

as the land, after the Glacial Period, sunk not only to the present level, but *below* it. A final but relatively slight upward movement brought things to the conditions in which we find them to-day, although, as stated in a previous chapter, there is reason to believe that these oscillations have not yet wholly ceased.

With these explanations we may, in a later chapter, return to the study of our existing streams.

### How One Woman Keeps Young.

How to keep young is one of the questions of perennial interest to the feminine mind. Amélie Rives, the noted author, who is said to look like a girl in her teens, recently, told of her reply to a physician who wrote her to send him the secret of what he called her perpetual youth. "I wrote back that he must consider the cost," she said. "It is a cost that few of his fashionable patients would make, for I rise at 7 or 7.30, ride or walk in the country roads, live close to my books, see few people, and retire at 10. What fashionable woman could endure my life? I remember thinking about it one winter morning, when I was walking along, the crisp, crackling snow under my feet, the fairy outline of a gossamer frost revealing every twig of bush and tree, and I was so invigorated and happy I could have whistled like a boy with delight; but if I had been a woman of fashion I couldn't have endured the silence, the empty distances, the quiet; why, a woman of fashion would die in my place, and I am quite sure that I should in hers."

### A Place for the Boys.

What can a boy do and where can a boy stay  
If he is always told to get out of the way?  
He cannot sit here, and he must not stand there.  
The cushions that cover that fine rocking-chair  
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.  
A boy has no business to ever be tired.  
The beautiful roses that bloom  
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room  
Are not made to walk on—at least not by boys.  
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.  
A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray,  
As cares settle down round our short earthly way.  
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds  
To show we remember their pleasure and needs.  
Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life  
And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,  
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—  
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine,  
And to life's latest hour 't will be one of our joys  
That we keep a small corner, a place for the boys.

—Boston Transcript.

### Art Notes -- VIII.

BY HUNTER BOYD.

"The Order of Release," by Sir John Everett Millais.

The reproduction selected for this month is from one of the artist's best works, although it is not so well known as many of his other paintings. The original is dated 1853, and was exhibited in the Royal Academy of Arts in that year. It is now in the Tate collection of the National Gallery. When first shown the picture evoked much interest, indeed policemen were required to regulate the crowds who thronged about it. The price given for works of art is not always a fair indication of value, but many will be impressed on learning that Sir Henry Tate, the last purchaser, gave \$25,000.00 for it, and then presented the picture to the British nation. It is an oil painting on canvas, 3½ ft. by 2½ ft., and therefore the figures are less than life-size. They are, however, rendered with extreme care, and in the judgment of one eminent critic, as a piece of realistic painting, it may challenge comparison with anything else in the world.

The artist introduces us to a scene which belongs to a period a hundred years before the time when he depicted it. We are supposed to be in the ante-room, or waiting-room, of a gaol, situated near the border of England and Scotland, possibly in the town of Carlisle. A prisoner who has been in the rebellion of 1745 is seen wearing a kilt of the Gordon tartan, his right arm being in a white sling. His head falls upon his wife's shoulder, and his left arm embraces her and his child. The wife has procured an "order of release," and is handing it to the gaoler who stands in the doorway, and it will be necessary for him to take the "order" to his superior officer for verification before the prisoner can be released. The little child is asleep, but the collie who jumps up and fawns upon his master is intensely awake. A feature to be noted with special interest in the hands of all the persons, for Millais devoted special care to their treatment; and as emotional expression is not confined to features, we have here a good instance of accord between faces and hands in the working out of this little drama. We cannot expect to get very subtle details in a black-and-white copy of the picture, but the general bearing of the woman leads us to expect that whilst she displays an air of triumph, and some indication of contempt for the gaoler, there is also love for her husband, and a certainty that he will soon be at liberty.