

ETHICAL TALKS BY CLERGY AND THE LAITY

THE EVILS OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP SPAULDING, OF ILLINOIS

DOUTLESS America's increasing domination has helped to arouse in our public life greater sympathy and tenderness, a more complete revulsion from cruelty toward man or beast. But more than pity we need justice, which is the first and greatest charity.

The most grievous injustices which oppress us, of which the weak and the poor, the laborers and their wives and children, are the chief victims, has its source in the political corruption which taints our whole public life, and more especially the conduct of our municipal affairs.

It not only stamps upon our name a brand of infamy in the eyes of foreign nations; it dishonors the best among us and makes reform seem impossible. It not only impoverishes, but it dishonors and dishonors the laboring population of our cities.

It is the foe of civilization, of religion, of morality, of God and of man.

It thrives in the mephitic air of saloons and brothels and gambling halls. It makes the rich its accomplices, and compels the respectable to connive at its iniquities and infamies.

It perverts the public conscience, it destroys the sense of responsibility, it makes effort at reform abortive.

In the presence of this moral plague even the wisest and the bravest are bewildered and discouraged.

No subject is more worthy of the attention of those who are interested in the

improvements of social life and conditions.

Legislation can accomplish little unless it is supported by a more humane, a more enlightened, a more Christian public opinion.

We need the assistance of noble-minded and educated women. If in the home, in the school and in the church, there is woman's influence is potent, if not paramount, the sentiment that corrupt politicians are more criminal than convicts be awakened and fostered good will have been done.

Were it possible that the daily press should take a sincere and serious interest in whatever concerns the public morals that a beneficent power it might exert. But this cannot be hoped for while many newspapers continue to be chiefly a commercial enterprise; for when the primary consideration is pecuniary profit, it will be deemed proper to publish whatever may excite curiosity, even though it panders to morbid cravings and prurient propensities.

In the actual conditions the machinery and institutions created to deal with the violators of the law are, in a large measure, the agencies whereby vice and crime are produced and diffused.

The delinquents who are incarcerated are chiefly the poor who, had they money to pay the fines, would escape imprisonment.

The heaviest punishment is inflicted on the most helpless, and frequently on the least guilty and thus the morally weak, the victims of unfortunate environment, are degraded, hard-

ened, and made habitual offenders. Nearly one-half of the several millions annually arrested become chronic criminals. In the face of the theory that punishment should be reformatory and preventive, the fact remains that in our hands it is still largely a cause of corruption and of the spread of vice.

Our city prisons and station houses are often nurseries of crime, and this may be affirmed also of many of our country jails and penitentiaries. A recognized authority on this subject has said that if there is an iniquity in the land today it is the county jail system; that there is no greater iniquity in the world than the jail system of the United States.

But the discussion of this and analogous questions would carry me beyond the limits of a newspaper article. It is enough to have called attention to the fact that it is the part of wisdom to refuse to yield unreservedly to our American spirit of optimism.

All past ages, when compared with our own, were, in a sense, ages of ignorance, and there may be reasons for thinking that the man of the future will place our century in the same category.

A dark age certainly it shall be called, when considered from the point of view of the only sufficient test of civilization, the immaturity and the degenerate profligacy to virtue and power, and they who prefer money to truth and love are also immature and degenerate.

Goodness is less than sexuality marks epochs in which all things are verging toward ruin. We are at present under the

tyrannous sway of the spirit of commercialism and expansion, and our very thought is made subservient to the ideal of vulgar success, but they who have the best insight have a fine scorn of current opinion. They are able to do without its approval and end by receiving it.

The ends to which we as a people are called to devote ourselves are religion, education, justice and charity. If we fall in this, wealth and numbers and the conquest of distant lands will have no power to save us from ruin and shame.

Nothing but a civilization resting on a basis of righteousness and morality can make popular government and permanent.

If we are to look, not to the triumphs of the moment, but to lasting results, for which the whole world shall be grateful, we must turn to the largest thought and the purest love, for so surely as God is, so surely are they destined to prevail.

Tyranny is the foe of liberty, greed, of justice, brute force of mercy and goodness; and wars which spring from the baron's passion for conquest, from covetousness, from the savage's delight in victory won by cunning and physical strength, pervert judgment, destroy right feeling and foster the vices which weaken, harden and blind the people, and lead the way to destruction.

Unless we remain sensitive to moral distinctions, unless we prefer justice and mercy to the dominion over the kingdoms of the earth, we shall enter the open ways along which the empires and republics of the past have rushed to destruction and shame.

If, then, we love America, our country, if we believe in the brotherhood of mankind, in equal opportunity and freedom for all of God's children, let us turn from dehumanizing greed, from vain glory and pride to follow after truth and justice and love.

THE MODERN MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

HOW to marry is the first question to what justifies divorce, and to know how to do the first wisely would in most cases obviate the necessity of the other. The most important question is not how to patch up evils, but to dig down to the foundation causes of the discord and disorder on the surface. I would rather be instrumental in placing one new round on the ladder of progress, by which all humanity might rise a little higher than with moral anodynes to soothe the sufferings of one generation in their false relations.

We are doing two things today to improve married life. In opening all high schools and colleges to girls, we are giving men and women better opportunities of studying each other's tastes, sentiments, capacities, characters, in the normal condition. In everyday life in the recreation-room and on the playground, the real character reveals itself, and more congenial marriages will be the result of these early and free acquaintanceships, for different from those under the artificial stimulus of fashionable society.

Thus, too, in seeking a girl's ambition to go through a collegiate course, marriage will be postponed to later years, when character and physical powers shall have been perfected and matured. This of itself will end much of the weakness and disability that so greatly mar the happiness of married life today.

Moreover, girls are beginning to have the idea of pecuniary independence, of the dignity of self-support; hence with their minds occupied in study, their hands in profitable work, marriage will cease to be the only goal of their ambition; it will be an incident in their lives, not the whole of it.

A place in the world of work will enable

women to marry from the highest motives, not from their necessities. It will teach them, too, the value of money—to earn what they will spend will be the best possible check to extravagance, and end much of the domestic contention over the almighty dollar—and this place she is slowly conquering today.

Long as it took to marry from considerations of policy from every possible motive but the true one—discord and division must be the result.

So long as the state provides no education for youth on these questions, and throws no safeguards around the formation of marriage ties, it is in honor bound to open wide the door of escape.

From a woman's standpoint, I see that marriage, as an individual tie, is slavery for woman, because law, religion and public sentiment all combine under this idea, to hold her true to this relation, whatever it may be, and there is no other human slavery that knows such depths of degradation as a wife chained to a man whom she neither loves nor respects; no other slavery so disastrous in its consequence on the race, or to individual respect, growth and development.

The question today with the Protestant world, is not whether marriage is an indissoluble tie, but, as a civil contract, for what reason and what reasons it may be dissolved.

All this talk about the indissoluble tie and the sacredness of marriage, irrespective of the character and habits of the husband, is for its effect on woman. She never could have held the pliant tool she is today but for the subjugation of her religious nature to the idea that in whatever condition she found herself as man's subject, that condition was ordained of heaven, and she burning with the fury of her husband in India or suffering the slower torture of bearing children

every year in America, to drunkards, diseased, licentious men, at the expense of her own life and health and the mind and the body of her progeny.

Women would not live as they now do in this enlightened age, in violation of every law of their being, giving the very heyday of their existence to the exercise of one of the most important functions of the body had not been made through the ages the cardinal point of their religious faith and daily life. It requires but little thought to see that the indissoluble tie was one of the necessary steps in this subjugation.

Human nature will bear anything so long as it seems inevitable, but when a door of escape opens the inborn love of life and freedom in the human soul fires the whole being to seek liberty at all risks, throwing old authorities and dogmas to the winds and tramping the chains of a long and wearied bondage under their indignant feet. The indissoluble tie was found to be necessary in order to establish man's authority over woman.

But the day is breaking. It is something to know that life's ills are not showered upon us by the Great Father from a kind of Pandora's box, but are the result of causes that we have the power to remove. By a knowledge and observance of law the road to health and happiness opens before us; a joy and peace that passeth all understanding shall yet be ours, and Paradise regained on earth.

When marriage results from a true union of intellect and spirit—when mothers and fathers give to their holy offices even the preparation of soul and body that the artist gives to his conception of his poem, statue or painting, then will marriage and paternity acquire a new sacredness and dignity, and the manhood and womanhood will glorify the race.

REASON WE LAUGH OR CRY OR BLUSH

BY PROFESSOR CAMILLE MELINAUD

IF we compare tears and laughter we will see that in spite of the evident difference, there is still a resemblance on some points.

There is no doubt that tears and laughter signify different things, but both are under the control of the will to almost the same extent.

There is a laughter that is absolutely involuntary, that is irresistible, uncontrollable. Then there is the false, insincere laughter, that we Frenchmen call the "yellow laughter," and finally there is a semi-voluntary laughter, that is, we very often feel like laughing, while at the same time, this feeling is not so strong that it cannot be resisted, and when we give in to it we really laugh, because we want to laugh to show persons present that we appreciate a pun, a "bon mot," an allusion, etc., so on this point there is resemblance.

To the superficial observer, tears and laughter are exactly opposite extremes, and he makes in regard to them a very simple and uncompromising rule: "Laughter expresses joy and tears express sorrow."

If we look deeper into the fact, we observe that this rule is too inflexible.

It is very true that tears express sorrow or sadness, if it is understood that tears are not always the natural im-

mediate and irresistible effect of sadness. To be exact and true, the rule should be expressed thus, that "tears are connected with sadness, sometimes caused by an unbearable sorrow or pain, sometimes by a relaxation after the pain and sometimes by an intention to show that we feel a pain, that we, if we wanted to, could very well bear it without showing it."

When the popular rule says that laughter always expresses joy it is just as inexact, for while there is no doubt that joy makes us disposed to laugh, this is about all that it can concede.

We laugh for so many different reasons, laugh, for instance, at the uncertain gait of an intoxicated man, laugh at a lady who dresses in an old-fashioned way, at a man that makes a mistake in a speech, at the grimaces of a clown, at the sound of snoring in a solemn assembly; at an actress whose gown is caught on a nail in the floor, and still none of these things cause us any joy, while they make us laugh.

Laughter often means something else; it means that we have detected a weakness, a distraction, an infirmity in someone else, and here is where another difference between laughter and tears is shown.

As Hobbes so strikingly expresses it, "Laughter is always a 'sudden pride,' a feeling of superiority over our fellow-men"

of being free from certain follies, that we see in others, while tears are a confession of weakness, an appeal for pity, a cry for help.

Between laughter and tears stands the smile, perhaps a little nearer the tears, because the smile is a language, because it can lie like tears, because it is very often semi-voluntary, but still, it must be said that the smile is far easier controlled by the will than the tears.

I do not think that there is an incoercible smile, and furthermore we can all smile exactly when we want to, whether we mean anything by doing so or not.

There are two kinds of smiles; in one case we smile at a person, and then mean to express sympathy and benevolence. In the other case we smile at a person, meaning at the same time to express scorn and disdain, as well as an entente with others present. So we see that there is a certain resemblance between tears and smiles.

Tears are often a sign of sympathy and so is the smile, but at the same time the difference is evident in this that the smile almost never expresses pity, and when we talk of a pitying smile we really mean a smile of disdain.

Another sign of emotion that I might mention in connection with the smile is the blush.

Very often we smile when feeling embarrassed, and the same feeling of em-

barrassment will very often cause us to blush.

If we compare the blush and the tears we will see that they are almost opposite. Tears very often express an emotion that we want to show, because it is not to our advantage to conceal it, while the blush is the visible sign of an emotion that we try to conceal.

Under what circumstances do we blush? Always when we try to control and hide our inmost feelings. We blush from modesty, we blush when somebody praises us, and when this praise causes us great pleasure, while at the same time we do not want to show this pleasure, but, on the contrary, want to appear indifferent.

We blush from timidity when we feel that we are being attentively watched by many others, while we want to appear unconcerned and at ease.

We blush from shame, for instance, when we have heard indecent language, and want to make believe that we have heard or understood nothing, and we also blush with shame when we have been caught in an act of doing something that we did not want anybody to know anything of.

The will has absolutely no control over the blush; we cannot blush when we want to, nor stop blushing when we wish to appear unconcerned. In fact, the very effort to control the blush will, in most cases, make us blush still more, and while we therefore have a certain right to designate tears, laughter and smile as languages, the blush could not be called thus, as it is only a sign, a show of emotion, that it is beyond our power to control.

A VACATION SCHOOL FOR PARENTS

BY A MOTHER

WISE mothers realize that their children have a knack of growing out of knowledge spiritually no less than physically, and count it among the blessings of vacation that it gives time to make friends with "their very own."

Whether the Summer days are spent at home or abroad, no mother who truly loves her boys and girls can afford to overlook the opportunity of Summer leisure. If she can manage to make herself comrade, and leader in sports, the problem of family government is in a fair way of solving itself.

Comradery and leadership require some thing of tact and forethought. There must be nothing which smacks of infringement upon the true holiday spirit. Suggestions even squinting at school work are not to be endured. At the same time, it is easily possible to make Summer play fun and fruitful Winter lessons. One woman at least found it so. She had Summer charge of nine children between the ages of 8 and 12. A shallow stream ran over clean pebbles in front of the cottage, with other pebbles heaping the banks. There she set her charges to playing geography; that is to say, to making of pebbles and atew, islands, peninsulas, continents, cape, promontories, bays, gulfs, straits, seas, even oceans. At first things staid the continent builders, but long before the Summer sojourn ended, they had built hemispheres with rivers and mountain ranges duly running through. And it took nothing from their enjoyment of the building, that a Chicago lad insisted upon having Lake Michigan bigger than the Pacific Ocean, nor that the Mississippi ran for once without the suspicion of a crook between mouth and sea.

From abstract geography the tradition was easy to catch, and especially to handle. Here the titular mother showed herself invaluable—she knew about soldiers and generals, and had books which told of military formations and the configuration of battle scenes. Battles themselves inevitably followed. It was thrilling to see lines of proud, red-coated tin soldiers maneuvered by three haughty British generals and one private, advance to assault pebble cotton-bale breastworks, and win which a feminine General Jack-

son waved a kitchen knife sword, and shouted to her riflemen, who, like herself, wore skirts: "Aim for the whites of their eyes!"

Perry at Lake Erie was played lower down, where the shallow stream ran into another quite three feet deep. The flagship was a gorgeous thing of sails and paint—chips, chunks and bit of plank, along with tin cans, leading badly through the holes in which their stick masts were stepped, made up the rest of the fleet. Only the boys fought in the naval battle—wading in boldly to touch off the fire-cracker cannon high on deck or slung at the masthead. The girls were sadly anxious to be Indian allies, with paint and feathers stuck in the hair, but since both the British and Americans flouted them, they ran off with their heads very high, and spent the whole afternoon working on the book of leaves.

The book of leaves was going home to the littlest girl's papa, who knew everything about all the things that grew. All the children could help with it, under certain restrictions. That is to say, if they were sure they wanted to badly enough to do careful work and keep their hands very clean, the book was stoutly bound with roughish blank pages, grayish white and of fair size. Leaf prints went upon one side of each page. To make them, fresh leaves well wilted were pressed against paper which had been evenly blackened by holding it over the flame of a lamp. By rubbing the leaf delicately it left its image in white lines upon the black, but that did not count. From the black paper it was lifted into its place in the book, blackened side down, covered with soft paper, and rubbed all over with a bit of cotton tied in thin silk. It came away, leaving its picture upon the book page. There were few or many on a page, according to size. The littlest girl's papa was to name and classify the pictures—a very good puzzle for him—and then the book was to go into the library of a private school.

The work proved so fascinating that several of the youngsters made leaf books of their own. Another among the older ones was moved to skeletonize the leaves and fill a bigger book with them. Printing leaves on sensitive paper was

also tried, but the little people did not care for it, as they did not know how to fix the pictures after they were made. Even they got no end of pleasure out of cheap drawing pads and plentiful colored crayons.

Sometimes the titular mother told or read them something, making it as short and plain as possible, and letting each bear picture his idea of what he had heard. Some truly astonishing creatures resulted, but the story teller found the pictures wonderfully instructive. They were indeed a fairly accurate index of the great temperamental differences in attention and comprehension. Some of the children to whom spoken words seemed to convey the least were able, after seeing pictures in a book, to come much nearer reproducing them than others who, working by hearsay, had done much better.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that if for 10 months in the year parents educate their children, throughout the two normal children do a deal toward educating their parents so fully grown up they are glad to be in part children again. One such mother who found herself unable to go out through a whole Summer, kept her five children wholeheartedly happy and content by playing stories with them. She got the best and brightest books—none of them juvenile—and read them to her flock, a chapter each morning. After the reading the youngsters were permitted to choose who in the story they would be. First choice was the prize of all-round good behavior, and no choice at all the severest punishment. Whatever was chosen, the chooser had to live up to, as nearly as possible, until next morning. One of those children feels to this day a grievance against Fate in that she was never lucky enough to be the Fat Boy in Pickwick.

A whole season of story playing is, of course, impracticable outside one's own home. But for a day or special occasion it might serve very well. Children love nothing better than acting—witness their close imitation of those round about them. In the family, as in the state, the least governed are commonly the best governed, and those so indirectly controlled they seem self-governed, the happiest and most peaceable of all.

WHAT TO DO WITH COLLEGE GRADUATES

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

WE are confronted with the astounding fact that with the close of the public business high schools that there are more graduates than can possibly find employment, either in private or official positions. While the Nation is to be congratulated upon the intelligence and fine qualifications of its youth, at the same time a serious question arises—where graduates trained for any practical position or vocation? A professor of the Chicago University claims that college graduates are totally unprepared for the practical things of life, and that for want of discipline in the useful arts they are unfit for any positions of responsibility or trust. Parents desiring to favor their children all they can deny themselves everything and do everything that is required to be done in the family, so that sons and daughters may devote all of their time to their studies, which they must do to master the curriculum of these schools, to say nothing of the time they must devote to athletics, which have now taken the place of former labors performed morning and evening as necessary exercise during school days. Doubtless athletics are all very well for the development of muscle, but our observation has been that they are more attractive to most young persons than text-books, and

in more than one case have completely demoralized students, and not only caused them to fall at school, but laid the foundation of their failure in any successful or useful position.

We read, with much disgust, a few days ago, an interview between a representative of the press and a young lady athlete and graduate, who spoke of their coach in quite as flippant terms as any man in any college could possibly have done, declaring that her own wise head devised the correct diet while the young women were training, by ignoring the directions of the coach and adopting "fudge and chocolate sodawater" as the proper diet, and manifested much braggadocio that they had won out on this nutritious diet. We could imagine the manners of any young woman so thoroughly absorbed with such fanatics, and found it difficult to reconcile that sort of thing with the delicacy of a womanly woman, or as at all desirable in the future wives and mothers of the coming generation. It would have been much more in keeping with our ideals of accomplishments in women if the interview had betrayed ambition and satisfaction on the part of the young woman to have carried off the honors of her class, and just pride in being considered a remarkable scholar.

To our old-fashioned minds, parents

should require of their sons the cutting of the wood for the family use, cutting and watering the grass of their lawns in Summer, cleaning off the snow from the sidewalks in Winter and many other necessary and healthful exercises, and if they have animals, the care of them should also be assigned to the boys.

Mothers should insist upon their daughters sharing in the household duties, filling in the spare time with their needles or some other refining occupation. In this way the necessity for athletics would be minimized and the race developed mentally, morally and physically in a rational and useful way.

For boys there is nothing more beneficial than a course in military tactics, and a comparative statement of the results of training in military tactics, and in that of base and foot ball would beyond question be to give preponderance in favor of military training, while the exercise could not be better. The cultivation of a spirit of pride and mattness in appearance in the military is much more to be desired than the slatternly abandon and untidy appearance of players of baseball, sprinting and other games that are in vogue in these days, not to mention the patriotic spirit inspired by marching and drilling under the flag they might some day be called upon to defend. We have not heard of

any of the cadet corps coming off the field with broken bones, disreputable looking clothes and so used up that their best friends would not know them. In addition in the event of National trouble, we would have an embryo army that could in a brief period be converted into efficient soldiers, whose patriotism will have been much strengthened by their knowledge of military tactics and education along the lines of usefulness for one's country.

The Spanish-American War demonstrated the value of the experience of our youth in the cadet corps of our public schools by furnishing some of our best young officers and many soldiers that could have commanded men had disaster overtaken all the officers of any company, battalion or part of a command. There was never any trouble in finding capable non-commissioned officers for any duty, no matter how important. Therefore, keep up the military drills; there is a future to them, and devise some industrial branch that will also fit young men for useful vocations in civil life, and discourage the now universal tendency to seek clerical and other precarious positions that are not in the line of real fruitful and stable work.

Insist upon young girls learning the domestic arts and useful occupations that equip them for wife and motherhood; and discourage them in the superficial preparation that enables them to take clerical positions in private and Government offices, when, as a matter of fact, they are ignorant of the fundamental principles of education, or in any sense prepared for the nobler duties and positions of a life that is in any sense beneficial to the world.

REDUCTION OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

BY C. L. REDFIELD, M. E.

ONE of the modern tendencies is a gradual reduction of the size of the American family, and another is a demand for female suffrage. The first of these is or may soon become a menace to the welfare of the Nation; the other might or might not be beneficial, according to the circumstances under which it should be exercised.

To a certain extent, these two tendencies are linked together, and an argument against female suffrage has been that it would tend to take women away from the family life and into the political arena.

It is probable that there is such a relationship between these two tendencies, but the fact that they may combine together to the detriment of the public welfare does not necessarily imply that they may not be combined advantageously.

While this country now belongs to those who control its affairs, a little later it will belong to others, and these others will not be the sons and daughters of the present owners, because they have very few, but to the sons and daughters of those who rear large families.

A republican form of government is based on the idea that it shall represent the whole people and shall conduct its affairs so as to be of the greatest benefit to the greatest number. In practice vote is based on these two tendencies, but the fact that they may combine together to the detriment of the public welfare does not necessarily imply that they may not be combined advantageously.

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are not inferior in this respect to all men.

In a republic the only valid ground for denying any citizen a right to a voice in its government is a lack of the intelligence necessary to exercise properly that voice, and in drawing the line between the eligible and the ineligible it should apply equally to all persons.

Although children, by reason of lack of information, do not know what governmental policies are best for the Nation, and consequently cannot be permitted to exercise the right of franchise, yet they have the same right to life and protection that adults have, and the future welfare of the Nation is bound up in their welfare and education. They are, therefore, vitally interested in good government, and should be represented by proxy until they are able to represent themselves.

And who, it may be asked, should represent the child during his minority? Undoubtedly, the child's parents have a better conception than others of the child's needs. The parent is burdened with the child's support, is his legal guardian and should be his political representative in a government whose future existence is dependent upon the proper rearing and education of its children.

The object of a republic is the attainment of good government, and it is quite certain that a government controlled by the fathers and mothers of families will be better than one controlled by bachelors and old maids, who have no children and never expect to have any.

Suppose we meet this condition by extending the franchise to women and also to children by proxy through their parents, dividing the extra votes equally between father and mother and giving the odd vote to the father when there is an odd number of minor children. Under present conditions, there are economic and social discriminations against parents. The parent is burdened with the expense and care of children. He is compelled to forego many

luxuries and pleasures he might otherwise have, and in his peregrinations through the world the sign "no children allowed" meets him at every turn. And this in a Republic and Nation whose existence depends upon these parents!

If the parent is the political representative as well as the legal guardian of his minor child, the politics of the country will recognize the parent. Instead of the municipal office of emolument going to the ward healer whose children, if any, reside in an orphan asylum, it will go to the father of a respectable family, who will thereby be better able to support and educate the future custodians of the country.

The mother, who is so ignored, will then have a certain social prestige arising from political influence. The country will be better governed, the children will be better educated, and we will never fall into that childless age which proved to be the destruction of Greece and Rome.

Shake Hands With Fate.

'Tis a sad old world, and a bad old world, It is scarce worth while at all; It's sorrow and its friendships sting, And even its joys will fall. But dear life is not all its strife, And love is better than hate— You'll find a grace in the surliest face If you just shake hands with fate.

With light in your glance and right in your glance, A spring in your walk and a ring in your talk, Sure, hope will not pass you by. The path that you will winds over a hill, But it leads to an open gate; So trill you a song to lure love along, And just shake hands with fate.

'Tis in yourself is the demon elf, 'Tis in yourself is God; And you'll never stray from yourself away— God's light or the devil's prod. Whatever your mind you'll meet in kind, And what is yourself creating? The world will view what is really you— Therefore, shake hands with fate!

—Regina Armstrong in Leslie's Weekly.

VIRTUE OF SUPPRESSING ONE'S FEELINGS

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

A WOMAN begins upon her wedding day that suppression of herself and her otherwise visible emotions that life from year to year requires of her. Why it has become a matter of established and expected form that on the occasion of the most sacred and personal affairs of life—the bridal and the burial—doers should be broad open and a cloud of witnesses should be asked in to view the exhibition, is explained only by our love of the spectacular or by the survival of herself which she finds it best to reserve from sight and knowledge.

There may be many a thing about her husband not to her taste; as with equal possibility there may be much about her not to his taste, either; things seen in the familiarity of married life and unguessed before, but which husband or wife can

no more change now than the leopard can change his spots. The husband, the wife, was loved before, it is still desired by both to love and to be loved, to maintain the warmth of mutual affection, each is still dear in spite of any fault; and thus a very necessary suppression of personal tastes and preferences takes place almost at once.

If, for instance, a wife said just what she thought, or showed just what she felt, concerning her husband's friends who come into her parlor, there would either be a great disturbance upon the spot, and it would be found out who was master, or the husband would take to meeting his friends somewhere outside the home, where it might be best neither for him nor for her. Or, again, a wife perhaps objects to her husband's pipe or cigar; but she knows very well that it is wise not to waste herself upon the small vices, but to reserve her reprobation for the greater occasions. She may very possibly find things that are unpleasant to her in the traits of her husband's family—but of what use to betray it? Without question she may feel the same about hers, and it gives away her advantage to express it. There they are; and the wisest and pleasantest course for her is to suppress her feeling. And in the course of time the feeling that is suppressed—unless exasperated to outburst or stimulated to ranker

growth—almost ceases to exist. One thing which, as a rule, never does cease to exist, is her objection to sting in which her husband corrects the children. Yet to lift an eyebrow about it she knows is not only likely to make a bad matter worse, but is bad for the children themselves; and not by a look askance—unless positive and unbearable cruelty supervene—will she discount the father's influence and authority.

Nor does any of this imply that there is to be the least deceit on the part of the wife. If she is asked, or if she finds it necessary, she will declare her state of mind; but experience and observation have shown her that tact is the victory of success, and that it accomplishes much more than the direct means of open opposition do.

Moreover, great love will always make her wish that her husband should be first, should have his own way wherever it is possible; and it tells her that he would too often give up his way for hers if he knew her way were other than his; and she frequently derives her greatest happiness in keeping her differing way effectually out of sight. Indeed that woman whose marriage has been most conspicuously a happy one, might tell you, if she would—that it has been so largely through a long self-effacement and suppression in many things, the balance of satisfaction

being struck in others, and that it is not alone the women of the convent-cell who are seen only behind veils and lattices.

The Hours.
Edgar Poe wrote:
Once amid sleep, I saw twelve sweet hours,
Go lightly along, gay sisters, hand in hand,
Some with gold tresses and hair and face like flowers,
Some dusky as night and wearing stars like flowers.
"Ah, lovely!" I murmured—but the secret powers
Of slumber, issuing an occult command,
Changed these fair wanderers to a mournful band
That moved with earthward brows through
leaves bowers.
Then faintly across my dream a voice was
borne,
"The forms you first beheld, so blithe of mien"
Looked now to eyes that hope's warm glory
cheers;
While they that walk funeral and forlorn,
Though all the same, by differing eyes are
Through shadows of anguish and cold mist of
tears."

Sunset Wings.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
Tonight this sunset spreads two golden wings
Cleaving the western sky;
Winged, too, with wind it is, and winnowings
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings
Of strenuous flight must die.
Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions
sway
Above the dove-coop-tops;
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play.
By turns in every cove;
Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout re-
ceives
Have for the whirl within,
You could not tell the starlings from the
leaves;
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm
Away with all its din.