

WHAT THEN ?

An old man crowned with honors nobly earned,
Once asked a youth what end in life he sought,
The hopeful boy said, "I would first be learned,
I would know all that all the schools s'er taught."
The old man gravely shook his head,
"And when you've learned all this, what then?" he said.

"Then," said the boy, with all the warmth of youth,
"I'd be a lawyer, learned and eloquent;
Appearing always on the side of truth,
My mind would grow as thus 'twas early bent."
The old man sadly shook his head,
"And when you've done all this, what then?" he said.

"I will be famous," said the hopeful boy;
"Clients will pour upon me fees and bribes.
'Twill be my pleasing task to bring back joy
To homes and hearts near crushed by darkest griefs."
But still the old man shook his reverend head;
"And when all this is gained, what then?" he said.

"And then I will be rich, and in old age
I will withdraw from all this legal strife;
Known in retirement as an honored sage,
I'll pass the evening of an honored life.
Gravely again the old man shook his head;
"And when you've done all this, what then?" he said.

"And then!—why, then I know that I must die
My body then must die, but not my fame;
Surrounded by the fallen great I'll lie,
And far posterity will know my name."
Bodily the old man shook again his head,
"And after all of this, what then?" he said.

"And then, and then!" but ceased the boy to speak;
His eyes, ashamed, fell downward to the sod;
A silent tear dropped on each blooming cheek.
The old man pointed silently to God,
Then laid his hand upon the drooping head,
"Remember there's a place beyond," he said.

GETTING MARRIED.

It is very unfortunate for many that a subject so practical and important as marriage is often spoken of as if it were a mere jocular incident in human life. The opportunity to fill young minds with just and pure ideas concerning it is partially lost, and from the habit of treating matrimony as a comedy it is sometimes turned into horrible tragedy.

Marriage has its *social* side. Persons rise or fall or are kept from rising or falling, in a great measure, by the companions for life whom they select. Mr. Small would never by himself have amounted to much, but he had the good fortune to marry a capable, educated, energetic girl, and the result is that the Small family stand among the foremost in the town.

Marriage has its *practical* side. When the young people set out in disregard of the first principles of honest living, they lay the basis of many a bitter sorrow. When self-denial, forethought, and careful calculation are made at the beginning, and even over-mastering affection is made to bend to practical wisdom, they have laid a foundation for safe future prosperity. Tom Fawcett was desperately in love with Miss Greer, but he knew just how much it would take to "set them up," however modestly. He told her his ideas and plans; he got a savings bank book; she kept it for him; it was a salutary check on any little extravagancies to which she might have been tempted. Mr. Fawcett is now a bank president, and Mrs. Fawcett keeps four domestics, and makes everyone of them keep a savings bank book.

Marriage has an *intellectual* side. A man with a handsome face and fine figure, but without brains or any wish for knowledge, makes it hard for a wife of average capacity to maintain the "looking up" attitude. On the other hand, a refined and educated woman with an active mind lifts up a man who has inherent force, though, perhaps, without early advantages. A wise young fellow ought to say to himself: When that hair is less thick and glossy, when that cheek is paler, when that eye has less luster than now, will there still remain a mind that will stimulate and strengthen mine?

Marriage has a *moral* side. Harry Bell admired his "girl," but he did not respect her. There was nothing wrong about her, but he did not in his heart do homage to her principle. She dazzled others; she fascinated him; he

was proud of her in society. But that was all. When he had his home and his wife in it he did not keep away the men whose looseness or coarseness would shock a good woman. Wit might be wicked, but she enjoyed it, if it was witty. So his tone was not kept up, but let down; and, unfortunately, the "boys" are bad, and the girls are "not turning out well." It might have been different if Mrs. Bell had set up a higher standard of goodness.

Marriage has a *personal* side. A little high temper, a little dull moroseness, a little looseness of the tongue, a little—a very little—jealousy of disposition may be the ruin of two lives that ought to have been happy as one. Dear Edith was a lovely girl, but her girl friends knew that she had a "temper of her own;" and unfortunately now that she—temper and all—is Charlie's he knows it likewise. He is most cautious in her company. A man who carries about a bag of gunpowder needs to avoid sparks. She might blow him up. On the other hand Dick Brown is, in many respects, a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed and at length driven from his house by him, lest they should get the affections of his wife. He has in various small ways, "cribbed, cabined and confined" her, till a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman. It is pitiable to see her sidelong glance at him, that she may find out whether, unobserved, she may cordially receive an old friend of her childhood. Dick might scold her, sideways, all evening, if she showed too much warmth.

These and many such matters are little thought of by too many young persons, and hence the "incompatibility," the "unpleasantness" and quarrels, ending too often in separation. The union was formed under the influence of admiration, or self-love, or ambition, or sordid gain, and it was not happy. Ah, Mr. Looker, you may buy gold too dear.

There are cases in which marriages not abstractly wise, are yet robbed of their evil in a good degree by prudent friends. A young girl becomes interested in some one; commits herself, and when he comes to ask permission of her parents to address her, every one knows that it is of no use for them to refuse. She will have him whether they like it or not. The parents are reflecting, self-controlled persons. They say to one another, "this is not the wisest choice that poor Mattie has made, but she has made it, and we must make the best of it." So he is brought to the house; arrangements are prudently made for them; he is conciliated; influenced; guided. His respect and confidence are secured, so that instead of his standing on his insulted dignity and defiantly employing his power, he becomes ambitious to win the esteem and affection of his wife's "folks;" so he is lifted up and saved. The relations of young married people can do much to make or mar them.

There is a curious felicity some have in the circumstances of their marriage, which gives them a good "send off." They do not surprise any one when it is announced. People say it is just the thing. They do not run about the town telling everybody of the "catch," but they cement the friendship of many years by timely confidences which say, informally, "I wish you as one of my friends to know it." Their wedding is nice; there is no meanness, and no "splurge." "Her own minister," who has long known her, watched over her, who shares in her hopeful satisfaction, marries her, and his voice trembles a little as he says, "The Lord bless you!" He feels as if giving his own child to another's custody, and the bridegroom knows again from the very tones of the clergyman that he would be had and base beyond expression if he held lightly that sacred trust. Quietly and naturally the young couple settles down into their new life, forgetting no civilities, taking on no airs, and provoking no criticism. They are beginning as they mean to end. They will not be the "talk of the town;" they will never occupy the time of a divorce court.—*Rev. John Hall.*

LEARNING HOW TO REST.

Mrs. Harbert writes to the *Inter-Ocean*, addressing her words "to tired mothers," and then takes this ground concerning housework: Let us watch our tired friend while she prepares breakfast. Every dish has been put carefully away the night before, so that she must begin at the very foundation, by removing the table-cover from the dining table, replacing it with a table-cloth, and entirely setting the table—a process that requires many steps, owing to the inconvenient distances intervening between ice chest, pantry, sideboard and table. Potatoes are to be pared and sliced, and during the 10 minutes required for the preparation, our tired mother stands before a low table. Breakfast is eaten in a hurry, and then the table is again entirely cleared; salt-cellars, castor, etc., are placed to rest until noon; the dishes are carried to the kitchen, and during the long process of washing, draining and wiping them, the weary woman stands at her post. Finally, when the last dish is washed, she actually sinks into the nearest chair, sighing, "Dear me, this is almost the first moment that I have been able to sit down since I awoke." Tired out, and the day's work just commenced. After resting a moment, she remembers that there are peas to shell, and berries to pick over, and she returns to the heated kitchen, as if determined to work in the most uncomfortable manner.

Now, let us watch the housekeeper who is able to accomplish so much work with so little apparent weariness. When she commences her work the table is set, having been easily arranged the previous evening by the mere removal of the soiled dishes, and carefully covered. While preparing her potatoes she takes them onto a cool, shaded porch, where, seated comfortably, she can enjoy the fresh beauty of the morning, and at the same time perform her work as rapidly and deftly as though standing up in a heated kitchen. After breakfast, she arranges to be comfortably seated at the low table during the process of dish-washing, and, by the lavish use of water, renders the entire process far more endurable than the cold and greasy abomination of the friend "who is actually too tired to walk across the kitchen for the fresh supply of hot water."

After the dish-washing is concluded, our wise friend takes the peas and berries into the very shadiest spot of the yard, and calling the children, gives them their share of shelling peas, hulling berries, or reading the morning paper aloud, and thus the work of the day is well begun with but very slight weariness. Similar restful methods adopted in regard to the entire duties of the day will produce a surprising difference in the resulting weariness.

VENTILATION BY THE CHIMNEY.—A parlor-fire will consume in 12 hours 40 pounds of coal, the combustion rendering 42,000 gallons of air unfit to support life. Not only is that large amount of deleterious product carried away and rendered innocuous by the chimney, but five times that quantity of air is carried up by the draft, and ventilation thus effectually maintained. The ascent of smoke up a chimney depends on the comparative lightness of the column of air within to that of an equal column without; the longer the chimney, the stronger will be the draft, if the fire be sufficiently great to heat the air; but if the chimney be so long that the air is cooled as it approaches the top, the draft is diminished.—*Faraday.*

MUSIC OF THE FLUTE.—That it is really the air which is the sounding body in a flute or other wind instrument, appears from the fact, that the materials, thickness, or other peculiarities of the pipe, are of no consequence. A pipe of paper, and one of lead, glass or wood, provided the dimensions be the same, will produce, under similar circumstances, exactly the same tone as to pitch. If the qualities of the tones produced by different pipes differ, this is to be attributed to the friction of the air within them, setting in feeble vibration their own proper materials.—*Sir John Herschel.*