



HIS LOVE.

A snow-white dove cleaving the darkness of some night,
Wherein no soft moon swings and no stars faintly shine,
Is like thy own young soul, sinless and pure and white,
Leaning against this black and sin-veiled soul of mine.

Life is a great sea, the mysteries of whose vast depths are solved by none save the diver who never returns.

Which would you rather marry—a poor but independent man who can earn only \$2,000 a year, or an aristocratic one who will let his father-in-law give him \$10,000?

Better to eat the dry bread of spinsterhood which is never washed down with wine, than the fruits of a mistaken marriage, which are tears and heart aches and burning regrets—yes, and sometimes death in life.

The man who stumbles over his own feet in his haste to give up his seat in the car to the young lady with the smile and the rose under her chin, usually lets his wife carry in the water, and split the kindling, and polish his boots.

Mary J. Holmes, the novelist—or, as she would probably put it herself, the novelist—strongly protests against another Mary J. Holmes writing books under her own name. It is certainly something of a misfortune to have some other woman write under your name, and yet it seems to me that it would be a greater misfortune to the other woman not to be allowed to use her own name as she may see fit to do. If the other woman insists upon being just plain Mary J. Holmes on the backs of her books, Mrs. Holmes No. 1 might call herself "The original Mary J. Holmes"—which would be original and quite taking.

A striking illustration of the power and tenacity of contemporaneous thought and custom is unconsciously given by Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward." In his description of woman "emancipated," as he found her after his long sleep at the close of the twentieth century, he causes Dr. Leete to say that the women of that advanced age are as guiltless of coyness and coquetry, and as free to tell their love to the object of their choice, as are the young men themselves. All this Mr. Bellamy—or Mr. West, as he is in the story—accepts as the proper thing for the reconstructed girl of the twentieth century; but he goes straightway and coolly drops a hundred years from his calendar in his portrayal of his own love scene with Edith Leete, in which he makes her, the sweet girl of his choice, stand with downcast eyes, trembling and blushing, while he tells his love, just as any ordinary, modest girl of the present day is wont to do under the same circumstances. Mr. Bellamy is undoubtedly an original thinker; yet it is evident that he keeps a little corner of his heart, at least, dedicated to our good, old ways, and that while he is entirely willing that the men of future ages shall be wooed and won by the maidens, he doesn't quite like to picture himself as one of those blushing, ridiculous youths.

A friend showed me a plain made gown the other day, and mentioned the price the milliner had charged for making it. "Why," I exclaimed thoughtlessly, "she over-charged you! That is entirely too much for a plain gown."

"I know it is too much," said my friend, gently, turning aside her head; "and I was right-down indignant at first, and had a great mind to tell her so, too, but somehow"—here my friend took up her new gown and made a great feat of examining it—"somehow, all in a moment, I remembered that once, years ago, my beloved sister was very poor and she took in sewing. Her rooms were small and dark and dingy, and she did her housework and took care of her baby, besides the sewing. I remembered how she used to sit on sultry summer days, stitching, stitching, while the dust from rich women's carriages rolled through the windows into her pale, worn face; and how she used often to sew until midnight to finish a ball dress for some gay society woman, soothing the baby when it cried and laying its

little moist lips to her tired breast; and how"—here my friend bent very low, indeed, over the new gown, and I noticed her fingers were trembling in an odd way—"how many and many a time, when she did go to bed, I, a little child then, tossing in my dreams, would hear her moan all through the long hours of her troubled sleep. And the woman who made this gown was poor, too, and her rooms were shabby and stifling. She was pale and careworn, and she coughed often and put her hand to her chest—and the baby was there, too, cross and ill. So, somehow, all in a moment, as I have said, I remembered my sister; the hasty protest died on my lips, and I handed her the money without a word, recalling how rich women had haggled with my sister over her charges, and how I, as a child, had burned to open the door and push them into the street! I am afraid we do not remember such things as often as we should"—and something that looked like a glistening pearl dropped on the new gown. I do not know whence it could have come unless from my friend's violet eye.

I sat for one whole day recently in a railway car, opposite the loveliest woman I ever saw; and what was better, her manners were as perfect and as charming as her face and figure. It was a pleasure to me only to look at her clear, gray eyes, her dark gold brows and hair, her lovely color, her warm lips, her amiable, perfect smile and her soft, white throat. "Now, don't admire her too much," I said to my impressionable heart; "she can not be as perfect as she looks. Every one has a fault concealed somewhere." But, try as I would, I couldn't find one word, expression or gesture to condemn; for with all her beauty of face and figure, her charm of manner and conversation, her soft voice, her happy laugh, her entire fascination, she was yet utterly unconscious of herself, and very amiable. But alas! when my journey was almost at an end, I found the flaw in my gem, the horrible, wriggling canker worm in my rose. She was describing a delightful drive back of Portland, but stopped right in the middle of it and exclaimed, with a little laugh that grated disagreeably, "But it will take you past the poor house, and I know you don't want to be horrified by a glimpse of the dreadful wretches who live there!"

"I have been not only past the poor-house, but in it," said a gentleman of the party, quietly.

She looked up at him and laughed, and her laugh had lost all its music, and her eyes all the light, for me.

"Do you mean it?" she asked, "or is it one of your detestable, little jokes? What could take you to the poor house?"

"I went to see the poor people there," replied the gentleman, blushing. "There is so much misery there, that a few flowers and fruits cheer those sad hearts up wonderfully."

"As if," she said, and now there was a sneer on those lips that took all their loveliness away, "such wretches could appreciate flowers or care for fruits!"

And I would rather, then, that she had been plain and homely, if only her heart could have been kind.

O, mothers, wherever you are, and whatever your lot or station in life, I ask you to teach your boys to respect women. Teach them that no woman may be mentioned disrespectfully or lightly. A man who does not respect women is not a moral man, and a common drunkard is more to be trusted than he. What is more, I do not mean merely that they should be taught to respect their mothers and sisters and the pure women of the earth, but to feel, also, a vast pity for the unfortunate ones. O, never a woman falls so low but a kind word or a look of respect for her womanhood—wasted though that womanhood be—will kindle the old spark of pride and virtue once more in her breast. For one moment at least she will feel something of that old sweet independence which once was hers, and she may be bettered thereby. The kind word and the respectful glance will never do her harm, and it may do her good. When you are tempted to say one light or sneering word of God's unfortunate ones whom He still loves—never you doubt that He still loves them, else it will be a sadder thing for you when you die than for them—pause one moment and repeat to yourself this little truth which I give to you, indeed, to all men on earth, for what it is worth—and myself, I think it worth more than all the sermons that ever were preached under God's blue heaven. When I was a little girl, at the close of Sabbath school, we used to all stand up and say solemnly and earnestly together, "The Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent one from the other;" and somehow, it always did me more good than the preacher's longest prayer. So now, this little truth I speak of, I ask all men who read these words to say it over, solemnly and earnestly with me, that they may learn it by heart and remember it. This is it: "When all men feel respect and show respect to all women, old and young, virtuous and unvirtuous, there will be no women on this beautiful earth who do not deserve and command respect." Whenever you feel the inclination to say one light word of a woman, stop just long enough to repeat to yourself that simple motto, and the light word will be unspoken.