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GREAT BRITAIN THROUGH American Spectacles.

BY

Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

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NORMAN L. MUNRO, PUBLISHER,
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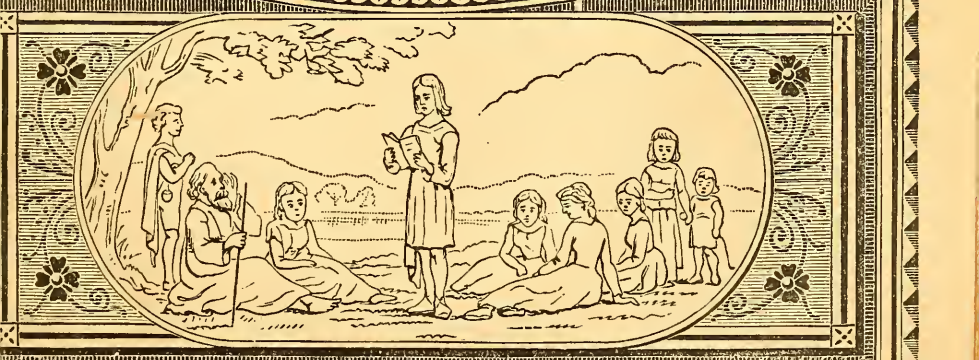

GREAT BRITAIN

THROUGH

AMERICAN SPECTACLES,

BY

Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME

LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE,

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, AND OTHERS.

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GREAT BRITAIN THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.

BY

Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

I.

LET me forewarn my readers in this series of articles that I look at things from a partial standpoint, and that at any moment my heart may run away with my head. Whatever other kind of ink I use in these sketches I will not use blue. If I cannot find anything but blue ink I will not write at all. Rather than that, I would even prefer red ink, for that is the color of the morning. I would not be offended if I am charged with writing with ink verdant or green, for that is a very respectable color, being the same as the palm-leaf, and the rushes, and some parts of the deep sea. I shall paint with the cheeriest color I can find in the studio. If I find a tear I will hold it up till in the light it becomes a globule of melted sunshine.

England and Scotland have already treated me so magnificently that I am in a mood to be pleased with everything.

Shaking hands every day with thousands of people in halls and churches, and at railway stations, till my right hand is disabled and fit only for a sling, because of the stout grips, accompanied by emphatic "God bless you," I am swamped for the work of harsh criticism.

I tell you at the start, I like England, her landscapes, her cities, her government, her common people, and her aristocracy. I here part forever with all the cynical and saturnine.

I do not want to live on the same street with them in heaven. They will always be singing out of tune, and searching for fractures in the amethyst, and finding fault with the country.

Give them a world to themselves where they can have an eternity of pouting, a sky full of drizzle-drozzle, an owl in each tree to hoot away the hours, and a kennel of snarling rat terriers to nip the robe of every angelic intruder.

After eight days in the Gallia, that queen of Cunarders, we

swing into the harbor of Queenstown. It is night, and rockets shot up from the stern of the ship invite the pilot-boat and the steamtug to come out to meet us.

The sea has its "back up," and the pilot-boat makes a dash for our steamer, and misses it; another dash, and misses it again. Then we see the blue and red lights of the tug-boat coming out as much as to say—"I will show you how to catch a steamer!" aims at it, but crosses in front of our prow; aims at it again, but falls behind our stern.

We stand on deck in the sopping rain to watch this aquatic game, until wearied we retire to our room for slumber. As we are falling to sleep, there is a sudden charge of stout men into our private apartment.

What is the matter now?

Have the old-time pirates resuscitated their business, and are we to be seized and made to walk the plank? By the dim light from the Hall I see the three men by mistake putting out their hands toward the berth in which sleeps the better half of us. As I look down from the upper berth I hear loud voices saying, "Welcome to England." By delegation London, Leeds, and Dublin have looked in upon us.

I respond in my shirt-sleeves, but I am so surprised at the sudden incursion that the response is not worthy of the occasion, and amounts only to a sudden ejaculation of "Where did you come from!"

That scene was only a forerunner of the cordiality and generosity of these people of Great Britian toward strangers. Like Americans they have been much lied about. They are warm-hearted and genial to the last degree.

Their homes, their carriages, their hearts, are all wide open. We have not found what Americans call the "grouty Englishman." His digestion is better than that of the American, and hence he can afford to be better natured. If a man has to wrestle with a lamb chop three hours after swallowing it, his good humor is exhausted.

The contest in his body leaves him no strength for the battle with the world. Foreign wars are not so destructive as internal. When things sour on a man's stomach they make him sour with all the world.

Some of us need not more a "new heart" according to the Gospel than a "new liver" according to physiology.

This season of all others tests an Englishman's spirits. It is unprecedented for rainy weather, and in some of the churches prayers had been offered for a cessation of moisture. We have been in England thirty days, and it has rained some time every day, but this makes us appreciate the sun better when it does come out. The clouds, like a veil to a beautiful face, add to the attractiveness by only occasionally being withdrawn. When the sun in summer shines from morning till night with intense glare we always feel that he is rather overdoing the business.

There is nothing more exquisite than a cloud when it is richly edged and irradiated. A cloudless sky is a bare wall. A sky

hung with clouds in all stages of illumination is a Louvre and Luxembourg. Clouds are pictures drawn in water colors.

Who knows but that Raphael and Rubens, gone up higher, may sometimes come out and help in the coloring of the canvas of the morning with brush of sunbeam, putting within sight of our eyes the constellated glories belonging to the other side of the Border.

Now, if in the shadowed weather of this summer Englishmen can be so genial, I would like to know how they are in the usual summer brightness. It is a delusion that Englishmen delight to grumble. As near as I can judge, each community appoints some one to do the grumbling for it, and he becomes the champion grumbler.

One pulpit will do all the grumbling for all the pulpits in the town; one newspaper all the grumbling for the journalists; one prominent citizen the grumbling for all the citizens. Such an one becomes the pet growler of the community. All the scandal-mongers carry to him forage. They feed him with all the disagreeable things of the community. His capacity for offal is awful. They rub him down with the ragged edge of a slander. Job describes this wild ass of the forest as snuffing up the east wind. Like others of his kind, he eats thistles. These champion growlers of English communities do all that kind of work, leaving others nothing to do but to be agreeable. Delightful arrangement! Let us transfer it to America, and have the fault-finding in church and state done by committee. Take the most powerful "bear" out of Wall Street and let him do the croaking for all the brokers. Take some ecclesiastic, who has swallowed his religion crosswise and got it stranglingly fast in his wind-pipe, to hunt down all the heresy, real or fancied. Get some one newspaper to do all the work of mauling reputations, exposing domestic infelicities and reporting divorce cases. Let one female "gad about," gathering all the gossip, put it up in bottles properly labeled and peddle it about from house to house in small vials for those who could stand only a little, or in large bottles, as it may be required. Let her be known as the championess of tittle-tattle. So men and women might delegate to one or more the disagreeables of the world. And, as at different times America and England have disputed with each other for supremacy with oar, and bat, and rifle, let the champion American growler go forth to dispute with the champion English growler for the belt of the world. Let the day chosen for the contest be a commingling of Scotch mist and English cloudiness and American drizzle.

Let them go at each other with threats and annoyances and recriminations. Let all fault-finders the world over stand round the ring watching the fate of the two nations.

The Englishman might draw the first blood, but the American will prove a full match for him at the last. The struggle may be long and fearful, and the excitement surpass that of Creedmoor shooting and Ascot and Derby races, but I think neither would gain the victory.

Indeed, I would like to see them both go down together in the

contest and both slain. Then would perish from the earth the bickerings and the suspicions, the snarlings and the backbitings of the world.

Bury the two champions in the same grave, their clubs with them, covering them up with a bank of nettles. Read for their funeral service the report of the stock market just after some great failure. Plant at the head of it a little nightshade, and at the foot of it a little *nux vomica*.

For epitaph: "Here lies complaint and hypercriticism. Born in the year 1; died in the year 1885. May the resurrection trumpet, that blows others up into the light, blow these miscreants deeper down into oblivion."

Speaking of championship reminds me of our American Hanlan's victory at Newcastle-on-Tyne, by which he carries for our country the honor of being the world's greatest rower. I regretted that I could not accept the invitation to go to Manchester last week and distribute the prizes.

I honor muscle. As the world's heart improves, the world's arm will grow stronger. In the millennium, what oars we will paddle, what crickets we will play, what wrestlers we will throw.

We are told in that day there are to be "bells on the horses," and that means music and innocent gayety, and sleigh rides, and swift teams, and liveliness, and good cheer, and tintinnabulation.

That there is betting at these athletic contests we deplore, but we cannot stop healthful amusements because people bet on them. There are men who bet on everything. Every time the log was thrown from the stern of the Gallia, there were wagers lost and won.

Passengers bet about which foot in the morning the captain would first put out of the door of his office, the right or the left foot. Betting about the kind of soup we should have for dinner. Betting about the hour of our arrival at Queenstown. But all this betting is no reason why we should not take steamers across the Atlantic.

For the cause of civilization, we will capture the world's oars, and bats, and chess-boards, and rifles. We want sanctified brawn. When the animals passed Adam in Eden to get their names, they did not dare even to growl at that first athlete.

Had he been like unto a modern specimen of weak delicacy, instead of his naming them, they might have swallowed him up, giving him their own name of lion or bear.

We want more Sampsons; not to carry off gates, but to hang new ones; not to set foxes' tails on fire, but to put the torch to the world's shams; not to pull down pillars, but to build temples of righteousness; not to slay Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass, but to kill the ass of the world's stupidity and inanition.

While the schools go on to build the head of the coming man, and the Church goes on to build his heart, let our out-door recreations go on to build his body.

If that be the coming man, the sooner he comes the better.

II.

WE all know something of how England looks on the upper side, but we always had a desire to get under it and look up. So we accepted an invitation to plunge into one of her coal mines, near Sheffield. With the ladies of our party we are at the top of the Nunnery Colliery. We have no pleasant anticipations of the descent into the great depths of the earth. We put on caps and overcoats as protection from the blackness of the coal. Each one is armed with a small lantern. After taking a long breath, in case we should not very soon get another opportunity, we step into what might be called a rough elevator, but which is called "a cage." We stand in the center and throw our arms over a bar and hold fast. The sides of the cage are not tightly inclosed, and the only door at the entrance on either side is the body of the guide, who stands there to keep the passengers in their place in case of panic.

We are to drop six hundred and sixty feet. About the capacity of the machinery to drop us we have no doubt, but the question is about the sudden halt at the bottom of the mine.

With steam-power we are lowered, only one rope of steel at the top of the cage deciding whether the three of my party and our two guides shall stop at the foot of the shaft or go on to a landing place in the next world.

"All right?" asked the man standing on the outside of the cage, with upward inflection of voice.

"All right," answered one of the guides, with downward inflection. We had suggested to an attendant that we were in no hurry to get to the bottom, and that there were several trains of cars that could take us in time to our next engagement, and therefore we might as well be dropped a little more deliberately than usual.

But all that had no effect. The signal given, down we went. We had the sensation of being parted about the waist-band. We had fallen from hay-mows in boyhood and from apple-trees, and had been swung higher than we wanted to swing, but this was a compression of all those disagreeable feelings into one wrench of the ribs from the hip-bone. We were told it was only a minute, but it must have been a minute stretched six hundred and sixty feet long.

Arriving at the bottom we stepped into an arched room and stopped a few minutes to get our eyes and lungs used to the darkness and the atmosphere. Then one guide ahead and one guide behind, and by the dim light of our lanterns we started through the long black corridors. Past us rushed trains of cars laden with coal. Further and further we went into the darkness that seemed the more appalling as it parted for a little at the touch of our lights. Beams of wood keep up the roofs of coal, while the sides look as if any moment large masses might roll down.

This mine, after being worked twelve years, shows no signs of exhaustion. Seven hundred men are still plunging their crow-bars and pick-axes.

This is what does so much to make England great. This is a chilly world, and all nations must have coal. The Duke of Norfolk owns these mines, but all England feels the advantage of this indescribable weather hidden in the cellars of the earth.

Talking with the miners, they all seem cheerful and unharmed by the eternal shadows in which so much of their lives are spent. They pass eight hours in the mine, and then have sixteen hours out.

A stout, tall miner by the name of Henry Walters told us that he had been working in the mines forty-five years. There are few men toiling above ground who look as healthy as this man, for near half a century toiling under ground.

But it is a hard life anyhow you make it. Standing down here amid the foundations of the earth, the memories of colliery accidents at Blantyre, and Risca, and Hartley, come shuddering and groaning through the wilderness of underground night. It will take the stoutest and most resounding blast of archangelic trumpet to fetch up the bodies of the miners from such entombment.

For four shillings a day, which of us would like this banishment from the sunshine? A sepulcher is not inviting, whether built out of coal or limestone. Sitting and walking all day long in the light that bathes the streets and fields, or streams through our windows, do we realize sympathetically how many thousands of men spend their lives in the midnight, hewing more midnight from the sides of the caverns?

But how suggestive that out of these chunks of darkness that tumble to the miners' feet we secure warmth and light for our homes, and momentum for our steamships. The brightest light of this world we chip out of its darkness. Out of our own trials we get warmth of sympathy for others. Our past troubles are the black fuel which we heave into the furnace of future enterprises. As the miners cut the wealth of England out of the caverns, so we may hew out of the midnight caverns of misfortune the brightest treasures of character and usefulness.

But we must say good-bye to these underground workers. We get into the "cage," and prepare for ascent. The guides warn us that as we near the top, and the speed of the "cage" is slackened, the sensation will be somewhat distressing.

Sure enough! We get aboard, throw our arms over the iron bar with a stout hug; the signal of "all ready" being given, we fly upward. Coming near the top, at the slackening speed, it seems as if the rope must have broken, and that we are dropping to the bottom of the mine. A few slight "ohs," and the delusion passes, and we are in the sunlight. Bless God for this heavenly mixture! There is nothing like it. No artifice can successfully imitate it.

You need to spend a few hours deep down in an English mine to appreciate it.

In the contrast it seems more mellow, more golden, more entrancing. You take off your hat and bathe in it. You feel that the world needs more of it. Sunshine for the body. Sun-

shine for the mind. Sunshine for the soul. Sunshine of earth. Sunshine of heaven.

In the words of the old philosopher, "Stand out of my sunshine!" Look here! What do we want any more of these miners' lamps? They might as well be extinguished. Their faint flicker is absurd in the face of the noon-day. They were useful to show us where to tread among the seams of coal. They were good to light up the genial faces of the miners while we talked to them about their wages and their families.

Lamps are valuable in a mine. But blow them out, now that we stand under the chandelier which at twelve o'clock, at noon, hangs pendent from the frescoed dome of these blue English heavens. So all the tallow dips of earthly joy will be submerged when the old belfry of the next world strikes twelve for celestial noon. Departure from this world for the good will be only getting out of the hard-working mine of earthly fatigues into the everlasting radiance of Edenic mid-summer. Come now! Stop moralizing and drop that lantern of the collieries.

III.

We will take off our hats in the presence of this old ruin of Kirkstall Abbey near Leeds. But what is the use of these Kirkstalls and Melroses and this everlasting round of abbeys and monasteries and ruined churches? Why are they of any more importance than any other heap of stones or bricks? Yoke the ox-team and plow them under. Take iconoclastic hammer, and say dust to dust. Graze the sheep and cattle among the dishonored fragments or among the demolished abbey at Meaux. Caricature Walter Scott's paroxysm of admiration for moonlight on crumbling arch.

No! no! there is nothing that impresses us like these old ruined abbeys, and many of the occupied churches of to-day are not of so much use. What a perpetual and tremendous attestation of the better aspirations of the human race! They consider no arch too lofty, no tracery too exquisite, no architecture too ponderous, or airy, or elaborate, or expensive, to express the meaning of the soul. In letters of eternal granite they wrote it, and in windows of undying masterpiece they pictured their longing for God and Heaven.

As we sit down at Kirkstall among the fragments of this ecclesiastical wreck, floated to us from the past centuries, we are overpowered with historical reminiscence, and the abbots of seven and eight hundred years ago come and sit down beside us. The summer air breathing through the deserted sacristy, and interlaced scrolls, and silent nave and choir, and clustered piers makes us dreamy, and perhaps we see more than we could see if wide awake.

The columns bearing the wounds of centuries, as we look at them, heal into the health of their original proportion. By supernatural pulley the stones rise to their old places. The water of baptism sparkles again in the restored font. The color of

the sunlight changing, I look up and see the pictured glass of the thirteenth century. Feeling something cool under my foot, lo, it is the ornamented tile restored from ages vanished.

I hear a shuffling, and all the aisles are full of the feet of the living of six hundred years ago, in one style of apparel, and the living of eight hundred years ago, and the living of five hundred years ago. And I hear a rumbling of voices, and lo, the monks of all the past are reciting their service. Here are Leonard Windress, and William Lufton, and John Shaw, and Richard Batson. And this is Archbishop Cranmer, come more to look after his property than to join in the religious ceremonies. And those two persons in the south transept are Queen Elizabeth and Peter Asheton, gentleman, to whom she is making over the Abbey. See these pale and nervous souls kneeling in the penitential cell crying over sins committed eight hundred years ago. On the buttress of that tower the two letters "W" and "M" seem to call back William Marshall, the old abbot who ordered the inscription, and while we are talking with him and deprecate the folly of a man inscribing his own name on a temple reared to the Almighty, a chime of bells, probably hung there in the fifteenth century, but long ago lost, yet re-hung today by invisible hands, ring out first a "Wedding March" for all the marriages solemnized in that consecrated place, and then strike a dirge for all its burials; and, last of all, rousing themselves to sound the jubilee of all nations, calling to York Minster and St. Paul, and Salisbury, and all the dead abbeys of the past, and all the living cathedrals of the present, to celebrate the Millennium of the world's deliverance, and all the chapels, and sacristies, and choristers, and penitential cells respond *Amen!* AMEN! And then a shaft of light broke through the arched window horizontally, and a shaft of light dropped perpendicularly, and crossed each other, but I noticed that the perpendicular shaft was longer than the horizontal shaft, and lo! and behold! I saw that the old Monastery of Kirkstall was in attitude of worship *crossing itself.*

My guide-book at this point dropped from my hand and woke me, and I found a young artist on a ladder copying the sculptured adornments over the west doorway.

"What!" I said to myself, "must the nineteenth century copy the twelfth?"

Even so. The highest and most enterprising art of our day cannot crowd past the windows and doors of eight hundred years ago. The ages move in a circle, and it may take the world two thousand years before it can again do the ribbons and skeins of granite in York Minster or Kirkstall Monastery. While that artist hangs to the ladder, taking on his sketch-book the tracery of the doorway, he makes us think of the artist murderer who used to stand in that very place doing the same things—sketching the doorway and stealing the heart of a maiden. He was more desperado than artist.

By night, with a gang of outlaws, he played the highwayman. A citizen with a large sum of money, passing near the abbey, was robbed and murdered. Mary Clarkson, the maiden,

was in the abbey one night, having wandered there with troubled mind. While there she saw a group of men carrying a corpse, which they came and buried in one part of the ruined abbey. The hat of one of them blew off and rolled to Mary Clarkson's feet, where she sat unobserved. It was found the next day to be the hat of her lover, whom she had as yet not suspected of evil.

William Bedford was approaching the town to claim his bride; but the true character of the villain having been discovered the constables seized him, and Mary Clarkson, urged by her own sense of what was right, appeared to testify against him.

The story of the corpse carried to Kirkstall Abbey, and the identification by Mary of the hat, brought to the gallows the artist desperado. So, under one ancient, crumbling, transcendent doorway, meet devotion and crime, sin and virtue, the heavenly and the diabolical.

IV.

SEVEN o'clock in the morning, at a window looking out upon the River Tay, which is the Rhine of Scotland. When the Romans, many centuries ago, first caught sight of it they exclaimed: "*Ecce Tiber!*" Within sight of scenery which Walter Scott made immortal in his "Fair Maid of Perth." The heather running up the hills to join the morning cloud of the same color, so that you can hardly tell which is heather, and which is cloud, beauty terrestrial and celestial, intertwined, interlocked, interspun, intermarried. The incense of a gentleman's garden burning toward heaven in the fires of the fresh risen sun. Ivy on the old walls; rockeries dashed with waterfall, and fringed with ferns; hawthorn hedges which halt the eye only long enough to admire before it leaps over. At the end of each path a stately yew, trimmed up to the point like a spear, standing sentinel. The kennels under the wall yawning with terriers and fox-hounds.

> "Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
> Unmatched for courage, breath and speed."

The glades, the farmsteads, the copses, the soft plush of the grass, which has reveled in two months of uninterrupted moisture. Seated in an arm-chair that an ancient king might in vain have wished for, writing on a table that fairly writhes with serpents and dragons and gorgons done in mahogany. What a time and place to take pen and paper for communication with my American readers!

Before I forget it I must tell you how I baptized a Scotch baby down in the center of England. It was about ten o'clock at night, at the close of a lecture, and in the private parlor of a hotel that a rap was heard at the door. Word came in that a young man was there desiring me to officiate at a baptism. We thought that there must be some mistake about it, and so delayed making our appearance.

About five minutes before the starting of the rail train we came to the door of the private parlor and confronted a young

man in a high state of excitement. He said that he had come all the way from Scotland to have us baptize his child. We told him the thing was impossible for the train would go in five minutes. But this only made the man more intense. So we said "Where is the baby? We have no time to wait." The young man rushed down stairs, and returned with the mother and child. As she unrolled the boy from her plaid there came to sight the prophecy of a genuine Roderick Dhu. We wanted an hour to baptize a boy like that.

Scotch all over! What cheek bones and what a fist. Give him plenty of porridge and the air of Loch Vennachar, and what a man he will make—Chief of Clan Alpine! I asked the mother what she was going to call him, and she said "Douglass!" What a name! Suggestive of victory, defeat, warrior blades, and gates of Stirling Castle!

> "Ere Douglasses to ruin driven
> Were exiled from their native Heaven!"

But it was no time to indulge in Scottish reminiscences. If that infant Highlander was to be baptized by us it must be within the next sixty seconds. We had the father and the mother, and the baby and the minister, but no water!

We hastily scanned all the vases and cups in the room. There was no liquid in all the place save the cocoa left over from our evening repast. That would not do. We have known people so stupid and dull and bilious all their lives you might imagine they had been baptized in cocoa. But we would have no part in such a ceremony.

"Get some water in a second!" we demanded. From the next room the anxious father returned in a moment, bringing a glass of it, clear, bright water, fit to christen a Douglass, opaline as though just dipped by Rob Roy from Loch Katrine. "Douglass!" we called him as the water flashed upon the lad's forehead quick and bright as the gleam of Fitz-James' blade at Inverlochy. We had no time for making out a formal certificate, but only the words, "Baptism, July 21st," the name of Douglass, and our own.

As we darted for the cars, the young man submerged us with thanks, and put in our hands as a baptismal gift, the "Life of Robert McCheyne," the glorious Scotchman who preached himself to death at thirty years of age, but whose brave and godly words are still resounding clear as a pibroch among the Scotch hills.

As we had but little time to pray at the baptism we now ejaculate the wish that the subject unrolled that night from the smiling Scotch mother's plaid may have the courage of a John Knox, the romance of a Walter Scott, the naturalness of the Ettrick Shepherd, the self-sacrifice of a Hugh McKail, the physical strength of a Christopher North, and the goodness of a Robert McCheyne. In other words, may he be the quintessence of all great Scotchmen.

There is something about the Scotch character, whether I meet it in New York, or London, or Perth, that thrills me through and through. Perhaps it may be because I have such

a strong tide of Scotch blood in my own arteries. Next to my own beloved country give me Scotland for residence and grave.

The people are in such downright earnest. There is such a roar in their mirth, like a tempest in "The Trossacks."

Take a Glasgow audience and a speaker must have his feet well-planted on the platform or he will be overmastered by the sympathy of the populace.

They are not ashamed to cry, with their broad palms wiping away the tears, and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, or snicker, or chuckle. Throw a joke into a Scotchman's ear and it rolls down to the center of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways, toward foot and brow, until the emotion becomes volcanic, and from the longest hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the nail on the big toe there is paroxysm of cachinnation.

No half and half about the Scotch character. What he hates, he hates; what he likes, he likes. And he lets you know it right away. He goes in for Lord Beaconsfield or William E. Gladstone, and is altogether Liberal or Tory. His politics decided, his religion decided; get him right, and he is magnificently right; get him wrong, and he is awfully wrong.

A Scotchman seldom changes. By the time he has fairly landed on his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol.

We like persistence. Life is so short that a man cannot afford very often to change his mind. If the Israelites in the wilderness had had a few Scotch leaders, instead of wandering about for forty years, they would, in three weeks, have got to the promised land, or somewhere else just as decided.

But national characteristics are gradually giving way. The Tweed is drying up. The Atlantic Ocean under steam pressure is becoming a Fulton Ferry.

When I asked John Bright the other day if he was ever coming to America, he said:

"No: America comes to me!"

Besides that, American breadstuffs and American meat must have its effect on European character.

All careful observers know that what men eat mightily affects their character. The missonary among the Indians, compelled to live on animal food, gets some of the nature of the aborigines, whether he will or not.

The Anchor Line of steamers coming to Glasgow bring great cargoes of American meat to Scotland. The meat of animals butchered in America is kept on steamers in a cool draught especially arranged for that purpose, and the meat market of Scotland is being revolutionized.

The Scotchman eating American beef and American mutton and American venison becomes partially American.

Englishmen on platforms and in the newspapers deplore the coming in of so much American breadstuffs. Because of the failure of English crops for two or three years this is becoming more and more so.

The Englishman eating American wheat and American rye and American corn must become in part Americanized. And here is an element of safety which political economists would do well to recognize.

The cereals and the meats of one nation becoming the food of other nations, it prophesies assimilation and brotherhood.

It will be very difficult for American beef to fight American beef, and American mutton to fight American mutton, and American corn to fight American corn, though it may be found on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

The world is gradually sitting down at one table, and the bread will be made of Michigan wheat, and it will be cut with Sheffield knives. The rice will be brought from Carolina swamps, and cooked with Newcastle coal, and set on the table in Burslem pottery, while the air comes through the window upholstered with Nottingham lace. And Italy will provide the raisins, and Brazil the nuts, and all nations add their part to the universal festivity. What a time of accord when all the world breakfasts and dines and sups together.

What is that neighing of horses, and bleating of sheep, and barking of dogs now coming to my ears? It is the Highland Show. The best animals of Scotland are in convention a little distance away. Earls and marquises yesterday judged between them.

Better keep your American cattle, and horses, and sheep, and dogs at home, unless you want them cast into the shade. What a spectacle! I suppose these are the kind of cattle and horses that made up the chief stock in Paradise, before they had been abused of the wicked centuries.

Examine those which have won distinction and a ribbon. Rear Admiral, Knickerbocker, Prince Alfred and Harold, from Berwick-on-Tweed, among the shorthorns. Liddesdale and Lord Walter among the Galloways; The Monarch among the polled Angus cattle; Morning Star, King Carthus and Scottish Chief among the Ayrshires. This is the poetry of beef; the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Paradise Regained" of cattledom.

Pass on to the horses, and see Conqueror and Luck's All, and Star of the West.

St. John saw in vision white horses, and bay horses, and black horses, and one might think that some of these in the Highland Show had broken out of the pasture-fields of heaven. One of these might well have stood for Job's photograph, "his neck clothed with thunder." What hunters and roadsters!

Pass on to the sheep and see the wonderful specimens of Cheviots and Dinmonts, some of them so covered with wealthy fleece they can hardly see out, nature having "pulled the wool over their eyes."

Pass on and stir up these fowls, and hear them crow and cackle and cluck. Turkey gobblers, with unbounded resources of strut, and ducks, of unlimited quack, and bantams, full of small fight, and Cochin-Chinas, and Brahmapootras, and Hamburgs, and Dorkings, suggesting the grand possibilities of the world's farm-yard.

And dogs! I cannot stop to describe the bewitching beauty of the English and Gordon setters, and Dalmatians and retrievers, and pointers, and Scotch terriers, Skye and rat, and that beautiful joke of a dog—the English pug—which I can never see without bursting into laughter, and the collies now becoming the fashionable dogs of Europe, their heads patted by lords and ladies. How I would like to bring to America a whole kennel of them. St. John, in Revelations, put the dogs on the outside of the gate of heaven, saying: "Without are dogs!"

If he could have seen these of the Highland Show he would have invited them in. I think they might at least lie down under the king's table.

V.

WE have sailed on the Rhine, the Thames, the Hudson, the St. John, but cut out of all the other days of our life for entrancement is this day when on the steamer Star o' Gowrie, we sail the Tay. Somewhat may depend on our especial mood. We went on board the Scotch river at Dundee.

We had passed the night and previous day in one of those castles of beauty, a Scotch gentleman's home, a place that led us to ask the owner, as we stood in the doorway:

"Do you suppose heaven will be much brighter than this?"

He said, "Yes! for there will be no sorrow there."

Then we thought can it be possible that sorrow ever looked out of these windows commanding such landscape, or ever set foot amid these royal flower-beds, or rode up this kingly carriage-way?

We had visited the church of Robert Murray McCheyne, stood in his pulpit, hoping to get some of his inspiration, halted by his grave, and thought how from that comparatively small church (there are twenty larger churches in New York and Brooklyn) there has gone out a celestial spell upon all Christendom. I said to some of those who knew him well:

"Was he really as good as the books say he was?"

The unanimous answer was "Yes, yes." His was goodness set to music, and twined into rhythm.

The goodness of some people is rough and spiked, and we wish they were less good and more genial. But McCheyne grew pleasant in proportion as he grew holy. And there are his old church and his unpretentious grave a charm for the centuries.

We had also passed under the gate on which Wishart stood and preached to the people outside the wall during the plague, and from the text, "He sent his word and healed them;" an assassin with dagger drawn waiting to stab him when he came down, the murderous intention defeated by Wishart's putting his hand on his shoulder affectionately; and when the excited populace rushed on to destroy the assassin, were hindered by Wishart's defense of the desperado, as the clergyman said, "He who slays this man will first have to slay me."

We have been at the table with and heard the post-prandial

talk of Dundee's clergymen, bankers, and literati. We have been in the parlors with the beautiful women of Scotland—the high color of the cheek, the purity of their complexion, the elegance of their manners, the brilliancy of their repartee, and the religious fervor of their conversation making up an attractiveness peculiar to their nationality. There are no brighter homes on earth than in Scotland.

In the mood which all these scenes had induced we stepped on board the Star o' Gowrie for a sail on the Tay. Whether we did not pay it sufficient deference by tipping our hat to it as we started, or what was the reason, we will not guess; but the wind lifted our hat for us, and away it went into the Tay, never to be recovered, and would have left us in an awkward plight, for people only laugh at a man who has lost his hat, but we happened to have a surplus, and so were immediately refitted.

We passed under the Tay Bridge, the longest bridge across a tidal river in the world; but the whole heaven that day was an arch bridge, but tressed with broken storm-cloud, mighty enough to let all the armies of Heaven cross over, and indeed it seemed as if they were crossing—plumes of cloud, and wheels of cloud, and horses of cloud, troop after troop, battalion after battalion.

There are some days when the heavens seem to turn out on parade. But there is no danger that this suspension-bridge from horizon to horizon will break, for if here and there a crystal should shiver under celestial foot, the cavalcades are winged, and the fracture of sapphire would be repaired by one stroke of the trowel of sunshine.

The banks of the Tay seem laved with a supernatural richness. The verdure and foliage seem to have dripped off heights celestial. The hills on either side run down to pay obeisance to the queenly river, and then run up to the sky to report they have done so. Abbeys and castles stand on either shore, telling of the devotions and the courage of dead centuries. If you had time to stop and mount one of the casements of Elcho Castle, that old ruin on the south bank of the Tay, and should call the roll of the heroes departed, Bruce and Wallace, and Thomas de Longueville, calling loud enough, you might in the echoes hear the neighing of the war chargers, the clash of claymores, and the battle cry of Clan Chattan responded to by Clan Inhele, and all the other clans.

"Bold and true
In bonnet blue."

On this side the Tay is the ruin of Lindore's Abbey, with its great stone coffins, about the contents of which generations have been surmising, and about which Dean Stanley remarked one day to a friend—that, considering the size of the coffins, the people occupying them must have been *broad* churchmen.

And yonder is the ruin of Balnabreich Castle. A few straggling stones only tell the place which once was the retreat of the mighty. Near by it the battlefield of Black Ironside, and the stream where Wallace and his thirsty men found refreshment.

"Drank first himself, and said in sober mood,
'The wine of France I ne'er thought half so good.'"

But say some—"We have no interest in these old castles and abbeys."

That displays your own ignorance. We notice that people who have no interest in such places are unacquainted with history, and no wonder to them Kenilworth Castle is of less interest than a fallen down smoke-house. Alas for those who feel no thrill amid these scenes of decayed architecture. Such ruins are the places where the past ages come and sit beside us, show us their leathern doublet, bend their keen-tempered blade, sing us the old songs, and halting the centuries in their solemn march bid them turn round and for a little while march the other way.

We are apt to think, while looking upon these old ruins of barbaric times, how much the world has advanced. Yes, but not in all things for the better. Is our century which drops a bombshell able to kill twenty men any better than the century with falchion that killed one man? Are Waterloo and Sedan with their tens of thousands of slain better than the North Inch at Perth, near which we are now landing in this Scotch afternoon, the North Inch where thirty men of one clan, and thirty men of another clan, picked from their nation as champions, fought, until all were slain, or wounded, or dishonored, or drowned in the Tay?

Is murder on an immense scale better than murder on a small scale? Was Napoleon despoiling nations so much better than Robin Hood despoiling a wayfarer? Is Sin Brobdignagian more admirable than Sin Liliputian? Is Springfield Armory better in God's sight than Balnabreich Castle? But before we get the questions answered our steamer touches the wharf, and we disembark with a farewell to the beautiful Tay, which seems to answer, as we part:

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever,
I go on forever,
I go on forever."

VII.

WE Republicans and Democrats in America have been brought up on the theory that the aristocracy of England and Scotland live a fictitious and stilted life in aim, and meaningless. My own ideas on the subject have been reconstructed by my present visit. There are in the world three kinds of aristocracy—the aristocracy of wealth, the aristocracy of birth, the aristocracy of goodness. The last will yet come to the ascendency, and men will be judged, not according to the number of dollars they have gathered, nor the fame of their ancestors. But if we must choose between the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of birth, we choose the latter. We find that those who have been born to high position wear their honors with more ease and less ostentation than those who come suddenly upon distinguished place.

The man with a stable of fifty horses and a kennel of fifty hounds may be as humble as the man who goes afoot and has no dog to follow him.

So far as we have this summer seen the homes and habits of the aristocracy of England, we find them plain in their manners, highly cultured as to their minds, and many of them intensely Christian in their feelings.

There is more strut and pretention of manner in many an American constable, or alderman, or legislator, than you will find in the halls and castles of the lords and earls of England. One great reason for this is that a man born to great position in Great Britain is not afraid of losing it. He got it from his father, and his father from his grandfather, and after the present occupant is done with his estate, his child will get it and then his grandchild and so on perpetually.

It is the man who has had distinguished place only two or three years and may lose it to-morrow, who is especially anxious to impress you with his exaltation. His reign is so short he wants to make the most of it.

Even the men who come up from the masses in England to political power are more like to keep it than in America, for the member of the House of Commons may represent any part of England that desires to compliment his services instead of being compelled to contest with twenty small men in his own district, as in America. It makes no difference to John Bright whether Birmingham wants to send him to Parliament or not.

There are plenty of counties that do want to send him. Some of the most unpretentious men of England are the most highly honored. Gladstone is not afraid of losing his honors while with coat off he swings his ax against the forest trees at Hawarden, near Chester. His genteel visitors may, with gilt-edged book in hand, prefer to recline among geraniums and hawthorns of this country residence, but as Mr. Gladstone has so much during session of Parliament to do in the way of chopping at the present administration, and hacking and hewing at political antagonists, during recess while at Hawarden Castle he keeps his hand in by cutting down trees.

In a picnic of working people assembled on his lawn one summer day, Mr. Gladstone, while making a little speech, said:

"We are very proud of our trees and are therefore getting anxious as the beech has already shown symptoms of decay. We set great store by our trees."

"Why, then," shouted one of his rough hearers, "do you cut them down as you do?"

"We cut down that we may improve. We remove rottenness that we may restore health by letting in air and light. As a good Liberal you ought to understand that."

So Mr. Gladstone, though holding the strongest political pen in England, is easily accessible, and is not afraid of being contaminated by contact with inferiors.

A citizen of Rochdale, in reply to my question about Mr. Bright, said:

"We do not know *Mr.* Bright! He is *John* Bright."

Indeed from my delightful interview with this eloquent and magnetic Englishman I could understand this familiarity with his name. His genial and transcendent nature looking at you through the blue eyes, and speaking from the fine head, now white as the blossoms of the almond tree, and without any reserve putting himself into familiar conversations on all the great questions of the day, you easily see how, while the masses shout at his appearance on the platform, the Queen of England sends word that when he approaches her he may, according to his Quaker habits and belief, keep his hat on.

This unostentation seen among those who have done their own climbing, is true also of those who are at the top without climbing at all.

The Marquis of Townshend, who presided at our lecture at the Crystal Palace, has the simplicity of a child, and meeting him among other men you would not suspect either his wealth or his honors.

The Earl of Shaftesbury is like a good old grandfather from whom it requires no art to evoke either a tear or a laugh.

The family of Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, is like any other Christian home which has high art and culture to adorn it.

Among the pleasantest and most unaffected of people are duchesses and "right honorable" ladies. The most completely gospelized man we have met this summer was the Earl of Kintore. Seated at his table he said: "Do not forget our journey next Sabbath night."

It was useless to tell us not to forget that which we had so ardently anticipated. At six o'clock his lordship called at the Westminster Palace Hotel, not with carriage, for we were going where it was best for us to go afoot. With his servant to carry his coat and Bible and psalm-book we sauntered forth.

We were out to see some of the evening and midnight charities of London. First of all we went into the charity lodging-houses of London, the places where outcast men who would otherwise have to lodge on the banks of the Thames or under the arch bridges may come in and find gratuitous shelter.

These men, as we went in, sat around in all stages of poverty and wretchedness. As soon as the earl entered they all knew him.

With some he shook hands, which in some cases was a big undertaking. It is pleasant to shake hands with the clean, but a trial to shake hands with the untidy. Lord Kintore did not stop to see whether these men had attended to proper ablution.

They were in sin and trouble, and needed help, and that was enough to invoke all his sympathies. He addressed them as "gentlemen" in a short religious address and promised them a treat "about Christmas," telling them how many pounds he would send; and accommodating himself to their capacity, he said, "it would be a regular blow out."

He told me that he had no faith in trying to do their souls

good unless he sympathized practically with their physical necessities. His address was earnest, helpful and looked toward two worlds—this and the next. In midsummer a large fire was burning in the grate. Turning to those forlorn wretches, Lord Kintore said: "That is a splendid fire. I don't believe they have a better fire than that in Buckingham Palace."

From this charity lodging-house, which the inmates call the "House of Lords," we went to one of inferior quality, which the inmates call the "House of Commons." There were different grades of squalor, different degrees of rags, different stages of malodor.

From there we went to missions, and outdoor meetings, and benevolent rooms, where coffee and chocolate are crowding out ale and spirits. Ready with prayer and exhortation himself, his lordship expected everybody with him to be ready, and, although he had promised to do the talking himself, he had a sudden and irresistible way of tumbling others into religious addresses; so that, at the close of this Sunday, which we had set apart for entire quiet, we found we had made five addresses.

But it was one of the most refreshing and instructive days of all our lives. As we parted that night on the streets of London, I felt I had been with one of the best men of the age.

What a grand thing, when the men at the top are waiting for Christ's sake to stoop to those at the bottom. May this sort of aristocracy become universal and perpetual.

While the Duke of Beaufort is shooting pheasants in the copse at Badminton, and is distinguished for South-down sheep, and a cabinet set with gems that cost £50,000, and an estate of incalculable value, most men will have more admiration for such dukes and lords and noblemen as are celebrated for what they are doing for the betterment of the world's condition. Lord Congleton, missionary to Bagdad before he got his title, but now making himself felt as oriental scholar and religious teacher; Lord Cavan the stirring evangelist, Lord Radstock not ashamed to carry the gospel to the Russian nobility, and Lord Kintore who is always ready to take platform or pulpit, when there is anything good to be done, or walk through the haunts of destitution and crime, for temporal and spiritual rescue.

I write this at the Deanery of Canon Wilberforce, the son of Bishop Wilberforce, who, by the fall of a horse in 1873, lost his life while riding with Lord Granville. Our host is also the grandson of Wilberforce, the Christian statesman and philanthropist, honored for all time.

So in England there are whole generations on the right side. While for pretension and hereditary sham we wish a speedy overthrow.

We pray God for the welfare and continuance of a self-sacrificing, intelligent, virtuous and Christian aristocracy.

VIII.

We have been in the land of unpronounceable names, and for the first time in our life seen a Welsh audience. They are the

most genial and hearty of all people. When they laugh they laugh, when they cry they cry, and when they cheer they cheer, and there is no half-way work about it.

Their language is said to be only second in sweetness and rhythm, but the English tongue seems to be crowding it out. The melody of the Welsh vernacular we must, however, take on faith. We give our readers an opportunity of practicing the music of the names of some of the Welsh valleys, such as Llangollen, Maentwrog and Ystwyth; of some of the Welsh medicinal springs, such as Llanwrtyd, Trefriw and Llandrindod; of some of the Welsh mountains, such as Pencwmcerwyn and Aanfawddwy. If you are at all puzzled with the pronunciation of these names, you will please get one of the Welsh dictionaries, entitled: "Dymchweliad allor uchel y Pab." And if then you cannot succeed you will perhaps stop, and be as ignorant as I am of a language which the Welsh say has in it capacities for tenderness, and nice shades of meaning, and pathos, and thunderings of power beside which our English is insipid.

Within a comparatively few years the English Government has found Wales to be her most valuable treasure house. She has the largest coal fields in Europe, and in vertical thickness the strata surpass the world. Her iron, and lead, and copper, and zinc, and silver, and gold, must yet command the attention of all nations. Her minerals, unlike those of most countries, are within fifteen or twenty miles of the sea, and easily transported.

Considering the fact that the language is spoken by less than a million of people, the literature of the Welsh is incomparable for extent.

The first book was published in 1531, and consisted of twenty-one leaves. Four years after, another book. Eleven years after, another book which they strangely called "The Bible," containing the alphabet, an almanac, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and something about their national games.

An astounding "Bible" that was. Eighteen years after this another book appeared. The slow advancement was because the prominent men of the English nation wanted the Welsh language to die out, on the supposition that these people would be more loyal to the throne if they all spoke the English language. But, afterward, the printing press of Wales got into full swing, and now books and periodicals by the hundreds of thousands of copies are printed and circulated in the Welsh language. But, excepting a few ballads of an immoral nature, corrupt literature dies as soon as it touches this region.

Many bad English novels that blight other countries cannot live a month in the pure atmosphere of these mountains. The fact is, that the Welsh are an intensely religious people, and one of their foremost men declares that in all their literature there is not one book atheistic or infidel.

The grandest pulpit eloquence of the centuries has sounded through these gorges. I asked an intelligent Welsh lady if there were any people living who remembered the great Welsh divine, Christian Evans. She replied, "Yes! I remember him

—that is, I remember the excitement. I was a child in church, and sat in a pew, and could not see him for the crowd, but the scene made on me an indelible impression."

For consecrated fire, the Welsh preachers are the most effective in the world.

Taken all in all, there are no people in Europe that more favorably impress me than the Welsh.

The namby pamby traveler, afraid of getting his shoes tarnished, and who loves to shake hands with the tips of the fingers, and desires conversation in a whisper, would be disgusted with Wales. But they who have nothing of the fastidious in their temperaments, and who admire strength of voice, strength of arm, strength of purpose, and strength of character, will find among the Welsh illimitable entertainment.

On my way from Wales I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a rail train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed; one they call the Flying Dutchman, another they call the Yorkshire Devil. We were flying ahead at about sixty miles the hour. There were five of us, four gentlemen and a lady, in an English car, which is a different thing, as most people know, from an American car, the former holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them may occupy one seat, facing four on the other seat. We halted at the "station," as they say in England, or at the "depot," as we say in America. A gentleman came to the door and stood a moment, as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelling him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved, and every way well dressed.

Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intensely engaged for perhaps an hour. The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose, and looked around at his fellow-passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was traveling unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright, and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my foot against the door, I made this death-leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was, "What will the madman do next?"

A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such an one he might make sad havoc in that flying rail-train, or he might spring out of the door as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company, or letting him dash his life out on the rocks.

So it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, "Let him go!" Our humanity said, "Keep him back from instant death!" and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in the English rail-trains is on the outside of the car, and near the roof, and difficult to reach. I gave it two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger

repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kite-string.

When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell-rope along the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and as it is not once in a thousand times any one is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope, the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our ghostly associate seemed impossible.

Then there came a struggle as to who should have the supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as though it belonged to him, and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers.

At this moment, when we thought the horror had climacterated the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. The minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May the occurrence never be repeated! We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or in what way.

We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp, and the blood ran cold. When at last the light looked in through the windows we found the afflicted man lying almost helpless. When the train halted he was carried out, and we changed carriages, for we did not want to be in the place where such a revolting scene had been enacted.

Thank God for healthful possession of the mental faculties. For that great blessing how little appreciation we have. From cradle to grave we move on under this light, not realizing how easy it would be to have it snuffed out.

God pity the insane. For all who have been wrecked on that barren coast, let our deepest sympathies be awakened. Nothing more powerfully stirred the heart of the "Man of sorrow," then the demoniac of Gadara, and what relief when the devil came out of him and the desperate patient, who had cut himself among the tombs, sat clothed and in his right mind.

Until that encounter in the mail train we were in doubt as to whether we preferred English or American railroading, as each has its advantages. But since then we cast our vote in favor of American travel. We cannot equal the English in speed. Their tracks are more solidly built, and hence greater velocity is possible without peril. But the arrangements for "baggage" as we say, or "luggage" as they say, is far inferior. No getting of a trunk checked for five hundred or a thousand miles without again having to look at it. Nothing to show for your baggage, and only a label put on the lid announcing its destination; you are almost sure to lose it unless at every change of cars you go out and supervise the transportation. Beside that it is impossible to stop the train, however

great the necessity. A prolonged scene like that which I have just now sketched in an American railway would have been an impossibility. What though occasionally a weak man may impose on the convenient bell-rope and stop the train without sufficient cause, there ought to be a certain and immediate way of halting a train in case of such a wild, appalling and tremendous exigency.

IX.

It is well for every one crossing the ocean to know beforehand the difference between the use of certain words in England and America.

The American says "depot," the Englishman says "station." The American says "ticket office," the Englishman says "booking office." The American says "baggage," the Englishman says "luggage." The American says "I guess," the Englishman says "I fancy." The American says "crackers," the Englishman says "biscuit." The American says "checkers," the Englishman says "draughts." The American says "yeast," the Englishman says "barm." The American calls the close of the meal "dessert," the Englishman calls it "sweets." The American says "sexton," the Englishman says "doorkeeper." The American uses the word "clever" to describe geniality and kindness, the Englishman uses the word "clever" to describe sharpness and talent.

There are many more differences, but as education advances and intercommunication between England and America becomes still more frequent, there will be only one tongue, and all words will mean the same on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

I have this summer seen much of the English watering places. They are now in full tide, September in this respect corresponding with our August. Brighton is like Long Branch. Weymouth is like Cape May. Scarborough is like Saratoga. Isle of Wight is like heaven.

Brighton being within an hour and a half of London, the great masses pour out to its beach, and take a dip in the sea. But Scarborough is the place where the high prices shut out those of slender purse. It combines more of natural and artificial beauty than any place I ever saw. It is built on terraces. Its gardens rise in galleries. Two great arms of land reach out into the sea, and hundreds of gay sailing craft float in. A castle seven hundred years old straggles its ruins out to the very precipice.

The air is tonic and the spectacle bewitching. Lords, and ladies, and gentry come here for a few weeks. The place is cool in summer, and warm in winter. In December, the thermometer hovers about the fifties, and the people breakfast with open windows, while others are skating at London.

Of all the summer watering-places we have ever seen, in some respects Scarborough is the most brilliant, and is appropriately called the "Queen of English Resorts." But the prices are enormous, and not many could meet them. Brighton is

best known to American theologians as the scene of the late Frederick Robertson's ministry.

We attended his little church, which would hold perhaps six or eight hundred people, but from whose pulpit he preached after death to thousands of clergymen in Europe and America, those strange, powerful, original and melancholy sermons. What a life of pain he lived, sleeping many of his nights on the floor with the back of his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could sleep no other way without torture, his wife a still worse torment.

Some of the English clergy have had wives celebrated in the wrong direction, but more of them have homes decorated and memorable with all conjugal affabilities. In the evening of the Sabbath, we worshiped in Robertson's church. We went into "the extramural cemetery" to see his grave. Though dead twenty-six years, his tomb bears all the mark of fresh affection.

On all sides vines and flowers in highest culture. Two bronze medallions, one by his congregation, the other by the working people who almost idolized him. On the one medallion his church have inscribed "Honored as a minister, beloved as a man, he awakened the holiest feelings in poor and rich, in ignorant and learned; therefore is he lamented as their guide and comforter, by many who, in the bond of brotherhood and in grateful remembrance have erected this monument." On the other medallion the working people, whose practical friend he proved himself to be, preferred the inscription, "To the Reverend F. Robertson, M. A. In grateful remembrance of his sympathy and in deep sorrow for their loss the members of the Mechanics' Institution and the workingmen of Brighton, have placed this medallion on their benefactor's tomb." How independent of time and death an earnest man lives on.

That is a poor life which breaks down at the cemetery. Many of these illustrious English preachers had insignificant-looking churches. We went at Bristol to see Robert Hall's chapel.

The present sexton remembered the great Baptist orator and preacher. The church in Robert Hall's day would not hold more than six hundred auditors, but there he preached discourses that have rung round the world and will ring through the ages.

The size of a man's shop is not of so much importance as the style of work he turns out. Ole Bull could play the "Hallelujah Chorus" on a corn-stalk fiddle. Blessed are all they who do their best whether in sphere resounding or insignificance.

But the Isle of Wight, as already hinted, has a supernal beauty. If a poet, you will go there and see Tennyson's summer residence, and find him sauntering among the copses with his inevitable pipe as celebrated as the cigar of the American general.

If you are an invalid, you will go there to bless your lungs with the soft atmosphere of its valleys. If you are fond of

royalty, you will either get into the queen's castle at Osborne, or see her equipage on its daily "outing."

If you are a Christian, you will go to the village which Dean Richmond has made immortal. Stop at the inn called the Hare and Hounds, and visit the grave at the north-east of the church, reading on the tombstone:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ELIZABETH WALBRIDGE,
The Dairyman's Daughter,
who died May 30th, 1801,
Aged 31 Years.
She being dead, yet speaketh."

Or the tomb of the schoolmaster and church-clerk, whose epitaph I should think had been written by some lad who had felt the switch of the pedagogue, and took *post mortem* vengeance:

"In yonder sacred pile his voice was wont to sound,
And now his body rests beneath the hallowed ground.
He taught the peasant boy to read and use the pen;
His earthly toils are *o'er*—he's cried his last *Amen!*"

Or, if you are fond of antiquities, you will go to Carisbrook Castle and see the room where Princess Elizabeth, her heart broken at the imprisonment and death of her father, Charles I., was found dead with her head on the open Bible at the text—"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Or, if fond of tragedy, you will stand on the bank at Sandown and look off upon the water where, a year or two ago, the Eurydice sank, with all on board, under a sudden squall. A gentleman described to me the scene and how the bodies looked as they were brought up the beach.

Oh, how wonderful for all styles of interest is this Isle of Wight—the bays, the yachts, the hills, the mansions, the arbors, the bridges, the 72,000 souls augmented by the temporary population from the sweltering cities! Ventnor and Undercliff and Shanklinchine and Blackgarg!

The isle, twenty-three miles long by thirteen wide, is one great dream of beauty.

What trees arch it! What streams silver it! What flowers emboss it! What memories haunt it!

"The sparkling streamlet, joyous bright and free,
Leaps through the rocky chine to kiss the sea."

Memorable among my wanderings of the summer of 1879, will be the day spent on the Isle of Wight. The long storm of weeks lifted that morning, and there were gardens above as well as gardens beneath, groined roof of cloud over tesselated pavements and field. Fleets sailing the sea; fleets sailing the sky. Boats racing in the bay, and regattas of cloud on the sky. The scene seemed let down out of heaven on two crimson pulleys of sunrise and sunset.

If you want to mingle with the jolly masses of England, let

loose for a holiday, go to Brighton. If you want to see the highest fashion of the realm, and relieve the plethora of an apoplectic pocketbook, go to Scarborough. But if you want to dream of eternal woods, and eternal waters, and eternal sunshine, make your pillow somewhere on the blissful and enchanting Isle of Wight.

X.

OUR hearts overflow with gratitude to God and the English people. I do not think any American ever had so good an opportunity of seeing this country as I have had. I have been from one end of it to the other, and seen its vast population by day and by night, at work and in assemblage.

Among other places I have been to Nottingham, the city of lace; Birmingham, the city of metals; Manchester, the city of cotton manufactory; Liverpool, the city of international communication; Edinburgh, the city of universities; Glasgow, the city of ship carpentry; Newcastle-on-Tyne, the city of coals; Sheffield, the city of sharp knives; Bristol, the city of West India produce; Luton, the city of straw hats; Northampton, the city of leather; Hull, the city of big hearts and large shipping; York, the city of cathedral grandeur; Henley, the city of pottery; Perth, the city of Walter Scottish memories; Dundee, the city of Robert McCheyne; Paisley, the city of shawls; Aberdeen, the city of granite; Brighton, the city of summer play; Rochdale, the city of John Bright; Chester, the city of antiquities; London, the city of everything grand, glorious, indescribable—stupendous London! May she stand in peace and prosperity till the archangel's trumpet splits open the granite of Westminster Abbey, and lets up all her mighty dead from the kings of five centuries ago to Sir Rowland Hill, the author of penny postage.

By all this journey I am impressed with the fact that England is over-crowded, and must have relief. America is the country that will yet save England.

A cool and cautious Englishman who thoroughly understands his country said to me:

"We want to send five million people to America before Christmas, and then five million more."

It is not because the crops have failed this year, but because, by natural increase, the population have not room to live on this island.

Many prominent people beg me to urge upon the United States Government to help in the transportation of this surplus population to the lands of the Far West of America. The movement seems to me grandly practical. Our United States Government gives western lands for a mere nothing to those who will go and settle upon them. But there are millions of industrious Englishmen who would gladly go and settle there if they had the means of transportation. An act of Congress providing for such transportation to these unsettled lands, the lands to remain in the title of the government till the new settler should, by his

own sweat, earn the property for his own home, would be the enrichment of America and the salvation of England.

There are not enough ships on the Atlantic to carry the people who would go; and these people are not made of the idle or vagabond, or vicious classes, but moral, intelligent and hard-working when they can get anything to do. Get our western lands tilled, and the school-house and the church in full work, and the days of universal garden are here. Heaven will probably be an English garden on an American hillside.

But now I am going to show you something you have never dreamed of.

A grave is being opened in England that overtops all other things in stirring interest. Not the grave of a prince or a king, but the grave of a whole city, the buried city of Uvicanium. Riding out from Shrewsbury or Wellingtonfor five miles you see the soil getting black, and along on the banks of the Severn you find the site of an ancient city built by the Romans, a city seventeen hundred years old. For many centuries it has lain under ground save a fragment of wall. Fifteen hundred years ago England was covered with these Roman towns and cities. Being far from the seat of government at Rome, these distant people broke away from the home government and formed independent principalities, and these principalities finally became jealous and quarrelsome and destroyed each other.

So this city of Uvicanium perished. Charcoal in the remains of the city show that it was destroyed by fire, and the skeletons found in the cellars, some crouching and some prostrate, show that the ruin was sudden and accompanied with horrible massacre.

This buried city is on the estate of the Duke of Cleveland, who is an old man and grouty and has no interest in the exhumation. The Queen and the Prince of Wales offer to contribute to the entire uncovering of this dead city, provided the title of the ground be put in a shape that will secure its permanent possession as a place of public interest. Although but a small part has been exhumed, enough has been exposed to make the place worthy of a visit by every traveler.

Here is the blacksmith-shop with a stone anvil where they made plows and battle-axes. Here is the bath-room with floor beautifully tesselated, showing that those citizens admired cleanliness and art. Here is the heating apparatus by which the whole house was warmed seventeen hundred years ago.

There is the masonry wonderful in the fact that the mortar has never since been equaled, for it is harder than the stone, in some places where the stone has crumbled the mortar standing firm.

Capitals and bases and shafts show that the second century was not a whit behind the nineteenth in some things.

Here is where the form of a female was found, and there the skull of an old man with one hundred and thirty-two pieces of coin near him, and a few heads of nails and some decomposed wood showing that the money was in a box.

The old man, no doubt, at the time of the taking of the city,

crawled in here to save his life and his treasure. The heads in the coins were those of Constantine, Valens, Julian, Theodore, and Tetricus.

Here are the store-room and some specimens of burnt wheat. The houses had no upper stories and no staircases. In places you can see where the stones have been worn by the feet of seventeen centuries ago.

Here is a room which must have belonged to some mechanic, a worker in bone. Here are the skeletons of horses and oxen of sixteen hundred years past.

We pick up and put in our pocket a few specimens of teeth that ached fourteen hundred years ago.

Here is a receptacle in which the inhabitant used to sweep the rubbish of the household, hair pins, bone needles, nails, oyster shells, and broken pottery.

The hair pins were made of bone, and thicken in the middle so as not to slip out from the coil of hair which adorned the females.

Out of these ruins have been taken steelyards, a strigil for scraping the skin in the baths, artists' palettes, a horse-shoe, and medicine stamps.

It seems the inhabitants were troubled with weak eyes, and all the medicine stamps indicate treatment for that disorder.

The name of one of the enterprising doctors of the city is thus preserved. Tiberius Claudius was the physician's name. But they are all gone, and Dr. Claudius has overtaken his patients. There are urns containing human ashes. There is the grave of a soldier by the name of Caius Mannius.

Most of the skulls of the inhabitants are, eleven out of nineteen, deformed skulls, and one might suppose that it had been a city of deformed people, but it has been found that the pressure of the ground and the action of certain acids in the vegetable mold changes the shape of the skull, and so the people of that age and that city may have been as well formed as the inhabitants of our modern cities.

Place of interest untold! For ages the ruins were untouched. The ancients believed that these ruins were devil-haunted, and no man had the bravery to touch the spot.

The following story about the place was told to William the Conqueror. Although the place was thoroughly given over to evil spirits, one Peverel armed himself with shield of gold and a cross of azure, and with fifteen knights and others went in and took lodging. The night came on full of thunder and lightning, and all fell flat on the ground in terror. But Peverel implored God and the Virgin Mary to defend him from the devil. Then the arch fiend approached, enough fire and brimstone pouring from his mouth to light up the whole region. Peverel signed himself with the sign of the cross, and attacked the champion of hell.

When Satan saw the cross in the hand of Peverel he trembled and got weak, and surrendered. Then Peverel fell upon him, and cried:

"Tell me, you foul creature, who you are, and what you do

in this town. I conjure you in the name of God and of the Holy Cross!"

So the devil was defeated and driven out of the dead city of Uvicanium.

In this legend we may get intimation of how the fell spirit may be driven out of our living cities.

He makes as fearful a fight now as when in thunder and lightning he dropped on Peverel and his brave knights in Uvicanium.

But when Peverel lifted the cross his Satanic majesty got weak in the knees, and surrendered the city he had held so long. Not by sword or gun, or police club, or ecclesiastical anathema will the Satanic be expelled from New York, or Brooklyn, or London, but by the same weapon which Peverel carried.

Lift it firmly, lift it high, lift it perpetually, the cross, the holy cross, the triumphant cross of the Christian religion. One flash of that will send consternation upon all the battalions diabolic.

Thus may the boastful and proud cities of our time learn salutary lesson from the twilight and midnight legends of the dead city of the dead centuries.

As soon as you arrive in Liverpool for sight-seeing, make inquiry for the best way of getting to Uvicanium.

XI.

We pass over to Ireland, the country that grew Oliver Goldsmith, Henry Grattan, Edmund Burke, and Daniel O'Connell.

Some of the people here remember this last giant, and how, as an Italian writer says, that when O'Connell applauded, or cursed, or wept, or laughed, all Ireland applauded, or cursed, or wept, or laughed with him. His manner must have been overwhelmingly magnetic. A gentleman who heard him described to me O'Connell's wonderful adaptation to the style of his audience. Appearing before a rough, out-door crowd one day, he began his address by saying: "How are you, boys? And how are the women who own ye?"

There are no Irishmen now as prominent as were the great men above mentioned. But if the time should come that demanded the service of such men, they would spring up from the peat beds, and out of the pavements of Limerick and Ballycastle, all armed with pen, or sword, or speech, for the emergency.

The Lord does not sharpen his weapons till he wants to use them. They are all ready to be put upon the grindstone of battle or national controversy as soon as needed.

No oppression; no Robert Emmet; no struggle for independence; no Patrick Henry; no Austrian outrage; no Louis Kossuth; no American Revolution; no Washington; no Waterloo; no Wellington; no Warren Hastings' despoliation; no Edmund Burke's nine-day speech; no Catholic emancipation; no fiery Daniel O'Connell. It is absurd to think that all the patriotism and courage of the world have died out with the heroes of the

last generation. Tread on them, abuse them, maltreat them, drive them to the wall, and see if the Irish of 1885 will not fight as well as their illustrious ancestry.

This island has for me a complete fascination. Most travelers writing of it give their chief time to describing its destitution; but they would tell a different story if they would only compare the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland of one hundred years ago.

Ireland of to-day is a paradise compared with what it once displayed of drunkenness, dueling, gambling, and public violence. Not only the students of colleges went into bloody encounters, but professors.

Hutchinson, the provost of a college, challenged and fought Doyle, a master in chancery, and the provost's son fought Lord Mountmorris.

Dueling clubs were established—no one allowed to be a member until he had killed some one, or tried to do so. At hotels weapons were kept for guests, in case they wanted to amuse themselves by killing each other.

On one occasion while two were in duel, some one said, "For God's sake, part them!" "No," said the other, 'let them fight it out; one will probably be killed and the other hanged for the murder, and society will get rid of two pests."

A gentleman seated at a hotel table had a covered dish passed to him from a gentleman at another table. The cover lifted from the dish revealed smoking potatoes. After awhile another dish was handed on; the cover lifted, it revealed a loaded pistol, and the dinner-hour ended in manslaughter.

All this fondness for dueling has passed, and in Ireland those who save life are more admired than those who take it. It is less than a century ago when ruffianism rode dominant. If there were a fair daughter in a household, there was not a moment of domestic safety.

Companies of bandits would attack the mansion and carry off the female prize, and if in accomplishing this it were necessary to kill the father and brother the achievement was considered all the more brilliant, and the courts were slow to punish. While there were penalties threatened against such theft of household treasures, the law was evaded by putting the female on the horse of the bandit, and he rode behind so that it might be said she took him instead of his taking her.

In this way the mansions and the castles of the princely were dishonored, and the men foremost in such outrages were greeted and admired as heroes, and walked about in pretentious uniform —top boots and red waistcoats, lined with lace. Such men now would find short pilgrimage to the prisons of Ireland.

A century ago Ireland's literature was depraved to the last degree of indecency. The most popular song of the day was descriptive of a prison scene the night previous to public hanging, and was entitled "The night afore Larry was stretched." Now each city of Ireland has its eminent authors. Many of the newspapers and magazines are administrative of elevated literary and moral taste. A Belfast or Dublin short-hand writer

can take down a speech as rapidly as the stenographer of a London or New York paper.

A century ago the amusements of the Irish people were cruel and barbarous. Bull-baiting was in high favor, the crowds looking on approvingly while the bull, fastened to a ring with a rope furnished by "the mayor of the ring," would be teased by the dogs, and they in turn bruised and tormented until sometimes a broken leg of the dog would have to be cut off so that, with the three remaining legs, it might, unimpeded, go on with the savagery.

The public executions were one of the popular amusements. The hangman would appear in grotesque apparel, a mask on his face and a huge hump on his back.

One of these hangmen, Tom Galvin by name, was particularly celebrated for his hanging drollery.

Nothing affronted him so much as the pardon of a criminal whom he expected to have the privilege of hanging. He would indignantly exclaim:

"It is a hard thing to be taking the bread out of the mouth of an old man like me."

Tom Galvin, the hangman, lived until recently, and when called upon by curious people would take the old rope with which he used to hang prisoners and put it slyly around the neck of the unsuspecting visitor, giving it a sudden pull that would, by way of joke, turn the visitor black in the face.

All these styles of amusement have left Ireland, and crowded concert-halls, and costly picture galleries, and jaunting cars carrying the people out into the country for "an airing," suggest that while Ireland may not be as good and happy as we would wish, it is far better and happier than in olden times.

Ireland of a century ago had a character which illustrated the villainy of his time. "Tiger Roche," as he was called, was as bad as he was brave, and as mean as he was generous. Indeed he was a mixture of impossibilities.

He attracted Lord Chesterfield by his suavity, and frightened the mountaineers with his ferocity.

He was spoiled by the caresses of the great, and instead of availing himself of the grand opportunities opened before him went to work to see how much infamy he could achieve.

He crossed to Canada and joined the Indians in their warfare against the white population, was charged with stealing a rifle, and utterly disgraced. Then he gave his life to wreaking vengeance on the heads of his slanderers. He returned to Ireland where he was being restored to favor, when the slander of the stolen rifle reached the "Emerald Isle." But the thief who stole the rifle died, and in his dying moments confessed himself the criminal. Soon "Tiger Roche" becomes leader in the attempt to put down Dublin ruffianism. The law breaker becomes the law executor. Then he aspires to the hand of an heiress with a very large income, but before the day of marriage, because of his large expenditures of money he is thrown into prison. He falls under the crushing misfortune, but rises again till he gets the nomination for Parliament, but he declines

the nomination. He becomes fascinated with another heiress, gets her property and spends it till she and her mother have to retire in penury.

He sailed for India, but on shipboard quarreled with the captain and so was turned in to mess with the common sailors. Getting on shore he watched for the captain with murderous intent, and the captain was found one morning dead with nine stabs in his left side.

"Tiger Roche" fled to the Cape. Pursued there, he fled to Bombay. There he was caught, taken back to England and through some technicality of the law, acquitted. After all he died a natural death, although every day for three fourths of his life was a robbery of the gallows.

We can hardly imagine such a character in Ireland to-day. He was applauded and imitated. But law and order are as thorough to-day in Ireland as in any nation under the sun. The Presbyterians of the north and the Catholics of the South hate each other with a complete hatred, but the only war is a war of words.

Grievous wrongs is Ireland suffering, but her wrongs will be righted. Better than she was in the past, she will be far better in the future. An Irishman holds the highest legal position in England to-day. The voice of Ireland is potent in the councils of Great Britain. There will be revolution (I pray God not by sword, but by legislation). Her desolations will be furrowed into harvests of civilization and Christian prosperity.

Peace upon Ireland! May her wounds be healed, and her hunger fed, and her woes alleviated!

Leaving to other articles the stories of her mountains and cities as they now are, we conclude with the poet's apostrophe:

"Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!"

XII.

THE Irish Channel treated us better than it treats most people. It lay down quietly till we got over it. In the calm, bright moon we landed. But your first step in Ireland reminds you of her sufferings. Within sight of where you land to take the cars for Belfast is the place where the Catholics were driven into the sea by their persecutors, and where nine hundred monks were murdered by the Danes.

No country has ever endured more wrongs than Ireland. But as you roll into Belfast you are cheered by a scene of prosperity.

Belfast is the Chicago of Ireland. This city, presented by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester as an "insignificant village," now has 212,000 inhabitants, and all sails set for further progress. She makes enough linen to provide table-coverings and surplices and under-garments for all the world.

By an expenditure of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars she has made her harbor easy of access to immense shipping.

The thrift of the city, with the exception of occasional de-

pressions, is unprecedented in Ireland. The people are kind, hospitable, enthusiastic, and moral. Her multitude of churches and religious institutions has had its evident effect on the population. Her monuments, banks, colleges, and bridges absorb the traveler's attention.

> "Spanning the Lagan now we have in view
> The great Long Bridge with arches twenty-two."

Belfast has an array of very talented preachers. Her pulpit is second to no city under the sun. The churches are large and thronged. Her literary institutions have the ablest professorships, and the longest roll of students. If I wanted to live in Ireland, and had my choice, I would live in Belfast.

Thence you will run up to Londonderry—a walled city, historical down to its last brick. You feel, as you enter the city, that you have passed out of this century into the seventeenth century, and you hear the guns of siege thundering against the walls. For one hundred and five days the assault lasted, till cats and dogs were attractive food to the starving inhabitants. Walker, the minister of the place, proved himself a patriot, and harangued the people to courage and endurance. A high monument has been raised to perpetuate his memory. Two thousand three hundred people died from the siege. So that the glory of the city is the glory of its majestic and Christian suffering. Ay! ay! it is always so. Nothing is won by man, or church, or community, or nation, but through fire.

In the outskirts of this city was the famous agricultural school, and on arriving I immediately asked for Templemoyle. Thackeray describes it as the most wonderful school in all the world. He liked it better than Eton. He said, after writing "Templemoyle," thirty-seven years ago: "There are at this present writing five hundred boys at Eton, kicked, and licked, and bullied by another hundred, scrubbing shoes, running errands and making false concords, and still calling it education!"

Then he describes how superior this agricultural school was to all that, the doctor's bill for seventy pupils amounting to thirty-five shillings per year. The boys were to rise at 5:30 o'clock A. M., and to have for breakfast eleven ounces of oatmeal made in stirabout, and one pint of sweet milk. The bill of fare was printed at the beginning of the session, and it makes me hungry to think of the sparseness of it.

When I asked about the school, one man told me it had "gone down," and another that it had "gone up." But all agreed in the fact that it had *gone*. I suppose that school, like many other institutions, had been killed by too many rules. Templemoyle is in private hands, and a mere matter of history.

Walking around the ramparts of the city you can look off into the far past, and see the apprentice boys driving back King James, making themselves immortal, for the roll of their courage is handed down from age to age—William Crookshanks, Alexander Irving, James Stewart, Robert Morrison, John Coningham, William Cairns, Samuel Harvey, and others. A man

dies well when he dies in the defense of his home, city, or country.

You take a short run by cars and reach the strangest place on earth—the Giant's Causeway. The rocks here are cut as by mathematical calculation. A man is a fool who can look at these rocks and not realize that the world had a design and a Designer. Was it nothing but chance that made them octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal?

There are 35,000 columns of rock more wonderful than all the sculptors and architects of the ages could have hewn them.

Here are rocks called the Chimney Tops, which the Spanish Armada in the fog took for the towers of Dunluce Castle, and blazed away at, but got no answering cannonade save the echo of the everlasting hills.

Here is what is called the "Giant's Organ," because the rocks resemble the pipes of that monarch of musical instruments.

I would like to stand by this Giant's Organ during a thunderstorm and hear the elements play on it the oratorio of the creation.

Here also is the "Giant's Amphitheater," the benches of rock extending round in galleries above each other, suggesting a fit audience room for the gathering of the Judgment Day.

We got into a boat and with six oarsmen rowed out on the sea and hence into two of the caverns where the ocean rolls with a grandeur indescribable. The roof of the Dunkerry Cave is pictured, and frescoed, and emblazoned by the hand of God. It is sixty feet high above high-water mark.

As the boat surges into this cavern you look round, wondering whether there are enough oarsmen to manage it.

A man fires a pistol that we may hear the report as loud in that cavern as the heaviest crash of an August thunderstorm.

You swing round for a few moments in that strange temple and then come forth with an impression that you will carry forever.

There can be no power in time or eternity to efface that stupendous memory. The rustic guides talk to you with the ease of a geologist about felspar and hornblende, and basalt, and trap rock.

Before you die you must see the Giant's Causeway. You go to look at a celebrated lake, but you have seen other lakes. You go to look at a high mountain, but you have seen other mountains. You go to see a great city, but you have seen other cities. You go to see a famous tree, yet you have seen other trees. But there is nothing like the Giant's Causeway. It stands alone and aside from all geological wonders.

The painter tries to sketch it and gives it a ten-pin alley appearance, the ten-pins just set up.

There is no canvas high enough, no pencil skillful enough, no genius mighty enough to adequately present this curiosity.

Ireland might well have been built, if for nothing but to hold the Giant's Causeway.

How do they account for this causeway? It seems that a Scotch giant was in quarrel with an Irish giant, and the Scotch

giant told the Irishman that he would come over and give him a severe trouncing if it were not for getting his feet wet in the sea.

The Irish giant was spoiling for a fight, and so built a road across to Scotland. Then the Scotchman crossed over, and the Irishman punished him for his impudence with a shillalah. As time went by the High Road across the sea sank, leaving only the present remains called the Giant's Causeway.

But instead of this tradition, which says the road was built to let two belligerents cross over and meet each other in combat, I think it was built for the purpose of allowing the human mind to cross over from earth to heaven.

It lifts us among the sublimities. I imagine that this is the last pillar of the earth that will give way. After the roof of the world has fallen in, and the capitals of the mountains shall have crumbled, and the foundation of the earth has sunk, these gray columns shall run their grandeur across the desolation, and these organ pipes of basalt sound forth the dirge of a dead and departed world.

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Letters to Young People.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, AND OTHERS.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

It is absurd to think that all men ought to be married. Some of them are so cross-grained that an angel from heaven could not in their companionship be able to preserve equanimity. You might as well put on your clerical bands and unite in wedlock fire and gunpowder. The altar and the wedding party would be picked up in fragments some distance away. There are antagonisms that can never be overcome. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors, incomplete without the other blade. He is a chisel, made to cut his way through life alone; or a file, full of roughness, made to be drawn across society, without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a life-long protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. There are men as severely tied to their literary work as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the death of the lord mayor. Chatterton made out the following account:

Lost by the lord mayor's death in this essay		£1 11*s* 6*d*
Gained in elegies.....	£2 2*s* 0*d*	
" " essays.....	3 3 0	5 5 0
Am glad he is dead by.....		£3 13*s* 6*d*

When a man is as hopelessly literary as that, he ought to be a perpetual celibate. His library, his laboratory, his pictures are all the companionship needed! Indeed, some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimony. Cowper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibbon, Hume, Arbuthnot, were single. Some of these marriage would have helped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and been a relief to Locke's over-taxed brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift, the old brute of a minister, did not deserve a wife, judg-

ing from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waryng first, and Esther Johnson afterward, and last of all, Vanessa. The great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties. Admitting the fact that many men ought not to be married, we declare that the great majority ought religiously to seek a wife.

The fact that most of the marriages are, taking all things into consideration, fit to be made, convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth. But one child gets out of this cradle and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the north or south or east or west. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them, and the changes of fortune may for a time seem to arrest the two journeys. But on they go. They may never have seen each other. They may never have heard of each other, but the two pilgrimages which started at the two cradles are nearing. After eighteen or twenty or thirty years the two come within sight. At first glance they may feel a dislike, and they may slacken their step. Yet something that the world calls fate, or that religion calls Providence, urges them on and on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after awhile to join hands in friendship, after awhile to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east aisle of the church with her father, the delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snow-drift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the gold link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth! May they be one in heaven!

Do you call this fatality? I have only described the general arrangement. There are cases where the boy gets out of the wrong side of the cradle, and forever he seems to have lost his way. Here is where the much-laughed-at idea of Martin Tupper comes in. Many who twenty-five years ago thought the counsel of this English poet concerning prayer on the matrimonial subject preposterous, now think it wise. Some who laughed then on one side of their mouths, are now, because of their rejection of the good advice, laughing on the other side of their mouths. The worst predicament possible is to be unhappily yoked. You see it is impossible to break the yoke. The more you pull apart the more galling the yoke. The minister might bring you up again, and in your presence read the marriage ceremony backward, might put you on the opposite sides of the altar from where you were when you were united, might take the ring off the finger, might rend the wedding-veil asunder, might tear out the marriage-leaf from the family Bible record, but all that would fail to unmarry you.

It is better not to make the mistake, than to attempt its cor-

rection. But men and women do not reveal all their characteristics till after marriage, and how are you to avoid committing the fatal blunder?

Take Martin Tupper's direction. There is only one Being in the universe who can tell you whom to choose, and that is the Lord of Paradise.

He made Eve for Adam, and Adam for Eve, and both for each other.

Adam had not a large group of women from whom to select his wife, and it was fortunate, judging from some mistakes which he had made, that it was Eve or nothing. There is in all the world some one made for you as certainly as Eve was made for Adam.

All sorts of mistakes occur, because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his twenty-four ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife; there are twenty-three chances to one that you will select the wrong rib.

By the fate of Job whose wife coaxed him to swear; by the fate of Ahab whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of John Wesley, whose wife was a jealous fool; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of Frederick Robertson, whose wife mocked his distresses while writhing on the floor in spinal disease; by the fate of James Ferguson the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing, and willfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman;" by the fate of Bulwer the novelist, whose wife's temper was so "incompatible," he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the one dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant, after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose, the poet said, "I am no judge of colors, and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily:" by the fate of an Englishman, whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of the village minister whom I knew whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter. By the bliss of Pliny whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretense of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the book cases; by the good fortune of Roland in Louis' time, his wife translating and composing for her husband while secretary of the interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a

man who has made intelligent choice of one capable of being prime counselor and companion, in brightness and in grief, pray to Almighty God morning, noon and night that at the right time and in the right way he will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.

Adam's wife came to him while he was sound asleep, but the probability is that you will overtake yours when wide awake. Decide not so important a matter by the color of a bright cheek. As well purchase a farm for the dahlias in the door yard.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

It is easier for a man to find a good wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic. There are very many more women than men. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is we leave others to surmise.

It would seem that woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore he has made more of that kind.

From the order of the creation in Paradise it is evident that woman is an improved edition of man. But whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-time companionship.

She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club; and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke; but woman has no club-room for refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars.

If a woman make a bad job of marital selection the probability is nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love-letters of a married couple are poor reading for those who write them.

A dog and a cat were once married. But they had lived in wedlock only a little while when they began to scratch and bite each other until all the dogs and cats of the neighborhood felt scandalized.

The cat was advised by some of her friends, convened, we might say, on the roof of a neighboring wood-house, to sue for a divorce in the law courts.

Three dogs were on the judges' bench—a Newfoundland, a shepherd dog, and a rat-terrier, but the Newfoundland presided. The case was called up. The galleries were crowded. It seemed that the family difficulty arose about what is the chief aim of life; the dog thought the hunting of foxes, and the cat the hunting of rats.

While the trial was going on all the dogs and cats of the community neglected their work, and the foxes destroyed the chickens, and the rats despoiled the pantries.

A large amount of correspondence between the two litigants was produced and read. Private matters became public property. The daily papers had extra sale. The whole town laughed, and was demoralized. Both cat and dog were ruined in reputation. The jury, made up of six dogs and six cats who had not expressed any opinion on the subject previous to the trial, were charged by the great Newfoundland that if they found the dog guilty they must bring in a verdict for the cat; but if, on the other hand, they found the cat guilty they must bring in a verdict for the dog.

After being in a room together, in which the jury fought like cats and dogs, they brought in a verdict that because of disparity in temper and incompatibility of disposition cats and dogs ought never to be married.

Our advice in the selection of a husband is never to marry a man with the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of courtship, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a north-east storm with the idea of appeasing it; you might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be schooner and ship will be destroyed together. The alms-house could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up a track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train.

What you call an inebriate nowadays is not a victim of wine or whisky, but of logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife's weeping cannot extinguish the flames.

Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

We advise also that you marry a man who has a fortune in himself. Houses, lands, and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone.

There are some things, however, that are a perpetual fortune. Good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry and whole-heartedness. Marry such an one and you have married a fortune, whether he have an income now of fifty thousand dollars a year or of one thousand. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the vacillation of circumstances, which may leave with him a large amount of resources to-day, and withdraw them to-morrow.

If a man is worth nothing but money, he is poor indeed. If

a man have upright character he is rich. Property may come and go; he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out. Nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate.

We counsel you not to marry a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having guessed wrongly, his patience never having been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, in life, do not marry him. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man? You are not perfect yourself, and how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence?

What a companion you would make for an angel! He would not stay an angel long. You would some day make him lose his patience, and then his faultlessness would vanish. In other words there are no perfect men. Never was but one perfect pair and they slipped down the banks of Paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated us. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him. While you are thinking he is perfect he will some day, while in a great hurry to meet an engagement, find a shirt-button off and your delusion concerning him will break, or he will find that one of the children has been sharpening slate-pencils with his razor.

Let me tell women that there are no perfect men. We have been much among men and understand the whole tribe.

On a clear morning when they are well-dressed, and the road is clean they look admirably, but none of them enjoy having a passing vehicle splash mud on their newly-blackened boots. None of them look amiable when a tobacco chewer spits against the wind and the yellow expectoration blows on their clean linen. None of them look placid when some one treads on their sore corns.

If you want to find out that no man is perfect just marry him. But I think that the two sexes, laying all sentimentalism aside, are about equal. If you secure for life the companionship of some one about as good as yourself you are to be congratulated.

Better have the two blades of a scissors as near as possible alike. Get married, but with your eyes wide open. Remember the old proverb: "You have tied a knot with your tongue you cannot undo with your teeth."

THE HONEYMOON.

THE bride at first turns pale, and then a lovely blush colors her cheeks. It is very becoming. Tears moisten her downcast eyes, but they are quickly chased by smiles.

"*I will*," is uttered in a reverential voice, and lo! her new name is written. Where?—in heaven, or in the sand?

Father and mother, and brothers and sisters, gather around

her to say good-bye, feeling that now her fate is sealed, and that she is going away forever—for nevermore will she be the same to them—going away with a look of hope and timid joy upon her youthful face to spend the honeymoon—that period which is supposed to be of unalloyed joy, unmitigated sweetness.

The honeymoon is defined as the first month after marriage. This is the literal interpretation of it, but another rendering might be given.

The cheerful yielding to each other's foibles; the glowing appreciation of each other's virtues; the holy commingling of the hearts of husband and wife, make the honeymoon of married life. And thus the orange blossoms may long retain their fragrance and purity, and diffuse a heavenly odor through the house.

Love promises much in its early spring!

In the billing and cooing time—during the honeymoon—everything is *couleur de rose.*

There is no display of ill-temper, no sulks, no contradictions. Indeed no! *She* is an angel, and where *she* is is paradise; *he* is her protector to cling to, her God to worship.

The lover is not yet lost in the husband—the fascinating girl in the wife; the little acts of politeness and kindness, the sweet words and glances of love, that made up courtship still continue.

Unselfishness is no more a burden to the husband than to the lover; and to please is no greater effort to the wife than to the "bewitching girl."

He does not forget his wooing ways; *she* does not forget her winsome smiles. There is not a single offensive "I *will*," or "I *will not*"—all is concord and confidence.

What a blessed thing it is for you, young wife, that this delightful state of things is not necessarily limited to time!

Why, if the honey sweet were only to last but for one fleeting moon, you might well despair.

Even Love has its laws; and the newly married wife is wise who is governed by them—who is content "to let *well enough* alone," and not expect too much.

Love's flame is almost too delicate for a perpetual household lamp—it will burn dim, and finally go out, if not skillfully trimmed.

It does not require a long honeymoon to distinguish between a mere fancy—born of accident or the strong necessity of loving—and a deeply rooted affection. "Faults are thick where love is thin," and Love's perceptions are as quick as lightning.

The little winged Cupids are well enough—on valentines—but they do no every-day work. Human hands must do that; and if young people would remember some of the old proverbs, such as "Before you marry have where to tarry," etc., there would be fewer unhappy honeymoons.

Young lovers, pray do not imagine that when you marry your happiness is secured for life.

"As well expect eternal sunshine, cloudless skies."

The real "hard pan" facts are that you will find your trials *doubled*. But do not be discouraged, for it will depend entirely upon yourselves whether your joys are increased.

It is therefore a matter of the utmost importance that you should know the best way to secure a continuance of the honeymoon.

The girl's period of courtship is generally a delightful one.

Why? Because there is a consciousness of mutual love and esteem.

Now, it is comparatively easy for a pretty girl to win a lover, but it is much more difficult to retain his affections when he is merged into a husband.

What *sensible* fellow will fall in love with a sour, sulky girl, even if she happens to have a Grecian profile, knowing her to be such?

It is the opposite qualities which he sees, or thinks that he sees, which determine his choice.

Therefore, girls, be careful not to give your Apollo the least chance of changing his mind about you—or awake from a blissful dream of future happiness, of which you are the sun and center—because he has discovered some disagreeable traits of character which had formerly escaped his observation.

Be prudent or cunning enough to hide your faults, or, better still, give them up altogether—and take a new and high standard—for it is pretty certain that the happiness of after years depends upon your conduct during the honeymoon. Never fear—you can do it, too—and what more appropriate time could you have?

It is said that "woman has a fiber more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than man"—but her penetration is intuitive.

By a glance of her eye, she will form a just and deep conclusion.

Ask her *how* she formed it, and probably she cannot answer the question. Therefore, she must soon perceive the faults and follies of her young husband, long before the honeymoon is supposed to be over, and if she is wise, she will strive against *disenchantment*, by reflecting that there is no one perfect, and that she took him for "better or for worse."

Moreover, she will do well to remember that reproaches will only confirm him in error, and that *his* affection for her will not be increased by *her* knowledge of his peccadilloes.

And so the *true*, loyal, loving young wife will early conform herself to circumstances, and no amount of sacrifice on her part will be too great to *indelibly fix* the too often fleeting delights of the honeymoon.

But it must not be supposed that the young wife must make *all*, and the husband no sacrifice to promote conjugal felicity.

He must not ignore or forget the fact that she has left all, and followed him through evil or good report.

He is to point to heaven, and lead the way.

What a dull plodder he must be who indulges in no castle-

building or romance—who does not wish his honeymoon to go on *ad infinitum,* or who does not feel that

"She is mine own,
And I am rich in having such a jewel."

But, young husband, please do not fancy thine "other self" a pretty toy to be carelessly thrown aside after the honeymoon. She is yours in the divinely appointed way, of "earthly good, the best," and it is your duty as well as privilege to cherish her as "bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh," and if during the happy honeymoon,

"All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thoughts,"

it is yours to try, at least, to keep your bird singing joyous melodies, to cheer your path through life, which at the best will be rugged enough, Heaven knows.

Let both husband and wife remember that there is much in the poetry of life, and that a daily attention to slight courtesies, a cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, an habitual respect to opinions, an unwavering attention to each other's comfort at home or abroad, and, above all, propriety of conversation and manner in private as in public, is the secret talisman, which, if faithfully practiced, will make wedded life one long, happy, golden honeymoon.

HOUSEKEEPING.

THE honeymoon supposed to be over, and high-flown sentimentality having been succeeded by a calm content, the newly-married couple usually settle down to housekeeping.

The young husband has by this time found that he has married a woman of the ordinary type,

"Not *too* good for human nature's daily food,"

and the young wife, too, is dimly suspicious that her Adonis needs "managing," for verily, in the familiarity of home-life, the soul is in *deshabille.*

It now becomes their bounden *duty* to find out the great secret of married life, how to keep their affection for each other, not only *alive,* but green and thrifty.

Shall we board or keep house? is a question often discussed nowadays.

It is a natural instinct of humanity to wish for a *home*—one's own, and not another's. We desire our child to have pleasant reminiscences of a comfortable home-nest, just as we enjoyed ours, in the halcyon days of boyhood or girlhood.

Milton tells us, and of course he knew, that Adam and Eve had very little wherewith to begin housekeeping; they had room enough, to be sure, but in our day, in cities that must necessarily

be limited—still a *home*, in its widest, holiest sense, may be founded by an *earnest* young couple, even if it is begun in a "flat."

Keeping the house properly and systematically embraces a wide range for consideration; but the chief point is to have the home comfortable and attractive to the bread-winner, and at the same time give the busy house-wife time for needed rest and recreation, so that it will not become an "elephant," mighty for drudgery.

To accomplish this successfully, the inexperienced wife must not be ashamed to *learn*, even in the humblest way—the old colored washer-woman, the baker or grocer's wife—any one experienced in the details of domestic life may become her teacher, and doubtless she will be surprised to find how much is to be learned outside of books.

It is a deplorable fact that school or shop girls, or even overmuch indulged daughters just launched into matrimony, are quite helpless as regards house-wifely duties, and it is rarely that one of them can cook an appetizing beefsteak, or boil a potato properly.

It is essential then that the young wife learn how best to keep alive her husband's esteem by catering to his stomach in the most approved manner, for men like "good victuals." Let her not be discouraged by a few failures—experience cures all mistakes, and willing hands soon acquire the knack of turning out good bakes, boils, and stews.

In the management of household affairs, it is wise to combine health, economy, and taste. If the meat is cooked to a nicety, and the pudding toothsome, do not forget the details of the table furniture, for a soiled cloth and an untidy, ill-arranged table is a disgrace to any housekeeper, and for sweet health's sake, remember that a *single* dish served with skill and taste is worth a dozen badly cooked.

Taste also should play an important part in the *role* of the young housewife. Refinement is *not* luxury—it is always closely united with simplicity, and a tasteful employment of *the means at command.*

Every wife is called to the ministry, with a Divine call too, and it is not a narrow nor limited one, even with a husband for its object.

Herself a learner, she also has a mission to teach, and our word for it, such an one will not be a dawdler through life, all who enter her doors will *see* that "cleanliness is next to godliness." that "she looketh well to her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

We read of floods of rosy light glancing upon rich curtains and gilded picture frames, and falling like a sunset gleam upon the damask tablecloth spread for supper, with its array of fine china and sparkling glass—this is luxuriance suggesting comfort of a kind that all are not fortunate enough to possess. Yet we dare affirm that not one who reads these pages but can make home attractive to her "gude man," however humble it may be, for it may at least be kept in a delightful state of odorous

cleanliness, not by "fits and starts," but every day of the week. There are but few wives in middling circumstances who cannot adorn and brighten their houses with inexpensive elegances of home manufacture, knick-knacks combining the useful and the ornamental.

The subject of economy in the household is almost endless.

A wise young husband once said to his mother, "You have had a varied experience—tell me—how can I manage to save something for a rainy day? So much is needed that even with economy my salary is insufficient to supply our wants."

"Then supply your *needs* and not your *wants*," said she. "When you receive your monthly wages, confer with your wife, this is your duty and her right. Make up your account for rent, food, and fuel. Then find out what she *needs*, then what is *necessary* for yourself, the surplus, be it little or much, put by for a rainy day."

He followed her advice strictly, and thus they lived within their means and prospered.

His wife knew just how much she could afford to spend for personal comfort and adornment, and being a sensible woman, she made the best and the most of it—and doubtless there was a vast amount of worry and mutual recrimination saved, as well.

We are told that the home is a typical heaven.

Perhaps the bright eyes of some pretty young housekeeper may linger admiringly upon Tom Moore's lines, when he says:

> "And when anger—for e'en in the tranquilest climes
> The breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
> The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
> New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.

This is poetry, but the sentiment is all "bosh." If you believe that there is any beauty whatever in a fit of spunk or sulks, just look in the mirror the next time you "get mad" with your John.

The Good Book says, "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools"—and even if your particular darling never even heard of that text, he knows as much about it as Solomon did—so don't give him a chance to think that *you* are a fool; remember that,

> "A something light as air—a look,
> A word unkind or roughly taken—
> Oh! love that tempests never shook,
> A breath, a touch like this hath shaken."

But what has this to do with housekeeping? one says.

Everything for housekeeping means something *more* than getting up dinners, washing dishes and sweeping—it means social converse as well—and habitual ill-temper spoils this, for it is an effectual damper to cheerfulness, and the poor victim knows not when or how the spirit of evil may burst forth, and it is a terrible strain to be always watching, lest it come unawares.

Any man of common sense prefers a sweet long-suffering patience, in the queen of his household, to mere personal beauty

—beauty soon fades with the wear and tear of life—but the "ornament of a quiet spirit" is above all price.

It is the "house blessing."

THE FIRST BABY.

OBSERVE that young husband as he goes down town to begin his daily routine of duties. He meets a poorly clad woman carrying a small bundle—is it a bachelor's clothes for the wash? No. *He* knows better—*he* knows that wrapped up in that old shawl so carefully, is a mite of humanity—a baby—and he looks at the mother kindly.

There is a softened expression in his eyes, and a certain elasticity in his tread as he walks on, and there is also a self-conscious "congratulate me" sort of a manner in his cheery greetings that particular morning.

Oh! it is plain that he is the happy father of a "first baby."

The hours seem leaden-winged, so impatient is he to return to the nest. At last he reaches home—that little world over which he is monarch. He bounds up the stairs—two steps at a time, but he misses the accustomed kiss—for this time he is met by his mother-in-law advancing on tiptoe, and wearing an anxious expression, and a slight frown, as she puts her finger on her lips, as a cautionary signal, whispering:

"Hush! hush! Baby's asleep!"

"Who does the baby look like?"

This is the first question asked by the uncles, aunts and cousins.

Some people think that all babies look alike—old bachelors and old maids, perhaps, but the parents know better—they are of the opinion that *their* darling is "too handsome for anything," and would take the first prize at any baby-show in creation.

"What's in a name?" some one aptly says.

A great deal for a baby.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are very well for Christian martyrs in "ye olden time," but not one of them would do for a baby-show—they could not by any means be twisted into pet names.

The little "tootsy-wootsy" must have endearing titles—to be laid aside, however, as the years roll on.

Names are generally given in memory of some one gone before, or to perpetuate the particular family name.

Baby's first exploit—after creeping—is to climb up by a chair and push it before him—and with what an air of triumph the little toddler, after repeated failures, and sundry troubles, succeeds in walking by its help—and, growing bolder, at last starts off alone, and unsupported, on the long voyage of life.

Courage, little one! Thou must meet with many a fall by the way, but press on; God helping thee, thou mayest win.

The first tooth!

Poor baby. Through much tribulation, those little "tooth-

ies," which cause a mother so much anxiety—are given thee. Not all at once, but, mercifully, at intervals.

Beware, young mother, of incautiously trusting thy finger within their reach! And oh! it is a blessed rest time both for baby and her, when those troublesome white molars are ready for "strong meat."

Babies sometimes talk before they walk, but it is said that it is only *girls* who do this!

The baby dialect is generally unintelligible; father and mother however, quickly learn it, and then the endearing pet names and baby talk commence.

Happy is the young husband and wife who are privileged enough to understand and appreciate the prattle of their first "baby."

Generally, father prefers a boy, mother a girl, grandmother gratefully accepts this "gift from Heaven," and forthwith proceeds to spoil it.

Why? Ah! This is a problem.

Having cuffed and whipped baby's papa and mamma to her heart's content, she is now disposed to petting, she has probably grown wiser and more patient.

To her the new-comer represents her own first-born, of the long time ago, and she loves it almost as fondly.

It has been said that "a baby in the home is a well-spring of joy."

True, at its advent there must be no more slamming of doors. no more inopportune coughing, and even a sneeze must be suppressed at all hazards, and the impressible bit of clay becomes a veritable household tyrant.

Even the "cunningest" baby in the world will assert his rights loudly and persistently, and pull hair and whiskers with impunity.

What then? Does any one wish to resent it?

No! on the contrary, the little cherub is almost smothered with kisses.

'Tis well that the first baby brings love with it; the tender mother love best of all, and the sympathy that is excited by its very helplessness.

The house containing a live baby is necessarily a wide-awake house, for its inmates are enlisted in its service, and their energies are taxed to the utmost; for the care of a cross, crying baby is no sinecure, but the mother never tires in her labor of love.

Oh! who can measure it in the weary vigils, in the anxious hours spent in battling with measles, whooping-cough, and the numerous ills peculiar to babydom, that fall to *her* share in that blessed, blessed baby!

And oh! proud father, you too must bow before the household idol; you too must share the responsibility.

What! expect an unbroken night's rest, and calm and peaceful slumbers, expect *not* to hear the midnight music of the little one!

Fatal delusion! Uneasy lies the head who owns a baby, so be

ready, like a good soldier, to turn out at a moment's notice, and do not ingloriously shirk—well—anything in that line of duty.

What matter if you *seem* to be number two, and are a bit jealous because baby monopolizes too much attention?

What are you going to do about it?

Why; love it all the more, to be sure, and do not be ashamed to let folks know that you do!

Why should you not? You are the richer, for it furnishes an additional incentive to toil, and bright hopes, and charming pictures of home comfort, and future activities cluster around the pretty occupant of the new cradle.

"A babe is a blessing," says the Good Book; all are not thus blessed, and not a few will envy you your treasure.

A baby is an educator too; it teaches the young husband and wife how like to children they should be, how pure in heart, how simple and sincere; their souls receiving new strength from this bond of sympathy, they will love themselves *last.*

They will be more forbearing to each other, more ready to sacrifice, more loving, tender and true.

Oh, there is *one* affection which no stain of earth can ever darken—a mother's love for her first baby.

MISTAKES.

If the mistakes of young people just entering upon the active duties of life generally proceed from ignorance and thoughtlessness, do they not then—the fashionable daughter as well as the toiling shop girl—need a friendly jog on the elbow, and a helping hand to point out the rough places on the journey?

We have been given some charming pictures of the past, to remind us that all down through the ages human nature has been the same, indulging in day-dreams, hoping, loving, and erring.

Rebecca at the well, Rachel smiling on her lover as he labored for love of her in her father's fields, and Ruth sitting at sunset with the reapers, and taking the parched corn from the hand of Boaz.

Yes, this is the same beautiful world that they enjoyed, with innumerable bits of brightness in it, to be had for the seeking, and doubtless during the Christmas festivities, and the greetings of the "happy New Year," you young folks have looked forward to a good time coming.

1886. Girls and boys, what do you propose to make it?

Mistakes? All young people would be happy if they knew how. Is it not then encouraging to think that mistakes are not altogether irretrievable?

The attractiveness which comes from youth and freshness is at best but temporary. Remember this, young ladies, and do not make the foolish mistake of supposing that you need nothing more.

Youth is fairyland—the land of blissful anticipations, but there is a great difference between reality and appearance; "all is not gold that glitters," and the very best things in mind or manners do not float on the surface of what is termed society. No, they lie deeper; therefore, seek for simple pleasures.

Alas! The root of all evil is selfishness, it blights and curses, and is generally united to laziness, and oh! what a disagreeable pair they are in any house.

A selfish daughter, wife, or mother, is a blot in creation.

Why, a slip-shod slattern, or an unlucky one whose "bread is *always* sure to fall on the buttered side," are angels compared to a selfish young woman.

Therefore, look sharp, girls and boys also, and don't make the lamentable mistake of living only for self, and supposing that it is the violent passions of love and ambition which triumph over all others, for selfishness is the chief of usurpers, needing oft-repeated kicks and blows.

Young people make the mistake of attributing everything to fate, chance, or luck; the *endeavor* is half the work. Anything worth having, is worth working for.

The old refrain of "try, try, again," applies to old folks as well, or rather to old "fogies," as you youngsters term the aged. You do not respect the ripe and varied experiences which age brings, and this, too, is one of the grievous mistakes of "young America."

School friendships are gushing and confidential, but not eternal. *True* friendship is a rare and beautiful thing, but like matrimony it is not to be entered into "lightly or unadvisedly;" remember that "birds of a feather flock together," and, "show me your company, and I will show you what you are." Therefore, it is important to make no mistakes in your choice of friends.

There are girls too, who mistake giggling and silly, thoughtless speeches for smartness. A simper is not a smile, and there is no genuine ring in an affected laugh. If they but knew how much a modest reserve is prized by young men, of *all* classes of society, they would not—really good girls as they are—indulge in levity and undue familiarity; and let us be permitted to kindly whisper, that such conduct jars upon a man's nerves as disagreeably as a severe shock from a galvanic battery.

To avoid bitter experiences, let the thoughtless ones remember that a proper dignity and self-respect is one of the crowning charms of womanhood.

You will make a foolish mistake, young beauty, if you depend entirely upon your personal appearance to please, for a "right smart" attack of smallpox would mar it sadly, and you would be poor indeed.

A plain face, lit up with the sunlight of cheerfulness, is a pretty picture enough for a young man to carry in his heart.

Does the brother snub the sister, reserving his good manners for company? Does the sister ignore the brother, behaving so

as to make him suspicious of the pretensions of other girls when she can, if she pleases, shape his opinion of womanhood in the right direction?

If so, they both mistake the object of living.

Oh! the home circle is the place to prove what kind of stuff youngsters are made of!

Girls, do you recollect the familiar rhyme you repeated in your childish days:

"Who ran to catch me when I fell,
And kissed the spot to make it well?
My mother!"

Silly, is it? No, no, you are mistaken! That good old mother love has followed you ever since, toiling, planning, praying.

Your mother is your best friend. Confide in her.

If a young man will observe how "mother" is treated, he can form his conclusion accordingly.

Books, books, everywhere! Will you elect to remain ignorant? It will be a *willful* mistake if you do.

Make time for reading, by snatching odds and ends of it—if you are a toiler—and at the end of the year you will be the gainer, by so much knowledge; and do not forget that "knowledge is power."

A girl is apt to imagine that her lover is "dying about her," and could not possibly console himself with another—this is a common mistake; but who can "put an old head on young shoulders," and "who will believe our report?"

My charming maid, whose bright eyes are now glancing over these pages, you expect to marry some day—do you not?

Perhaps this year!

Will you bear in mind that a wife should be chosen for qualities "*which wear well?*"

Young man, take care! for you will make a life-long mistake, and surely come to grief, if you choose any other—make a note of it—than *qualities which wear well.*

The young wife may perhaps make the mortifying mistake of expecting a perpetual honeymoon.

Married men are not sentimental; and the wife will be happier if she cultivates a quiet trust, and learns that a calm friendship based on esteem is more to be depended upon than rhapsodies and passionate vows, which soon burn out in their own flame.

"The husband sometimes must not see,
And blind the wife should often be!"

No mistake about that!

Young men, and young women, take courage! To err is human.

Strike a bee-line for the right. You will not mistake it if you follow the golden rule as nearly as possible.

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

There is nothing truer than that beautiful thought of the poet:

"He liveth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

THE FOLLY OF FLIRTATION.

YOUNG man! when you meet a pretty and modest coquette, you will be bewitched before you know it.

Be wide awake, then, or she will fool you! The swift motion of a deep stream, moving without a perceptible ripple, is not more delusive than the captivating smiles and honeyed words of the lovely swindler.

Are there, then, no male flirts? Yea, verily.

"By all the vows that lover ever broke
In numbers, more than woman ever spoke!"

But as long as the trifling danglers are smiled upon and encouraged by honorable young women, just so long will they continue to be pests of society, and wickedly break confiding hearts.

An unsophisticated young man, and sometimes a worldly-wise one also, will jump at conclusions.

He *will* think that because a pretty girl obeys her natural instincts of wishing and trying to please him—because she receives homage as her right and is proud to rule—although strangely framed to tease—he will jump at the conclusion that she is in love with him, that she is angling for a husband, and when the girl finds this out, she is at first indignant, and then begins to flirt, perhaps to cure his vanity, or to amuse herself, or

"——Just to learn
How to accept a better in her turn."

Was it with feeling that her voice sank so low when she expressed a wish that she should see him soon again? Was it sympathy that dimmed her laughing eye? Why did her cheek crimson when she shyly allowed her little hand to linger so confidingly in his?

Ah, beware, young man, she is fooling thee.

When you find to your cost that belles are saucy, and you survive their fleeting fancy, you will feel like boxing the ears of the fair deceiver. You will say to yourself:

"If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go.
If she be not mate for me,
What care I for whom she be?"

This is a vexation of spirit—while it lasts—and the moral of it all is that young men should not jump at conclusions; but there is still another side, which also illustrates the folly of flirtation.

Young man, were you ever *really* in love?

So deeply, too, that you thought it was impossible to exist, except with an equal return from the beloved object?

When you thought that you had touched a chord in another's heart, which had never before thrilled to love's music, when the dear lips, though mute, were yet eloquent, when the sweet, earnest words of love were trembling on your lips?

Then to be rudely awakened, to find that your holiest affections had been trifled with that you had been scorned, deceived and jilted.

Oh! what bitter mortification and pain were yours.

A friend kindly whispers to you, "What woman is so fair, that another may not be as fair?"

No, you refuse to be comforted, you rail at the whole sex, they are all alike—every one, you will never again be bamboozled by the deceitful creatures and thus you remain a miserable woman-hater.

But as time rolls on, nature—or another woman—works a cure. The scars of the hard-fought battle may remain, but, grown wiser, you exclaim:

"When I see
Love givin' to rove,
To two, or three,
Then good-bye, Love,
If Love can sigh
For *one* alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one."

Alas! it does not always follow that a cure is effected; the wound of that "pretty trifling" often strikes deeper, and the unhappy victim never recovers from it, for love scorned "doth work madness in the brain."

Oh, the folly of flirtation.

"Such is your cold *coquette*, who can't say 'no,'
And won't say 'yes,' and keeps you on and offing
On a lee shore, till it begins to blow;
Then sees your heart wrecked with an inward scoffing.
This works a world of sentimental woe,
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin."

But what sort of a being is this formidable coquette, who thus trifles with the best feelings of a man's heart, who drives him into dissipation, and even to suicide, and then calls it *innocent* flirtation?

A coquette is defined by the best authorities, as a vain, airy, trifling girl, who endeavors to attract admiration from a desire to gratify vanity, and then rejects her lover.

She treats him with an *appearance* of favor, but with a *design* to deceive. She knows her power over him, and delights to exercise it. In the world's parlance she "leads him on."

Sometimes a systematic flirt is caught in her own cunning devices. She learns to love, and is slighted in her turn by the object of it. She may flirt, too, with a worthy object, and place her affections upon an unworthy one.

Flirtation is a folly, because it is not discreet.

Every young woman should be the representative of her sex. It should be her earnest endeavor to embody in *herself* all womanly worth. When she reflects that by rectitude of conduct she dignifies and elevates to a higher standard of excellence all womankind, it should be an incentive, nay, a powerful motive, to illustrate in her own life "whatsoever is pure and lovely and of good report."

Remember this, girls, and don't descend to mean, ignoble, flirting ways. Rather, look upward, be true to yourselves and one another, even if you have to work hard for your bread and butter, and can afford no fine dresses wherewith to adorn yourselves; you can yet be a *lady*, in the best sense of the term, if you choose.

Flirtation is a folly, because it is not honest.

Love is a passion, God given, and not to be ashamed of, but to counterfeit it is a sin: *ergo*—to flirt is a sin.

When an insane vanity tempts a girl to encourage the attentions of a lover, whom she *knows* that she will "throw over," if he confesses his love and presses his suit, she gives occasion for his *severe* reprobation, she must not complain, for she richly deserves all she gets, and more.

By flirtation, friendship is broken, jealousy excited, materials furnished for "breach of promise" suits, and reputations are sometimes irreparably injured. Begun in mere thoughtlessness, fun, or spite, it often ends most tragically in death, or murder.

Young men and young women, love each other as much as you please, honorably, "on the square," but don't *make believe do it*, for you cannot now offer the excuse, "we didn't know the folly, nor the serious conequences of flirtation."

BUYING A HOME.

YOUNG friends, who have just entered into the holy state of matrimony, the grand symphony of your lives has commenced, to echo on and on through the coming years; the world is all before you, the real business of life has begun.

What is your stock in trade all told?

It is youth, with its opportunities, courage, wherewith to press forward, and the true affection you have for each other.

Perhaps, too, there is that household treasure—a first baby, or mayhap a nest-egg of a few hundreds, or a few dollars only, or what is most likely, nothing at all.

All the more need, then, of industry—the corner-stone of success. Industry is sure of its reward, and it will buy you a home if you so elect.

Buying a home seems too great an undertaking for one pair of hands, says the young husband.

But you have two pairs! Do you forget that you are no longer a unit—that you have now a helpmate?

Let us think over the matter, let us ascertain *why* you need a

home, and this may incite you to begin to try, at least, to gain one.

Every good citizen should found a home, for every home becomes an argument for patriotism, inasmuch as it establishes a partnership in the government.

Boarding *houses* are not homes, and a young couple cannot afford to help those who run them to riches.

If men are to have their clubs, and women to have their clubs, what is to become of the family and household?

For it is the fireside of one's own home, with its soothing tranquillity, the family table, the companionship of family and friends in the evening hours when toil is over, which give enjoyment and zest to life, and courage as well, wherewith to battle with the worries of the outside world.

These are the quiet, simple pleasures which help to make the true *home*, whether the house be of wood or brown stone.

Have you happy memories of the dear old homestead?

Then give the little ones who will bless *your* firesides, the same opportunity to reverence home by *locating it.*

Secure a *permanent* home—and avoid those disagreeble, destructive, May movings. Ownership of a home gives a man a *status* in society—makes him more independent—and if sickness comes, or business is dull, there is no drain or dread of *rent*, hanging over him like an incubus—happily taxes are comparatively light.

Oh! to be one's own landlord! "Monarch of all he surveys!"

To be able to drive a nail—or to suit one's self in surroundings without the interference of Tom, Dick or Harry—must be an intense satisfaction.

In view of these practical considerations are you not convinced that it is advisable to buy a home?

How to buy a home!

The first step is to *mean it*—then *set about it*—then *persevere.*

Don't trust to luck.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up—labor turns up something, be it little or much.

It is imperatively necessary that you *both* agree to live *within* your means.

Even then, you can live comfortable—and have a certain regard for appearances—and still have a margin over expenditures.

Above all, keep out of debt. It is not good economy to buy on credit. You can get a better article for cash; besides, there is a sort of check in the sight even of hard earned money, which hinders the possessor from disposing of it foolishly, however seductive the temptation.

Parsimony is a vice, for it narrows all good impulses; heaping up riches in that way is quite different from saving economically, and investing judiciously—and unsympathetic must he be who cannot spare a little for sweet charity's sake.

And you, young wife, who are to be the central figure in the home, will also be required to sacrifice—for talk as we will, un-

pleasant duties which go against the grain of our selfish natures are sacrifices.

The time has passed for woman to exercise her power over man by appealing to his imaginations. She is no longer the creature whom troubadours sung of.

She is expected to be a helpmate, to sit side by side with her husband, to share his success and disappointment, to warm his heart by companionship, and thus bind him fast to home.

Diamonds, sealskin, expensive laces, India shawls, all confer a certain prestige in society—but *you* cannot afford such luxuries, if you are living in a hired house.

In order to have things harmonize, you must pay a high rent —and live differently too, than if you contented yourself with plain apparel.

Would it not be wiser to have the money thus spent out at interest toward the new house?

But perhaps you say, my tastes will be outraged, my husband has a good salary, he likes to see me well-dressed, and society demands it.

Very true; but be sure that if your husband really intends to own a house, the rustling of crisp bank-notes will give him more solid satisfaction than the rustling of your expensive silks.

And if your tastes are refined, they will of course be simple.

They will not allow you a slip-shod style at home.

Be content, then, to wait, young wife, for such extravagancies, and when you are tempted, let there be an emphatic, decided, "no, we cannot afford it."

The wife of a poorer man also cannot afford to imitate richer people.

The money spent upon bogus jewelry, and a pretentious style of dress, which deceives no one, and which is neither ornamental nor genteel, could be better invested for an humble roof which would be a shelter in sickness, or for the rainy days sure to come.

One, too, can easily make away with money by giving frequent entertainments. A *select* few, who esteem you for what you *are*, rather than for what you are worth, will afford you all the society you need.

What a satisfaction it will be to give a "house-warming" in your own house, when it is furnished and all paid for.

The first consideration in buying a home is *location*.

As health is the *sine qua non* of home comfort, it is essential that all sanitary conditions be complied with as nearly as possible.

Avoid the vicinity of stagnant pools, offensive manufactories, and too low ground; above all, see that there is a sewer in the street where haply you intend to spend the best years of your life.

"Despise not the day of small things."

In the furnishing the homestead, often recur to the searching question:

"Can we afford it?"

Do not make the common mistake of decorating the parlor

handsomely, and leaving the kitchen bare of necessaries. Let there be harmony throughout.

"Nor need we power or splendor,
Wide hall or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender
These form the wealth of home."

HOW TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

INASMUCH as no one life is fully rounded or completed when lived for one's self alone, and that it is not what we shall eat or drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed, that gives life its zest, it has been wisely ordained that mankind should be "set in families," the better to fulfill the hopes and aspirations of the soul; and so father, mother, child and home, have become our most cherished household words.

There is nothing selfish or limited in the true mother love. It is as free as air, as boundless as the ocean, and fully as deep. Who can fathom it?

Gazing with eager, longing eyes down the vista of time, and feeling the tremendous importance of the present in shaping the future—perhaps some young mother asks herself: "How can I best serve my husband and child? How can I make home pleasant?"

Truly, much of the comfort of the household depends upon the training of the little ones, but they should have a place in it as responsible beings; it is unwise to cry "hush" or "hold your tongue" too often, and thus check their innocent impulses and inquiries, besides running the risk of making little prigs of those whose desire for knowledge is insatiable.

Young folks are domestic tyrants, however, when they are allowed their own "sweet will" at all times; they are positive nuisances when, with sticky fingers and unkempt hair, they inflict unwelcome caresses upon visitors—and when saucy, they deserve judicious punishment.

Not that the youngsters' ears are to be made safety valves for passionate mothers!—punishment should be reformatory.

The earnest mother can, by the exercise of a little tact, put herself *en rapport* with her child, and thus gain its confidence and love, and at the same time control it, and what a delightful atmosphere has that home when the child is quick to obey!

And if, on the contrary, the household is made uncomfortable by children who don't "mind," it is almost invariably the parents' fault; there are but very few exceptions to this rule.

A consistent example is the beacon light of home!

Precepts are useless without it. Oh! that this indisputable fact were indelibly graven upon every parent's heart throughout the length and breadth of our land!

The opinions, the conversation, the manners even, of the parent, influence the child, and he is a keen-sighted, merciless critic too!

Think of it, young father and mother! Perhaps years after you are dead, your child will remember your example, and follow it, whether it be good or evil.

Young folks must be amused, it is a necessity to them, and if amusement is not provided for them, they will seek it for themselves, and most likely away from home.

Beginning with the rattle, the little irrepressible craves fun and frolic; boys and girls delight in noise. Let the youngsters, then, be allowed to romp occasionally, and to have their games of instruction and amusement, of which there is an endless variety.

A piano is an economic investment, for music in the house makes home pleasant; it instructs and softens, it keeps young people within doors, for it brings cheerful company, and is provocative of mirth and hilarity; what is there more delightful than the blending of fresh young voices within the charmed precinct of home?

A love for the beautiful and the ornamental should be included in the education of young people, not indeed to supersede the useful, but as tending to refinement of ideas and manners, and also to elevate the character of home pleasures.

It is a grave mistake to suppose that refinement is a luxury—belonging exclusively to the wealthy.

Talent brought out in any direction, fancy work, books, flowers, but more especially reading aloud, are all simple, inexpensive methods of making home cheerful and pleasant, as well as of keeping mind and body out of mischief.

It must not be forgotten, too, that proper ventilation is often the preventive of cross humors, and that without cleanliness a home cannot be even tolerably pleasant.

Young people should be taught that instead of dawdling about the house they should have a life purpose; they should be told that however inconvenient and depressing poverty may be it is not a crime, and that "the notion of great inferiority and ungentlemanliness as necessarily belonging to the character of a mechanic" is simply ridiculous; that he is a king compared to a lazy, useless man, and that labor is sacred.

> "A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine!
> Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine."

"Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor." Not only with timely gifts, but with thoughtful kindness, and outspoken sympathy as well—*sometimes* of more than money value.

Benevolence of the considering kind should be one, and not the least either, of the household mottoes.

What sort of a home must that be where its members *take* all, but never *give?*

Boys as well as girls should be taught by example the courtesies and amenities of life—those seeming trifles, generally reserved for the outside world, but which go far toward making home pleasant.

Really, there is something expected of *you*—sons and daughters.

You are surrounded by an atmosphere of love and care, and are apt to become selfish and ungrateful, accepting your blessings as a matter of course, and forgetting to contribute *your* share to the family comfort.

Will you please remember that *selfishness is only another name for utter destitution of spirit?*

Kind words! How sweetly they fall upon mother's ear in her despondency! What angels of light and mercy! Truly, they are Heaven's messengers!

Next to the sunlight of Heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. Mother will be sure to feel its electrifying influence, and father will gain in faith and courage. Look cheerily, then. Answer softly, for "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and never forget that a sweet, even temper is to the household what sunshine is to the trees and flowers.

It is a fatal error for a woman to presume upon her privileges as a wife to become a slattern at home.

It is to be hoped that courtship *after* marriage is *not* one of the lost arts. True, when men have once wooed and won they are content to be quiet and undemonstrative; but after all they become more keen-sighted, and if their pretty bird does not care to sing as sweetly they suspect that they have been caught with chaff.

It will make home very pleasant if you, young married people, will but continue the thousand harmless stratagems which never failed—*once upon a time you know*—to bring smiles to your lips.

In conclusion, it is gentleness that softens rugged natures. There are those unsympathetic and crabbed upon whom it would seem almost a profanation to lavish one token of tender feeling, yet we should "cast our bread upon the waters," and if it does not "return to us after many days" we shall at least benefit ourselves, for it a maxim, oft repeated, but always true, that "in order to be happy we should endeavor to make others happy."

Moreover, "though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us, or we find it not."

Then let us not wait for an opportunity of doing heroic deeds, and thus neglect the little things, the little kindnesses which makes domestic life what it is designed to be, and which after all are the very things that make home pleasant.

"Oh, there are golden moments in men's lives,
Sudden, unlooked for, as the little clouds,
All gold, which suddenly illume the gates
Of the lost sun.
Oh, pray for them! They bring
No increase like the gain of sun and showers,
Only a moment's brightness to the earth,
Only a moment's gleam in common life,
Yet who would change them for the wealth of worlds?"

UNEQUAL MATCHES.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says he would like to see any kind of a man, distinguishable from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of. A woman that gets hold of a bit of manhood he likens to one of those Chinese wood-carvers who work on any odd, fantastic root that comes to hand. and, if it is only bulbous above and birfurcated below, will always contrive to make a man, such as he is, out of it.

There are some of the sex who goes so far, on Dryden's showing, as to desiderate a fool for a husband; but these, said glorious John, are a bad lot; or rather he did not say that, in those very words, but say it he did in curt diction of his own, more in keeping with the times:

"Some wish a husband fool; but such are curst;"

and, however it may fare with the precious pair during the honeymoon, or say, the first week of that mellifluous period, all too soon it comes to pass that "the wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife."

Corinne was on the highway to a match with a German noble who had won her fancy and esteem, but in time, and only in time, the lady perceived that he had few mental resources; when they were alone together, it cost her—even her—great trouble to keep up a conversation, and to conceal from him his own deficiencies; and as "a woman's feeling for a man anyway inferior to herself is rather pity than love," the match was prudently broken off, without any breakage of hearts on either side. Charles Kingsley has iterated his enforcement of the doctrine how much fonder women are, by the very law of their sex, of worshiping than of being worshiped, and of obeying than of being obeyed. A woman can love only when she fancies that upon the whole the object of her love is endowed with a greater and nobler character than her own; it may be that she possesses individually more beauty, more genius, more brilliancy than the man she chooses; but there must be a preponderating character in him; she must find in him something that supports her best and highest impulses, and which strengthens her weakness.

"Though I liked Kew very much," is Miss Ethel Newcome's avowal, "I felt somehow that I was taller than my cousin, and as if I ought not to marry him, or should make him unhappy if I did." Every one, observes Mrs. Trench, pities those who marry a person extremely disagreeable in externals, but surely the other misfortune is greater, that of mismatched minds; and yet the world always thinks and talks of it as a kind of jest when people are greatly mismatched as to understanding. Every man, said Leigh Hunt, is in the right to get as good a wife as he can; but that is no reason why a woman should put up with an indifferent husband. The fate of those suffering wives who suffer like Titania in her craze for Bottom is of the hardest, for the time comes when the enchantment is over, and

Titania loathes herself for having been "enamored of an ass." It is bad enough, as an Oldtown philosopher moralizes, to be obliged to "talk down" to those who are below one in intellect and comprehension; but to be obliged to "live down" all the while to a man without conscience or moral sense more than doubles the evil.

If a woman loves deeply some one below her own grade in the mental and spiritual orders, how often do we see that she unconsciously quits her own rank, comes meekly down to the level of the beloved, and is afraid lest he should deem her the superior—she would not even be the equal. That is the favorable aspect of the situation as pictured in one of the Caxton novels; and one of Hawthorne's characters urges that people of high intellectual endowments do not require similar ones in those they love, but, like his Miriam in regard to Donatello, they find a fullness of contentment with the honest affection they have won—or at least, they think so for a time.

Madame de Stael herself put up with a very commonplace husband in the full glory of her fame. But then he was no brute, nor fairly to be rated as boor or clown, and against such it is that the "Locksley Hall" warning holds good. If the husband is a brute, the wife must needs then turn quadruped, quoth Sauvageot in Aretin's dramatic satire.

There is no fact in human nature to which, John Stuart Mill contends, experience bears more invariable testimony than this —that all sympathetic influences which do not raise up pull down; if they do not tend to stimulate and exalt the mind, they tend to vulgarize it.

The theory of man and wife, as expounded by Mr. Trollope—in accordance with which the wife is to bend herself in loving submission before her husband—may be very beautiful, and might be good altogether, if it could only be arranged that the husband should be the stronger and the greater of the two; upon that hypothesis the theory is based, and the hypothesis sometimes fails of confirmation. "In ordinary marriages the vessel rights itself, and the stronger and the greater takes the lead, whether clothed in petticoats or in coat, waistcoat, and trousers; but there sometimes comes a terrible shipwreck, when the woman before marriage has filled herself full with ideas of submission, and then finds that her golden-headed god has got an iron body and feet of clay."

To worship is to a woman, says one of them, always sweeter than to be worshiped: to worship, one must look up; to be worshiped one must look down. No woman, Lord Lytton assures us, ever loved to the full extent of the passion who did not venerate where she loved, and who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship. Her happiness, says Madame de Gasparin, is to obey; her wish is that the man she obeys be strong; she loves one who can command, and none the less if his tone of command be peremptory. "It must be irksome to submit to a fool," writes Mrs. Montagu, in respect of married life and her observation, not experience,

of it. "The service of a man of sense is perfect freedom. Where the will is reasonable, obedience is a pleasure; but to run of a fool's errand all one's life is terrible." Tytler, in his "History of Scotland," tells how few were the months before Mary Stuart had the misery to discover that, in the person of Darnley, her love had been thrown away upon a husband whom it was impossible for her to treat with confidence or respect. But was her next husband, the third, any improvement? Intellectual women, by the dictum of General Hamley, sympathize more with ambition than with content, and value a strong mind above the finest disposition in a man. They like something to lean against, with assurance of finding firm support; they like a nature round which their own may twine upward. Caroline Helstone's interjectional "But are we men's equals, or are we not?" is met by Shirley's reply, that nothing ever charms her more than when she meets her superior—one who makes her sincerely feel that he is her superior.

"I prefer a master, one in whose presence I shall feel obliged and disposed to be good, one whose control my impatient temper must acknowledge—a man whose approbation can reward, whose displeasure can punish me—a man I shall feel it impossible not to love, and very possible to fear." The author of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" was consistent and persistent in this doctrine: but that Charlotte Bronte had her eyes open, or opened, to the adverse contingencies of the case is apparent from such excerpts from her correspondence as this: "I was amused by what she said respecting her wish that, when she marries, her husband will at least have a will of his own, even should he be a tyrant. Tell her, when she forms that aspiration again, she must make it conditional; if her husband has a strong will, he must also have strong sense, a kind heart, and a thoroughly correct notion of justice;" because a man with a weak brain and a strong will is merely an intractable brute; you can have no hold of him; you can never lead him right.

Of Griffith Gaunt and his wife we read that he was the happier of the two, for he looked up to his wife as well as he loved her, whereas she was troubled at times with a sense of superiority to her husband; and, though amiable enough and wise enough to try to shut her eyes to it, she did not always succeed; and if for a while a contented couple, yet her dreamy eyes seemed to be exploring earth and sky in search of something they had not hitherto found. Mr. Trollope's "Caroline Waddington" would not marry a fool, even though he were also a Crœsus, or even though also an earl. In choosing a master, her first necessity was that she should respect him, then that the world should do so also. Bertram's gifts of high feeling, with a poetic nature and much humor, hardly sufficed to win her heart; but won it was when to these he had added a strong will, a power of command, a capability of speaking out to the world with some sort of voice.

"After all, power and will are the gifts which a woman most loves in a man." Lord Beaconsfield's Kate Grandison "could not endure marrying a fool or a commonplace person;" she

would like to marry a person very superior in talent to herself. some one whose opinion would guide her on all points, one from whom she could not differ; but not such a person as Ferdinand Armine, the hero of "Henrietta Temple; a Love Story," he being too imaginative, too impetuous—one that would neither guide her nor be guided by her. It is matter for observation by Sir Henry Taylor, in his "Notes From Life," that women of high intellectual endowments and much dignity of deportment have the greatest difficulty in marrying; and this, not because they are themselves fastidious (for they are often as little so as any), but because men are not humble enough to wish to have their superiors for their wives.

And on this showing they may escape not a little wretchedness by remaining single, if at least there be any truth in Monsieur de Sacy's averment that nothing in the way of punishment is to be compared with that of a married pair ill-paired, of whom the weaker has to succumb and to pay the penalty of ill-assorted union, until her very soul becomes degraded under the weight of an insupportable tyranny, and nothing but a blunting or weakening of her faculties, a growing stupidity that depresses or benumbs them, can give her repose. In Lady Castlewood we have Thackeray's contribution to the illustrative literature of this subject—from the time she found that her worshiped being was but a clumsy idol, and then had to admit the silent truth that it was she was superior, and not the monarch her master—that she had thoughts which his brain could never compass, and was the better of the two; quite separate from my lord, although tied to him, and bound as almost all people—save a very happy few—to work all her life alone. And if it be painful to a woman to find herself mated for life to a boor, and ordered to love and honor a dullard, it is worse still perhaps, surmises the author of "Esmond," for the man himself, whenever in his dim comprehension the idea dawns that his slave and drudge yonder is indeed his superior, and can think a thousand thoughts beyond the power of his muddled brains.

Be that as it may, the bargain is a bad one. But it always is best to make the best of a bad bargain. And for the wife in such a case all is not lost, and something is clearly gained, if she so act and endure that it shall never be the right of her fool of a husband to declare that he has a fool for a wife.

THE USEFUL FRIEND.

His experience of life must have been small, or his faculty of observation still smaller, who has not met with a counterpart of Thackeray's Dobbin in "Vanity Fair"—not exactly the man himself perhaps, nor one altogether his equal, but the same sort of good fellow, honest, simple-hearted, single-minded, and true to the core—whose doom it is to be disregarded in favor of a more showy suitor, but who remains an adoring worshiper, and a most obedient servant all the same.

These devoted Dobbins are a peculiar people, whose devotion no amount of snubbing will extinguish, who count no sacrifice too costly for the object of their affection, and who are ever, like William of Deloraine, good at need when or before the cry for help is heard.

The good creatures will deny themselves anything to do their inappreciative mistress a good turn.

When the more brilliant, and shapely, and successful rival she has preferred is tired or neglectful of her, they are at hand with all the will and none of the pretense to play guardian angel, to watch over, if not beside her, lest she bruise her foot against a stone, and, so far as in them lies, to make for her the crooked paths straight, and the rough places plain.

There is something again to remind us of Dobbin in what J. S. Mill complained of in one of De Vigny's characters, that his goodness is too simple, his attachment too instinctive, too dog-like. We bear him in mind, too, when reading what Dickens has to say of a very different person, whom he describes as one of those unselfish creatures who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves to perhaps utterly unappreciative and unresponsive charmers—examplars of a truth which experience of the world brings home to most of us, that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart. Such loyal suit and service may win slight recognition, may be slighted indeed altogether by the object of devotion. But sometimes they get their reward, as in the case of Philip in "Enoch Arden," that "slighted suitor of old times;" for changed were the times since "Philip's true heart, which hungered for the peace" of Annie, was by her, and by fate, kept out in the cold.

Voltaire bids us take note, in his commentaries on Corneille, that we never feel interested in a lover, in books or on the stage, who is clearly meant to be a rejected one. To be ever and forever rejected by his mistress is to be equally rejected by his audience—unless indeed he overmasters them by the extreme of passionate revenge. But literature offers us plenty of discountenanced lovers who are not without their interest for us. Of the Tressilian of Scott's "Kenilworth" and the Wilifred of his "Rokeby," a discerning critic has remarked that they are both executions of the difficult task of giving dignity to an unsuccessful lover; they are both men of deep thought and retired habits, who nourish an early, long and unfortunate attachment. In both it sinks so deep into the mind that it becomes their dream by night and their vision by day—mixes itself with every source of interest and enjoyment; and when blighted, and withered by final disappointment it seems, in both, as if the springs of the heart were dried up along with it. Yet there remains the cherished charge of guarding the endeared one from disaster, and watching over her welfare with ungrudging zeal.

When Madame de Stael's Corinne dies it is with no one beside her bed but the devoted and disregarded Castel-Forte, faithful alone to the last, and at the last.

The Corinnes of this world, it has been observed, care little how they pain the Castel Fortes, albeit the mere esteem of such

a man as Castel Forte would have been worth even the love of twenty Oswalds.

The Clara of Goethe's "Egmont" has her single-hearted and devoted Brackenburg, but she has no eyes for him, though fain to own "what a true-hearted fellow" he is—"kind, unhappy man," who is ready to weep with her at the fate even of his brilliant and successful rival—that rich man who lured to richer pasture the poor man's solitary lamb.

The varieties of the devoted Dobbin type in miscellaneous fiction are multitudinous.

We think of him when Fenimore Cooper's "Pathfinder" resigns his claim, not his attachment, to Mabel in favor of Jasper.

There is a polished version of him in the Algernon of Mrs. Gore's "Memoirs of a Peeress," who loves Miss Mordaunt even to the self-command of sacrificing every feeling of his own in order to secure her happiness, which he studies in ways and means the most minute as well as the most magnanimous.

Then again there is the James of "Not Wisely, but Too Well," in comparison of whose pure, deep, utterly unselfish love—a love which, well hidden, was killing him by inches—Dare's mad, wild-beast passion for Kate was "as a striking, stagnant pond to leaping pellucid mountain brook."

Another Kate—the Kate Coventry of Whyte-Melville's book—has her devoted Dobbin in the person of Cousin John, with whom she plays fast and loose so ruthlessly.

At times she has the grace to reproach herself for her treatment of "poor John. Nor can she get out of her head the tone of manly kindness and regret in which he has addressed her.

She reflects on his sincerity, his generosity, his undeviating fidelity and good-humor, till her heart smites her to think of all he goes on suffering for her sake; and she begins to wonder whether she is worthy of being so much cared for, and whether she is justified, for the sake of showy Captain Lovell, in throwing all this faith and truth away.

Heroines of her complexion are not unaccustomed to regard and treat their devoted Dobbin as Antony regarded, if he did not also treat, Lepidus:

> "This is a slight, unmeritable man
> Meet to be sent on errands."

And so this or that Dobbin is sent on errands accordingly, to fetch and carry, and presently perchance sent about his business. The Alick Corfield of Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Atonement of Leam Dundas" is a salient instance of unrewarded loyalty in love. The Dobbin development is in him highly pronounced.

His manners are shy, his gestures slow and sprawling; but even those who laugh at him most are forced to acknowledge that if the crock is homely, the treasure it holds is of the finest gold. If it was impossible to allow Alick Corfield the smaller artistic merit, it was equally so not to admit that, although perhaps the most awkward fellow who ever shambled on two ungainly legs—or say, as O'Connell did of Peel, on two left legs—he was also one of the best and purest-hearted. "According to the

miserable fatality which so often makes the spiritually best the physically worst—like the gods whom the Athenians inclosed in outer cases of satyrs and hideous masks of misshapen men—Alick's face was never lovely. But his soul? If that could have been seen, the old carved parable of the Greeks would have been justified."

No amount of disfavor on the part of Leam Dundas availed to repel her unswerving adorer, who was used to her disdain, and even liked it as her way, as he would have liked anything else that had been her way. We find him content to be her foot-stool, if it was her pleasure to put her foot on him; and he would have knotted the thong of any lash she might have chosen to use; whatever gave her pleasure rejoiced him, and he had no desire for himself that might be against her wishes. If he yearned at times, when self would dominate obedience, that those wishes of hers should coincide with his desires, and that before the end came he might win her to return his love, what could be hoped from a girl, not a coquette, who was besieged on the one side by an awkward and ungainly admirer, when directly opposite to her was the handsome hero for whose love her secret heart, unknown to herself, was crying? Leam is said to have somehow felt as if every compliment paid to her by poor, ugly Alick was an offense to this handsome Edgar, and Alick she repelled, and left him blushing, writhing, uncomfortable, but adoring still. He remained her faithful friend and guardian, wandering round and round about her like a dog, doing his best in her darksome days to make her feel befriended, and to clear her dear face of some of its sadness; doing his best, too, with characteristic unselfishness to forget that he loved her, if it displeased her, and to convince her that he had only dreamed when he had said those rash words among the lilacs. What though he was himself now always wretched more or less? He was one of the kind which get used to its own unhappiness, even reconciled to it if others are happy.

But if manly worth, generous devotedness, and self-sacrifice, a heart open to every generous impulse, and a hand ever ready to help the weak and lift them up that fall—if these and other kindred qualities count for heroism, there is manifest heroism in "Vanity Fair," and the novel is not without its hero. Grant that, and Dobbin is the man.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

FAIR maiden, the wonderful volume of the Future lies unopened before you; its covers are illuminated with the beautiful pictures of Fancy, and its edges gleam with the golden tints of Hope. Time alone can unlock the clasps.

Tell me, do you desire the baleful word Ignorance, with all its tremendous results, to be written upon its page?

How long the years seem when one is young!

A girl is apt to imagine that her education is finished when

she leaves school—when, in fact, it has just begun. Schooling is but the foundation. As the busy bee seeks honey from every opening flower, so a wise girl will improve every opportunity to gain knowledge, for education includes many things outside of what is taught in schools. A young woman's calling is not the limited one that narrow minds concede it to be.

If she would spend as much time in improving her mind and caring for her physical health as she wastes upon dress and fashion she would soon learn the truth of this; she would find that life is *full* of noble opportunities.

It is, then, her bounden duty to educate herself to meet the possibilities of life, and not allow herself to drift into an aimless sort of existence.

The maiden whose horizon is not wholly bounded by the "coming man" can have a purpose in life, whether she ever meets him or not.

A young woman is not thoroughly educated unless she can sew.

She may be an adept at music and dancing, and understand many languages, but if her fingers cannot put a garment together deftly, or if they have no skill for fine touches with the needle, she is indeed sadly deficient.

It is an all-important part of a woman's education to be self-sustaining.

Every young woman should have some educated talent, or trade, if you please, at her bidding, to fall back upon in case of emergency, for in our day of push and hurry, fortunes are made and lost quickly, and possibly she may become a burden to some one, and then to avoid this, may marry, unadvisedly, to better herself.

Whatever there is a decided liking or genius for, let that be cultivated assiduously.

We happen to know of families, in middling circumstances, where the daughters, who are refined, and living in some style and much social enjoyment, have been instructed in dressmaking and millinery. They make their own dresses and bonnets, and thus there is no necessity for pinching in order to pay the *modiste.*

A young woman, absolutely and unconditionally, requires to know something of physiology, and especially of hygiene, or the art of preserving and prolonging life.

It should be taught from childhood, with the best aids, according to her needs—here a little, there a little—not so much with a view to cure disease as to prevent it.

She needs a general knowledge of medical science in her capacities of daughter, wife, and mother, and to help her to fulfill her various duties as a responsible member of society.

Presence of mind is still another necessary adjunct of a young woman's training.

Not to be ready at the moment of emergency or trial, to be but dimly conscious of one's faculties, to be too timid or nervous to call them into requisition when most wanted, when perhaps a life is trembling in the balance, will cause a future of self-ac-

cusation and repining, while a neglect to educate one's self to this kind of self-control cannot be too severely censured.

Cooking has become one of the fine arts. There are but few Juliet Corsons, but every young woman can learn the best methods of preparing wholesome food.

She can be taught in this particular branch of womanly duty —not to guess at weights and measures, nor to mix at haphazard—but to work intelligently; to know the why and wherefores of her doing.

Some knowledge of the details of business, hitherto deemed a man's prerogative, will be useful to a woman, either as maiden, wife or widow; happily there is a growing desire to be taught in this direction.

The golden opportunities which girls have for reading, for securing the best thoughts of the best minds, are seldom appreciated until it is to late to repair the error.

Utilizing the knowledge to be derived from books, while the memory is active, and before the cares of life press too heavily, will prove a girl to be possessed of sound and common sense.

The words that fall broadcast from the mother's lips should be pure, simple words, so that her daughters can gather them up for a life's use. It is painful to listen to the conversation of some young women, mixed as it is with slang phrases, ungrammatical expressions, and numberless superlatives.

Wherever a young girl is *there* should be a sweet, wholesome atmosphere of purity, love and truth, pervading, influencing, and educating the entire circle in which she moves.

Never think that your education is finished, or even near being so, my dear girl; one is never too old to learn.

To be sure, all are not "cut out" for great deeds; some must creep where others fly, and some people's "fingers are all thumbs," but *you can live for something.*

There are abundant opportunities for self culture, for social enjoyment, and for charitable effort, if you so ordain.

The signs of the times in regard to the education of young women are full of cheer.

They give promise of a more generous culture, larger views, and more kindly tolerance in the future, among all classes of society.

A YOUNG MAN'S EDUCATION.

It may be that some young fellow who reads these lines was obliged to leave school too soon—earlier than a son and heir of wealth—in order to learn a trade, or follow some humble calling.

"That's just my case!" you cry.

Is it? Then, what are you going to do?

Your stock of ideas is small to begin with, a mere rudimentary knowledge; you know but little of life—less of yourself; your heart is full of various impulses, and restless cravings for

some imaginary good or evil, and even though you have left school, your education is but just begun.

It makes no difference what your station or calling in life is, you need an education; even if it happen to be of the lowest grade, you had better be educated, for intelligence elevates every calling—even that of street sweeping. Bear in mind at the start that *ignorance is disreputable!*

Nay, it is a crime almost in our day of grand opportunities. Ignorance, depravity and vulgarity are three birds of ill omen that flock together.

It is a mistake to suppose that knowledge is the prerogative of wealth or leisure, or even of the professions; every young man may educate himself.

Think of the noble army of self-made men, scattered broadcast over the world, who have in the workshop snatched precious moments to hoard precious thoughts—who have devoted their spare hours to close study—who have, even in slave life, stolen away, although in fear of punishment, to trace the letters of the alphabet, with no better pencil than a rough stick—of those, who thus gaining knowledge step by step, have at last enriched the world.

Does not your heart leap and your pulses thrill with a noble ambition to emulate such earnest endeavor?

To be sure, not every young man is a genius, with a superior intellect; but even genius needs industry to develop it, and it is a fatal mistake to trust to that lazy man's refuge—luck!

No! In order to bring out talent one must be perseveringly industrious. To derive benefit from books needs industry, and there is an infinite variety of ways of making a man of you, but all need painstaking industry, and may well be included in your education.

Perhaps you have already been puzzling your brain as to the best methods of attaining to a noble manhood, and there has been a croak from a favorite companion lest you should no longer be a "good fellow," and perhaps sneers and ridicule, too, at your idea of elevating yourself.

A companion of this sort would in one half hour undo the education of years.

A boy of fifteen once asked his mother to give him a motto or text that would be of practical service through life, one that he could associate with herself, bind upon his heart, and write upon the palms of his hands, ready for use at a moment's emergency.

"I know of none better for a talisman than this," she replied. "'My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

The first step leads to the last, and there come words of warning to you, rolling down from the past, just as true as when first uttered, and you can quote them to your croaking sneering companion if you like.

"There is a way which seemeth right to man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death."

Truly, it is a desirable thing to be able to look every one full

in the face, not with unblushing effrontery, but with a consciousness of rectitude.

A young man should educate himself to obedience to natural laws, should learn to know how to use himself, and the best method of developing robust health. The idea that none but medical men should know anything about physical health has long ago been exploded—gone to the moles and bats.

Profane swearing is to a young man what superlatives are to a girl. It is mere superficial habit—the sooner gotten rid of the better.

What would be thought of a gentleman who should rudely and intentionally tread heavily upon another's corns?

So the profane swearer hurts some one's sensitive feelings, and is guilty of impoliteness, to say nothing of the irreverence and lowering of the mind's moral tone.

Cursing is many degrees worse, for it involves evil or harm to some one; of course, the evil does not necessarily follow, and the old saying has it, that "curses come home to roost;" but this branch of a young man's education may be easily neglected.

Loafing on the street corners leads to a near acquaintance with vice of many kinds; it leads to late hours, which involves a great loss to a worker of nature's restorer, sleep; it introduces you to dangerous company, those who sneer at purity, who loan you pernicious books, who instruct you in wickedness, who use you for wrong-doing, and then leave you to bear the consequences alone.

These branches of a young man's education may also wisely be neglected.

The young man of our times is highly favored; he is not obliged to remain in a low or narrow position, if force of circumstances has placed him there; he can educate himself out of it.

His own acts will, in a great measure, determine his course in life; happily he can elect to aim high and then strike a beeline for it—he can, at least, be a man, even if he cannot become a great one.

"When I marry," said a beautiful young lady, "it shall be to a gentleman."

What is a gentleman?

Washington Irving has given us his idea of one—and he was good authority.

"A conscientiousness in regard to duties, an open truthfulness, and absence of all low propensities and sensual indulgencies, a reverence for sacred things, a freedom from selfishness, and a prompt disposition to oblige—and, with all these, a gayety of spirits flowing from an uncorrupted heart."

It is to be hoped that the "coming sweetheart" may find these admirable qualities in *you!*

We must not forget that to the young there *is* beauty in vice, and in infinite variety too.

Gambling with its fascinations; intemperance with its glib sociability; dishonesty in making haste to be rich; we might go

on *ad infinitum* with the list of temptations that will beset a young man—some of them, at least, if not all.

They will come to him, not in all their terrible deformity—not with the full shining light of experience, but hidden by the blooming flowers which grow so luxuriantly over the lava of sin.

We cannot shut his eyes, nor close his ears; we cannot force him to be good; we can only utter a heartcry of warning; for he is free to choose, he is free to educate himself!

A young man's education should comprise a provision for old age. This seems a long way ahead; but time is remorseless, and he will need something tangible to fall back upon.

If the first steps lead to virtue, the last are likely to be in the same direction.

Is it not best to begin—to begin *now*—so as to have the satisfaction of looking back upon a well-spent life—a life of usefulness—and of leaving an honorable name and example to those who will come after you?

In conclusion, the Good Book furnishes us with a variety of axioms. Here is a pertinent one, which we offer with our best wishes, to every young man beginning his education:

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

A YOUNG MAN'S COMPANY.

"Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."

"Tell me your company, and I'll tell you what you are."

"Oh! what's the use of harping upon these old saws?" says one.

Because, my young friend, the spirit of evil is about—*continually*—"seeking whom he may devour."

Every young man should remember that the character which he is to sustain through life, and which is to sustain him, is to be formed *now*—in youth—for the habits, principles, and manners of the youth are essentially those of the man; hence knowing a man by his company is a truth universally received.

Thinking, not growth alone, makes manhood. There are some who, though they have done growing, are still only boys; they may be excellent gymnasts, or winners at a walking match, but they do not *think*—they drift—like a rudderless vessel; and are thus at the mercy of bad companions.

And what a host of them there are—ready to meet every emergency in a young man's life whose mind is vacant.

"Oh! but *I* know what I'm about! I do not intend to be led by the nose!" says another.

Of course you think so; a man ought to be able to say no, as well as a woman; and not to have a will of one's own renders one ridiculous, even to the very persons who lead us.

Do not trust to your *intentions* of rectitude. You will either

approve, or disapprove of bad companions. If you *approve*, you will imitate them. You will become one of them!

"You must, and will have society and friends." Yes, but your *voluntary* choice of them proves your own disposition of mind. How vital it is, then, to get your mind into proper training to choose wisely—how important it is for you to think.

The surest guarantee to success is decision of character; and no one ever attained to this enviable characteristic without acquiring the habit of acting upon fixed principles; surely, then, the choice of companions must not be left to chance or caprice.

Of all the arts that will be used to allure you, none will be more potent than ridicule.

Evil companions never call things by their right names. Debauchery, prodigality and drunkenness they define as "living like a gentleman," while economy and sobriety are meanness and "want of spirit."

Now it must be conceded that great fortitude is required to remain firm in integrity during an onslaught of raillery—and here is a grand opportunity to show your courage and good sense under this formidable fire of ridicule.

If you do not at once fall into this trap and cry: "Hail fellow, well met—I'm with you," they will dub you coward, and return to the charge with greater temptations—and there is danger that by becoming familiar with evil courses, you will cease to regard them as evil, and by thus ceasing to hate them, you will soon learn to *endure*, love and practice them.

Perhaps you think this is an old fogy sentimeut—but all the same—it's true.

An habitual loafer, who yet *appears* respectable, is not a fit companion—he is generally ready to pounce upon you from a street corner, to coax you on to ruin.

Do not allow him to gain the advantage of even one false step, for then he will no longer have faith in your resolution, but will be sure that you will be less likely to resist the second.

In keeping his company, you must necessarily loaf also—and this will seriously affect your prospects in life, even if you mean well, for an observant, prudent man would hardly expect to find an habitual lounger trustworthy.

This kind of companion usually lives by his wits; by borrowing, begging, or getting *somehow*—and the "somehow" often leads to the gallows.

Perhaps some young man has already commenced "seeing life," under the guidance of a rollicking companion, he is being initiated, and he rather likes it, he seems to be walking in straight and verdant paths strewn with flowers—perfumed—melodious with the warbling of birds, and overhung with luscious fruit.

Let him beware! He is on the devil's highway.

And the idle, loafing kind of a life leads to lying, obscene conversation, falsely called lively sallies of humor—*double entendres*, which pass for wit—delight in villainous pictures, gambling, drunkenness, swindling schemes, defaulting, burglary, revenge

and murder, besides those which are unfit even to mention here.

The reaping of all this sowing is remorse.

But we hope better things of you who heed our warning. There is happily a brighter side to the relations which a young man may have with his companions.

Although environed with terrible temptations, you may lead an honorable, virtuous life. Take heart, then, for much is expected of you.

The state needs you; society needs you, and some young woman, a helpmate, is waiting for you.

If your calling in life is coarse, low or unremunerative, it is not vulgar simply because of it; if your externals are humble, make it up inside, and if possible associate with your superiors.

Seek for the companionship of a disinterested friend.

A friend upon whose fidelity and counsel you can safely rely in all your difficulties, who will console, delight, and help you.

Be honest.

Free trust, full power, and immediate temptation should be the greatest motive for forbearance.

"Blessed are the pure in heart!"

Cultivate, moderately, the society of well-educated young ladies, whose genial, refined influence will incline you to goodness and propriety, and value their friendship as a privilege.

Right living gives a clear conscience, sound health and manliness, which is only another name for nobility of soul.

Deserving companions minister to your self-respect, they develop the good in you, and there is no after pain in the pleasures to which they lead you.

These companions of yours, of what sort are they?

If opportunity, temptation occur for wrong doing, do they advise you to stand firm?

Do they lead you from vice or toward it?

Are they truthful, honest and just in their dealings?

Are they seeking to enlighten and elevate you, or are they dragging you down—down to their own level?

Once more, "Tell me your company and I'll tell you what you are!"

A YOUNG WOMAN'S FOLLIES.

FOLLY is defined by good authorities as "Want of understanding—an absurd or imprudent act, not highly criminal—sin—depravity of mind."

Doubtless young women are not aware that such strong language could be applied to them.

May not a well-wisher, in a kindly spirit, take you by the hand—in imagination at least, and have a familiar, earnest chat about these follies which you would assuredly mend, if you could see yourselves as others see you?

"Perhaps it will turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

It shows a serious "want of understanding" for a young woman to allow herself to be so wholly given up to amusement as to be really unhappy when left alone to her own resources—for without the stimulus of fun, she will have but a sorry time, and her mind will be fallow, indeed.

Folly has its humorous side also. Any young woman will furnish an example of this who munches peanuts in a street-car, dipping persistently into the paper bag, until the whole quart is devoured!

"Vanity of vanities" is tight lacing; and it may fitly be classed among the "sins."

The corset fiend is a growing evil, too!

To be squeezed as in a vise—subjected to a species of inquisitorial torture—insidious, slow, but *sure*, is certainly one of the most inexplicable of follies—and oddly enough, it is also the most difficult to resign.

Tight lacing has always been unqualifiedly condemned by the faculty; and we advise young women to read what they say about it—"a word to the *wise* is sufficient."

It is an absurd folly for a young woman having dark hair, to bleach it, and suddenly appear as a blonde: one may justly suppose that she cares more for the outside of her head than for the ideas within; besides, the fraud is apparent, for the work is never perfectly done.

We happen to know of two *young* women who lamented the premature appearance of a few gray hairs so very much, that to conceal them they used a popular hair-dye. The result was —death.

The frequency with which we see young faces beaming from beneath locks white or gray enough for an octogenarian, is becoming alarming!

When will our girls learn to be content with such charms as nature gives them?

Why do they imagine that a number four foot looks well in a number two shoe? And as if this was not harmful enough, they must wear French heels, and go mincing and shambling along as if "treading on eggs"—when they know that the wearing of these high, narrow heels are detrimental to sound health, and also seriously affects the eyes.

If kept within reasonable limits, the desire to look stylish and pretty is commendable in young people; but it is a folly to follow fashion too closely, and serve merely as a lay-figure for the exhibition of fine clothes.

It makes a young woman too conspicuous, and thus provokes criticism; it shows the caliber of her mind, entails useless expense, is a waste of time, and causes envy.

A story is told of a girl whose health suffered from following the extreme vagaries of fashion. In order to effect a cure for this mania, her father sent her to a school in an obscure village, supplying her regularly with a *Fashion Chronicle*, gotten up by himself to meet the exigencies of the case.

At the proper time she was allowed to return home and accompany her father to the opera—a huge carrot graced her

bonnet upon that occasion—the latest style from the *Fashion Chronicle*.

She was effectually cured by ridicule.

But was the wearing of the ugly yellow vegetable any more ridiculous than fashion's freaks in our own day of owls, daggers and horse-shoes?

It is painful to see the gewgaws that young women wear; cheap imitations that deceive no one; copper bracelets, over soiled gloves; insects worn as earrings, which, by the bye, are relics of a barbarous age when nose-jewels were the rage, and many other absurd fashions which are not in good taste, if not in keeping with their position, dress and general appearance.

Dancing may rightly be classed among a young woman's follies, if enjoyed immoderately to the detriment of health and modesty.

With some it becomes a passion, they are not happy unless they can

"Dance all night till broad daylight,"

and then, perhaps, are obliged to go to work in the morning. Verily, this is a dangerous folly.

It is said that in a certain part of our globe fair emigrants receive offers of marriage through speaking trumpets, before they leave the ship. "In this country, however," adds the narrator, "it requires something louder than speaking trumpets to make them keep their distance."

Indeed? Girls, what a humiliating satire this is! Is there a grain of truth in it? Let us think of the subject together.

Forwardness and presumption convey a disagreeable impression to every intelligent observer.

Young men especially are very severe in their criticisms of a young woman's conduct.

They may admire your beauty and grace, but they will not respect your follies—and every bold, forward girl brings odium upon the whole sex.

You must ever bear in mind, that it is a woman's province to be wooed—not to woo.

Beauty receives flattery—but beauty combined with ignorance and folly will not please a sensible fellow very long; the plainest features if irradiated with intelligence and good sense will be preferred.

A young woman should not let judgment lose its balance in love matters. She must not suppose that her lover is "dying about her."

This is folly, because experience has proved that, as a rule, he will not die—when rejected, but will live—to marry another.

Sometimes, too, a young woman seems unaccountably possessed with the spirit of coquetry, and lavishes smiles as though they were of no value.

We know that our girls, notwithstanding their faults and follies, which are generally the result of ignorance and thoughtlessness, are full of sweet, wholesome and generous impulses.

We rejoice that their follies provoke ridicule rather than censure.

Their souls are pure, and their faces betray continually the lights and shades of their nature.

Let it then be their highest endeavor to press onward, to a noble womanhood.

COMMON SENSE.

COMMON sense may be defined as that faculty of perception, or sense of fact and right, which is common to mankind—a faculty which may be developed to a high degree of perfection, or exist in a good serviceable sort, without what is called education. It is important to obtain a clear notion of this quality or property of the mind, as its character and usefulness have been very seriously questioned of late by philosophers and teachers to whom the world is wont to look as leaders of opinion, and whose dicta on any subject of general and personal interests must needs exercise a large measure of influence. It has been contended, and with irresistible force, as we think, that there is a point in the history of knowledge, or information, at which truth or fact becomes self-evident—that is to say, as the saying goes, on self-evidence.

It is necessary to determine where this point lies and how it is reached. That the conditions may, and probably do, differ in respect of individual subjects to cognizance is obvious; but it seems likely, on the face of circumstances, that a point must be reached where truth becomes self-evident, with respect to every matter of which the mind is able to assure itself.

The progress of science is a gradual subjugation of facts to the reign of the self-evident. At first a matter of cognizance is doubtful: as we become better acquainted with it, we perceive not only that it *is*, but that it *must be*, as we find each day new evidences of the truth are discovered, until at length the fact becomes self-evident, and its knowledge is a simple act of common sense.

This would seem to make common sense a faculty occupying an advanced position in the field of mental exercise—and so in truth it is; but the progress of science has rather to do with the subject-matter of common sense than with the faculty itself. Doubtless in the course of racial development the faculty has been improved with the other properties of the human brain.

The average mind of a civilized people has grown to a higher and better type as the result of education, so that propositions are more easily understood than they used to be, and better intellectual work is done by a larger number of persons in the community. It is not, however, with this development that we are at the moment principally concerned.

Science, so to say, conquers the kingdom of truth in detail, and, as each new fact is annexed and its constitution and relations are expounded, it is added to the stock of knowledge fall-

ing within the province of common sense. For example, the law of gravity, which is a comparatively recent discovery, has come to be a matter of common sense, that is, a self-evident proposition which can be understood by everybody without an elaborate and almost without any conscious process of reasoning.

The process by which this point is reached is, as we have said, one of elucidation. The facts and conditions which surround and shape a truth are explored and explained so that every one sees them. It is upon the discovery of these connecting links that everything depends. The same links, which are in truth laws, apply to an innumerable multitude of facts; just as the same rules of arithmetic are applicable to and govern every possible combination of figures. It is with these links or laws that common sense operates. In the hands of that faculty they constitute a series of ready and simple tests which, being applied to objects of which we have not as yet acquired any certain experience, enable us to classify them, to detect and expose fallacies.

What the two-foot rule and the plumb-line are to the carpenter and builder, these laws or principles of truth are to common sense, and with their aid everything new or old, strange or familiar, is, as it were, instinctively tested. Thus the matter-of-fact thinker who is asked to believe in a "ghost" refuses to do so, because it is, as he says, opposed to common sense that there should be existences which do not conform to his system of nature and cannot be approached by his tests.

As science advances, it may happen that other laws and principles of nature, as yet unthought of, will be discovered, and then the area of common sense will be extended so that things may be included which are not at present even dreamt of in its philosophy.

No man of experience or active observation can be content to bound his view of nature by the limits of common sense, although he may refuse to accept anything directly opposed to it. The self-evident is true; but two questions arise—what is to be the measure or test of self-evidence, and is that quality or property of truth to be deemed indispensable? Are we to believe all that *seems* evident to our senses? If so, we may be cheated at every turn. It is, in a practical sense, "evident" to most of the persons present at a conjurer's *seance* that he places the pea under a particular thimble, yet he does not do so. To the multitude of observers before the time of Copernicus it was "self-evident" that the sun moved. Those who insist on self-evidence as the test of truth probably mean to include experience as part of the proof, or they attach a special significance to the term "evident" and make it stand for generally accepted as proved.

On the other hand, it would be rash to discard the agency and teachings of common sense. What this faculty cannot comprehend, should be regarded as subject to further inquiry, or must be taken on authority; but it is antagonistic to the

spirit and experience of science to deny the existence of all that cannot be demonstrated.

Hereafter common sense may come to be the universal instinct of comprehension; as yet it is only one of many powers wherewith the mind is endowed, and which in turn it must exercise if it would be wholly wise, logical, and truth-seeking.

Not one man in a thousand knows—of his own knowledge—a tithe of the so-called "facts" with which he is acquainted; yet no sensible person would dare to twit the possessor of a large stock of book-lore, in short, a well-read, but untraveled man, with defect of common sense because he believes on authority.

It is not necessary to go to England in order to believe in the existence of London. The tea we receive from China is, in a way, evidence of the fact that there is a country of that name where tea is cultivated, but the assumption is made on authority. When skeptics object to authority as a basis of faith, they do not so much demur to the nature as the quantity of the evidence. It is important this should be understood. They do not think it unreasonable to believe in the existence of a country called India, although they may not have seen it, because a large number of reputable persons have affirmed the fact.

What they do object to is our believing in the existence of a God and a future state, since, as they say, no witnesses can be brought to corroborate the assertion. It is, in short, against the lack of corroborative testimony and of experience, not against authority, that the objection is urged. This being recognized, it is useless disputing over a point with regard to which there is no difference.

Common sense admits authority, but the authority must be concurrent, or so corroborated by dependent evidence that it may be reasonably accepted.

There is no objection, for instance, to believe the fact that Cæsar commanded the Roman legions which invaded Gaul, although there can be no living authority as to this fact of history, but the testimony to the truth of the history told by the chroniclers has been continuous, and is therefore brought home to the mind, and within the grasp of common sense.

It should be the aim of those who seek to combat the skeptical spirit abroad to show that this is the case with regard to Christianity; that the authority on which the system rests is not exhausted, but has been continued to us by a cloud of witnesses, whose numbers must give weight to the testimony they bear.

There is nothing opposed to common sense in religion, but minds are not to be coerced into believing without the presentation of evidence—the evidence of authority—upon which to rest, and in which to repose quietly, hopefully, and faithfully.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS include something more than skill in art, trade, or house-wifery, for excellence of mind, as well as ele-

gance of manners, constitutes an important part of the acquirements of a fully accomplished young woman.

The more talent a woman has, the more she feels bound to make of herself a perfectly rounded character, and of course just as women are elevated will their children be elevated.

The field of science and art is so vast and broad, that it almost robs one of courage to think even of beginning, but experience proves that that which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest, and perhaps value most.

To enjoy life properly one must be in possession of sound health, and if a young man or woman include among their accomplishments a fair knowledge of hygienic laws, they will have learned the art of self-defense.

This is a fact of incalculable importance:

> " 'Tis beauty that doth make women proud;
> 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired—
> 'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

Modesty, then, is a necessary accomplishment. " It is a kind of quick, delicate feeling in the soul which makes a woman shrink and withdraw herself from everything that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility as warns her to shun the *first* appearance of everything which is hurtful."

Elegance of manner is a desirable accomplishment.

True politeness is rare. We have our society manners, but they are put off with our evening costumes, as too fine to be wasted upon one's own family. We have, too, a wholesome dread of Mrs. Grundy; but what about our appearance and conversation at home?

It is apparently trifling things that mark good breeding. Perfect ease of manner—an absence of *hauteur*, and of servility—combined with dignity and affability, are the characteristics of the true lady.

Nature is not kind to all young women; to some she gives harsh, rasping voices—and what is more disagreeable than a rough, loud voice?

We are all of us influenced by the tones of the voice; then why not cultivate our own—its intonations, inflections, and, above all, its pitch—and thus improve it for conversation so as to be able to manage it easily and judiciously?

To be able to talk well—to converse properly and elegantly, and to the point—clearly expressing the ideas, is an accomplishment to be coveted, but having a glib tongue, or the " gift of gab," does not constitute a good conversationalist.

Candor is also an accomplishment suitable for a young woman. if it does not include rudeness. It requires tact to tell the truth—in these days of society lies—without making it a bitter pill to swallow.

Tact is a rare gift. To have the power of overcoming difficulties, and repairing blunders, and of promoting harmony and enjoyment in our little circle, and to do it unobtrusively simply by the exercise of a little tact, is an accomplishment worth possessing.

System is a household economy, forbearance is the watchword of the family circle, and sewing is a personal necessity and accomplishment.

Sewing is social—it does not interfere with thought or conversation—the mind and tongue may move in company with the needle—and then, too, in completion there is usefulness.

Verily, skilled fingers can mingle subtle, shadowy, fantastic shapes and intricate patterns until they are fashioned marvels of beauty, which shall be a "joy forever."

What a vast amount of beautiful creations there are, scattered broadcast around us—from rare pictures and sculpture down to lovely trifles—exquisite cobwebs, and airy nothings, which seem the work of fairies.

Even to see them is a pleasure worth living for; then what a grand thing it must be to have the power to create even the least of them.

Oh! it is good to be accomplished.

Our expensively reared American girls of the upper classes scorn the very idea of having a trade; they are quite above learning the pleasure and value of money earned by themselves.

If they can do fancy work, and sing, and dress well, and understand the irksome etiquette required in fashionable society, they are considered accomplished.

This butterfly existence gives them but vague ideas of the real duties of life; if they but look charming, and make a good match, and excel other girls in a turn out—this is happiness.

Queen Victoria has had each of her children trained in some one art, trade or accomplishment, that each could be a bread-winner, if necessary. What a contrast.

An earnest woman, under ordinary circumstances, may, if she chooses cultivate any talent she possesses, to its utmost extent.

She may educate herself to the ownership of many useful and ornamental accomplishments.

She may learn to control her temper to evenness, and her voice to gentleness; she may make herself entertaining, and useful to the comfort of others.

She may be a toiler in the world's vineyard, and yet have time and opportunity to acquire rare excellence of mind and person; and in addition to natural graces, she may be an accomplished woman with elegant manners.

All this and more is possible. It has been done, and will be done again.

Then take heart and courage!

There's a chance for every young man and woman to make themselves a necessity, wherever or whatever their lot may happen to be.

> "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
> Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

DRESS.

THAT one might "as well be out of the world as out of the fashion" is less true nowadays—for fashion, less arbitrary, allows larger freedom of choice, and greater liberty to consult one's individual taste.

Taste is the faculty of discerning beauty, symmetry, and harmony; therefore to dress well, it is necessary to have some knowledge of one's own "points."

For example—a tall woman should not wear a dress with stripes, as it will make her appear taller—and a short, plump figure will be still more diminutive in one of a large showy pattern.

Sisters sometimes dress alike. One may be blonde, and the other brunette, yet they will both wear blue bonnets—one may have red hair and the other brown, yet pink dresses will be considered equally appropriate for both.

A florid complexion needs toning with cold, neutral tints—while a warmer coloring in ribbons or flowers sets off a pale, delicate one to greater advantage.

Thus, to study one's "points," becomes a necessity if there is a desire to attain the extreme of elegance.

No vagaries can excel the fashion in dress, except, indeed—the weather—and with such complete resources of opportunity and selection women can consult their individual tastes.

And what beautiful things there are to choose from; no wonder the shopper is tempted, there is such beauty and variety of fabric, such prodigality of color, and patterns so artistically lovely that one needs to ponder and balance before purchasing.

The love of dress in woman is severely and sarcastically criticised by men; but what about the impetus this very passion gives to trade?

Think of the millions of dollars she sets rolling the world over, and of the vast army of workers employed in her service.

Women dress for women—not for men. Very few men can easily detect "imitations" in the adorning of costume; if the general effect is good they are pleased, but women can tell at a glance the genuine from the false.

Apparently it is the wish of every woman to dress as well as her neighbor; of course, then, the toiler must obtain a wardrobe wholly disproportioned to her means, or take refuge in cheap imitations.

There are girls who prefer severe simplicity rather than wear sham jewelry, even though it might look just as well; they are exceptional, however, for it is indeed difficult for "a maid to forget her ornaments."

Time was when women were a "piece of a pattern;" there seemed to be but little diversity of taste, and to differ from everybody stamped one as "peculiar;" but now fashion is never at a standstill; it wavers and drifts into all unreasonableness,

and we have our day of circumference, followed by that of attenuation.

Of course the full development of cultured taste is hampered by limited means—but after all a woman's dress betrays something of her mind, or at least hints at its caliber.

It seems to be a duty, then, to dress becomingly—to contribute a share of harmony and also of fitness to the ethics of fashion, but time is too precious to be wasted upon its passing fancies.

An ugly bonnet is trying to good looks, but young people do not suffer as much as their elders, in the wearing.

"Our beauty's bonnet,
Not a ribbon or rose upon it,
Such a Quakerish little hat!
But never a soul that gazes
Where such a blooming face is,
Thinks of aught but the rose on that!"

But there is an art in growing old gracefully—a faded face looks older still when contrasted with the bright fresh color that belongs alone to youth.

Costly lace is an important accessory to the toilet. There is an ethereal delicacy in its graceful folds which softens and imparts an added loveliness to beauty—and it is the ambition of women to possess it; where one has an embarrassment of riches, this is very well; but alas! the extravagance of fashionable women has much to do with the countless embezzlements and defalcations that are every day bringing names once honored to obloquy.

"We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry,
And keeps our larder lean."

Wives and daughters worry themselves haggard in their endeavor to compete with those of larger means, and it is a strife trying to the temper and nerves, and wearing to life.

Statistics inform us that the list of bachelors is alarmingly increasing—young men fear to marry, lest the wife's bills, added to their own extravagances, should be a burden too heavy to bear.

Young women have assumed a masculine style of costume. It is convenient and inexpensive, has the merit of being less elaborate, and is a decided improvement upon the bloomer style, but it is offensive to old-fashioned notions of correct taste.

Fashion has its arbitrary rules, even for the expression of grief. Sable robes as a badge of mourning have become so universal a custom that those who neglect this mark of respect for the dead are branded as vain and heartless; and there are few who have the courage to bear the brunt of outraged public opinion.

There are those, however, who would deem it a pain and mockery to flaunt gay colors, when the heart is full of sorrow for the loved ones gone before.

Young men and maidens should conform to the prevailing modes—always, however, with restrictions.

They should avoid extremes, and never wear anything unbecoming to their general appearance and position in society, or offensive to morality. Girls should give the lungs plenty of breathing room, and dress the feet warmly, and every economical young woman knows that she who has no second dress finds it difficult to save the first.

They should adapt their attire to their surroundings and occupations, and if much in the kitchen they should wear a calico and not a cast-off party-dress—some seem to think that any kind of an old dress, however shabby, is good enough for home wear, who yet shine resplendent in society.

There are vulgarisms in costumes as well as in manners—soiled or ripped gloves worn with a toilet of satin—a profusion of cotton lace, coarse enough to betray its plebeian origin, and an inharmonious blending of colors, plainly show a want of refinement, and missing buttons supplemented by pins hint at extremely careless habits. A happy mean in dress is best.

We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so, yet we often follow suit just as absurdly, and when we make ourselves ridiculous, or *outre* we must submit to be laughed at.

Finally—dress adorns, dignifies, degrades or educates, according as we use it.

THE PASSING HOUR.

YOUTH is the time for the singing of birds. It seems never tired of seeing or hearing, and every object is tinted with the warm glowing colors of fancy.

It is the ideal world of expectancy—the ship is sure to come in and to bring with it fortune and happiness.

The lessons of the passing hour, undoubtedly, have such a tremendous influence upon the plastic minds of our young folks, that educators and philanthropists, alive to this fact, are every day devising ways and means to avert the evils which menace them.

One of the growing tendencies of the hour is to undervalue *home*—its simple, wholesome pleasures and duties.

The daughters of the family too often lead superficial lives—they have their society manners and conventional phrases, which are laid aside with their society dresses, while the sons and brothers make of home merely a lodging place, *after* the "wee sma'" hours.

Neither of them have time to cultivate home virtues or graces—or to become acquainted with one another—or yet to learn that the real marrow of life is in its higher experiences.

Truly this is a fast age! And corrupting influences seem to be alarmingly extending in our growing republic.

The homelier virtues of prudence, patience and humility are in danger of being despised.

Integrity is too little thought of—making haste to be rich is

becoming a passion—while political honors are used but as stepping-stones to fortune.

Alas! Fraud most bare-faced; murder and outrage most foul, give evidence of an increasing lack of morals—how pertinent then is the question of the hour:

"Whither are we drifting?"

Our young people do not need to be told that idleness leads to crime.

The young idler seeks to kill time—enjoying the passing hour in butterfly fashion, while the industrious may be said to call it into life.

Hora ruit! "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," is a precept taught in the very morning of life—but is seldom learned till late in the evening.

"Millions for one moment of time," said Queen Elizabeth, when dying—but millions could not buy it.

An indolent young fellow once said to the girl he loved best, "I could be happy *anywhere*, with you by my side." Like a sensible girl, she took advantage of this willingness—not, however, showing her hand—and led him to entertainments, and to lectures, where amusement was combined with instruction, where high art appealed to the nobler part of his nature, until he became really interested, and at last acquired a taste for simple, ennobling pleasures and pursuits.

No young person need be idle—or ever need fear the want of a mission.

The passing hour furnishes abundant opportunities for clothing the shivering, and carrying comfort to sick beds and good cheer to desolate homes.

Young people are too apt to enjoy the passing hour in reading only for amusement.

"Reading," says Bacon, "makes a full man." Reading is to the mind what food is to the body—to be vigorous and healthy, it must maintain a thorough acquaintance with the imperishable thoughts of the living and the dead.

There are treasures in books for our inheritance, and the choicest gold to be had for the digging; but we must dig—earnestly and persistently—it is genius alone which waits for impulse.

How foolish to waste life waiting for a golden opportunity of doing something great!

Reading without proper discipline, is really nothing more than laborious trifling—habits of this kind of thoughtless indolence are easily formed, and what at the passing hour seems but a small affair will soon become fixed, and hold one with the strength of a cable.

We must labor, then, to obtain mental culture; and it is perfectly clear that the most industrious has really the most leisure.

Even this passing hour may be utilized by learning this one important fact, which if acted upon may lead to fame and fortune.

The mind should be so trained as to be prepared with materials

of real practical use—gathered little by little—by persistent, well-directed study and reading; it will then have a plentiful storehouse from which to draw in any emergency, and there will be a provision for any condition, high or low—for a thorough education is a fortune in itself.

Nothing is more delightfully characteristic of the passing hour than the interest which is manifested in giving to woman solid, substantial accomplishments, which shall qualify her creditably and honorably to fill her appropriate place—to add to her usefulness, and to perfect the symmetry of her life.

It is a law of nature that our minds insensibly imbibe a coloring from those with whom we associate—then each passing hour as we travel onward—at work, or play, let us choose wisely those companions who will perhaps shape our thoughts and actions.

The youth of our country tread upon ground bought with hardships, toil and blood.

With such a glorious heritage, how can they be ignoble?

Their watchword should be—onward—upward—excelsior!

The lessons of the passing hour open to them immense fields of usefulness.

Let them, then—guided by the principles of the immortal heroes—be alive to duty—and active for the welfare of society.

Let them *persevere*—putting heart into their labor of love, and setting their faces resolutely against shams and extravagancies of all kinds, try to extract what pure, sweet honey they may from life.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And in dying leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of Time.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

SOCIABLES.

We all know that pleasure is the *sine qua non* of youthful hearts.

Imagination necessarily belongs to the spring-time of life; for without an enjoyment of the poetical and æsthetic, youth must lose half its attractiveness and influence for good.

When once the stimulus of amusement has been tasted, life's common, simple duties seem insipid; but let us not forget that the harm comes not altogether in the use, but in the abuse.

"Sociables?" The very name suggests coziness, good cheer and hilarity.

Our young people—especially the dwellers in cities can have no adequate idea of the old-time gatherings known as donation parties, quilting bees, apple paring frolics, huskings, etc., in

which all ages and sexes participated, grandfather, and "granny" even, joining in those innocent games in which kisses for the fortunate were admissible.

Generally the young folk, tiring of these, paired off by themselves, for more boisterous fun—such as romping around the big chimney, leaving their elders to enjoy a bit of quiet gossip over cups of fragrant Bohea.

But these olden-time gatherings have become mere memories of the past, and in their stead we have the modern sociable.

Perhaps of all others church sociables are the least objectionable as affording more rational amusement, and as being an "informal company" of the same tastes and opinions, gotten together with but little of time or money, and whose respectability is vouched for by the very fact of membership.

But resembling most its old-fashioned neighbor is the meeting of the popular downright merry-makers, known as "our set."

They are scattered broadcast among young people, and there is a wholesome atmosphere of hospitality and geniality among them which is very enjoyable; and as everybody knows every other body thoroughly, there is mutual liking, sympathy and confidence.

And the lads and lassies frequently become so well pleased with each other, that they are content to remain together for aye; and our set sociables and surprise parties result in many happy marriages.

Then, too, there are the more formal receptions. To avoid fuss, wealthy fashionable ladies prefer to receive their callers all at one time, and so they are "at home" on some designated day.

Verily! sociability of this sort is a snare and a delusion!

The house is brilliantly illuminated—in the day time; the better to conceal blemishes, and to produce artistic effects—the hostess in full dress, dispenses fashionable smiles indiscriminately; while coffee or chocolate in tiny hand-painted china cups is being handed to the guests, together with bits of rich cake, which they *nibble*, while furtively, yet critically, examining their neighbors' costumes. Then the majority go away envious and dissatisfied.

Truly this too, at the end, is vanity, and vexation of spirit!

Then, there are the evening receptions, where dancing alternates with flirting; and the more pretentious reception and introducing of some distinguished guest, who is perhaps a star of the first magnitude, and there is a crush and a rush to behold him in his glory.

Alas! there is a rush for the edibles also!

It has been said that Americans "look genteel," but that they "feed vulgarly."

Is there not a grain of truth in this sarcasm?

Indeed, it seems as if such guests brought their appetites with them; and, as a vicious critic has it, "sharp set, from a lean larder."

Hope for flowers in summer, and warmth in winter, but do not expect sociability at receptions.

Hops, re-unions and coteries, are more formal and perhaps a shade less social than calico, necktie, or apron parties; these each have their specialties of fun—so do leap year parties, or "hops," which coming so seldom, and affording such a privilege, are all the more appreciable.

At the West silhouette parties are the rage, and in our own city we hear of phantom parties.

One can readily imagine that a social element would obtain, where skillful fingers cut and distributed likenesses of the guests, but what phantom parties can be is not easy to determine.

Are the young people costumed to represent ghosts, or is the company composed only of thin, ethereal people, of more shadow than substance?

Verily! we have something new—and, possibly the phantoms are sociable.

For pure, unmitigated gossip, we will not say scandal, lunch parties take the lead.

Think of it, the band of noble reformers, broadcast over our land, women sitting with their bonnets on at a table covered with fine linen, satin and lace, with furniture of rare device and loaded with delicacies brought from the corners of the earth, sitting thus for four long hours, sipping and chatting about—what? The fashions, or their servants, possibly.

Women of position and culture, too, from whom we might expect better things.

The amount of fatigue society women go through with season after season is amazing, yet they claim to be so high-toned as to be refined to the point of etherealism.

Some of them—a few only—affect extreme sensibility by lavishing feeling upon pet dogs, carrying the little animals about wrapped in rich garments, cut according to the latest style—for dogs—yet these aristocrats would actually blush to be seen in the streets carrying their children in their arms.

Truly this is the essence of vulgarity!

The mother carrying the dog—the nurse following with the baby!

And yet this is but one outcome of folly from the evil done by a false, *strained social element*, and our fashionable young woman would do well to consider it.

The vivid tingling of delight with which young people seize upon pleasure in its various forms proves it a necessity—but "where there is all holiday, there is no holiday," says Charles Lamb.

There is such an element of expansion in leisure that unless carefully repressed and limited it will soon absorb one's whole life—it will intrench upon the mind, too, and lower the standard of morality.

It is very desirable that you young folks should be able to carry into life an inward standard of what is refined and noble, and as your aims are largely swayed by the influence of companionship, great caution should be used in selecting the

status and quality of the social element in which you wish to mingle.

No matter by what imposing name your particular set may be called, investigate its doings, and take care that its members are of that sort who will strengthen you in all good purposes.

"'Tis astonishing," says one, "how much good goodnesss makes."

Dr. Paley, the moralist and theologian, when a student at Cambridge wasted his time on unprofitable pleasures and pursuits.

One morning a friend came to his bedside. and in grave, earnest tones, said to him:

"Paley, what a fool you are! I can afford the means of dissipation—you are poor and cannot afford it. I could do nothing probably, even were I to try. You are capable of doing anything. I have lain awake all night thinking about your folly, and I have now come solemnly to warn you—indeed, if you go on in this way—I must renounce your society altogether!"

We hardly need say that the rare candor of this noble friend had its desired effect.

True, it is easier to get into the ditch than out of it, and if you join the jovial fellows at the club, or the pleasant once-in-a-while sociable, you must first count the cost, and be sure that you can afford to "pay the piper."

There are young husbands and wives imitating the wealthy in giving entertainments, and going far beyond their means in trying to keep up a certain style—and hard-working girls, too, spend their earnings in the same ridiculous way.

These things call loudly for reform; but we would not discourage any young, brave heart from seeking amusements suited to his position and purse.

Wholesome fun is healthy for body and mind; as a nation, we need a little more of it—and happily we are beginning to find this out.

Suitable social intercourse promotes the growth of a spirit of mutual sympathy and intelligence—and also of a habit of courtesy and refined—but if it be incongruous—not appropriate to the condition, a spirit of envy and uncharitableness is likely to find a lodgment in the soul.

It is difficult to draw the line where pleasure should begin and end; but a thoughtful young person can determine how much time he can afford from the active duties of bread winning, and from the sleep required to keep the fire within burning evenly and steadily—and also what he *knows* he can spare from that little store, put by for the wedding, and the rainy day.

Feelings, thoughts and opinions change—and pass away almost as quickly as the pleasures of the social hour—but what one *does*, lasts.

THE BALL-ROOM.

It is possible that a young man may attend balls night after night, the season through, and remain unharmed; but it is not probable—and certainly it will not be without a struggle.

"A young fellow's heart," said one who knew, "should be in as excellent discipline as a man of war."

Why? That he may have a true interpretation of what is best for the bright glad hours of his life's sweet spring, say we.

In the ball-room—glowing with color, sparkling with light, and inspired with a concord of sweet sounds—a glamour is thrown over him, transfiguring every object, and leaving him at the mercy of every impulse.

Society nowadays—ball society at least—is chiefly composed of common-place girls, with but few ideas, who play a little and sing a little, and dance a great deal—whose conversation is garrulous nonsense—and who indulge in a round of balls; and whose highest ambition is to shine queens of the ball-room.

And when the frivolous creatures *are* so shining, we must admit that they are lovely.

"If Satan be clothed like an angel of light, and every feather in his wing be of silver or of gold, he is the devil inside, notwithstanding."

The experience of ages has taught us nothing different from this.

And so, when your partner in the dance, this lovely one with but few ideas, is reclining upon your shoulder, and your arm is thrown around her so tenderly, and the glamour is thrown around *you*, so that you are tempted to whisper into her pretty pink ear:

> "If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
> And be all to me?"

do not—pray do not forget the after breathing of the prudent poet:

> "Shall I never miss
> Home talk and blessing, and the common bliss
> That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
> When I look up, to drop on a new range
> Of walls and floors, another home than this?"

What men—young or old—want most in their homes, is rest—rest and peace—the sweet calm of an untroubled fireside.

Is the ball-room goddess—the shining one—likely to help you to this? Would it not be wiser to *wait* and see your charmer when divested of ball-room adornments; when the glow and sparkle of the hour is over, and she is in every day mood and attire; before you venture upon the important subject of marriage?

And if you do wait, it is altogether probable that you will be grateful to the prudent impulse.

What of your own aims?

Surely they must carry you beyond dancing—beyond the present hour. Can you fall below your ideal, and live below it con-

tentedly; and continue to indulge night after night in a high pressure life, that you *know* is not for your best development?

Can you do this, and respect yourself—or at least not charge yourself with folly?

Then, too, some darling project or secret ambition—some noble purpose might be carried to completion, with less money perhaps than you literally throw away.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been!"

The gay young wife, fond of dancing, needs a considerable share of sound sense to deny herself the pleasures of the ball-room.

A little fun now and then is a relish; but she must consider that the price of a ball ticket, carriage hire, supper and gloves for two—to say nothing of the larger item of dress—will cause quite a shrinkage in a husband's means and feelings, and a season's expenditure in this direction will foot up a neat little sum.

Then, too, the influence that this kind of sham, shallow life will be sure to have upon the young husband, is an extra item to be counted in, when considering the important question, can we afford it?

There is still another important consideration—that of health; the day before the ball—the reaction of the day after; are not these lost days in the calendar?

The body has its rights that cannot be slighted without peril—the body ought to be the soul's best friend—its dutiful helpmate.

Then there is the baby!

Alas! too often crying its little strength out, while mother is at the ball! Or left to the mercy of a servant, with her ever ready store of paregoric or soothing syrup.

Or perhaps with maternal or paternal caution, the little one is taken with them, and is kept all night in the dressing-room, exposed to draughts, the glare of lights, and chatter of voices.

Poor babe! To be thus early and rudely initiated into its mother's favorite amusement.

The maiden who is "out" in fashionable society—who has exquisite delight in displaying her taste for elegant and expensive costumes—who is conscious that she excites the envy of the women, and the admiration of all the gentlemen in the ball-room—may we venture to remind her, that youth is the time for culture?

She may be beautiful; she may have that undefinable charm and ease of movement we call grace; but she must not ignore the fact that something more is expected of the daughter of position and wealth than to excel in the ball-room.

Nowadays we expect of woman the highest cultivation; we expect logical faculty, exactness of thought, and sobriety of judgment.

Are you, fair maiden, fully up to the standard—or even approaching it?

If not, it is impossible to exaggerate the evil you are permitting yourself.

Do not allow a passion for dancing, with its concomitant display of dress, to dwarf your intellect; do not let the ignoble pleasures of the ball-room, its flirting, feasting, and wine-sipping, wholly supersede the nobler and more rational pleasures of life.

But what new departure is this, says one; is a girl to be mewed up and lose spirit and grace in poring over musty tomes—is she never to trip to "music's merry sound?"

No, no! dance if you must—but for sweet charity's sake, do it *moderately*, do it *modestly*, so that critics can find absolutely nothing to condemn.

Perhaps sober common sense needs to be tempered with a little nonsense, now and then—a few grains only—but not an overdose. And perhaps something might be said in favor of balls—the charity balls, the help they afford to

> "The butcher, the baker,
> And the candlestick maker,"

the impetus thus given to trade, and the good cheer they bring to the needy.

It must be confessed that to a dispassionate spectator, dancing has its absurdities; for what is more laughter-provoking than an awkward dancer—unconscious of being so—who bobs, ducks and kicks, or one who stands bolt upright, as though he had no joints to bend?

Some knowing one, in writing of the ball-room, has given us the following advertisement, which we copy for those it may concern:

"Lost! Somewhere between sunset and sunrise, many golden hours, each one worth sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

AMBITION.

WHAT is ambition?

The poet tells us "'Tis a glorious cheat!"

> ——"A fever at the core,
> Fatal to him who bears it—to all who ever bore."

And the greatest of all poets declares—"I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow"

> "By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?"

It is defined as a desire of fame, honor, power and excellence. It denotes, more commonly, however, an *inordinate* desire of power or eminence, accompanied with an indifference as to the means of obtaining it.

Ambition of some sort seems inherent in our nature, for

"Our nature is like oil: compound us with anything,
Yet still we strive to swim upon the top."

Youth is pre-eminently the time for aspirations.

"Life is short, art is long, opportunity fleeting, experiment slippery, judgment difficult," said Hippocrates, five hundred years before the Christian era—and his utterances are just as true to-day.

To you, young people, life seems one long summer day. You are dreamers, with longings unutterable. You cannot clothe with words the infinitude of restless aspirations which crowd your souls—and to know just when the opportunity is to be seized which shall lead to success—to be able to curb your inordinate ambition, it requires great wisdom—truly judgment *is* difficult.

Ambition is allied to energy and invincible determination.

"And but once kindled, quenchless evermore."

"There are no Alps" to the mind resolved to do or die—and in whatever phase it may come it is generally a life-work—whether it be to gain renown as a soldier, to win laurels as a statesman or orator, or by unobtrusive heroism and sacrifice; but in whatever channel it finds an outlet, it is untiring and indomitable.

Ambition is a virtue only when it is restrained and limited, and not allowed to overmaster that firm, cool judgment which weighs well—decides—and then acts.

The ambition to accumulate wealth is laudable, if it is not allowed to become a ruling passion.

To dig and delve early and late—denying one's self proper amusement, social converse, and the sweet ministrations of sympathy and charity—is to lose half that makes life bearable.

It is a commendable ambition, however, that resolves upon a competence—provided the mind is made up as to what *is* a competence—but to give up the feelings and the affections of one's nature, in order to "heap up riches," is a dangerous undertaking.

It is not improbable that the toiler and plodder may come to have such an ardent and unquenchable thirst for greed, as to be altogether unscrupulous, or else a veritable miser.

What heart of man is proof against the seducing charms of popular applause?

To be able to picture to men their secret thoughts, to win their sympathies, to change their opinions and help to shape their course, and to charm the intellect, by thrilling and burning eloquence, seems indeed a noble and excusable ambition.

Men, too, are ambitious of power—they desire to rule.

"Not kings alone.
Each villager has his ambition too."

And unsatisfied—like Alexander—they often weep for more. There are names, familiar as household words, whose deeds

have thrilled the world—Mohammed, Cromwell, Bonaparte—and hundreds of other ambitious, restless spirits. But we admire most those whose ambition has been shown by an *unselfish* devotion to humanity.

Girard, Howard, Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale, are all glorious examples of what can be done by souls fired with a noble ambition—not dwarfed by exaggerated theories, or Utopian schemes.

Broadcast over the world are honorable women, struggling for an educational equality. It is their highest ambition to elevate the educational standard of the vast army of intellectual workers of their own sex. God speed them!

"In this new time, when the long prayed-for day,
Rose-red with hope, illumines the sky."

Earnestly then do we plead for an ambition, which, scorning all ignoble aims, shall strive for an "all-round education," as varied as are the interests and duties of life—for a *thorough* education, which shall discipline, confirm and invigorate soul, mind and body.

Girls! are you aware of the possibilities within the reach of many of you?

Have you no ambition to have a life-purpose—to excel in some one thing—in art, science, or humble duty?

Or will you ignominiously fritter or dance away the best part of your lives?

Oh! we hope better things of you. You have too much womanly pride—too much spirit—to suffer mankind to say:

"Behold these shallow women, they have no knowledge as men have?"

Ambition and idleness are mortal foes—for, when once begun,

"'Tis always moving as the restless spheres,"

and no obstacle can hinder its progress.

"That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erlea
For in my way it lies."

And then, too, danger never daunts it.

"He is not worthy of the honeycomb,
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings."

And so the poets tell us that ambition is made of stern stuff, that never fails nor quails when once it has taken root in the human mind.

How tremendous then the responsibility!

How important that the mind should be early trained to accept a praiseworthy ambition, which, while it honors itself, will also benefit mankind.

Our young people are in advance of the last generation as regards advantages of every kind, and they may—*if they will*—succeed in all noble ambitions: and who can tell but that the most unlikely—the most unhonored of you all, may yet become

"One of the few, immortal names,
That were not born to die."

HONESTY.

INASMUCH as the power of habit is irresistible, how necessary it is for young people, at the outset, to acquire a habit of accuracy—and to do it on principle too—just as we cultivate any virtue.

For the *first* steps to dishonesty are imperceptible; we unconsciously exaggerate, we deceive ourselves even, and all for lack of an honest purpose; for an *educated* honest purpose will make us careful of speech; we muster our wits, and train our thoughts to accuracy, and honest action is the outgrowth of our endeavor.

Accuracy! What a rare acquisition this is!

But how very few young people think of it in this way—how very few are willing to submit to severe self-discipline in order to acquire a habit that shall influence their entire future.

For, if so disciplined, a young man—or woman—is clothed in the armor of a *reserve* power, ready to meet temptation.

There seems to be an inherent propensity to dishonesty in some. and if this be really true, this severe self-discipline seems doubly necessary.

All this is very prosy and uninteresting for youngsters, says one.

Of course it is, if you wish to grow, only, like Topsy; but if you wish to *think* as you grow, and to be honorable men and women, pray heed the advice.

Honesty is not altogether negative. It is an active principle. Even if you do not break the eighth commandment and actually steal, it does not necessarily follow that you are that "noblest work of God, an honest man." Honesty includes sincerity, and upright dealing also, while dishonesty ranges from the white lies of society to the most gigantic fraud.

"A man," says Emerson, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand, until you come to a particular angle, then it shows deep and beautiful colors."

A thoroughly honest man is straightforward—in whatever light or circumstance he may be placed—and there's a deal of meaning in the term. There is no "beating around the bush," no trickery, sharp practice, nor shams, and the more integrity he has the less he affects it, and he will not require or even ask his fellow to do anything that he scorns or is afraid to do himself.

Knavery bends where honesty is firm and upright, and there are innumerable degrees in cheating.

It is not honest to take a mean advantage in bargaining—representing as sound that which you know is unsound—nor to promise that which you have no intention of performing, nor to incur debts with no prospect of paying them.

It is not honest to defraud your employer of his just service, by waste of time or material, nor yet to refuse to defend the reputation of a friend unjustly assailed, and are you strictly

honest, if, while professing friendship, you wantonly repeat anything to his detriment?

Surely, these are not romantic notions of integrity!

Think, too, of the many devices to deceive, the poisons and impure substances mixed with our food, our bread, tea, coffee, and sugar; even drugs are so adulterated that physicians can have no confidence in their efficacy; then the short weights, and the "best on top." Truly this is an age of shams!

As an excuse for ways that are dark and crooked, there is the old flimsy plea that "honesty is not profitable," and perhaps some of you may say, Everyone does it—why cannot we?

Why? Because it is not honest!

Idleness leads to dishonesty—pleasure must be had, and pleasure demands money—and so the young man borrows from his employer's cash-box. Of course he intends to replace it—alas! he never does; he reasons that he might as well be punished "for a sheep as for a lamb," therefore, as more money is needed, more is taken—and so he goes on to the bitter end.

Better to have taken the honest path of duty—"duty before pleasure."

> "He that walks it, only thirsting
> For the right, and learns to deaden
> Love of self; before his journey closes
> He shall find stubborn thistles bursting
> Into glossy purples, which out-redden
> All voluptuous garden roses!"

Perhaps many of you are anticipating with impatience that blessed time when you can engage in brilliant speculations—in political life—or in the showy extravagances of fashionable society.

But have a care!—if you reach them your feet will stand in slippery places—and our word for it, these opportunities will be crucial, however flattering they may now appear.

We rejoice that honesty is not a relic of the past—and that it is not an unattainable virtue.

There are glorious examples on record of our young, noble seekers and strivers after what is highest.

Carlyle says of John Sterling, "A man of perfect veracity in thought, word and deed."

Think of it, what a eulogium!

"Integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity—there was no guile or baseness found in him."

And there are thousands of other souls to-day, just as beautiful—a vast army indeed, moving on to Perfection.

Will you join them?

Then begin *now*—in your fresh glorious youth—and never put off that armor of *reserve* power of which we have spoken, that you will have gathered and stored, as the years roll swiftly by.

Think of the scores, who after more than half a century of usefulness, and of honorable and respectable living, at last, under the terrible pressure of sudden temptation to dishonesty, have ignominiously fallen.

"Let him that standeth, take heed lest he fall."

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes: to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long da
From morn till night, my friend."

HEALTH.

"LIFE without health is useless," says an Asiatic proverb.

Therefore, oh, languid butterfly-queens of fashion, if you would not be ciphers, such as many men ought not to tolerate, give up dawdling over fancy work and French novels, and begin betimes the study of physiology and hygiene, for the knowledge of them is an indispensable part of a rational education—indeed, they have already taken their place in the educational curriculum provided for young women.

Do not be alarmed! It is not necessary to aim for a degree in medicine, nor to be crammed with bewildering details, or isms, or pathies.

"How to live," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "is the essential question—in what way to treat the body—how to live completely. As vigorous health and the mental elasticity which accompanies it are indisputably large elements of human happiness, the teaching how to maintain them yields in importance to scarcely any other teaching."

Mother! That most precious word in our language.

The young mother is sure to lavish sympathy and caressing love upon her child, but a *thinking* love also is demanded. Mrs. Browning says:

"Women know
How to rear up children; (to be just)
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words."

But is this all? The mother's self-sacrifice knows no limit; yet, says Mr. Spencer, "she is profoundly *ignorant* of the phenomena with which she has to deal!

"Here are the indisputable facts: that the development of children in mind and body follows certain laws—that unless these laws are in some degree conformed to, there must result serious physical and mental defects—and that only when they are completely conformed to can a perfect maturity be reached."

Then, surely, every young mother in our land ought to know what these laws of health are!

Every disease comes by the great law of cause and effect. *Nothing comes by chance.* Contagions, epidemics, malarias, nervousness, and a myriad woes may be guarded against by scientific knowledge—by the study of that wonderful machine, the human body.

In homely phrase, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and "there is no disease so dangerous as a want of

common sense." And so, girls, if you desire longevity, and care to be beautiful, you cannot begin too soon to acquire general knowledge of hygiene.

Mayhap we can give you a few hints which may urge you to look into the subject more closely.

Diet, sleep, air, sunlight and exercise are each necessary to even tolerable health.

The glorious sunlight! Imagine the light of the sun put out forever! Universal death would be the result!

Let us then appreciate the cheering, life-giving sunshine too much to adopt the American liking for darkened living-rooms.

In regard to the advantages of the blessed sunlight, we quote from Dr. Winslow: "In the spring, a potato was left behind in a cellar which had only a small aperture at the upper part of one of its sides. The potato, which was in the opposite corner, shot out a runner, which first ran twenty feet along the ground, then crept up along the wall, and so through the opening by which light was admitted."

We can take a hint about health, then, even from a potato.

Sleep is the thermometer of health. Sleep is food and rest, although the heart still beats with its rhythmical pulsations, and the unnumbered chemical processes are still going on—the laws of sleep are well worthy of careful study.

Eating and drinking! According to Diogenes, "the best time for eating is, for a rich man, when he can get an appetite, and for a poor man when he can get food." But of course habit and good health exercise the greatest influence in regulating the appetite.

The Greenlanders consume incredible quantities of train-oil and blubber; yet we Americans are said to be the greatest eaters in the world—and worse, we bolt our food rather than chew it, and wash it down with copious draughts of ice-water.

Is it strange, then, that we are a horribly dyspeptic nation?

We have long been ridiculed for our lank, cadaverous appearance, but happily our adipose tissue has increased with our hygienic knowledge.

It has been cynically said, too, that we owe our sallow complexions to excessive tea-drinking!

There are conflicting opinions as to the healthfulness of the cheering cup, but truly, we *are* lovers of good, strong tea.

As early as 1678 one Cornelio Bonteke wrote a book on tea, which was translated into many languages, and quoted as the highest authority. He pronounced tea to be the infallible cause of health if mankind could be induced to drink a sufficient quantity of it—say, two hundred cups daily!

This recommendation to inebriety, however, caused him to be handled without gloves by severe critics, inasmuch as they affirmed that his judgment was rewarded by the liberality of the Dutch East India Tea Company.

Whether tobacco is injurious to health is a debatable question. It is claimed to have a soothing influence, and to induce a philosophical turn of mind.

As a rule, old people desire to give it up, but *cannot*—without

bringing on a train of evil consequences—and the majority repent of ever having used it.

To breathe well requires as much study as to eat well.

Ventilation ought to be thoroughly understood in all its manifold relations by all young people who wish to follow the best methods of hygiene.

Amid the whirl of our nervous high-pressure life, brain workers are in danger of starving for want of oxygen—and it is an error to suppose that gymnastics, billiards, or *any* kind of indoor exercise, can compensate for lack of outdoor air, and sunlight —and those youngsters who turn night into day break a hygienic commandment.

Young people are apt to be careless about getting the feet wet —sitting in draughts—and in avoiding sudden transitions from heat to cold and *vice versa*—and also in suiting their clothing to the weather.

All these things seem trifles, and perhaps elicit a contemptuous pshaw!—but all the same, the consequences are sometimes tremendous.

Pain is really a merciful provision of nature to warn us—it is a danger signal.

So much of disease is inherited—running through families—that it is wise—being forewarned—to prepare to fight it scientifically. This is being done successfully every day.

If we are so fortunate as to possess a healthy organization, we can be of service to the sick and suffering—although but few have a genius for nursing.

Of course much can be done by mere force of will—but all are not blessed with the same strength of nerve.

It is peculiarly a young woman's province to minister in the sick-room. Her deft fingers with soft touches, her light footfall, and ever-ready sympathy—all fit her for the work—but of all hindering nuisances, there is none worse than a woman who, when her services are most needed, begins to scream, or awkwardly gets in the way, or is unable to answer a sensible question—who loses her wits, or faints at the most critical moment.

And often, too, when the sufferer is the *one* most dear to her.

Girls, by studying physiology and hygiene, and using your knowledge faithfully, the next generation will be healthier, and consequently happier than the present one.

Doubtless many of you weary and over-tasked ones are looking longingly toward that stretch of sand bordering restless old ocean—gay delightful Coney Island—which will soon again be thronged with pilgrims worshiping the ever-living Hygeia, the goddess of health.

If you would have her healing kisses—leaving your cheeks rosy red, be moderate in eating, drinking, and walking, and bathe prudently.

Fifteen or twenty minutes at most, for a tumble in the waves, is all that she will allow you—but if there be the least chilliness, attempt it again at your peril!

Or, perhaps, some prefer tent-life, or the mountain air—to

find that fatigue in climbing is grateful because it provokes appetite and courts dreamless, refreshing sleep.

Rest, cool air and balmy sleep! Oh! the glorious summer holidays—are they not medicinal!

Suppose you were to devote half an hour each day in gaining some knowledge of the structure of the human body—especially of that wonderful object, the brain, through which the *soul* is manifested—and also of a general knowledge of medical science?

You would then work more intelligently and successfully for yourselves and others—besides forming a habit of looking at questions from a scientific point of view—you have no idea *now*, what an incalculable advantage this would be.

One short half hour! Will you try it?

COURAGE.

THERE is a great deal of latent power in that grand instrument, the human soul, and not the least is the steady, firm ring of true courage.

The animal instinct to resist when cornered is common, but genuine courage is rare—so rare that men esteem it highly as one of the cardinal virtues. They know that the courageous soul possesses will-power which may be depended upon in emergency, self-possession, and the choice quality of unselfishness, and they admire it accordingly.

Rage will make a coward fight; but fury is not courage.

Brag and bully too are but names for cowardice, and their pretensions and loud declamation deceive no one.

"That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion!"

> "The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
> For that were stupid and irrational;
> But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
> And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

It is well for young people to consider that no man is likely to be a hero who has not been self-denying in small things—he must first fight his own battle against himself.

And what a conquest this conquering self is!

Leading sometimes to the very shadow of death!

Difficult duty is never far off. You can all have a chance to fight, if you so elect. Each day there is something to be surmounted—infinitesimal, perhaps, to the vision; but momentous in its consequences.

> Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in breasts
> That set their mail against the ringing spears,
> When helmets are struck down? Thou little knowest
> Of nature's marvels."

No, no! It often requires greater courage *not* to do, than to do.

"No sermon can be more eloquent than a heroic life." Single

acts of impulsive bravery thrill us with admiration; but the firm, persistent effort against odds, the long, weary struggle in the performance of known duty without hope of reward, the iron will and stern resolution—these excite awe and reverence.

"Be sure that you are right, and then go ahead!"

But it sometimes requires no little courage to do this.

Call to mind the heroes of history and story. Those who have borne the sneers and taunts of their fellows for knowledge's sake; true patriots who have cheerfully given up home, and life too, for their country's sake; brave souls who have encountered fire and flood and hardships untold for humanity's sake; and then the long roll of martyrs who have smiled amidst flames and torture—heroic spirits all, who, being dead, yet speak to us.

"Be sure that you are right, then go ahead."

There are degrees of courage. Foolhardiness is not a virtue, for life and limb are too valuable to be risked rashly!

> "A valiant man
> Ought not to undergo or tempt a danger,
> But worthily, and by selected ways,
> He undertakes by reason, not by chance."

The worshiped hero of the hour seems to be inspired with an irresistible impulse of courage, and there are some natures constitutionally courageous, equal to any emergency, who never know fear, and in every school there are fighting boys, too, always ready with fisticuffs.

Emerson tells us that "knowledge is the antidote to fear. The child is as much in danger from a staircase or a firegrate as a soldier from a cannon or ambush. Each is liable to panic, which is the terror of ignorance."

"It is the groom who knows the jumping horse well who can safely ride him. It is the veteran soldier who, seeing the flash of the cannon, can step aside from the path of danger."

So we find that use and familiarity with danger make men courageous.

It is generally supposed that courage is wholly a man's attribute. Do not believe it, girls!

In fact, courage has no sex. It but takes a different form of expression.

Timid women have not been frightened out of their faith by the flaming fagot, nor lost their wits in the hour of peril, nor have they ignominiously fled at the call of duty. History furnishes abundant proof of this, and to-day there are thousands of womanly hearts beating to the true rythm of courageous endurance.

There are humble homes, too, where women perform—in obscurity—heroic, unselfish deeds, which, if done by men, would crown them with fame and honor; and men seem to expect such renunciation.

Women lack physical courage because they have not been trained to it, although there are numberless instances of in-

trepid daring, where they have risked life for humanity; but they are pre-eminently courageous in suffering.

Brute-force, happily, is not a necessity, nor knowledge *only;* but love is peculiarly the gift and grace of woman, and she is called every day to take up new burdens of anxiety and sorrow, and this self-abnegation brings out her finest qualities and elevates her into a heroine.

It requires considerable moral courage for woman to set her face as a flint against wrong-doing in high places.

Was there not a species of heroism in giving to the wide world "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in opposition to popular prejudice?

And are there not other exceptional women to-day showing rare courage, well worthy of imitation, by reproving the erring and befriending the penitent, and, as Carlyle has it, "with ever-new nobleness of valiant effort?"

Sudden demands will come to you, young woman, to test your courage severely. To stand up for the right, to express opinions in spite of ridicule, and to withhold your society and favor from all those young men who make vice *seem* respectable! And possibly there may be a young woman who has no physical strength for deeds of daring, who would shrink from danger with natural timidity and shriek at the sudden appearance of a mouse; nevertheless, let such a one take heart, for you can have courage to—

> "Be *good*, sweet maiden, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
> And so make life, death and that vast forever,
> One grand sweet song."

GOSSIP.

It has been sarcastically said, "if, as we are told, there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, we very naturally conclude that there could have been no women there."

And one has said to that, "some *men* envelop themselves in such an impenetrable cloak of *silence*, that the tongue will afford us no symptoms of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity indeed, is wise—*if they are fools*—but foolish if they are wise—and the only method to form a judgment of these mutes, is narrowly to observe when, where, and how they smile!"

Undoubtedly women *do* possess the "gift of gab"—and this satire is an unintended compliment—for sometimes silence is golden.

But it is quite beyond a woman's ken to know just when and where to hold her tongue.

Not one of you girls will admit that it requires considerable self-restraint *not* to relish a bit of genuine gossip—served as an artist only can serve it—with freshness, sparkle, spice and point.

Those of you whose lives are bounded by narrow interests—

who are too ignorant to discuss weighty questions—become limited to small considerations; you talk of people, rather than of things—in a word, you gossip.

Perhaps you say, "what if this thing were so?" Then the leaven begins to work—another person thinks *it is so*—and the evil is done.

"The flakes of snow fall one by one, unperceived; no one flake produces any sensible change." So grows gossip—grows by indulgence, and becomes a habit; very soon it outgrows tittle-tattle, and degenerates into censoriousness, into a habit of indiscriminate fault-finding; then secret calumny follows, and that pest of society—the arrow flying in the dark, which we call slander.

Truly, a train of formidable evils, growing out of a little social small talk and harmless gossip!

Some one has very prettily said that, "words are the wings of action," but what of the language of pantomime—the shrugs, hums, and "ha's"—the nods and winks?

Are they not all acts without words, which stab just as surely and cruelly?

No matter whether there be cause for censure or not, it's all the same to the inventive genius of the professional gossip.

Says Montaigne, "Give me the greatest and most unblemished action that ever the day beheld, and I will contrive a hundred plausible drifts and ends to obscure it;" and he was a keen observer of human nature.

No, not one escapes; our best motives and acts are sometimes maligned, and our worst praised.

Let a couple of gossips but commence upon one's infirmities only, and where will they end? For their tongues will not be touched with the oil of healing, but with vinegar; and much of their talk will be purely self-evolved.

They forget that prudence is a lovely quality, or that "charity thinketh no evil," and that a whisper, or a look even, may injure a reputation; they forget too the amenities—nay, the decencies of life, and altogether ignore the golden rule.

Circles interested in those solid treasures of the mind, facts, whether literary, scientific, or artistic, have no time or inclination for gossip—they believe with Coleridge that there is *nothing* insignificant, *nothing*, and they know that gossip injures the retailers.

To be able to hold one's tongue is a fine art.

To know exactly when another word would be too much—to know when silence becomes an injustice to the accused—to know how *not* to get into a scrape by surmising mean things, and imputing unworthy motives to the absent, and risking their being repeated to them, when the telling would entail remorse till the day of one's death—to know how to avoid all this is a fine art, for circumstances often occur when one is forced to listen to, and to be cleverly questioned by Madam Pry.

Oh! it requires more prudence and philosophy than most maidens possess—or young men either—to keep proper silence when "silence is golden."

Mi our own business!

Would not this be an appropriate motto for many a parlor?

And then, too, if we really have self-denial enough *not* to indulge in tittle-tattle—or worse—let us not have itching ears, like the old woman who was always "harking," lest a word of gossip should escape her.

We constantly see pretty girls with a faculty for rational pursuits, gadding about, wickedly retailing gossip, instead of making compassionate allowance for the failings of their own "set" and sex—not considering that noble thoughts or noble errands are the best.

Mrs. Jameson has translated a Persian fable for our instruction, to the effect that in a market-place of an Eastern city a dead dog was lying.

One passing by, said scornfully:

"How long shall this foul beast offend our sight?"

"Look at his torn hide," said another; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it."

"And his ears are all torn and bleeding," said still another. "No doubt he has been hung for thieving."

But Jesus passing also, looked compassionately upon the dead creature, and said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."

Then the people, amazed, cried out: "This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed they went on their way.

Oh! the rarity of Christian charity!

But let us see what our own Longfellow says about it:

"The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger.

"When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world, that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices from within, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

Is not this a noble rebuke to all gossips?

The question was asked long ago, "When will talkers refrain from evil-speaking?"

The answer is just as pertinent to-day:

"When listeners refrain from evil-hearing

And we may add, when gossips cease,

"——To spy
Each little failing with malignant eye;
Or chatter with incessancy of tongue,
Careless if kind or cruel, right or wron

PHYSICAL BEAUTY.

ONE has said that "no woman can say truthfully that she does not care whether she is pretty or not." Every woman does care. The immutable laws of her being have made physical attractiveness as much a natural glory to her as strength is to a man. It is not a sin or folly to long to be lovely.

Yes, women do incline to beauty in some form, and they need only favorable circumstances and surroundings to develop it; not always perhaps in its highest forms, but it is certain that ease or culture

"Doth even beauty beautify."

Over-work and ill-health create angles, and angles, says N. P. Willis, "are detrimental to beauty."

What *is* beauty, is a nice question—for tastes differ—but why any one should not be delighted with beauty is a question none but a blind man need ask, since any beautiful object so attracts us all, that it is not in our power *not* to be pleased with it.

We judge of beauty chiefly by comparison; for instance, we need but to glance at discolored, uneven teeth to note the contrast between them and a set of small, regular, pearly ones; indeed a cleanly mouthful of white teeth has a wholesome attractiveness, and no amount of personal charms will compensate for an offensive breath.

True beauty is that which is most common to all refined nations, though each individual has his ideal, or, as the saying is, "every eye forms a beauty," but we suppose the Greek type approaches nearest to the universal idea of it.

Beauty, however, does not consist in any single feature, but in harmony, symmetry, grace of movement, complexion and expression; and that cast of features which expresses sweetness or amiability is pleasing to all, and is generally conceded to be beautiful; for we can not only see, but *feel* expression.

We are told, "the criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination—of false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy."

The highest type of feminine beauty is fair, not dark—fine eyes do not constitute it—although they are an important part of it; indeed there are various opinions as to which feature gives the expression of the countenance; some think that the soul peeps out from the eyes, while others will have it that it is the mouth which decides it.

But there is no diversity of opinion when there is harmony and symmetry in features and soul pervading the whole; *instinctively* we recognize beauty with a sort of wonder, as worthy of all admiration.

Aristotle tells us that, "Beauty is better than all the letters of recommendation in the world," and we are told also,

'The beautiful are never desolate;
Some one always loves them."

And whatever cynics may say to the contrary, beauty is an acknowledged power.

Physical beauty has been made the subject of song and story from time immemorial—what have not the poets said of it, either in praise or warning?

"All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth,"

says Shakespeare—and how extravagantly too he extols a beautiful woman:

"Oh! She doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

And another, with a poet's license, sings:

"Her cheek had the pale tint
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopp'd
In silver dew."

But we all agree with Byron, when he says:

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?"

Joshua Reynolds must have been dazzled at times while painting the famous beauties of his day; and Michael Angelo and Raphael, in painting angels, could not have drawn wholly from imagination, but must have had human feminine models.

We were told by a young woman—herself a charming specimen of womankind—that having attended the opera in all the principal cities of the Old World, she had seen no more beautiful women than at the Academy of Music in New York.

Why should she not? for we Americans are cosmopolitan—a delightful mixture of many races—and there is no type of face or form but is represented here.

Time was when the French excelled us in taste, in the art of adorning beauty becomingly, but, profiting by their instructions, we no longer need them.

The fact is, our young women are naturally refined, and their artistic perceptions are keen, and moreover, are being carefully cultivated; besides they possess tact, and style—what the French call *chic*—which is a subtle element of beauty.

American beauty presents, and obtains high claims to universal recognition; and we are told by a well-known writer that, "A pretty New York woman in all the glory of a satisfactory toilet, under the soft sky, or the blaze of chandeliers, is as nearly an incarnate poem as Nature appears willing to create."

One has but to stroll through Fifth Avenue on a bright day to see living pictures which fully equal those of the old masters. There we may see copies of golden-haired Venetians, or lustrous-eyed brunettes, with the warm blood speaking eloquently in their olive cheeks, or tender, sweet faces, such as Vandyke loved to paint.

Place aux dames!

Americans are no longer a race of invalids—the scraggy women of a new republic!

With our increased knowledge of hygiene, and the facilities which wealth affords for ease and culture, our girls are steadily improving in physique and manners.

Of good-looking, pretty, and handsome girls, we have plenty, but really beautiful women are rare in any country—like Madame Recamier, for instance, whose remarkable beauty was beyond dispute.

As all cannot be beautiful, or even handsome, what then are the plain and ugly to do?

It has been said that "no woman believes herself decidedly homely."

The self-deception is natural, for there are some most charming women without a particle of beauty; fortunately, physical beauty is not an absolute necessity.

Plain girls almost invariably possess some charm—a grace of manner, or a sweet voice which compensates for beauty—it may be a speaking eye, or it may be a shapely hand or foot, or a fine form; but every one has a special magnetism; indeed, as a rule, all fresh young womanhood is charming.

Therefore, girls, be not disheartened! Perhaps we do not know or appreciate your particular charm—others do, and will value you accordingly—besides in affairs of the heart, the one beloved *is* beautiful.

Alas! beauty *must* fade, and when most perfect it changes most perceptibly, though it often happens that the noble beauty of the "auld wife," even after the lapse of many years, under favorable circumstances, is mellowed and deepened by time, but this is unusual, for time makes sad havoc with a beautiful face.

Gone forever is the rose-bloom, and wrinkles usurp dimples—more's the pity—and deep lines furrow the forehead.

But the spiritual beauty that has grown under the discipline of life, often replaces all this, and there is compensation; and then too the "auld wife" and her "gude man" grow old together, and their eyes and minds are *gradually* accustomed to the change.

"No woman need be ugly," writes one skilled in the art of beauty, "if she knows her points—and points of attractiveness every woman has. But while I advise all women to become as intelligent and clever as they can, whether they be plain or pretty; still I wish that vanity and the study of 'points' were made more an acknowledged and honorable art than it is, by all those to whom God hath given eyes and an intelligent brain."

A word or two more in conclusion. Please do not *presume* upon your good looks; for what can be more pitiable than a vain, frivolous, silly young woman, even if she *happen* to be as lovely as Aphrodite.

Surely, there is no more certain way of committing *moral* suicide than by falling in love with ourselves!

CHARACTER.

DID you ever see two faces exactly alike?

Just so unlike are the characters of men and women.

"There are four classes of men in the world," says a writer; "first, those whom every one would wish to talk to—and of whom every one does talk of—these are that small minority that constitute the *great*.

"Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to—and whom no one does talk of—these are that vast majority that constitute the *little*.

"The third class is made up of those whom everybody talks of, but nobody talks to; these constitute the *knaves*.

"The fourth is composed of those whom everybody talks to, but whom nobody talks of, and these constitute the fools."

To which of these classes, young men and maidens, would you rather belong?

You cannot all expect to be great, but there is a happy medium—the good character—and you can attain to that; yet,

"Be not simply good, but good for something."

Not by accident, or by fits and starts—but by regular, judicious and permanent habits, can a young person hope to attain to a well-rounded character!

As the *word* character means "a mark made by cutting," you can see that its peculiar qualities are formed by habits, and are not of slow growth—you cannot force it as you do fruit.

Moreover, it is a jewel to be polished, and set so as to show itself to the best advantage.

You hear a great deal about opportunities, starting points, chances, etc. These are no doubt desirable—and are limited to the few—but after all, it is *promptitude in duty* which brings success.

And are not diligence, patience, and a lofty aim the conditions of success?

> "The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
> Is not to fancy what were fair in life.
> Provided it could be; but finding first
> What may be, then find how to make it fair,
> Up to our means—a very different thing!"

"Up to our means?" Locke says that "nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady, regular application till he has tried;" and if, as we are told, at twenty years of age the *will* reigns, can't you have it all your own way?

What discipline does for a "man of war," it will do for you. Train a young tree, straight or crooked, so it will grow.

"So actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character."

"Up to our means?" Yes! It is enough that we perform the work that is fitly and properly ours.

"Not as although we thought we could do much,
Or claimed large sphere of action for ourselves;
Not in this thought—since rather be it ours
Both thine and mine, to ask for that calm frame
Of spirit, in which we know and deeply feel
How little we can do, *and yet do that.*"

"How little we can do, *and yet do that.*"

And this doing our best—this abiding sense of duty, mak character harmonious.

There is a great diversity of character in the world, and human nature has many inconsistencies, but character must be *safely calculated upon*, or it will be worth little.

Now, true it is, that "more people know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows," or that, "we can't see ourselves as others see us."

There are the obstinate, dogmatic characters—Sir Oracles—not to be taught, whom we call "pig-headed," because when you wish them to go one way, you must drive them the other.

Then there are the chronic fault-finders—male and female—there is with them no good-natured slipping over faults, no smoothing away of difficulties, and so escaping the evils which are bad enough at best.

Mistakes are serious faults, and peccadilloes, crimes; and their unfortunate victims are made to eat humble pie, and are at length worried into believing themselves utterly depraved.

Then the ill-tempered, scolding men and women—how they fret and fume at every trifling annoyance—home-life is rendered a burden by their perpetual nagging. They dig the graves of their own happiness, and then complain because they fail to win love or esteem.

In the olden time it was lawful to pelt and half drown a shrew—perhaps on the principle that grace comes by tribulation.

Conceited characters admire themselves immensely, and expect every one else to do the same; they forget that *sometimes* bonnets cover brains.

Of them we can sorrowfully say:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The Uriah Heeps, and the Ciphers! What a decided contrast they present, but the world can afford to do without them.

Then there is the vain man Shakespeare wrote of:

"The soul of this man is his clothes."

And the silly shallow-pate.

"His talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
He slips from politics to puns,
Passes from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses."

As woman is proverbially unselfish, we pass on to say to the young men, that those infinitesimal littlenesses who worship great I, and who expect the best of everything—and the largest piece too, are universally conceded to be very disagreeable characters.

And thus we might go on enumerating—for these are not imaginary characters, but flesh and blood people. We have all seen and known them, and perhaps have suffered by them.

"Take your friends as you find them, and love them in spite of their faults." "Best men are molded out of faults." Certainly we do not expect our young men to be perfect—and we have good authority for saying that woman is

> "No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instinct——"

Nowadays young folk become so familiar with folly and crime, that they are in danger of overlooking the example of those who have achieved noble deeds—whose characters shine, not with a borrowed luster, but with unselfish devotion to humanity.

Can I do anything for my less fortunate sisters? was the question that Emily Faithfull, Sister Dora, and a host of others have asked—and answered.

We recommend our girls to read—thoughtfully—the life of Elizabeth Fry.

It is not given to all to become active philanthropists, but we can all of us imitate the virtues of which she was so beautiful an example.

Character! "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time!"

We suppose the most agreeable character in a companion would be "a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor"—although he may not happen to be a great genius, a brilliant wit, or a profound thinker.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE next time you visit Coney Island, throw a stone far out into the ocean. Then observe the ripples and circles made in the water, widening and spreading, until the last reaches the shore—and as you watch them, reflect that just such an impetus and influence *you* receive from your friends.

In a greater degree, too, than you imagine.

Even powerful enough, sometimes, to counteract the wise counsels and example of the home.

Yea, your entire life may be shaped and molded by the teachings and conduct of your most intimate friends.

Companionship seems to young people almost as much of a necessity as bread and butter.

Friend and companion, however, are terms often used as meaning the same. This is a mistake, for one may have many companions, but how few ever meet with real friends. And sometimes, too, a very agreeable companion may prove a treacherous, dangerous friend. Have you not found it so?

Perhaps some of you have passed through the enthusiastic school-girl phase of friendship, and the old fellowship of "kindred minds" has been forgotten amid new scenes and connections. Happy for you, if in its departure it has left no confidences open to ridicule!

How popular some young people are! They seem to have an aptitude for friendship.

It is not easy to secure friends of the right sort, although young men are apt to think themselves capable of the most exalted and disinterested friendship; probably this is because they are not aware of its requirements.

Much, however, can be done by a courteous manner. It is a grace that costs nothing, and yet it is most profitable, for no rhetoric has more force than an affable deportment. It will win confidence and keep it, it will enforce what is right and excuse what is wrong.

No two people are uniformly alike. We find that the wisest are at times weak, and that the worst sometimes perform good acts: therefore we must judge by general character, and not be too hasty to strike hands in friendship, for young people are impulsive, and seldom stop to consider consequences.

There may be one who entertains the same belief and opinions as yourself. You are inseparable. You read the same books, listen to the same preacher, and mix in the same society. You call each other friend, but let a change come—of fortune, position or of opinion—and, immediately, this one, perhaps, may treat you with frigid indifference.

> "Oh, summer friendship,
> Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in
> Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
> In th' autumn of adversity."

Young men make a mistake in supposing that in order to make friends with young ladies they must needs flatter them.

Right-minded girls dislike familiarity; and think as you may, the best way to gain their friendship, is to pay them proper respect, and it is a privilege and a high compliment to deserve it.

It is difficult to lay down rules for young people's guidance in forming friendship; temperaments and tastes are so different; but it will be safe to advise you to *look up*—not to choose friends of a lower order of aim or thought, for they will be apt to drag you *down* to their level.

There must be something of an equality in a golden union of souls, in a moral and intellectual fellowship.

Meum and *tuum* should be words utterly unknown to friendship, and this is why disinterested friendship is so extremely rare.

"If thou wouldst get a friend," says an old writer, "prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him, for some men are friends for their own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble."

"True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation."

The real friend accepts you, faults and all, and this is a grace, for you are apt to gather up much that is petty and rude in your daily contact with the world.

Friends have need to look at us through rose-colored glasses!

"There is, indeed, no blessing of life that is in any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend," says Addison.

> "*Ne certes* can that friendship long endure,
> However gay and goodly be the style,
> That doth ill cause or evil end enure,
> For virtue is the band that bindeth hearts most sure."

It follows, then, that you should choose a friend because he is honorable, pure, manly, refined and truthful—because he will encourage you in good aspirations, and will not fear to give candid counsel or stern reproof.

The value of such a friend cannot be over-estimated.

You accept your friend not for what he knows or believes, but for what he *is*, do you not?

Then remember that you must give as well as receive. You must give your best behavior, your best thoughts, your best services.

If you oblige, do it cheerfully, not grudgingly, with no mercenary expectation of an equivalent, and do not wait to be asked, although true friendship is not afraid to ask.

You would not ask a stranger to risk his interests for your sake, would you?

Then never ask it of your friend, or be induced to run the like risk yourself, for it is a breach of friendship to selfishly desire unreasonable service.

If there should chance to be a misunderstanding between you, do not be led by gossip to listen to anything to his disadvantage, when perhaps a few minutes' conversation, face to face, might clear up the matter. This is a friend's right.

Oh! what a heart-balsam are the loving, faithful ministrations of a friend.

> "There are a thousand nameless ties,
> Which only such as feel them know,
> Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,
> And untold fancy spells, which throw
> O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts
> A chain whose charmed links so blend,
> That the light circlet but imparts
> Its force in these fond words—*my friend.*"

LOVE.

THAT our girls should look forward to love and marriage, is natural and honorable; but are they taught not to expect all roses and no thorns?

The truth is—they ought to know it—a maiden in loving and marrying, because of it, sacrifices much.

Usually she gives up her independence, her pursuits, habits, preferences and friendship, and unless she loves worthily and deeply, her heart will ache with a dumb dull pain in doing it.

But are there not compensations for all this surrender? asks one, alarmed.

Of course—but that depends altogether upon the object of your love—the man for whom you are willing to "leave all"—and this is a tremendous fact that not one young woman in a hundred seriously considers.

> "Love is a celestial harmony
> Of *likely hearts*, compos'd of star's consent,
> Which join together in sweet sympathy
> To work each other's joy and true content."

If this be true, why is the passion of love seldom spoken of in the home circle, except, indeed, by way of banter?

Why do not mothers more frequently allude to it as a holy, sacred feeling, and discourage sickly sentimentalism, or a foolish exaggeration called romance, instead of making it a means of barter or settlements?

The mother-love is intense, irrepressible, lavish, it is not self-forgetful. And yet how often when she asks for bread, she receives a stone. Knowing all this, why allow her daughter to make mistakes?

Falling suggests helplessness. Then ought our girls to "fall" into love? "Love at first sight" is expected in novels—but how many of you maidens possess the faculty of pronouncing upon the disposition and character of one whom you meet for the first time?

Of course there are cases of being "smitten all in a minute," which have led to happy results—but the majority lead to repentance.

Would you not select a silk dress for its *wearing* qualities—or bargain that your jewelry be genuine?

It is surely common prudence to make yourself acquainted, as fully as possible, with the temper, tastes, mental and moral *tendencies* of the man who is to become to you for the remainder of your lives—what?

Everything!

In spite of yourselves, your future good or evil, and that of your children, depends mainly upon *him*.

All other marriages except those based upon *esteem*, are set upon a hazard. What can they be but a lottery?

How prosaic! you say. Must we give up delightful sentiment, and weigh and balance, and put on spectacles before our time?

"All true love," says an old poet, "is grounded on esteem" —and this *esteem* is the bond between "likely hearts." "If love is a mere feeling of admiration, it soon loses its power." "Love that hath nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits."

So if your love is to be called suddenly into life by an eloquent glance, let there be *worth* behind it.

In view of these facts, you can readily see that every sweet maiden—the prettiest of all included—has great need to discriminate between the passing fancy and the real passion, and the counterfeit also which is brought about by a natural desire of loving propinquity and the coquetries of youth.

You must not allow these to reign supreme, but try at least to act with the same reason and judgment that you would in any important matter—and this is not impossible, whatever poets or romancers may say to the contrary.

We are asked to believe--on the authority of an old bachelor too—that "Love is but an episode in a *man's* life."

Have you ever imagined, my young friend, what sort of a middle-aged woman your best beloved—your intended wife—will probably be?

Possibly not; but what she will be to *you* mainly depends upon yourself.

Is love only an "episode"?

Hear the verdict of a married man. "To love a *good* woman is in itself a fine education—to marry her, and work for her, is in itself a source of the truest happiness. If it be unwise to choose a friend who falls below your own standard, much more unwise is it to choose a wife who cannot be a companion of the fullest equality—who cannot share your thoughts, your aspirations, and your hopes."

Yes, one half should have no secrets, no pursuits, no friends unknown to the other half.

A pure woman, too, will be a monitor—to check you lovingly and wisely when you are liable to err, and to encourage your struggles upward and onward toward the light.

She will love you in spite of your faults; asking only in return respect, appreciation, and just a little tenderness.

It is marvelous how the love of women will drape in royal robes the most unkindly of creatures; how it persists in seeing in the idol to which it has once given its allegiance a greatness and a goodness, an excellence of motive and conduct which the world is unable to discover; how it finds a reason for a weakness, and an excuse for a fault.

It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; certain it is that if he appear not as one to his wife, the failure must be of his own making.

Is it not encouraging, then, that wives look so perseveringly through rose-colored glasses?

Tennyson sings of *wedded love* in strains to suit the most romantic—and it is the husband this time who sings:

"Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;

My other dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine!"

The poets of all time, indeed, have written voluminously of Love. Shakespeare seems to have been an expert, ringing its peculiar changes skillfully. Was he inspired by Anne Hathaway?

We wish that we had space to glance at the charming recitals of happy love in married life, scattered all through our literature, many of them possessing all the sweetness of an idyl.

Reduced to plain prose—to matter of fact—what do we find?

"There is a time for the husband to lead, and the wife to follow—a time for the husband to follow gladly while the wife leads—and a time for the husband and wife to walk side by side, and hand in hand."

And thankful are we, for your sakes, that these phases of love and duty are possible.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

HOME, to be a *home*, is essentially patriarchal; not in the sense in which this term is used among tribal nations, but in the necessary reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family. On him rests almost solely the responsibility of provision, and to him belongs the right of direction.

It is difficult for those who have not yet achieved this headship to realize the sense of responsibility which often oppresses the head of the family.

Provision may be so easy to some of us that few clouds cross the sunshine of our lives, and we may smile at, or joke away, the little domestic troubles which greet us sometimes when we cross the home threshold.

Few of us are so blessed.

It is the far more common lot that the business events of the day have been more or less checkered, and the head quits the office or warehouse with the brain more or less perturbed, the heart oppressed, and both needing and longing for the sunshine and the joy of the home and the family circle. To be transferred at such a time from the troubles and heavy cares of business to the petty but often irritating squabbles of domestic life, is a case to make angels weep, and almost enough to drive humanity mad.

Let, therefore, but the cares and responsibilities of the head of the family be duly realized, and each member of the household must feel toward him the necessary sympathy, to guard him from all needless obtrusion of little domestic difficulties.

It may be—it unhappily is the case—that there are heads of families who are unworthy of reverence; or who are so tyrannical or oppressive in their rule, that submission is difficult; or who are so unsympathetic that it is not easy to feel sympathy with them. These are family misfortunes which, however much they may be regretted, lie outside our purpose in this

paper, and require a consideration beyond our limits. It is enough for our purpose here, that if there be not reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family, there cannot be domestic harmony.

The infinitely slight modifications of form which make up the distinctive external features of mankind are but types of the numberless variations of temperament and character. It is not possible that the family can be constituted without the intrusion of these varieties. Often they are marked, and sometimes so strong and antagonistic as to become a fertile source of domestic disquietude. Often home-loves are enough to smooth down the transient asperities arising from this cause; and some of the most charming instances of the overpowering influence of home-love occur, where differences of temperament and character would otherwise more or less seriously disturb the household. The well-known axiom in civil life, "that personal right ends where it encroaches on the right of others," applies with equal or greater force to the closer relations of the household.

The enforcement of selfish claims is often submitted to by the more generous members of the household, for the sake of external peace; whilst the more generous heart bleeds under the enforced wrong. Jealousy of petty privilege is incompatible with domestic peace. The green-eyed monster glares upon all favors in which it does not share. Whatever the apparent sunshine, there can be no real harmony in a household where jealousy influences one or more of its members.

For instance, a gentleman once offered a fortnight at the seaside to two of four children forming the family of a widowed friend; but the mother felt compelled to decline this generous offer, because she was afraid that if made to two only, the jealousy of the others would be painfully excited.

The instance is one that gravely illustrates the losses often entailed on families by this unhappy feeling.

Jealousy, although a transient feeling, is a fertile soil for the growth of envy, which, once possessed, grasps us with more persistency, gives a deep gloom to the domestic life of the possessor, and often overshadows the whole household.

Hatred and malice happily rarely intrude their destructive power upon domestic life; but the instinctive propensities which generate them must needs exist; and it is a powerful antidote to their development that the ordinary courtesies of our homes should be constantly and carefully regarded.

If in the external world a due regard for social courtesies is essential to its enjoyable constitution, it is greatly more necessary that the varied members of a household should practice with scrupulous care the softening amenities of family life.

How often have the jealousies and envyings of individual members been calmed down or banished by the sunshiny greeting of its more joyous members!

It is said:

"There is a skeleton in every house." This may be; but a

skeleton may be locked up in a strong room and kept out of sight.

With more truth, let us hope, there is an angel in every house.

Reader, have you not one in yours?

If you have not, then the chances of domestic disunion have indeed fallen hard upon you. If you have, assiduously cultivate it.

You have no conception of how the careful observation and tending of this divine element will rub off your own angularities, and tend to invest you with its own simplicity and beauty.

Avoid, however, all undue familiarity.

As much freedom as is essential to graceful intercourse must enter into our domestic life: but this freedom must at all times be qualified by a subtile delicacy.

The most joyous and generous are the most likely to be culpable on this point, and may by a little spontaneous carelessness "tread on the toes" of their more reserved domestic companions.

Nor may we forget that when we have inadvertently passed the boundary of domestic propriety, the truest politeness dictates a ready and graceful apology.

The pride which forbids this is the product of selfishness, and is itself often a disturbing element of domestic harmony.

Mutual confidence, oneness, and openness are among the constituents of a harmonious household.

"Cross-purposes" are well known as a disturbing element; but do not cross-purposes come from the concealment and consequent misapprehension of purposes?

Difference of purposes must needs arise, and the French provide for this by giving largely to each mature member of the household liberty to live out the individual purpose without regard to the others.

This, however, is wholly uncongenial to the English idea of the home, where the diverse purposes of the members must, somehow or other, be made to dovetail, or be arranged for their separate working out without interfering with the harmony of the whole. This is scarcely possible where there is concealment and consequent misapprehension.

Let the life of every member of a family be transparent in all matters that affect the others; let the wishes and purposes of each be freely talked over; and then a little arrangement by the head or others, and the concession and conciliation which mutual regard will always generate, will suffice to bring all the purposes of the domestic group into harmonious working.

If the selfish pressure of a purpose of subordinate character produce a little antagonism, the judicial interference of the head must be accepted, and obedience should be granted without audible or felt disappointment.

The mutual sympathy of a household should make the purpose of all a source of happiness to each.

Much of the provider's troubles would often be lessened by a little free chat at home about difficulties and purposes.

A mother's smaller vexations would often vanish under the sunshine of loving discussions with the offending or other members of the family.

A brother's or a sister's love affair, which generally has absorbing interest for the individual concerned, is far too often a subject of painful concealment or of rude banter.

The propriety of such a love should of course at the first be referred to parental judgments.

This point settled, it should be known to every member of the family, be treated with delicacy and sympathetic gravity, or become a subject of pleasant conversation whenever the chief agent so wishes or may need loving guidance in reference to it.

SUNSHINE.

THERE are some natures so happily constituted that they can find a good in everything. There is no calamity so great but they educe comfort of some kind or other from it; no sky so black, but they can discern a gleam of sunshine issuing through it, from one quarter or another; and if the sun is not to be seen at all, they at least comfort themselves with the assurance that it *is* there, though now veiled from them. These happy beings are to be envied. Sunshine is ever about their hearts; life is to them strewn with flowers; existence with them is a constant summer. Their mind gilds with its own hues all things that it looks upon. They draw comfort from sorrow; good out of evil; like the bee, they gather honey even from poison-flowers.

Let it not for a moment be imagined that natures such as those we speak of are necessarily weak, giddy, and unreflective. The very largest and most comprehensive natures are generally also the most cheerful, the most loving, the most hopeful, the most trustful. It is the wise man, the being of large vision, who is the quickest to discern the moral sunshine streaming through the thickest clouds. In present evil, he sees prospective good; in pain, he recognizes the effort of nature to restore health; in trials he discerns the best school of courage and strength; even in deepest sorrow he gathers comfort; and in the sternest disappointments and sufferings, gains the truest practical wisdom. "There's wit there, ye'll get there, ye'll find nae other where." His heart is strong to sympathy with universal nature, and even in her blackest moods, does he find a sense and meaning. When he has burdens to bear, he bears them manfully and joyfully, not repining nor fretting and wasting his energies in useless lamentation, but struggling onward manfully, gathering up such flowers as are strewn along his path. Journeying steadily toward the sun, the shadow of his burden is thrown behind him.

There are few, indeed, who might not enjoy far more than they do the pleasures of rational existence. Happiness is certainly the end of our being; pain and misery are only incidental to it, and but too often are the result of the violence which man

does to his own nature. And do not pleasures of the highest order—of home, of affection, of friendly intercourse—lie about us on every side? Alas! that so many of us should not use our opportunities aright, but positively abuse them.

Let us, then, look at the bright, at the happy side of things; and we shall thus have delight in struggling onward ourselves, and in helping others to do likewise. Encourage the habit of being happy, for habit assuredly it is. Thus will adversity be made more hopeful, and prosperity more joyous. Let not the mind give way to gloomy thoughts, but be cheerful. Scarcely is there a subject that does not afford room for agreeable meditation There is no human being so humble as not to be an object of human interest. There is no object in nature so mean as not to afford matter for instructive thought; and he who cannot extract benefit from such contemplations is certainly not in any respect to be envied. Wordsworth says:

> "He who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used."

There is pleasure to be gathered from things in themselves apparently the most trivial. It is the sunshine of the heart that gives brightness, beauty, and meaning to them; it falls upon coldness, and warms it; upon suffering, and comforts it; upon ignoronce, and enlightens it; upon sorrow, and cheers it. Without it, flowers bloom in vain, and all creation is but one dreary, lifeless, soulless blank.

Jeremy Bentham says, "Look out for the brightest side of things; let all ideas be made to spring up in the realms of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production. A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousands in constant recurrence), when in attendance on others, and the time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids —the economy of happiness recommends the occupations of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in resting at home, the mind cannot be vacant; its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness. Direct them aright; the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit."

This is sound practical sense—moreover, excellent philosophy; and it affords valuable hints to those who would extract a rational enjoyment from existence. If suffering is to be borne —as it must—at least let us learn how it is best to be met, and how the struggling heart is to be comforted and supported in the midst of its trials. But let us not imitate those minds which, like flies, are ever settling upon sores. We must endeavor to know much, and to love much; for the more one knows and loves, the more one lives, feels, and enjoys. Cherish the habit of cheerfulness above all things; it will serve alike for prosperity and adversity, and there will always be, at least, a gleam of sunshine.

COUNTRY LIFE AND RURAL BEAUTY.

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis sweet to look upon the fair
And open face of heaven."

WHAT a beautiful trait in the character of the English people is their hearty love of everything that savors and sounds of "country!"

It is a thoroughly healthy characteristic—deep-rooted and not to be eradicated by the longest and most engrossing occupations of a city or town life.

Many a fainting heart is cheered by the hope that one day a success will crown the labors of years, and enable the industrious citizen to close his days amid the quiet of a green suburban retreat, or a country-house, far off among fields, hedge-rows, and babbling brooks, with the flowers blowing, and skylarks singing at will, freely and joyously.

This is the dream of youth, the hope of manhood, and the realization of age in the case of many.

We do not wonder at the universality of this feeling among our countrymen and countrywomen. This old green country is worthy of all their admiration, love, and pride.

It is almost a part of themselves, and associations connected with it are bound up with their being.

Our poets have sung of it, till it has become mixed up with their tenderest and strongest influences.

History has made it venerable; its old castles, and abbeys, and churches—its battlefields—its old halls, and country houses, are they not identified in history with the march of this great people in civilization and freedom?

Then there are the birthplaces of its great men, the haunts of its poets, the stately piles dedicated to learning, the magnificent palaces of the nobles, the homes of the people, the huts of the poor, scattered all over this green land.

There are the old forests, older than the Norman Conquest; and the old streams and mountains, older than all.

Country! The very word has music in it; it brings up thoughts of the merry maypole, the freshness of the woods and fields, pansies and spring violets, shady lanes, and rose-embowered lattices; the hum of bees, and the music of birds, the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle at eventide, clear skies from which the sun shines down among green leaves, and upon grassland, mossy banks, and gurgling rills, while trout and minnow

"Taste the luxury of glowing beams
Tempered with coolness."

Country, however, we cannot all have; we who live in towns and cities—the great accumulated deposits of civilization—must ply away at our several tasks, some with the hammer, and others with the quill; shopmen at their counters; lawyers in their chambers; needlewomen in their attics; merchants in their counting-houses; laborers at their daily work. But even here the

love of country shows itself as strikingly as ever: the strong passion displays itself in a thousand forms.

Go to Washington Market any morning in June, and you will there find the general love of flowers and green leaves displaying itself in another form. The stalls are filled with endless loads of bouquets; the tables are gayly set out with their tempting array of calceolarias, geraniums, fuchsias, cactuses, roses and heliotrope, all nicely potted and mossed; and few there are who can resist the pleasure of having one or more of these in possession, and bearing them off in triumph. Many a longing look is cast upon these stalls by those too poor to buy.

What would many a poor girl give to be the owner of one of those sweet plants, reminding them as they do, of country, and gardens, and sunshine, and the fresh beauty of nature?

The love of flowers is beautiful in the young, beautiful in the aged. It bespeaks simplicity, purity, delicate taste, and an innate love of nature.

And long may flowers bloom in the homes of our people—in their parlor windows, in their one-roomed cottages, in their attics, in their cellar dwellings even. We have hope for the hearts that love flowers, and the country of which they are born.

See, perched in that window-sill, high above the rushing tide of city life, a lark in its narrow cage. Its eyes upturned, and its feet planted on the bit of green turf, which its owner brought from under a great oak tree in the forest, when on his last holiday ramble; it pours through its little throat a flood of melody and joy. Though confined, yet it sees the sun through its prison bars, looks up cheerfully and sings! And its captive owner in that narrow room behind—captive by the necessity of laboring for his daily bread—he, too, as he hears the glad melody, and as his eyes glance at the bit of green turf, and then at the blue sky above, feels joy and love "shed abroad in his heart," and he labors on more hopefully, even though the carol of the lark has brought his childhood's home, the verdure of its fields, and the music of its words, gushing into his memory.

Sing on then, bird of heaven!

You see the love of country strongly display itself on all the holidays in the year. Then you find crowds of men, women, and children, pressing and panting out of the towns and cities in all directions, toward the fields and the fresh air.

Steamers up and steamers down, stage coaches, "busses," and cabs; and, above all, railway trains, are, on such days, packed tight with passengers, all bound for the "country," for a day on the hills, in the woods, or by the rivers—a long day of fresh breathing and pure delight.

We might say a great deal more of the thousand other forms in which this love of country exhibits itself among us—of the cottage gardening, the taste for which is rapidly extending among the people—the small allotments so eagerly desired by workingmen; the amateur gentleman farming; of the love of rural sports, and games, and exercise; of our national literature, which is so full of the free breath of the country, of our

poetry and song, which from Shakespeare to Wordsworth has always drawn its finest imagery from nature, and has never struck the chords of the national heart with more electric power than when appealing to country life and rural beauty.

HAIL, LOVELY SPRING.

"So forth issued the seasons of the year.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers,
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sang to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear."

Spenser.

How, in the words of the poet, do the misty and unmeaning images of things put on life and distinction, and come floating before us in living reality and personification. What a weary life would this be, if we were doomed to pass all our days amid high brick walls, and surrounded with the unceasing turmoil of commerce, and the hypocrisy of so-called civilization. Many a one in whose soul there still lingers a love for the green world of nature now begins to feel a new life throbbing within, as though the flowers of home and childhood were really beginning to blossom around the heart. In a great city nature becomes a dumb, unmeaning fantasy. How wretched the monotony of brick walls, compared with the blue uplands, the green meadows, the clustering woods, and the light fleecy clouds, flinging their shadows upon the smiling landscape. How painful the eternal roar and dust of traffic in the narrow streets, compared with the sweet voices, the sunny glades, the green canopies, the solemn solitudes, and the life-inspiring breezes of nature! Better to be shaken and periled by the rushing storm, better to seek for music in the howling blast and fell swoop of the tempest, or "in the boom of the ocean when coming home;" for even there the soul may drink in beauty—even there the heart may expand and grow; better all this than to be entombed alive in the breathing sepulcher of a great city.

After the earth has been rendered desolate by the unsparing hand of winter, the trees bereft of their green garments, the flowers buried, and the land parched up by crackling frosts, or buried beneath rolling floods, the gentle Spring comes with lightsome heart and sunny smile—like a loving spirit from the beauteous flower-land—bringing with her the golden sunshine to sanctify and replenish the great throbbing heart of nature. She comes with tearful eyes, and sunny feet, and golden tresses dripping from the crystal waters of her sheeny home, to fling gold, and green, and beauty, and perfume over all the budding and replenished earth. Birds leave their sunny skies afar to greet her with their gentle songs; the breezes come from the

warm south, toiling their long journey across the wide, wide sea, to gather up the odors which she scatters over hill and dale; the flowers wake up from their long winter sleep to gaze upon her smiles; and the broad, green earth exults for its verdurous beauty, and bounds with a lusty and impassioned joy.

At her fairy touch, the emerald gates of the season fly open, and display a wide expanse of living and budding beauty—a landscape glittering like a broad ocean basking in yellow sunshine, with swelling uplands gliding away into the distance like gently heaving waves; and beyond all lie the dark green lands of summer, where the primeval forests stretch away in their grandeur; and where breezes float over valley and stream laden with the odors of wild thyme, and resonant with the dreamy music of the wild; and where the clouds are so dazzled by the blinding glare that they lose their way, and stand gazing in bewilderment upon the broad, green earth which lies below.

Old Winter knows that now his empire must fall. He sends forth a bleak north wind among the ghastly skeletons of last summer and over the new buds of spring; severs them with his keen shears, and hurls them prostrate on the waters of the marsh, as trophies of his master's potency. Still seeking to regain his despotism, but too weak to fling his icy chains again upon the earth, he crushes a few early flowers between his trembling fingers, and scatters them in ruins upon the budding ground; he breaths out a blight upon the forest, but the trees heed not his desolating spell, and only grow more vigorous and green with the new life with which they have been endowed. He gathers himself up with one last desperate effort; but the warm air oppresses him—the sweet odors annoy him, the light blinds and confuses him, he raves wildly, and clutches at the air; and with the last pulses of his heart, the hoary tyrant totters in his footsteps, his long, withered fingers let fall his icy scepter, he sinks down upon the soft mossy carpet of the rejoicing earth; and, behold! his reign is at an end. The great heart of Nature beats high with regenerated hope, she pours forth her exultations over forest and field, over mountain and stream, moorland and lea, green covert and mossy dell. The air vibrates with the swelling choirs of unnumbered birds, and the great world goes dashing on more exulting than before, singing a new song of glory as it plows its way through the abysses of cold space.

The sights and sounds of spring have a tenfold vigor and freshness. It is the season of new life, new hope, and new beauty. The leafing of the trees, the unfolding of the flowers, which follow each other in quick succession, till the earth is mantled all over with lovely forms and glittering hues; the voices of the sweet birds singing their songs of love, all repay us for past frost and sleets, and lead us into the ardent embraces of the refulgent summer.

Among the first spring flowers we find the daisy that "never dies," the dwarf furze, and the little chickweed, although these may better be regarded as the few connecting links between autumn and spring; for winter never kills them quite, and when

the frosts break up they put forth a new show of blossoms, as though proud of their sufferings in struggling to keep the world from being quite without flowers.

SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN.

NUMEROUS beyond calculation are the employments which offer themselves to the intellect and the ingenious industry of man, yet how few of these occupations belong to, or can be shared by, woman. How few are not regarded as derogatory to her, or beyond her sphere, or unsuited to her capacity and nature.

We speak now of women in the middle grade of life.

To the handmaidens of humble but honorable industry, a wider field is open. They share the most wearisome, the most laborious toil; but let us glance at the position of women in the middle sphere of life, whom fortune has not placed in independence.

Supposing them to remain unmarried, and to be called upon to support themselves, what fields lie open to them? Into what path of occupation can they enter without descending from their level, having the door of society shut against them—or, which is equally bad, remaining in an equivocal position, hanging between one class and another?

The influence of woman on the mind of the country is still great, even in matters of government and justice. They exercise an unseen power, and with invisible reins guide the opinions of men.

In medicine, too, the domestic circle calls for her exertions; and in religion her feelings and ideas disseminate themselves widely and powerfully through society, yet none of these is her recognized occupation.

Hers is only a moral influence, and to none of them can she retreat when forced to seek the means of self-support.

Science is studied by many women, and some few derive from it their independence—but only through the medium of literature. Even then they appear, by common consent, to be regarded as having put on an attribute of man. They seem to have lost the feminine character.

In education she finds a suitable and useful medium through which her energies may become serviceable to society and profitable to herself. The instruction of the young falls to her share, and many thousands of women reap rewards from this wide field.

The schoolmistress, the private preceptress, and teachers in large seminaries, form a recognized class. But examine their true position. Do they possess the level which, from their birth and acquirements, and general qualities, belongs to them? The schoolmistress' position is, at the best, equivocal.

The private teacher is courteously treated in society, but no more; and she whose occupation it is to take an inferior place

at a school is scarcely ever met in what is called "the genteel walk of life."

But is this right? The same woman, who is thus outlawed, as it were, had she married in her own sphere, might have continued a "lady," and the world would have smiled upon her.

But the simple fact of being compelled to resort to the employment of her own energies for support, withdraws her from this position, and she henceforth hangs between two grades, occasionally entering into each, but never distinctly recognized as belonging to either.

The private teacher is, in many instances, a "lady," born amid polished society, belonging to an "eminently genteel family," educated well, possessing varied and rich acquirements, accustomed to the elegancies of life, and nursed in all the refined ideas and tastes belonging to her station.

Her father is not rich, but derives competence through his profession, whatever it may be. She is one of many daughters, and finds herself single at a time when the accidents of fortune render it imperative that she should embrace some means of support for which her abilities and requirements may fit her.

What has she to do? The common resource is private tuition. She engages herself either to educate children in a family, or "give lessons" in the languages, "affords instruction" in the arts, or "imparts the accomplishments" which ladies study.

In a private family her position is often the most unenviable. She is below the head of the house, and above the servants. Oftentimes superior in every respect to those whose patronage supports her, she is frequently subjected to insulting slights from the family, and consequent impertinences from the menials.

Her position is below the drawing-room and above the kitchen —in a kind of cold and comfortless middle sphere. She is sometimes admitted into "a mixed party," but never into "a select circle," and her treatment is always marked with patronizing condescension.

Those who employ her act toward her with cold, and often equivocal civility; her pupils, ready in the education of pride and supercilious haughtiness, endeavor to make her feel her position; and the servants show her an obviously unwilling and incomplete respect.

Accustomed to independent action, nursed in ideas of dignity and self-respect, the fetters of dependence gall her, and the treatment she experiences from society serves in no way to allay the irritation.

Such, in all instances, is not the case; but when it is, the teacher has no help for it. The personal qualities of particular individuals sometimes—we would fain hope often—render the teacher's position less painful; but the other picture, unfortunately, too truly, in many instances, represents the condition of a woman who earns support by the tuition of children in a private family.

THOUGHTS ABOUT POETRY.

THE buoyancy of thought peculiar to young people finds expression in their favorite poets—their aspirations are clothed in ideas—ready made—full of pathos and elegance—from the simple and touching ballad, to the lofty and sublime strains of a Milton.

For you know, girls, that there is a witchery in true poetry which well accords with your youth and romance.

But as God's good gifts are so often perverted, you must be very careful not to mistake the flow of a vivid imagination into verse for that union of deep feeling, profound thought, and power of observation, which we style poetry.

It is best to cultivate a taste for that which Browning calls "poetry of the purest and most enduring kind."

The following specimen of the workings of the imagination will illustrate our meaning:

"'Twas a starry night, and the sun was set,
And the moon shed its balmy light,
As I walked me forth by the Riga's side,
With its waters clear and bright.
The elfin rocks on the mossy bank,
Stood motionless and still,
And the flow of the prancing rivulet
Dashed on like a quiet rill."

"Balmy light! elfin rocks, and prancing rivulet!" How very imaginative! How surprising that those rocks stood "motionless and still"—and yet more wonderful that the "prancing rivulet" dashed on so quietly. Why not have it put:

"Prancing, dashing, quiet rill,
Not flowing *down*, but *up* a hill!"

Indeed this reminds one of the famous verse:

"He gasp'd, then gave a silent roar."

The poet, too, did well to inform us that the "sun was set" before the "starry night" appeared!

Poets claim to have many privileges, but there is a vast amount of infringement on the poetic license, and much that passes for poetry is but high-sounding decorated language. Sometimes, too, there is both feeling and imagination, but the defect consists in the unfitness of the thought. Is this in good taste?

"Our sorrows, like a sea of grief,
O'erwhelm us in their rapid tide;
No shore of joy affords relief,
Or floats us to its harbor-side."

There are some *words*, too, which cannot be used in poetry, because of their associations; thus, the word *ear* is allowable, while *nose* is not; and so of fingers, and toes. Judge for yourselves:

'And then her fairy fingers softly press'd
The polish'd keys, and sweetest music-sounds
Entered my ear."

"And then her fairy toes most softly press'd
The fading flower, and sweetest odors now
Floated to my nose."

Truly, there's but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous! Commonplace thoughts, too, seem absurd when spoken in decorated language. Is not the following a high-flown way of saying, "shut the door?"

"The wooden guardian of our privacy,
Quick on its axle turn!"

And here is an extreme poetic license; a ridiculous, fanciful rendering of the phrase, I hear the dogs bark.

"My listening ear
Caught the approaching, pitiful, clamorous sound
Of quadrupeds canine."

If improvement *only* were the object of poetry, prose migh well be substituted; but the ultimate end of poetry is to give pleasure.

The *true* poet *describes* objects or scenes, just as the skillful painter imitates them: and this idea may serve as a guide to you, girls, in the cultivation of a taste for the true melody of poetry.

Mere sound, however, is not worth much, if the sense is obscure, or the language inelegant; for one of the most important elements of poetry is beauty of language in expressing beauty of thought, in soaring to those heights to which you sometimes aspire, and which every-day language seems inadequate to express: you find glowing thought clothed in elegant diction and appropriate metaphor, which pleases and delights.

If poetry is the language of passion, the language of rant and passion is not poetry—not at all—for the language of one in a furious passion is anything but poetical—a scold, then, would be a bad poetess.

That which is tolerable in prose, makes intolerable poetry—here is an illustration:

"I'll sit down here by this old rotten tree,
Which is, I see, all wrapped around with vines;
And by the side of this deep puddle, too,
Beneath the shade, I now will rest my bones.
Nobody here will come, me to disturb,
Or see or hear me. Neither shall I hear
The noise of anything, except it be
Of water running over the small stones
In bottom of its stream, and busy bees
Making their honey in a hollow tree."

Here, you perceive, that good thoughts if not expressed in elegant language do not constitute good poetry. To show what an improvement a mere change of language can produce, as well as to help you form a more correct idea of true poetry, we quote from Coleridge:

Here will I seat myself, beside this old
Hollow and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
Clothes as with net work; here will I couch my limbs,
Close by this river, in this silent shade,

As safe and sacred from the step of man
As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
And listening only to the pebbly brook
That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound;
Or to the bees, that in the neighboring trunk
Make honey-hoards."

These thoughts about poetry are merely suggestive; you will readily perceive that a just and cultured appreciation of it will do much toward refining your ideas and tastes.

And, girls, why do you not cultivate the art of reading aloud? For it is an art and an accomplishment to be able to read poetry with propriety, force and elegance. To read it impressively, the inflections and modulations of the voice should be well managed, and the *sense* fully understood; and then there should be a measured, harmonious flow in reading, avoiding monotony, sing-song, or a bombastic style of delivery. Gesture is not necessary in parlor reading, and to saw the air, stab with the finger, or beat the breast, is considered bad taste.

Reading poetry aloud gives enjoyment, encourages self-possession, refines deep feelings, develops the mind, and educates the manners.

Girls, try it in the home-circle during the long winter evenings.

THE SINGLE MARRIED, AND THE MARRIED HAPPY.

HAPPINESS is the end and aim of life. It is a natural feeling pervading each mortal breast. All mankind are engaged in the pursuit of it, and by divers means and ways endeavoring to seek and to find it. There are different fields in which happiness may be attained—but all point to domestic life as the goal of all earthly happiness; and this state of felicity is the married state.

To establish and maintain that the marriage life is happier than the single, it is only necessary to open the pages of sacred history, and therein we shall find that marriage is decreed for the comfort, the benefit and the happiness of the human race.

"It is not good that man shall live alone," we are told, and those words find an echo in the breast of every man that is not blinded by ignorance and prejudice. It is not good that man should live alone in this vast world without some gentler, lovelier, purer being to soften the asperities of life, to participate in his joys, and to sympathize in his sorrows.

That the marriage state is happier than the single, is attested by the almost universality of matrimony. Mankind would not be so universally led into this state as they are if they did not think and know that a greater degree of happiness was to be found therein than in a single state.

Why is it that the young man so willingly gives up his gay associates, his youthful pleasures and dissipating enjoyments,

and with joyous feelings and buoyant hopes enters into matrimony?

Simply and solely because he is convinced that a greater degree of happiness is to be attained therein, than in imaginary "single bliss."

It is not so much the desire of gaining wealth, or ascending the ladder of fame, that animates the breast of youth, as it is the desire of winning some fair one upon whom his heart's affections center, and thus crown his future happiness in life. This hope is present with him amid the turmoils and struggles for success, and is mingled in all his plans and designs.

The married man, after the toils and cares of the day, returns to a cheerful home, and is gladdened by all the comforts and delights of domestic life. He is met by joyous children, who, with gleeful voices, welcome home their sire—chasing away all harassing thoughts, and is soothed by an affectionate wife. Amidst the felicity of such a scene all the trials of life are sweetened and made smooth; and he goes forth again to battle with an energy and a will to perform the great duty of life. How different with the forlorn single man! He, after a day of business perplexities and anxieties, returns to an abode of gloom and cheerlessness; no welcome greeting, no tread of fairy-like feet are heard pattering in his deserted and silent rooms; no sound of musical voices. He eats his dinner or sips his tea in silence, and sits by a fireside that has never been gladdened by the joys of domestic life, pondering over the gains and losses of the day until his brain becomes racked, with none to comfort him; and under the influence of disappointment his energies become paralyzed.

There are certainly couples who are greatly too fond of extravagance and display, but that is no argument against the marriage state.

These, happily, are not so numerous—far from it, indeed—as the homes where husband and wife combine to live within their means. Nothing is more pleasing than to enter the neat little tenement of the young people, who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge or industry, have joined heart and hand, and engaged to share together all the responsibilities, duties, interest, trials, and pleasures of life.

The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner; whilst perhaps the little darling sits prattling on the floor, or lies sleeping in its cot, and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come home from his toils to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise.

This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists—and the young married people must set

out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years.

This is an unfortunate idea, and fills the world with bachelors who would marry if they could, but who cannot afford it.

Casting such fears to the winds, let the single get married, and may the married be always happy.

"WAIT A BIT."

"WAIT a bit" is a good rule to go by when you have received an insulting letter, which you are inclined to answer instantly, and under the impulse of a good red-hot fit of anger.

If you think it will help to relieve your mind you may write out your reply, but it may not be well to send it off by the next post. Let it remain in your desk for a day or two; then take it up, and if upon due reflection it appears to be the wisest thing to do, you can send it off.

But very likely by this time you may be satisfied that nothing will be lost by taking a somewhat quieter tone, and so your original draught will find its way into the fire.

It is a good plan for a man, when he is very wrathy, before he takes any action, to sleep over his grievance, and then see how it looks in the clear, cool light of the morning.

Once in awhile we find ourselves in a "bad fix," and how to extricate ourselves we do not know. The waters are rising, and if we do not get over the stream soon, it may be impossible for us to cross at all.

Have you never observed how often time settles things for us, which we could hardly have managed for ourselves? If you only wait long enough the stream which is now rising will fall off again.

Do you not remember how worried you were a year ago about some blunder that you had made, or some evil that seemed to threaten you, or something that was said about you; what do you care for it now? A year hence you will care just as little about the matter that disturbs you to-day and kept you awake last night.

Perhaps your attention is caught by some brilliant speculation, and if you are ready to take the venture, you may make your fortune in a day.

"Wait a bit" till you have had time to consider it, for you may come to ruin in a day. The whole thing may have a very plausible look, the maps and pictures may be very attractive, and the reports of experts highly satisfactory; but you had better wait and find out how much those beautiful maps and pictures signify, and what the testimony of the experts is really worth.

There are ten men who come to grief by jumping too soon, where there is one who suffers from a reasonable delay.

In every doubtful matter we ought to move slowly and cau-

tiously. Business engagements are formed in a hurry and repented of at leisure.

Matrimonial engagements are entered into the same way, for which there is no place for repentance. In many cases the temptation to act at once, and just as the feelings dictate, is almost irresistible.

We fling back the contemptuous word, and in a moment of passion strike a blow at the heart of those whom we best love, which an hour later we would give worlds to recall.

It is a great accomplishment when we have learned the art of holding our tongue where silence is the truest wisdom, and of doing nothing where inaction is the safest course.

The word *procrastination* has a bad taint, although it means nothing but "the putting off until to-morrow," which is sometimes the wisest thing we can do.

But not always; there are cases in which it is bad to let things "wait a bit." The sooner they are disposed of the better. If you have a disagreeable and inevitable duty to perform, it is well to get it over as soon as possible.

It will grow more and more formidable the longer it is deferred. As you brood over it day by day, and allow it to take possession of your night-visions, the molehill will grow into a mountain, and the gnat into a camel. If you have got to take the cold plunge, the longer you stand shivering on the brink the more unnerved you will become.

The habit of "putting things off" is one that grows upon a man imperceptibly and rapidly.

Some persons never do anything in the morning which it may be possible for them to do toward night, or anything to-day which can be done on the morrow.

If they have a bill to meet, they always wait till the last moment of grace. If they have letters to answer, they let them lie over until most of them are outlawed. If there is a leak in the roof, they defer repairs until the house is half ruined.

No one can correctly estimate the harm that may be done by just letting things "wait a bit." Many a man puts off making his will because "he can do it at any time," until it is too late, and then his property all goes where he was most anxious it should not go. A lucrative place is offered to a young fellow, he lets the application "wait a bit," and then finds that another has stepped into his shoes. The farmer lets his crop "wait a bit," and by the time he is ready to take it to market the crop is spoiled. The mechanic lets his work "wait a bit" until the demand for work has ceased, and he is left penniless. The fisherman waits until the sky has cleared and the tide ebbs, and then the fish have vanished into parts unknown. The lawyer lets his case wait from term to term; but he is the exception, for the longer he can keep the matter pending the larger are his fees.

And the writer of this essay delays his work till the printer is clamorous for copy, and he is no longer allowed to "wait a bit."

MORAL WHITEWASHING.

A SPECIES of whitewashing has recently been applied to certain notorous and repulsive historical characters, with the intention of removing their blotches, and transforming them into very decent sorts of people. It is a revision of the old record, by which those who have been regarded as very black are made to appear tolerably white. Scholars who are fond of big words call it the process of *rehabilitation*, or "putting that which had become distorted back into its true form."

Mr. Froude has undertaken the somewhat onerous task of whitewashing, among other doubtful characters, the royal and much-married Henry VIII., trying to show that he was not so very bad a husband, after all. We are asked to give him credit for an actual conscientious scruple in getting rid of some of his wives, and although he may have gone rather too far in bringing certain of them to the block, it cannot be doubted that they gave him considerable provocation. It was "the force of circumstances" that led him astray, and, taking everything into consideration, he was about as generous and kind-hearted as could be expected. And so "bluff old Harry" is rehabilitated.

Lord Macaulay has endeavored to rescue Machiavelli from the reproach which has long identified his name with treachery and deceit. We are told that he was a true lover of his country, and in all his machinations was seeking to advance the best interests of the nation; and the lying, and subtlety, and prevarication, and double-dealing which have made him so notorious, only reflected the general temper of the times, and are not to be condemned with the same rigor with which we very properly treat our public men in the present honest and straightforward age.

It is not strange that every effort should be made to redeem the reputation of such an intellectual giant as Goethe; but there is no concealing the fact that he wrote some very silly and very wicked letters, and did about as much as one man could do to corrupt the age in which he lived.

Neither is it strange that the myriad admirers of Byron should put in the claim that such a genius ought not to be measured by the same rigorous standard that we apply to other men. It is true, they say, that he abused and deserted his wife, but that she could not have been congenial, and must have been rather trying at times; he drank a great deal of gin, but we are probably indebted to that for some of his most impassioned poetry; he wrote very wicked verses, but he also wrote very many that are noble and sublime. Let us then, because of his transcendent genius, make every possible allowance for the evil that was in him.

Coleridge is another mighty man of thought—poet, philosopher, theologian—few have done more to stimulate the mind of the age than he; but his frailties were almost as conspicuous as his virtues. Would that they had never been revealed! No one needs to be more charitably judged than he; and, because

of his intellectual eminence, perhaps no one deserves to be more tenderly treated. In his case we do not object to a little extraordinary whitewashing.

Edgar Poe has been assailed and defended, blackened and whitewashed, more assiduously than almost any.

It is a pity that in many cases biographers have been so free and copious in certain details which might as well have been omitted. It is one of the bitter penalties of greatness that the defects and shortcomings which pass unnoticed in common mortals must be thrust upon the public eye and exposed without reserve.

Amongst the rest, an attempt has been made to whitewash the Roman emperor whose name has for ages been a synonym for all that is vile and cruel, and of whom Byron was the first to say a kindly word, and this after a very qualified fashion:

> "When Nero perished by the justest doom,
> Which ever the destroyer yet destroyed,
> Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
> Of nations freed, and the world o'erjoyed—
> Some hands unseen strewed flowers on his tomb;
> Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
> Of feeling from some kindness done when power
> Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour."

It is true that Nero was fond of music, and some may think that this proves him to be not totally depraved; but he once killed a man because he could sing better than himself; and if the story is true that he amused himself with playing the fiddle while Rome was burning, this miscreant will certainly never be rehabilitated on the score of his musical attainments.

But, after all, what profit is there in dwelling so persistently on the lapses and frailties of genius? Nothing should be said of them that is not true, but it is not necessary to tell all that is true. What man is there that liveth and sinneth not? There is a flaw, great or small, in every marble statue. We need not search for it too diligently. There is no occasion to examine the marble with a microscope. It may be incumbent upon the faithful biographer to hint at the faults of his hero, in order to keep us from blind and slavish worship; but it is not needful that we should linger over his imperfections, and it is a vile outrage when we unduly magnify them. Let us have something left to reverence. It is better to err by excess of charity than by excess of criticism.

[THE END.]

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