamaker built and endowed the annex to the Presbyterian hospital in her native city at a cost of nearly \$100,000, and takes a great interest and lends a helping hand in all matters belonging to her church. Mrs. Wanamaker's manners are agreeable to every one she meets, but she has no liking for gay society or any kind of frivolity. She is a very good musician, and she still plays and sings. She is sure to make a delightful hostess in Washington.

Aphorisms.

Ignorance is the mother of all evil.—[Montaigne.]
Twenty years in the life of a man is sometimes a severe lesson.—[Mme. de Staël.]
The prejudices of men emanate from the mind and may be overcome; the prejudices of women emanate from the heart, and are impregnable.—[D'Arenas.]
No gift can make rich those who are poor in wisdom.—[Julia Ward Howe.]
We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.—[Suard.]
The surest way to please is to forget one's self and to think only of others.—[Muncrief.]
Beauty is often but a splendid cloak which conceals the imperfections of the soul.—[T. Gautier.]
There are three things which women throw away: their time, their money and their health.—[Mme. Geoffrin.]
It does not depend upon us to avoid poverty, but it does depend upon us to make that poverty respected.—[Voltaire.]
It is never the opinions of others that displease us, but the pertinacity they display in obtruding them upon us.—[Foubert.]
There are several ways to speak: to speak well, to speak easily, to speak justly, and to speak at the right moment.—[La Bruyere.]

Two Items that May Save Your House.

Keep your chimneys clean of soot. Always burn them out when the roof is wet. Keep powder of sulphur constantly in your house and where you can find it at any moment. If at any time you find your chimney on fire, simply throw one-half to an ounce of the sulphur on your fire and the soot will be extinguished almost instantly.

He keeps best from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Letter from Texas.

ROCKWALL, TEX., April 15th.—As I have never attempted to write anything for your valuable newspaper, I will endeavor to give you a few dots.

I am still living in Rockwall Co. This is the smallest county in the state, about twelve miles square. I don't know why it was made small unless they did not want any poor land in the county. Along the lines of the joining counties the land is somewhat thin and broken. Rockwall county is filled plumb jammed full of people from all parts of the U. S. and in fact some from over the waters. This county is all under fences. There are small farms and some large ones; the largest is about 640 acres, the smallest about 40 to 50 acres. The land is adapted to corn, cotton, wheat and oats; the average corn crop here is said to be 40 bushels, cotton half bale, wheat 20 bushels, oats 50 bushels.

There have been some people leaving this part of Texas and going out west. G. A. Fink son of Allison Fink, and family have moved to Greene Co., I. T., where his brother, J. F. Fink, is located. The Oklahoma fever has also struck some of our people, who expected to set their pegs in that direction next summer and fall.

Cotton planting and corn plowing is the order of the day here. If this don't find its way to your waste basket I may write again some time. J. WESLEY WALTER.

Best's Mills Items.

The measles are still in our neighborhood; but few cases at present.

Mr. W. A. Joyner lost a good milk cow last week. She died a few days after he bought her.

Mr. M. A. Boger, son of D. P. Boger, Esq., who is a student of North Carolina College at Mt. Pleasant, came home last Friday on a visit.

The people of St. Paul met last Sunday for the purpose of organizing a Sunday school; but the "Lesson Papers" did not come, and they had to postpone it till next Sunday.

Mr. E. T. Best planted his mammoth water melon patch last week. Tom knows how to raise them, and if the freshets don't come again this year, he will show us some big ones.

Wheat and oats are looking fine. The stand is good; and the rains of last week were timely, and are producing the desired effect. If the chinch bug and the rust don't appear later in the season, the farmers of this neighborhood can take advantage of the wheat and four trusts.

The farmers of this community are very busy planting cotton and preparing lands for planting. They commenced planting upland corn earlier this spring than they usually do, and there are fine prospects for a good stand.

The 22nd of April has come and gone, but Prof. McAnnally's killing frost did not come. The Prof. admits that he is not very well versed in higher mathematics and probably he made a mistake in his calculations. Well, we are glad he did make a mistake, or at least we are awfully glad the frost didn't come.

There were communion and installation services held at St. Martin's last Sunday. Rev. J. P. Price, pastor, was assisted by Rev. J. C. Moser of Hickory, N. C. Prof. J. C. Moser preached the 11 o'clock sermon and made a fine impression on the audience. His sermon was original and very instructive. L.

How Kings and Queens Dine.

London Globe.]
In Italy the court dines around a table covered with a magnificent service in gold; it is the only luxury; there are no flowers, and the dishes of the country are invariably served—above all the fritto, composed of a foundation of artichokes, liver, brains, and cocks' combs. At the German court the finest table is that of the Grand Duchess of Baden; she has an excellent French cuisine and a Parisian chef. The Queen of Sweden has a very tempting table and bill of fare—soups, almost always milk, and beefsteak. One of her favorite dishes is composed of balls of mince meat cooked with oil and surrounded with a garnishment of poached eggs. Then there is almost at each repast the national plate, salmon preserved in earth. Queen Victoria's favorite wine is pale sherry, which she drinks from a beautifully carved silver cup, inherited from Queen Anne. The royal dinner is very complete. The table is lighted with gold candelabra furnished with candles. Orchids placed in epergnes rise up to the ceiling. The Queen eats a special bread, square, well cooked and of a mastic color.

Oil and the Raging Sea.

Results of the scientific tests of officer Meissel's new invention, an oil rocket designed to calm the raging of a troubled sea, appear to have been satisfactory enough to warrant the hope that shipwrecks will be rare occurrences ere many years. The principle here applied is as old, certainly, as the proverb which embodies it, but the method of application was novel. Four rockets, the same in appearance as those commonly used in ordinary pyrotechnical displays, but with the exploding cap removed and a light tin cylinder holding one pound of train oil substituted, were sent up at varying angles of projection, the result being that the sea was calmed for thousands of feet around about the spot above which they exploded and fell. The oil spread into a thin, silk-like sheet, which extending rapidly, appeared to have the power of keeping the waves within peaceable limits. As these rockets can be carried with convenience and sent up without trouble, there is no reason surely why the enterprising steamship companies should not at once recognize their utility and add a number to the equipment of each steamer sufficient for the necessities of the average voyage. Officer Meissel's cylinder is a simple affair and can be made to hold as much oil as may be desired. Through the center of the oil runs a small tube containing two ounces of gunpowder, which ignites as soon as the motive power of the rocket is spent, and, exploding, scatters the oil in a fine spray over the water. The action of the oil upon the water is almost instantaneous—Philadelphia Times.

Accident and Fame.

Gray's first published verses attracted no attention.

When Sterne finished "Tristram Shandy" he offered it to a publisher for £50, but the offer was declined. Milton received £5 for "Paradise Lost," with the promise of the same sum as soon as 1,300 copies had been sold.

A sentence uttered by Moliere's grandfather led the young man to turn from a life of dissipation and prepare for the stage.

Sir Roger Ascham was induced to write "The Schoolmaster," the work on which his fame chiefly rests, by a friend who heard him denounce, in vigorous terms, the practice of flogging in school.

Cowley became a poet by accident; he got hold of a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen" when but a boy, and so deeply was he impressed with its beauties that he made poetry a study, and finally dedicated himself wholly to the muse.

Shakespeare's wild ways when a youth brought him into disgrace in his trade of wool carding and to join a company of players. This accident made him first an actor and next a writer of plays.

Daniel De Foe was an author of established reputation when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," yet the manuscript of the tale went the rounds of the publishers, but no one would print it. Finally terms were arranged with a bookseller, who agreed to bring out the work as a speculative enterprise. He made over 1,000 guineas out of the job, but what the author got is uncertain.

A Curious Incident.

Exchange.]
From Richmond county a curious incident is reported. Mrs. Baxter Oliver had been quite ill for several weeks, and Sunday morning when she awoke she told her husband that while she was asleep she dreamed that she died, and that in eternity she met face to face Mrs. Troxler, an intimate neighbor, who lived only two miles away. Mrs. Troxler was not known to be ill, but the sick lady seemed to be much impressed with her dream, and declared her belief that it would be realized in a short time. She seemed perfectly rational, and her condition was not regarded critical. Yesterday she was suddenly taken worse, and before noon she was dead. In the evening word was received saying that Mrs. Troxler, her neighbor, had died at 12 o'clock, after two hours' illness.

Rather Monotonous.

Detroit Free Press.]
"What is it they're hollering all over the store?" asked the old granger.
"Cash," replied the clerk.
"Humph!" growled the granger in disgust. "Why don't they vary it by sayin' 'gosh' sometimes?"
Quarrels would never last long if the fault was only on one side.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Senator Colquitt is stumping Massachusetts for prohibition.

Choose brave employment with a naked sword throughout the world.—Herbert.

Some girls are like loaf sugar. They have no especial taste, but are very sweet.

The human mind is a gem, but it is sometimes much impaired by a bad setting.

Lots of people are inconsistent enough to expect a mule to have horse sense.

During the first quarter of this year 40,685 emigrants arrived at the port of New York.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.

Photograph parties are said to be the rage in places where the modern instrument can be procured easily.

The Chilean government has issued a decree prohibiting the immigration of Chinese into the republic.

The biggest pay yet given to any woman was received by Fanny Fern, who got \$100 a column of her work.

The Illinois senate has passed a bill appropriating \$50,000 for a monument to the late John A. Logan.

New England manufacturers used 4,000,000 shoe boxes, costing from twenty-five to fifty cents each, last year.

Spurgeon says: "As soon as a man begins to lose his religion he wants to know who Cain's wife was."

"The pearly drop that gathers on the brow of toil is a more precious gem than glistens in the diadem of kings."

King Alexandria of Servia is 12. The heiress of King William of the Netherlands is 9. King Alfonso of Spain is almost 3.

A Dresden manufacturer has produced thread from the common nettle so fine that sixty miles of it weigh only two and one-half pounds.

When a woman who has been sewing puts her thimble on the table as she sits down to eat, it is a sign that she will be left a widow if she marries.

It is said that ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, has reached Paris wearing \$60,000 worth of diamonds, a red necktie and a pair of bottle-green kid gloves.

A burglar, arrested in Boston, had on his breast an India ink picture of a gravestone, on which was marked: "In memory of my dear father and mother."

A man serving a term for horse theft at Denver has fallen heir to \$100,000. Now everybody is trying to secure a pardon for him. Cash is mighty and will prevail.

Senator Stanford will give \$50,000 toward the erection of a grand metropolitan Methodist church in San Francisco, provided Bishop Newman be called to the pastorate.

Peter Clark, an Ohio lad, hung to a beam on a railroad bridge while a train of forty-six freight cars passed over his head, and he says he couldn't do it again for the best mustard pie ever made.

Forty tons of stone have been left on a scaffold fifty feet high in Mark Lane, London, for two years past, and the people have just waked up to the fact that they may feel something drop.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

To Our Teachers.

After this issue will suspend the publication of the "Teacher's Column." Our endeavor has been to entertain and, as much as in our power lay, to benefit those who were engaged in teaching in the public and private schools of our immediate section. And as most of the schools of this class have closed, and our teachers are engaged for the time being in other employments, it is hardly necessary to continue a column devoted especially to their use. Probably the way be clear, we will probably resume the publication of this column when the schools open again.

It has been a pleasure to write for a class who have been so devoted to their work, as progressive, and as intelligent as have been the readers of this column, and in bidding them adieu for a while it is with our best wishes, and with the hope that the interim between the sessions of our schools may be profitably and pleasantly spent, so that when our teachers come to resume their work in the fall, they may come with rejoicing, bringing with them sheaves of useful knowledge gleaned in the wide fields of study, and experiences with the practical affairs of life, to aid them in the responsible duties that devolve upon them as teachers. May they be conscious of the untold destinies committed to their shaping, and renew their work with the determination to attain as nearly as possible the high degree of proficiency which should characterize all teachers, and especially the teachers of North Carolina.

We wish to thank those who have aided us so materially by timely contributions to this column, and those who have encouraged us by kind and appreciative words.

Teachers' Institutes.

It is to be hoped that in discarding the State Normal Schools, and substituting therefor a system of Teachers' Institutes, our State has made a step forward and not backward. There is no question that the Normals were not a success; the Institutes have the advantage of being untried, so that we may hope for the best from them.

Messrs. Alderman and McIver, the two gentlemen selected to devote all their time and talents to this work, at a salary of \$2,000 each per annum, are gentlemen of experience and scholarship.

They should remember that by no means all the schools in this State are graded schools (the kind with which they have been largely associated), and they must not try to foist upon the public schools of the country, laboring under many disadvantages, the "high pressure" and more advanced methods of city graded schools, perhaps well adapted to their peculiar surroundings. They will no doubt take these facts into consideration, and adapted themselves to the peculiar needs of the mass of our teachers.

Sayings of Froebel's.

Do not allow yourself to be misled by the press of business; guard yourself from saying, "Go away! you only hinder me!" or, "I must hurry; let me do it quickly alone!"
Let us give life to ourselves, then to our children.

Fathers, parents, come let our children supply us with what we lack.

Let us learn from our children; let us give ear to the gentle monitions of their life, the quiet demands of their intellect. Let us live with our children; so shall the lives of our children bring peace and joy to us; so shall we begin to be and to become wise.

I love flowers, men, children, God! I love everything!
Man is at once the child of nature, the child of humanity, and the child of God.

Take care of my flowers, and spare my needs; I have learned much from them.—Institute.

The State Teachers' Institutes will not begin in the various counties until July, after the session of the Teachers' Assembly, so there is nothing to keep the teachers at home, and you may expect to meet more of your fellow-workers at Morehead City in June than have ever before gathered in the "Old North State."

As the brotherhood becomes better acquainted with one another more joyous and beneficial are the annual reunions at the seaside and the greater is their influence for good in the schools throughout the State.