

## Literary Notices.

THE 'PULPIT TREASURY for February is promptly on our table. Its contents display impartiality to the Evangelical denominations. This Magazine gives honor where honor is due, treads with firm step the good "old paths," touches with clear light many doctrinal and practical themes, and affords by its incomparable articles from many practised pens, the very aid so many pastors and Christian workers need in their different fields and in their multifarious forms of labor.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE of London, commencing Volume XIV. with Jan. 1886, announces that an American Edition, issued simultaneously with the London Edition, will be published from the office of *The Pulpit Treasury*, 771 Broadway, New York. E. B. Treat, Publisher. This arrangement places two first-class Evangelical Magazines—*The Homiletic Magazine* of London and *The Pulpit Treasury* of New York, within easy reach of clergymen and others, as the American publisher offers to send both Magazines to one address for \$4 00, postage prepaid. The Annual Subscription to *The Homiletic Magazine* alone is \$3.00, and to *The Pulpit Treasury*, \$2.50.

### WOMAN'S WORLD.

It is a mistake to think that any young girl can put her hand to house hold work with success when she leaves school. Some who have a decided talent for it, may; others who have some liking for it, lose it if never called to do anything towards making their homes comfortable and pretty.

In Germany there are boarding schools where young girls are taught all the different departments of house-keeping, from the washing of dishes to the mending of fine table linen. One month baking may be taught, another the cooking of meats, another preserving, and so on, not forgetting washing and ironing. Rigid economy is practised throughout the training. Some such practical training is really necessary to the happiness of every woman, rich or poor. Noblemen's daughter's in Germany are sent to such establishments when they leave school. How much more, too, can a woman be a real Samaritan if she can with her own hands cook the necessary delicacies for a sick one and know how to serve it in a tempting way. Every mother owes such a training to a daughter she loves, it is a fortune that will never be lost. The training, though most valuable does not cost anything.

#### SMALL WAISTS.

The frog in the fable while trying to make himself as big as the ox, ignominiously died in the attempt. He alone suffered. There are women now-a-days who try to distort themselves in quite a different way to the frog's, but their pride leads them to the same evil results. They not only are killing themselves by wearing garments inches too small for them, but they become unhappy, and make others so. To make the waist appear still smaller, some have adopted the immense bustle which gives rise to jokes. We give the following which appeared in Harper's *Monthly*, not as a thing for laughter, but to show how ladies thus absurdly dressed will cause disagreeable remarks to be made of them:—

A young lady who recently graced our social festivities was of peculiarly thin figure, and displayed a vory

pretty, but very prominent set of teeth. Being a stranger she excited some comment. Somebody asked Mr. Smith how he liked her. Well enough, was the reply, "but she looks like a comb—all back and teeth."

### LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

Amid the restless thoughts and deeds  
Which fill life's burdened hours,  
I muse on questions suffering breeds  
In her dark lowers.

I close my eyes on things of sense  
And see the world of mind unroll  
Its problems, which like shadows dense  
Oppress my soul.

True friends beloved, who made the world  
A realm of light and happy bliss,  
Have gone: and left no flag unfurled  
For hours like this.

Why do the ships in which we trust  
Life's priceless pearls and golden store,  
When the wild storm breaks sink the first  
To rise no more?

Our children fair, beloved and dear,  
Oft fade and sink into the grave,  
As if there was no ear to hear  
Nor arm to save.

Or else, in spite of prayer and tears,  
They drift away from truth and right,  
Till blighted hopes and boding fears  
Quench Joy's sweet light.

Why are the lures of Wrong and ill  
So mighty to enlist in sin,  
While Truth and Righteousness seem still  
So slow to win?

In the great war of Right with Wrong,  
Why are Christ's hosts so oft dismayed?  
And Truth's triumphant victor song  
So long delayed?

Falsehood still reigns o'er myriads vast,  
And suffering's sway is wide and sore;  
The mournful wail of hearts oppressed  
Sounds evermore.

Or why does selfish passion's power  
Triumph in men o'er love and truth,  
Till doubt distrustful darkens many an hour  
Of Age and Youth?

I cannot solve by skill of mine  
These problems that perplex the soul;  
I trust and wait till light divine  
Illumes the whole.

This is the Spring; in season due  
The harvest shall make known the gain—  
The ripened grain of life which grew  
From seeds of pain.

Our Father God, who reigns above,  
Shall yet evolve from Earth's dark strife  
The music of immortal Love  
And fadeless life.

—*Christian Guardian.*

DALBY.