

Young Woman's Corner

NUTTING.

It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days that cannot die;
When in the eagerness of boyish hope
I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
A nutting-crook in hand; and turn'd my steps
Towards some far distant wood, a figure quaint,
Trick'd out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds.
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal dame:
Motley accoutrement; of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles—and in truth,
More ragged than need was! o'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Droop'd with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation, but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
A virgin scene! A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sat,
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I play'd;
A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation have been bless'd
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
Forever—and I saw the sparkling foam,
And with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,
Lay round me, scatter'd like a flock of sheep,—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to play
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deform'd and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being; and unless I now
Confound my present feeling with the past,
Even then, when from the bower I turn'd away
Exulting rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.
Then, dearest maiden! move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

—William Wordsworth.

Gentleness is a most pleasing quality in woman. It is the attribute that smooths out her character to perfection. All the wrinkles of harshness and crudeness are rubbed out by it. Gentleness no more harshly resents an injury than offers an affront. It were better to drop the acquaintance at once of the one who offends than to speak harshly,

perhaps disparagingly in retaliation. One loses one's reputation for lady-like conduct by the harsh retort. The offender loses something in the offence he or she has committed—nothing by the hasty and undignified conduct that the offended person responds with.

It is not gentleness to refrain from the hasty retort because one would appear unladylike in making it. It is gentleness to keep back the unkind answer because we cannot bear to hurt even those who would hurt us. This gentleness pities the offender rather than blames him or her. It must not be contemptuous pity. Contemptuous pity arises from too much pride in one's own good manners. It says "I am thankful that I behave better than others."

Gentleness is kind, gentleness is sober, gentleness is polite, gentleness is merciful, gentleness is patient.

Gentleness is all that every woman should be, and what every woman must be to be truly womanly. Gentleness comes often only with years of experience, but where this virtue is really acquired so, the experience has not been dearly bought. What were ten or twenty years of life's ups and downs to acquire the perfection of gentleness? 'Tis true we do not expect it in the young, but what a delight it is to find it there and girls cannot commence too soon to practice it. If one would be perfect in the virtue when the head is crowned with silver, one should start before the head is old enough to have its golden locks "done up."

Wherever gentleness blows is breathed the soft sweet breath of the Holy Spirit. —AMICA.

THE COLLEY-MARK BILL DEAD.

New World (Chicago) April 13.

Whenever a tactful general finds his position untenable he abandons it. Whenever he learns that his army is surrounded and that it is useless to fight, he surrenders. Enmeshed in a similar net the promoters of the far-famed Cooley-Mark education bill have yielded to the inevitable. At the meeting of the school trustees last Wednesday evening, the legislative committee which had presented the Cooley-Mark bill to the legislature for adoption, recommended that it be abandoned on the ground that it was imperfectly understood. The committee should, on the contrary, have been candid enough to say that the bill should be abandoned because it was too perfectly understood. The board concurred in the recommendation of the committee. As a result the Cooley-Mark bill is dead.

Replying to critics the committee endeavors to lay blame on every agency except itself. In pathetic tones it asserts that Catholic clergymen who opposed the bill misunderstood it. The declaration of Mr. Graham Harris, elsewhere published, shows that the Catholic clergy were not alone in their estimate of its dangerous provisions. Mr. Harris, be it remembered, was formerly president of the Board of Education. It was he who moved the adoption of the measure. In his letter to Superintendent Cooley he frankly admitted that his activity in behalf of the bill was a mistake. He pointed out its dangerous features very clearly. Nor was he alone. A number of persons other than Catholic priests and Chicago teachers certainly regarded the measure as a dangerous one. It is significant that the committee did not abandon the bill until it had good reason to believe that, if left to the action of the state legislature, it would be defeated.

But the struggle is over. The New World has won its battle for justice. There will be peace for a few months at least. Let us hope, moreover that we have seen the last attempt to deprive a large class of the citizens of Chicago of their rights. It may be that a similar measure shall be introduced at some future session of the legislature, but if so, the public will be prepared. Mr. Graham Harris' indictment of the present attempt will not be forgotten. For several years, there is some reason to believe, those who remained in the background and secretly steered the movement just defeated have been

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active in seeking to promote such class legislation. Possibly the present defeat of the Cooley-Mark bill may induce them to believe that such measures are not popular.

AN APRIL THAW.

By her marriage, on April 27, to the eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford the name of Miss Al Ice Thaw melts into 'yar'mouth.

THE MOON ASLEEP.

A mother was calling the attention of her small son to the moon, which was to be clearly seen in the early afternoon.

"Why, you can't see the moon in the daytime," he insisted.

"Oh, yes, you can. There it is over the trees," said mamma.

The little boy looked up and finally saw it, but he said:

"Tain't lighted yet, anyhow."—Little Chronicle.

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Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

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