

tinued. Now, I will give you a bit of my experience. When we first set up housekeeping, I gradually formed the habit of fretting over the many little vexations that fall to the lot of housekeepers, and also of carrying these little grievances to poor Harry when he came home. Want of system in my work caused me to have so many things to do at once, and that once usually happened to be just at dinner-time. Harry would come home to find me with uncombed hair, a pair of old slippers on my feet, and a very red face, flying in and out from kitchen to dining-room, back and forth, entirely too busy to meet him with a kiss of welcome. Then, when we sat down at the table, instead of a pleasant, cheery talk, I was too jaded and worried to eat, or to join in conversation, except to fret about my tired feelings, and how very much work there was for only two people. And very soon I began to see the gloomy shade on his face as he came in the door, and my common sense taught me that I was the cause. Why, I do believe if I had pursued that course much longer, I should have lost the respect and love of one of the best and noblest husbands this world contains."

"Well, Sibyl, do tell how you remedied it."

"In the first place," said she, "I did some planning beforehand. Each afternoon, when I had leisure for thought, I decided what should be the next day's breakfast, dinner, and tea; then if we had not the necessary articles, there was time enough to purchase them. Then I determined to avoid the habit, which most women have, of crowding three days' work into one, in order to have 'a day to myself.' I divided it up as evenly as I could, and by this means I seldom became so overburdened and tired as to lose command of myself. System, cousin, system is everything in housework. Then, too, there is a great deal in trying to 'keep sweet,' no matter what happens. You smile, as much as to say, 'It's very easy to say that, when we are sitting here so tranquilly, but when the milk boils over on your clean stove, or the marketing fails to come home, or some vexatious thing happens, it's much easier to preach than to practice; but I tell you, dear, it won't hurt you to try it; try persistently; if you fail once or twice, resolve the more firmly to keep sweet next time; and you will find in time that it has become a habit with you to be pleasant and cheerful, and a good habit it is, too. To be sure, I am not *always* unruffled—sometimes my vexations get the victory, and the hasty, impatient word comes; but I know where to look for help,—God's grace and our own earnest endeavors can do marvelous things for us."—*A Leaf from Somebody's Journal.*

SELECTED.

Human Life.

After a while—a busy brain
Will rest from all its cares and pain.

After a while—earth's rush will cease,
And a wearied heart find sweet release.

After a while—a vanished face,
An empty seat, a vacant place.

After a while—a man forgot,
A crumbled hearthstone, unknown spot.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Whosoever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

MEN AND WOMEN.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to those who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to stand at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Surely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex. Women in his way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, and their

delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry; and the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, and sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. The asperities are rubbed off, the better materials are polished and brightened, and their richness, like that of gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men.

A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.—Something over twenty years ago the present Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota went to Chicago, and built a church on Wabash avenue, near the business centre of the city. In those days there were no street cars, and it happened that the reverend gentleman took up his residence in West Chicago, convenient to an omnibus line. It frequently occurred that the omnibus would be crowded, and many obliged to take "deck passage." The writer was riding on the seat with the driver one Saturday night, when the conversation turned upon Sunday labor and the consistency of professed Christians—the driver thinking it rather hard that he should be obliged to labor on Sunday, while others could take their rest. It appeared from his conversation that his faith in Christianity was rather weak, but turning to me he said with considerable emphasis: "There is one clergyman whom I respect, and believe to be a consistent Christian." Being a little curious to know who the clergyman was, and upon what evidence he had based his opinion, I asked him for an explanation. "Well," he said, "there is the Rev. Mr. Whipple who built the church down town; he has a free pass over this line, but walks down and back on Sundays, rather than compromise his Christianity; that proves to me that he is a consistent Christian." It sometimes occurs that a clergyman's most eloquent sermon is being preached when he least expects it.

No Tobacco at West Point.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Lincoln, has prohibited the use of tobacco by the cadets at West Point. This is a splendid triumph for the temperance cause, indicating as it does most emphatically the damaging influence of this baleful drug upon its victims. Young men who are being trained, mentally and physically, for positions of responsibility, are prohibited the use of the weed. Why not ask all the young men in the country, upon whose physical and mental strength the future prosperity of the nation depends, to abandon the use of this venomous, debilitating, debasing poison? Not long ago an army medical officer published a series of facts from which it appeared that nearly all the graduates of our military schools came back with their constitutions contaminated with vile diseases, the penalty of licentiousness, within one year of their graduation. We feel safe in predicting that the discontinuance of the use of tobacco among the students while in college will go a long way toward diminishing the amount of vice and its terrible consequences after they leave the restraints of their school life, and come in contact with contaminating influences.

Home.

Burdette, in his lecture on "Home," says: "Home is more to a woman than to a man. It is her temple. She is its goddess, its priestess—but oftener its janitor. A man doesn't look so longingly back at the old home, though it never cost him a cent, bought all his clothes and sent him to college. A man likes his home, when he gets acquainted in it, because there his stupidity passes for the profoundest wisdom. His jokes are all laughed at (though it needs a glossary to get at their meaning) if he only indicates the laughing place. When a man dies he is wept for at home, but the cold world moves right along as if nothing had happened; fond lovers come to his graveyard even; wear his tombstone smooth sitting on it, contract bad poetry and worse rheumatism and burden the air with labial confectionery. I've heard that there were skeletons in many homes. They never get there unless they are brought. Secrets in the family are bad things. There is one, though, that's all right, and that is a handsome Christmas present for the husband, for the bill is sure to be sent to him four days before Christmas, so that everything is made lovely and harmonious."