

## Be a Woman.

For I have heard a gentle mother  
At the twilight hours began,  
Speaking with a son on duty,  
Urging him to be a man  
That unto her blue-eyed daughter,  
Though with love's words quite as ready,  
Points she out the other duty—  
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something  
Made of hoops, and silks and airs,  
Used to decorate the parlour,  
Like the fancy rings and chains?  
Is it one that wastes on novels  
Every feeling that is human?  
Or is this to be a lady,  
As not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter  
Speak of something higher far  
Than to be mere fashion's lady—  
"Woman" is the brightest star.  
If you, in your strong affection,  
Urgo your son to be a true man,  
Urgo your daughter no less strongly  
To arise and be a woman

Yes, a woman! Brightest model  
Of that high and perfect beauty,  
Where the mind and soul and body  
Blend to work our life's great duty.  
Be a woman; naught is higher  
On the gilded crest of time;  
On the catalogue of virtue  
There's no brighter, holier name.

## Success for Boys.

THE study of the lives of great men shows that certain principles enter into and control humanity in all those life undertakings which are worthy of youthful endeavour. Not luck but labour, not chance but a clearly defined and settled purpose, not day-dreaming but will-power, not impulsive effort but concentrated toil, not listlessness but perseverance, not fretfulness but patience, not selfishness but economy, not exaggeration but truthfulness, are some of the things which must be observed to worthily win in any vocation. A successful man *thinks* about what he is going to do. The world calls him "longheaded," "deop," "shrewd," "a natural genius," and the like. He is simply thoughtful. He thinks out his plans before he executes them, just as an artist conceives his picture in his own mind before he paints it. A mathematician once said: "If I had a problem to work in two minutes, I would employ the first minute in thinking how to do it." Successful men exercise forethought. They plan, they deliberate, they study their business, master it, and then push it ahead with enthusiasm. They are energetic. They show practically that they have will power. They use their friends, face their enemies, create opportunities, venture their fortunes, and hold fast. Having deliberately concluded that a thing ought to be done, they vow to accomplish it. General Grant voiced their sentiment when he said: "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." They concentrate all their powers in one endeavour. "This one thing I do," is their motto. They are workers. They have staying qualities, too. They are always there. They believe in the old adage that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." They are contented to be "one idea men." Though they advance but slowly they are satisfied to advance at all. They are seldom moved by the delusive cries which greet every ear, "O, you can make more money here!" or, "You can do much better there." They prefer certainty to hope. They live within their means, and avoid useless expenditures always. This is a good thing to teach every boy to do. He is a foolish young man who expends his hard earnings for tobacco, theatre

tickets, Sunday liveries, and luxuries generally. Such money is worse than thrown away. It yields no good, and its tendency is evil. Even money expended by a poor man for those little comforts which the rich can afford, yet could do without, would much better be saved. It is an old saying, that "Everybody has to walk at one end of life;" and they are sensible who walk at the beginning and ride at the close. "Be content with such things as ye have," is not only good Scriptural counsel but sound business philosophy.

When the poet Whittier was reminded of his early struggles, and the secret of his happiness in the midst of them, he said: "I did not covet what was beyond my reach; yet I have gotten a great deal out of life; more than most people." Few Americans have ever learned the art of economy, save as necessity compelled. Even necessity is a law which differs with different persons. The attention of a Mississippi planter being called to the rickety chairs in his house and questioned as to why he did not have a set with backs and bottoms to them replied: "I thought it better to have a house without chairs than chairs without a house; I was not able to afford both." Even so extreme a view of economy is better than a spendthrift habit which recklessly makes debts without a probability of paying.

There are many trite maxims which parents can impress upon the minds of their children and thus make impressions that will develop into life habits. Peter Cooper was a very prompt, stirring man, a good man, generous, kind-hearted, a lover of his kind, and a success in the world. He was the fifth of the nine children of poor parents, and was named Peter, after the Apostle, because his father said: "This boy will come to something." Yet Peter's mother was the one who impressed his young heart with a life motto. Shortly before his death he said: "My sun is now setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God. . . . I seem to hear my mother calling me, 'Peter, Peter, it is about bed-time.'"

John Wanamaker, the merchant prince of Philadelphia, was spurred to his best early endeavours by the uniform kindness of his mother in administering reproof and giving counsel. When first employed as a clerk at \$1.25 a week, he walked four miles to the store in the morning, ate a two-cent dinner, and walked back home in the evening, "that he might save the more money for his mother." "Her smile was like a bit of heaven to me," he once said, "and it never faded out of her face to her dying day." "Such a remembrance," says Lamartine, "is a north star to any wanderer." It holds the thought and the affections amid the temptations and snares of life. It is almost a miracle that any boy escapes the dangers that beset his path when thrust out into the world to shift for himself, especially if he have no memories of pious parents and a sunshiny home burning in his heart.

These constituted much of the inspiration which made Abraham Lincoln what he was. His mother found time amidst her weary toil and the hard struggle of her busy life, not only to teach him to read and write, but to impress ineffaceably upon him that love of truth and justice, that perfect integrity and reverence for God, for

which he was noted all his life. These virtues were ever associated in his mind with the most tender love and respect for his mother. "All that I am, or hope to be," he said, "I owe to my angel mother." John Randolph said: "I should have been an atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

## The Saloon Spider.

A SPIDER sat in his basement den  
Weaving his snares for the souls of men.  
"I will not work with my hands," quoth he,  
"An easier pathway must open for me."  
He spreads his tables of greenest baize,  
And many a cunning trap he lays.  
The marble halls are smooth and white,  
The den is blazing with floods of light.  
Behind the bar the spider stands;  
There is not a wise man in the land  
But will lose his wit and become a fool  
If he yields himself to the spider's rule.  
There's not a man so strong and brave  
But the spider will dig him a shameful grave;  
There's not a youth so noble and fair  
But will learn to drink and gamble and swear  
In the spider's den. But do not, pray,  
Dare to dispute the spider's sway. [broom  
If you sweep the den with the law's strong  
Perhaps you might make a cleaner room.  
But then men are fearful—a little afraid,  
In fact, on spiders to make a raid; [live,  
I would stir up excitement, and spiders must [give.

So our dear household treasures we patiently  
The spider still sits in his basement den  
Lying in wait for the souls of men.—Selected.

## Paper.

ONE-THIRD of the paper consumed in the world is made in the United States by one thousand mills, each averaging two tons daily. The four thousand paper mills in the world make annually a million tons of paper—one-third of which is used for newspapers. Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, is called the "Paper City." It turns out daily one hundred two horse waggon loads of beautiful papers of various tints. At Castleton, on the Hudson river, millions of postal cards are made each day for the Government out of wood pulp. Paper has become as great a necessity as iron, and is employed in fully as many ways. Scores of railways use paper car wheels. Stoves and chimneys, even, are made of paper. It is used for pencils, for lumber (in imitation of mahogany), for roof tiling, jewellry, bronzes, false teeth, water cans, row boats, flour barrels, powder kegs, clothing, shoes, collars, blankets and carpets. A fashionable New York lady once gave a party at which the women wore paper dresses. A paper house was exhibited at the Sydney Exhibition, the doors, floors, and furniture being made from paper. In Sweden paper thread is made. Thin silk paper, with tasteful designs painted in oil, pasted on common window panes, makes an admirable imitation of stained glass. Paper dipped in chloride of cobalt makes the French "barometer flowers," which are blue in fair weather and change to pink on the approach of rain.—St. Nicholas.

BOWLES, the poet, was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike gate, and one day, says Mr. S. C. Hall, he presented as usual his two-pence to the gatekeeper. "What is that for?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse," "Dear me," exclaimed the astonished poet, "am I walking?" Mrs. Moore told Mr. Hall the anecdote.

She also told him that Bowles on one occasion gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so, inscribing the sacred volume to her as a gift "From the Author."

## Promise Not to Swear.

ONE day a gentleman observed a group of boys bent on play, strongly urging another boy to join them. He was struck with the very decided "No" which the boy gave to all their entreaties. Anxious to see the result, he stepped into an entry, where he could hear and see and not be much observed. "That boy has a will to resist the whole band of them," he said to himself. A last effort was made to induce him to go with them.

"Now, James, will you not come? You are such a good player!"

"Yes," he replied; "but on one condition. Give me your hand that you will not swear, and I will go."

They did so; and with joy all ran off to play.

We are sure that the game lost none of its interest for the want of swearing. Noble boy! not ashamed to show that he was on the Lord's side, even in the face of his ungodly play-fellows.—Sel.

## The Choice of a Profession.

BY SENATOR ALDRICH.

THERE is a great disposition on the part of our educated young men to crowd into a few professions or callings. There are, to-day, in all our cities and large towns, great numbers of young lawyers and doctors without remunerative practice, who can never rise above mediocrity in their profession. There are a much larger number seeking clerkships in stores or banks, or employment in situations of this kind for compensation which does not afford adequate means of subsistence. These callings are highly honourable, furnishing ample opportunities for the success of superior ability and energy; but there are many other callings equally honourable, where the prospects of success, with the same natural abilities, either in the way of emoluments or position, are very much greater. There is an active demand, which is very far from being fully supplied, for men who can apply scientific knowledge to the useful arts; for good chemists, designers, engravers, engineers, skilled in mining or mechanism, railway superintendents and managers, managers and overseers in manufacturing establishments; and for skilled mechanics of every kind. Many a young man is now employed as a clerk, at from ten to twelve dollars per week, who, with proper training, could find equally respectable and healthful employment, with better chance for advancement, as overseer in a cotton or woollen mill at from twenty to thirty dollars per week. I would say to you young men: Do not allow yourself, from any false notions of respectability, to drift into subordinate positions from which you will find no means of extrication, and where you will become mere machines; but rather fit yourselves to become leaders of men by courageously grappling with and mastering the forces by which the world is moved.

FORTUNE has its extremes as well as the rest of the virtues, and ought like them, to be always attended by prudence.