

of one, but the whole body and all the limbs, and that not only side by side with their other studies, but understanding at last just what part any exercise developed, what was enough, and what was too much.

"If properly directed," says Dr. Austin Flint, Jun., of New York, himself famous for his fine physique, "gymnastics will enlarge and strengthen the muscles of the trunk, legs, arms, and neck, will expand the chest, so giving the lungs free room to play, will render the joints supple, and impart grace, ease, and steadiness of carriage, combined with strength, quickness, and elasticity of movement." And why not distribute these good things among all our boys and girls, instead of, as now, to here and there one? At West Point, no matter how stooped the entering pleb, he is soon taught to carry himself as erect as any man in America. But why limit this improvement to cadets only? "If properly directed," says Dr. Flint; but here the teacher who has already shown herself qualified to direct in other and really far more difficult branches can readily do the directing in this, and in doing it will be sure to find, in a multitude of instances at least, that she will soon know a feeling of greater ease and fitness for all her work, a feeling like that so well put by the soldier Maclaren had exercising for a few months. When asked how the work affected him, he said, "I feel a better man for anything I am called on to do." A hundred exercises which the teacher and scholar at a glance could understand, and at once apply in the school-room, might readily be here suggested, did the narrow limits of a paper like this permit.* Many people know of some such exercises already, and by a little ingenuity could devise many more. But any amount of knowing will not suffice. They must *do* them, do them *daily and throughout the year*, side by side with the other studies, and then they may as certainly look for gratifying progress in this as in the other studies. If occasionally problems arise a little difficult for the teacher—an especially hollow chest or a very high shoulder—any young physician of ability, not yet overcrowded with practice, and fairly acquainted with physical exercise and its results, could well afford to devote an hour or two a day

* These will be found described at length in a little manual for school use just published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, entitled *Sound Bodies for Our Boys and Girls*.

without any compensation, to visiting the schools of his town or city, and advising how to meet these special cases: a very rapid and pleasant introduction, by-the-way, to about every child in the place. With such intelligent guiding in the morning, and doing whatever seemed likely to encourage, on the pupil's own part, some sensible and regular constitutional in the afternoon—a good walk, run, skate, paddle, row, or such other lively out-door sport as the place and season afforded—the pupil would soon see that one of his truest friends was the very teacher herself of whom, until now, out of school at least, he had often felt somewhat shy. Such a course as this would also render the pupil far less likely to overtaken himself in his favorite games, which often, without such a training, hinder rather than aid.

AT LAST!

[See Frontispiece.]

How weary 'twas to wait! The year
Went dragging slowly on;
The red leaf to the running brook
Dropped sadly, and was gone;
December came, and locked in ice
The plashing of the mill;
The white snow filled the orchard up;
But she was waiting still.

Spring stirred and broke. The rooks once more
'Gan cawing up aloft;
The young lambs' new awakened cries
Came trembling from the croft;
The clumps of primrose filled again
The hollows by the way;
The pale wind-flowers blew; but she
Grew paler still than they.

How weary 'twas to wait! With June,
Through all the drowsy street,
Came distant murmurs of the war,
And rumors of the fleet;
The gossips, from the market-stalls,
Cried news of Joe and Tim;
But June shed all her leaves, and still
There came no news of him.

And then, at last, at last, at last,
One blessed August morn,
Beneath the yellowing autumn elms,
Pang-panging came the horn:
The swift coach paused a creaking space,
Then flashed away, and passed;
But she stood trembling yet, and dazed:
The news had come—at last!

And thus the artist saw her stand,
While all around her seems
As vague and shadowy as the shapes
That flit from us in dreams;
And naught in all the world is true,
Save those few words which tell
That he she lost is found again—
Is found again—and well!



THE LAST BOAT-LOAD OF THE BRITISH LEAVING NEW YORK.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH, 1783.

OUR Revolutionary centennials, which opened with such a burst of pride and pathos eight years ago at Lexington and Concord, round out their course with an event less famous, but hardly less worthy of public remembrance. The old New-Yorker of two and three generations ago used to revive it as the "ever-memorable 25th of November, 1783," when the British evacuated the city and left America to her new destiny. If the modern New-Yorker shows a fainter appreciation of it, and smiles, perhaps, at the inadequate proces-

sion which annually attempts to keep its memory popular, he nevertheless unconsciously adds to its significance. New York expresses her obligations to that event by what she is. The evacuation of the city by the British meant her escape from colonial thralldom, her commercial as well as political emancipation: and her present greatness is her own best tribute to the importance of the day. While the cosmopolitan character of our population is bound to work a levelling effect, and will tend to repress what should otherwise