

So wrapt she was in all the goodlihead
Of her new life made doubly happy now :
For her alone the sea breeze seemed to blow,
For her in music did the white surf fall,
For her alone the wheeling birds did call
Over the shallows, and the sky for her
Was set with white clouds, far away and clear :
E'en as her love, this strong and lovely one
Who held her hand ; was but for her alone."

As a contrast take this picture of the farthest bounds of Thule :

"Then o'er its desert icy hills he passed,
And on beneath a feeble sun he flew,
Till rising like a wall, the cliffs he knew
That Pallas told him of ; the sun was high,
But on the pale ice shone but wretchedly,
Pale blue the great mass was, and the cold snow :
Gray tattered moss hung from its jagged brow.
No wind was there at all, though ever bent
The leaden tideless sea, against its feet."

Quotations might be added to show the power of this poet's pen when dealing with passion and its products, pain and pleasure, but no just conception can thus be formed of the general excellence of all he writes. The reader is therefore referred to the book itself where much will be found to admire. We, at least know nothing in the poetical line which will better suit winter readings, or summer revellings in the regions of Romance than this charming poem—"The Earthly Paradise."

Jenny Lind's Courtship.

"I am a Quaker, as you know," a Philadelphian recently said to me, "and it is reported that, shortly before Jenny Lind's visit to our city, an aged lady arose in one of our meetings and said she had heard that 'Jane Lyon, a very wicked woman, was on her way to this country to sing,' and she hoped that none of the young people would be drawn away to hear her. Nevertheless, an uncle took me and my brother to the Saturday matinee. We had seats in the balcony and so near the stage that we could in a way see behind the scenes. Early in the entertainment Jenny Lind sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the audience was beside itself. Among the members of her company was her future husband, Otto Goldschmidt. He was to the audience simply an unknown pianist, and to be obliged to listen to anything but the voice of Jenny Lind was provoking. Well, the man played, and from where we sat we could see Jenny Lind behind the curtain listening most intently. When he had finished, the audience seemed in nowise disposed to applaud ; but Jenny Lind began to clap her hands vigorously, observing which, we boys reinforced her, and observing her face light up—I can see the love-light on it yet—we clapped furiously until the applause spread through the audience. When he had finished playing a second time my brother and I set the ball in motion and the applause was great enough to satisfy even the fiances of Otto Goldschmidt."—*Home and Society in the October Century.*

A Boy's Trick.

The Boston Journal recalls a juvenile joke of Artemus Ward : "When he was a boy he was fond of playing cards, an amusement he was obliged to indulge in surreptitiously, as his good mother did not approve of it. One day as he was deep in a game, supposing his mother was absent, he heard some one approaching the door and immediately gathered up the cards and thrust them into the pocket of a coat hanging against the wall, which he supposed to be his own. A dreadful mistake on his part, for it belonged to the minister who was staying there for a while. The next Sunday there was baptism in the lake, at which this minister officiated in the same coat. As he entered the pond, the water bore up the skirts of the coat, reversed the pockets, and the entire pack of cards floated out and covered the water for quite a space, much to the horror of all the good people present, and the confusion of the unfortunate divine, who saw himself wading through an array of jacks, kings, and aces, dreadful to contemplate. It is said that the youthful Artemus, who was immediately suspected, was treated to the punishment which his escapade deserved from the hands of his maternal relative."

SELECTED.

"Slipping only what is sweet ;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Dreams of the Past.

I.

Fair dies the sunset, so golden and tender,
Wistfully charming our spirits away ;
So all the gladness and pleasure and sadness,
All that is beautiful, never can stay.
Yet as the sunshine that near us at noonday
Seemed not so lovable, winsome and dear ;
So all the joy and the love and the friendship,
When far away, more enchanting appear.

II.

They who have labored well love the night's coming,
Gladly they wait a more beautiful morn,
All of the good we have loved is immortal ;
Out of the sunset the sunrise is born.
When in the twilight we long to look backward,
Then, O, come back again, lovely and clear,
Sweet as a sunrise that brightens forever,
Dreams of the past, once again, O, appear!

—C. H. Crandall.

Who Won ?

Our readers may find amusement in solving the following puzzle : A crocodile stole a baby, "in the days when animals could talk," and was about to make a dinner of it. The poor mother begged piteously for her child.

"Tell me one truth," said the crocodile, "and you shall have your baby again."

The mother thought it over, and at last said, "You will not give him back."

"Is that the truth you mean to tell ?" asked the crocodile.

"Yes," replied the mother.

"Then by our agreement I keep him," added the crocodile ; "for if you told the truth, I am not going to give him back ; and if it is a falsehood, then I have also won."

Said she : "No, you are wrong. If I told the truth, you are bound by your promise ; and if a falsehood, it is not a falsehood until after you have given me my child."

Now the question is, who won ?

Age to Begin School.

I fear many children are sent to school merely to keep them out of mischief ; and to accomplish this purpose they may probably begin very early indeed. But nothing can well be more unfair and injudicious than to subject a child to irksome confinement and premature study for sake of convenience or to supplement defective methods of home training. It is clear also that no fixed age can be adopted as the proper one for sending all children to school. There are people who with rash consistency light fires in their houses on the first of November, and put by their overcoats on the fifteenth of April, though Vennor or some more reliable prophet should foretell a glowing Indian summer, or a succession of Arctic waves late into May. So, too, there are many parents who seem to put their children to school when the predetermined birthday comes, without the least consideration of the mental and physical development of the subject of their experiment. The plain truth is that each child should begin school when he is fit for school—that is, when he is physically strong enough to bear the confinement and the mental effort. Few appreciate the strain that even two or three hours' attendance daily, and the effort to master two or three simple little lessons, exert on the sensitive organization of young children. Their brain and nerves are exquisitely delicate, and it is a period of such rapid growth that the power of nutrition is taxed in supplying material for the formation of perfect tissue. The thousand objects that daily attract the keen observation of the child, the new words and phrases, the nursery rhymes and tales and games, afford stimulus enough to quicken the development of the mental faculties. Abundant outdoor exercise, leisurely meal-times and long hours of unbroken sleep are absolutely neces-