

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Within the hollow silence of the night
I lay awake and listened. I could hear
Planet with punctual planet chiming clear,
And unto star, star cadencing aright,
Nor these alone. Cloistered from deafening night,
All things that are made music to my ear:—
Hushed woods, dumb caves, and many a soundless more,
With Arctic mains in rigid sleep locked tight,
But ever with this chant from shore and sea,
From stinging constellations, humming thought,
And life through Time's steps blowing variously,
A melancholy undertone was wrought;
And from its boundless prison-house I caught
The awful moan of lone Eternity.

—*Alfred Austin, in Cornhill Magazine.*

MRS. HAYES AND THE WORKINGWOMEN.

Mrs. President Hayes lately visited the "Woman's Department" of the Indianapolis fair, and was welcomed by one of the women managers in a speech, from which we take the following:

"Mrs. Hayes, wife of the Chief Executive of these United States, I, on behalf of the Woman's State Board of Industry, extend to you a most hearty and cordial welcome to the Woman's Department of Indiana's Industrial Exposition. I believe I but echo the sentiments of all right-thinking people when I say that no more fitting or appropriate place could have been chosen for you to grace with your presence and smiles of approbation than the halls wherein are massed for exhibition the products of busy, skillful and womanly hands. We are glad, honored madam, to have an opportunity of making this demonstration of welcome here to-day, because we feel sure that the weight of the influence, which your high position lends you, if thrown in with our earnest endeavors, will in a great measure revolutionize public opinion with regard to the status of a woman who works, and to a considerable extent aid in destroying the flimsy gauze of social pretense which sets the dainty, weak, idle woman of the world far above and apart from the energetic, thorough-going, every-day, working woman of the country. We, an association of practical working women, who know nothing and absolutely care nothing about the vanities and foibles of high-lit idleness, commonly termed genteel society, are glad to welcome you here, because we have every reason to believe, judging from your determined and noble endeavors to make of the White House a true home in every sense, instead of a banqueting place for intemperance, conviviality and folly; that you carry within your breast an honest and true regard for working women everywhere, for those women 'who look well to the ways of their own households,' and for those brave, self-sacrificing spirits of our sex who are striving against adverse influences to bring forward and upward into proper recognition all of the manifold industries by which women are enabled to become not only the adorners, but in a grand measure the supporters of nations. It cannot be denied that, in proportion as the 'busy hum' of industry echoes through the homes of our land, just in the same proportion will the prosperity and perpetuity of our nation, which is only our homes in the aggregate, become powerful and enduring. It is a well-known fact that of all the unimportant, overlooked, and undervalued personages in the world, working-women are the most insignificant. There is a continued struggle against adverse circumstances as compared with the condition of the workingmen of the country. The difference between their conditions is the very distinctive difference between labor disfranchised, dependent and hopeless, and labor free, honorable, thriving, and an equal sharer in political power. As an industrial association, we are determined in so far as our influence and power extends, to lift the burdens of the vast army of toiling women, who are stretching out their hands to us for help from every city, town, village and hamlet in our State. We are determined, in so far as our influence and power extends, to open up new avenues of labor and

work for our toiling sisters, and to secure for them, instead of social ostracism, the honor and respectability socially they justly deserve. And again, honored madam, in view of all this, and knowing you to be a high-souled working-woman, with a true appreciation of the efforts of the workingwomen of the country, we with seven-fold heartiness greet and bid you welcome here."

THE SWALLOWS AND THE FLOWERS.

Dusty and weather-beaten was the old eaves-trough—so very old, a part of it had actually fallen out, leaving a hole; and the rest was seamed with many a crack and crevice. Mosses began to gather in the grooves; and one day a wee, slender thing came up through the mosses into the light. Straight, and pale, and tender, and tiny, this plant grew up alone: in sun, and wind, and rain, it stoutly held its own. In silence, yet pausing not, it grew. Swiftly and surely it put forth leaf by leaf; until, one day, it was crowned with a golden crest of flowers. And then it proved to be the wee-est golden-rod ever seen.

No one knew how it came or whence. All the neighbors were thinking of themselves. The grape near by was busy with its fruit. The trumpet-vine swung from the trees, its royal trumpet ready for the king. The birds were teaching their fledglings how to fly, and the white clouds above in the blue were never still an hour. As for the plants that grew upon the ground, they never could have lifted their heads so high.

So when these lofty folks saw the flowers in the trough, they began to wonder: "Is it right?" "Is it best?" and "What shall we do with it?"—they said among themselves. They all knew well the meadow was its home; for afar off they saw the waving of the proud heads of its kin. In time it ceased to be a wonder and was forgotten.

Next year, out of the mosses in the crevice of the trough grew a row of tiny plants, pale, and tender, and resolute. And they grew up swiftly and flowered into five little golden-crested rods.

This time, the neighbors were disturbed indeed. They talked it over and over together, and wondered what next would come to pass.

At length, they got a pair of philosophers to come and see. They were two fork-tailed swallows.

They came, they perched upon the ridge of the roof, and looked and chatted. They said: "Little flowers, are you mad, to come up in trough, and live without friends, or earth to grow in? Why do you so?"

"Because we are sown," said the flowers. "But it is wrong," said the two birds in concert. "Whereunto may not this evil grow? You are misplaced, and are, moreover, the most ridiculous little pigmies ever seen."

"All we know is, we were sown," said the flowers.

"Why don't you refuse to grow?" said the birds.

"Because we are bound to do the best we can," said the flowers.

"At least, you can wither before the sun!" said one bird.

"Or break before the wind!" said the other.

"Or refuse to bloom!" cried both. "Oh," said the flowers, with modesty, "we may be little and lone; but let us hold our own stout hearts, at least."

"But are you happy?" said the birds.

"Most happy," said the flowers,—and just then a ray of sun-light fell on them,—"since we've done the best we could."

"And are you willing to live on just for that?"

"Yes! oh yes!" cried all the five little golden rods in a breath.

Then the stupid swallows flew away quite disgusted, and told all the wise plants that those five little flowers were too ignorant to be taught.

—*St. Nicholas.*

LIKINGS PROVE CHARACTER.

"Taste is not only a part and an index of morality—it is the ONLY morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, 'What do you like?' Tell me what you like and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet what their 'taste' is, and if they answer candidly, you know them, body and soul. 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do you like?' 'A pipe and a quartern of gin.' 'I know you. 'You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth and a clean tea-table, and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths.' 'You, little boy with the dirty hands and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch-farthing.' Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask? 'Nay,' perhaps you answer: 'we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they do right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong; and if they do wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the manlikes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday school.' Indeed for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they *have* come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thirsting for the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just but to hunger and thirst after justice."—*John Ruskin.*

THE RAIN TREE.—Some travelers in Columbia, South America, in traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, were struck with a strange contrast. On one side there was a barren desert; on the other a rich and luxuriant vegetation. The French Consul at Loreto, Mexico, says that this remarkable contrast is due to the presence of the "Tamai caspi," or the rain tree. This tree grows to the height of 60 feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, possesses the power of strongly attracting, absorbing and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere. Water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. It is in summer especially, when the rivers are nearly dried up, that the tree is most active. If this admirable quality of the rain tree was utilized in the arid regions near the equator, the people there, living in misery on account of the unproductive soil, would derive great advantages from its introduction, as well as the people of more favored countries where the climate is dry and drouths are frequent.

EDUCATIONAL CRAMMING.—Prof. Husley, speaking of the high pressure or "cramming" system in the schools, says that the children so taught are "conceited all the forenoon of life and stupid all its afternoon," and, also, that "their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age, and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work which make many a successful man what he is, must often be placed to the credit, not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in boyhood."