

## SPOILED LIVES.

You are wise, O man, in the world's sight,  
Far-seeing and clear-eyed,  
But what do you know of the weight of woe  
That crushes the heart by your side?  
Can you read the far-away yearning look  
That is turned aside from your glance?  
Can you reach to fathom the thoughts that lie  
Deeper than utterance?

Do you know that your slave is your master:  
That the heart you are placed above  
Is as silver compared with lead to yours,  
And exceeds you in all but love?  
And that she hath in abundance;  
But how can it ever be thine?  
Such love as hers poured out before thee  
Would be "tendering pearls to swine."

Better for thee, O man, had it been  
Thy lot to woo and wed  
A woman whose higher nature  
Were dull as thine own and dead;  
For she would have given thee all her love,  
Such as she had to give—  
Coarse love perhaps, but it would have been thine;  
While this one will only live  
Quiet and uncomplaining,  
Yet struggling for ever with Fate,  
Scorning the load that oppresses her,  
Yet sinking beneath its weight.

And better for thee, O woman,  
If thou couldst but have known  
To seek the treasures dear to thee  
Unheeded and alone;  
For then, if there had been no friend  
By love idealised,  
If thy highest thoughts had been unknown,  
They had not been despised!

Yet stay—look back and remember—  
Glance over thy youth-time again—  
Not to bewail and regret it,  
For tears and bewailings are vain.  
What was it that stirred your spirit  
When you entered the church at his side?  
Was it vanity, love, or ambition,  
Or a woman's wounded pride,  
When your right hand paid the tribute  
And you bowed your head to the yoke,  
And, standing before God's altar,  
Your vow of allegiance spoke?

And then did you awake with a shudder,  
As the honeymoon died away,  
To find your life lying cold and dead  
In the sober light of day?  
Did you turn away from your new-found path  
With a feeling of doubt and dread  
And poor mankind's most bitter prayer,  
"Would to God I were dead!"  
And then did you fall and weep  
Despairing, passionate tears,  
Such as they weep who have lost their all  
And have nothing to hope from the years?

But yet is there something to live for,  
Though the star of your hope is set;  
The clear calm light of Usefulness  
Is a living radiance yet.  
Seek not for your own loved pleasure,  
But another's good pursue.  
Conquer yourself; 'twere a nobler task  
And a greater work to do;  
And root out the dead flow'rs from your life,  
For, while they are cherished so,  
The fresh ones (God ordains for you  
Will have no room to grow!

SUSANNA J.

## NATIONAL ANNIVERSARIES.

Time was when the French holiday of Thursday last was observed by no mean portion of our countrymen with almost as much enthusiasm as by the men who were themselves a part of the events it was designed to commemorate. At the present moment England is neither in the mood of Priestley nor of Burke; and France seems to have entered on a soberer strain of political thought than has characterized her for many a day. She determined, however, to do honour to the 14th of July, and, on the whole, the day was well chosen. A better one (but for a single circumstance) would have been the 5th of May, as that of the assembly of the States General, which every honest Frenchman held to be a blessing to the country; only, death, there would have been grave objections to its observance. Had the intellect of France not separated itself from Christianity, the 15th of August, as the Festival of St. Louis, might have seemed a still more appropriate holiday, or the St. Henry (July 15) as the name-day of the debonair King. As to the significance of the capture of the Bastille, well-informed persons have pretty well made up their minds. It was the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual change in the mind of the nation. The attack on an almost disused and feebly guarded prison symbolized a revolution, and no mere local tumult, as the Duc de Liancourt had the wit to see. And yet Thiers, the lyrist as much as the historian of the revolution, is obliged to characterize the events of that day as unfortunate. The 14th of July, he says, made the 10th of August possible, and the more terrible 2nd of September.

Should England ever decide on having a national holiday she will have a happier list of dates to choose from than her neighbour. No one among us seriously questions the benefit of our revolution, though Lord Beaconsfield amused himself with an attempt to prove that it was nothing more than a clever political move of the Whig leaders. But in the selection of a day when the whole nation could join in celebrating we are not confined to the anniversaries of political occurrences. France has no writer who towers by a head and shoulders above all her other writers, while Englishmen are agreed to consider Shakespeare as having neither equal nor second. The date popularly assigned to the birth of Shakespeare is also that of the patron saint of the nation; and if Shakespeare was not born on a 23rd of April, he certainly died on that day. So, two hundred and thirty-four years later, did Wordsworth; Turner, the painter was born on the 23rd of April 1775; so that the day is a pretty notable one. Nor should it be forgotten that the Order of the Garter, which

once had a meaning (and an excellent one) is said to have been founded on St. George's day—in 1344, according to Froissart. And yet there would be various objections to the 23rd of April as a national festival; indeed, if we use the word national in its broadest sense, any day which commemorates a religious event becomes impossible. Neither Jews nor Mussulmans have any part in St. George; and Dissenters look on him with suspicion, as also, for widely different reasons, do students of history. The festival, moreover, might fall in Pas-ion week, or, to use the more correct ecclesiastical term, in Holy Week, which a large portion of the community deems unsuited to holiday rites. Another difficulty with an April festival arises from the simple fact of its occurring in that proverbially fickle month. A better date, if one must select from the calendar of saints, would be the 17th of June, on which St. Alban, the first martyr of Britain, is said to have been put to death. Only, if the truth must be brutally expressed, nobody greatly cares for St. Alban in the present age.

The anniversary of a great battle might fairly be taken as a national holiday, and yet it is better taste not to do so. Officers who had fought at Waterloo grew to regret the banquet at Apsley House on the 18th of June, as tending to perpetuate passions which were less than noble. There are, however, fights which can be remembered with unmixed pride and satisfaction, and the celebration of which could really hurt no healthy national susceptibilities. No sensible Spaniard could take offense at a commemoration of the defeat of the Armada; and never was a victory more bravely won or in a better cause. The decisive day of the prolonged conflict was unquestionably the 29th of July. The anniversary of Sluys—the first English victory at sea—might offer a fair excuse for a holiday, were the event better remembered than it is. It was fought on Midsummer day, 1340. The days of the Nile, of Trafalgar, and of Waterloo recall events far too near to render a noisy celebration of them expedient in the hearing of our neighbours across the channel. As to political days, there are many which Englishmen of every shade of opinion could join in honouring. The 5th of November, in the language of the old State prayers, is famous "for the happy arrival of his Majesty King William, for the deliverance of our Church and nation." Unluckily, it is also a day on which Protestants of a certain stamp think it necessary to outrage the feelings of Roman Catholics. Were Great Britain and Ireland truly one, the 1st of January, on which the kingdoms became legally united would deserve more recognition than is commonly accorded. Note, too, that it was the first day of the year 1801—the first day of the nineteenth century, with which no century, save that which saw the first printed book and the discovery of the New World, can be compared. The 1st of August, which is the day of the accession of the House of Hanover, has once in our history obtained official notice. In 1814 the great peace and the centenary of George I.'s advent to the throne were celebrated at one and the same time. Assuredly it is the day to be remembered, and might well be a national day "of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions one to another." It is crowded with glorious memories, with triumphs by land and by sea, and victories of peace.

No less renown'd than war.

Minden was fought on the 1st of August 1759. Nelson destroyed the French fleet in the Bay of Aboukir on the 1st of August, 1798. Slavery ceased through the British Empire on the 1st of August, 1834.

But there is a greater day in the history of the English people and of mankind than even the 1st of August. Magna Charta was signed on Trinity Monday, the 15th of June, 1215. If ever there should be a Pan-Anglican festival, not in the poor sectarian sense of the words, but in all their greatest meaning, it should be on one of these days, either the fixed or the movable one.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

## A HARDSHIP OF MARRIAGE.

We are constantly told that the life work of a wife is as arduous and as absorbing as that of her husband. We are told that if she does her duty to her family, she can have no time to study metaphysics or to put a slip of paper into a ballot box. I think it was the Conservative Dr. Edward H. Clarke who declared that the duties of the mother of a family required as much toil of brain and body as those of the captain of a ship. Grant it all; grant that she works as hard as her husband does. If so, the inference is irresistible that she earns her share of the family income. The fact that he receives the money and pays the bills makes him the treasurer of the family, that is all; and he has no more right than any other treasurer to take airs upon himself and talk nonsense. When he pays out money to her, it is not as a gift, but as earnings.

In many cases the money all came as her dowry to begin with. In many other cases she does her full share in the direct earning of the income. As a rule, I am told, actresses and women who sing in public support their families, including their husbands. In our farming regions the wife's work is not only as hard as the husband's, but a considerable share of the direct money getting comes upon her. For farming while yielding a comfortable support, yields but little in the form of money, and in

many cases, especially in New England, the greater part of the actual cash receipts during the summer months comes through the energy of the wife in taking city boarders. In a farmhouse near my summer abode, a cook is hired at four dollars a week, while the boarding season lasts, and a "second girl" at three dollars and a half. In another farmhouse near by, the young wife of the farmer does all this work herself with the assistance of a little girl of twelve; and she does it as well and for nearly as many boarders. Considering merely the wages she saves, her work is worth nearly a dollar a day; and considering the profits she brings to the establishment, it is probably worth three times that. Yet probably the payment is made through her husband as treasurer, and whatever money she spends would be regarded by the neighbours as "given" by him. And if the farm is paid for by their joint accumulations, the neighbours would consider—and, indeed, the law would assume—that it was paid for by him, and belonged to him.

I am perfectly willing to admit that in the great majority of cases this whole matter settles itself; but there is a large minority of cases where the wife is kept, during her whole life, in a false position from a false theory of treasurership. There are no doubt cases where a man earns a great fortune, while his wife's existence is that of a butterfly. These cases are rare; taking one family with another, the wife works as hard as the husband; and the fact that his share involves the handling of the money does not make it his money. It belongs to both; and what he pays over to her is not a gift, but a matter of right. "This was a present to me from my wife," said a rich man, showing an ornament. "Bought with your money," said a friend, jocosely. "No!" said he, "out of her own hard earnings. She keeps house for a man of your acquaintance!"

## HIGH-PRICED DIRT.

The prices now obtained for real estate are, to quote the words of Johnson, "beyond the dreams of avarice." Who ever imagined that lots, even in New York, would bring such immense sums? A sample of high prices of old times is found in Nile's register for 1828 (just fifty four years ago), which announces the sale of a lot on Wall street, 25 x 112, for the enormous sum of \$35,000. A similar lot, however, has just been sold for \$350,000. A still higher rate was recently obtained for the corner of Wall and Broad streets, which is really the best corner in the whole city. The size is only 16 x 30, but it brought \$168,000, being at the rate of \$16,000,000 per acre. This is the highest price ever obtained for any real estate in America. The opposite corner is occupied by the Drexel building, and the price paid for it was at the rate of \$14,000,000, but that was during the inflation. The present condition of the market, however, is vastly above inflation prices, and there is no such thing as fixing any limit. For instance, there is No. 50, Wall street, (48 x 100) which ten years ago brought the immense sum of \$400,000. This was then considered a wonderful sale, and yet the same property has just been resold at \$700,000, which was considered a very reasonable mark. The next sale will, no doubt, be at \$1,000,000, and in this manner property in the money heart of America must continue to advance.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

RELIGION is our life, being essential to our peace of mind, our support under the trials of life, and our fitness for the eternal world.

WE ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

UNLESS we are prepared to assert that all goodness culminates in ourselves and recedes from others in exact proportion to their distance from us, we must admit that our feelings are large factors of injustice in the judgments that we are all of us only too ready to form.

FEW companions are more delightful, as few also are more rare, than a sympathetic person. So many good qualities make up the ideal sympathetic nature—tact, unselfishness, a knowledge of many subjects—that it is not wonderful that such gifted persons should be the exceptions, not the rule.

TRIALS of every kind may await you, sterner and darker than any yet experienced. Do not anticipate them, but do not forget their possibility. Do not, as you prize your own soul, forget that your strength for every conflict depends on your being girled for each as it comes, and never being careless or weary.

IF we find that our time passes slowly and heavily, we may be sure there is something wrong within. Either we have not enough to do or we work mechanically without heart or energy. If past time looks short and empty, it is because it lacks a distinct record of noble aims, definite resolves, worthy endeavors; if the immediate future looks tedious and uninteresting, it is because we are not living full, rich, and earnest lives.

THE farmer knows he cannot change the species of the seed and make rye yield wheat or barley oats; but he also knows that he can bring many influences to bear upon the growth

of each plant after its kind—that he can so accommodate its relations to sun, air, water, and soil as to ensure its better development or to stunt and impoverish it. So, if we learn the true lesson of heredity, we shall know that human tendencies, real and actual as they are, depend for their development largely upon the way they are treated.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is not something which can be parcelled out and divided evenly among a number of people. It does not consist in the possession of money, or applause, or fame, or position, or all united, for it is well known that these may co-exist with much misery. Neither is it involved in advantages and opportunities, however numerous or valuable they be, for these are often neglected or misused. It is rather the result in our own experience of the full exercise of all our faculties.

PERSONS OF ONE IDEA.—Persons who are absorbed in one thing rarely attain to any breadth of view or fulness of character. They see things in false perspective, their own speciality covering the entire foreground, and those of others receding into the distance. They shut themselves out from much knowledge, much sympathy, much happiness. They become narrow, prejudiced, and often conceited. From dwelling always upon the one subject on which they know more than others, they come to feel complacent in their fancied superiority and quite oblivious of their ignorance of the topics on which other people are well informed. They sometimes become disagreeable to those they meet, and, neither giving nor receiving sympathy, their hearts are shut up within themselves and contract. In short, the man of one idea gradually withers and shrivels up, instead of developing into a full and ripe manhood. He is always placing limits beyond which he will not suffer his thoughts, his views, his ideas or his sympathies to grow.

## VARIETIES.

JUST before a Western bound train left the Union depot yesterday morning, a masher with his little grip-sack slid around to a woman standing near the ticket-office, and remarked:

"Excuse me, but can I be of any assistance in purchasing your ticket?"

"No sir!" was the short reply.

"Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to see that your trunk is properly checked," he continued.

"It has been checked, sir."

"Yes—ahem—you go west, I presume?"

"I do."

"Going as far as Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—yes—to Chicago. I also take the train for Chicago. But your pardon, but didn't I meet you in Buffalo last fall?"

"No, sir!"

"Ah! Then it was in Syracuse?"

"No, sir!"

"No? I wonder where I have seen you before?"

"You saw me enter the depot about five minutes ago with my husband, I presume?"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, sir, and if you'll only stand around here three minutes longer you'll make the fifth fellow of your kind that he has turned over to the coroner this month."

Some mashers would have made a run for it, but this one didn't. He went off on the gallop and as he wanted to go light, he left his grip sack and a ton of brass behind him.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A PLEASING LITTLE EPISODE.—A very pretty story is told of a nightingale owned by Miss Thursby, and which accompanied her on her travels, as follows: She had given a concert at Prague before an aristocratic audience, in which each person vied with his neighbor in doing her honor. Plaudits and presents were showered on her, and people wondered how it was that the noted melomaniac and connoisseur, Prince Wittgenstein, should have given no practical token of the admiration which he expressed. Next day the prince called at her hotel, accompanied by a servant carrying a bird cage. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I am at a loss to express fully my rapture at your singing. I consider that there is not on earth one other voice like yours. Let me beg of you to accept this pair of nightingales as a souvenir; I own nothing more precious. Pray teach them how to sing." All this might have passed for a neatly-turned complement if the nightingales had been ordinary nightingales, but they were a good deal more than ordinary birds—they were historical birds, and the red cross mark upon their breasts indicated them to be the lineal descendants of a couple of warblers brought from Palestine by a crusading ancestor of the prince, who, taken prisoner at the siege of Jerusalem, had been so located during his long captivity by their visits to his dungeon window. When the knight's ransom had been paid he asked that his feathered friends be given him. The golden consent, and from that time there has always been one couple, and no more, of red-cross nightingales in the family of Wittgenstein, from which they passed into the possession of Miss Thursby; and, as one of the birds has died without heirs the race will be extinct. The survivor is as lively as a cricket, but it disdains any mate of less exalted parentage; and thus ends the legend of the Bohemian nightingale, and from whose notes the prima donna has learned her "Chanson de l'Oiseau."