

IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE?

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

"I tremble at the thought of Heaven,"
She said. He wondered why.
At Heaven? whose glories makes us glad,
And more than glad to die?"
He asked her, puzzled, half-displeased.
Her dreamy eyes along
The distant hills looked forth; "I know,"
She said, "the raptured song
That holy souls have tried to make
Of Heaven; how they say
'Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day;
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays,'—
I know—

But I, who am no saint inspired,
But I, who never had
More than a common life to live,
Nor much to make me glad,
Nor grand experiences that dig
Deep channels in the soul,
How shall I bear this Heaven's vast
Ecstatic, perfect whole?
Perfection? I cannot conceive
Perfection, and I fear—
You see, I could not take it in,
Because I'm so used here
To tempered pleasures and small flaws
In all my dearest things,
That to its full capacity
Joy in me never swings.
What if the splendid, perfect Heaven
Found me thus lacking; such
I could not comprehend it all,
And could not bear so much?
Like this, maybe: a man born deaf
Hears suddenly; and lo,
The first breath in the world of sound
His opened ears shall know,
Comes thrilling from an orchestra
Perfect? Oh yes!—and yet,
The man might swoon beneath the shock
His startled nerves have met.—
I am afraid."

"I thank you for that word," he said;
There is another sense;
We miss it (so I think) always
Until we do go hence.
We know there is another power
Though not whether its tense
Is that we might have or shall have
This unknown sense, from whence
We hope as great things, surely,
As the kitten ten-days old,
When her blind eyes, finding their use,
To light delayed, unfold.
And so perhaps this dormant sense,
Not needed until then,
May be the very thing vouchsafed
To bear the glory, when
The righteous in the kingdom shine,
And He in garments white
Sits on the throne whom none can see
And live to bear the sight.
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Those things he doth prepare,
Perhaps because, until that sense,
The look they could not bear.
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard—
Oh, no! not yet, not yet,—
But rest; but wait; anticipate;
And, waiting, do not let
Thy heart be troubled! Your man, deaf,
Not at the sound would start
And marvel, but the new-found sense,
The faculty, his heart
Would fill with joy unspeakable.
And on its own strong wings
He would be borne above himself,
Above all lesser things.
The hospitality of Heaven
Will not make earth's mistakes.
When a tired, timid woman, strange,
Upon that threshold wakes,
It will not be with blare of full
Processionals they meet
And honour her. With tender touch,
Tones very low and sweet,
Ways home-like she can understand,
As there before she'd been;
I think they will come softly forth
And silent lead her in,—
And lead her in, to see the face
That anywhere would be
The one thing making Heaven home,
Heaven to you, to me."

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"CRITICISM often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together."—Jean Paul Richter.

"God has no self-love, because He is infinite; and we approach to God in proportion as we are dead to self, and alive to others."

LITTLE CLEMENCE D'LAUNAY.

BY E. H. WHEELER.

Little Clemence d'Launay lived in the beautiful city of Paris.

It was not much comfort to her that it is the gayest city in the world, with elegant palaces, and broad, handsome streets leading out to shady parks where fountains sparkle, and flowers bloom, and birds sing.

She was only a poor little cripple, always too lame and ill to go with the gay ways too lame and ill to go with the gay crowds to see the shops filled with pretty things, or to the parks to hear the music, and play with the happy children.

Her home was, oh! so poor, just one low room, with a window that looked into a narrow court, where there were neither birds, nor flowers, nor anything beautiful, except the sun that on bright afternoons would creep down between the high, damp walls, and make the place seem a bit cheerful.

Inside, too, the little room would have been quite cheerless but for the patient mother, who loved her child very tenderly. Clemence thought the sunlight in the court and her mother's smile were alike.

When she was a very little girl, there came a sad day to gay Paris. A great war began and thousands of men went away to die in the dreadful battles that were fought. Clemence's father was one of these, and she had to be left alone day after day, for her mother must go out to earn their food. Oh! how long the hours seemed and how hard it was to bear the pain without her mother!

She used to sit waiting for the sunbeams to steal down to her window, for she did not feel so lonely and afraid when they were shining about her, and after they had come, and then slipped away again, one by one, she would turn her wistful eyes toward the door and watch for her mother. Often she grew so tired and restless that the tears would come, and she would sob herself to sleep, and may be not wake until she felt her mother's kiss on her thin face.

Outside, in the city, matters grew a great deal worse. The war was soon over, but, in Paris, thousands of bad, angry men were doing dreadful deeds, and for awhile no one could stop them. They burned the beautiful buildings, and robbed and killed people in the streets, and in their homes. It was not safe to go out of doors.

Then Clemence and her mother were often nearly starved, for even in the houses of the rich food was very scarce. All the time Clemence grew weaker until she could sit up but very little.

When the cruel mob was put down and food brought in for the starving people, and they could go out fearless of being shot, Clemence's mother found work again. How thankful they were to have enough to eat once more, though it was little besides black bread and a cup of poor coffee. Clemence did not grow strong, and the chilly winter was coming on; sometimes she was very fretful, poor little thing, and would cry out,

"Dear mother, why must I always be sick and not go out and work with you, nor play with my little neighbours, Marie and Jeanne?"

This made the poor mother sad enough, but she would answer: "Keep a brave heart, my Clemence, when the winter is gone, who knows but you may grow strong enough to play and work too!"

And Clemence would say: "Oh! Winter will be so long, and the pain tires me. If I could only be well to-day!"

Yet, that very Winter, something happened that made Clemence a very happy child. You will surely guess that some physician came and made her well, or that some rich person took her and her mother away to a beautiful home. It was none of these things at

all, but something a good deal better and that would last longer.

It began one day when a lady turned out of the busy street into the dingy court, coming, for love's sake, to see poor, crippled Clemence. Opening the door, she said gently: "May I come in, little Clemence? I have come to see you because some one told me you are ill and lonely."

At first Clemence was too shy to speak, but the lady sat down beside her, and talked so kindly that soon the little girl was not a bit afraid.

"Why are you all alone, dear?" asked the lady.

"Because," said Clemence, "mother must go every day to work or we shall have no bread. You see, mother is the only one now, for poor father did not come back from the war, he was shot."

"But what do you do here all the day alone?"

"Oh! sometimes I count all the things I can see, over and over; and sometimes I make believe I am well and have gone to walk in the streets, and to play with the children under the trees; but then I mostly wait all day for mother, and when she comes I am so glad."

The lady sat a long time talking, and when the sun shone in so that Clemence could see her gentle, loving face more clearly, she seemed to her like one of the angels of whom her mother had told her.

The best of all was that Clemence heard the sweet, true story of Jesus and His love for her; that He was always near by, so that if she spoke to Him either day or night He could hear her; that He would help her to bear all the pain and keep her from feeling lonely and fretted.

"But does He know that I am only a little cripple, of no use to any one, and sometimes very cross and bad, and I cannot go to pray in the church and take an offering like Marie?"

"Yes, dear," the lady answered, "He knows all; and that is just why He is so glad to help you. He is the kind Shepherd who has found one of His little lambs lost and hurt, and He will take you up tenderly and carry you in His arms."

The story was told so simply that Clemence understood it all, and after the lady had gone away and she was left alone she felt happier than in all her life before, though she was the same little cripple in the same dingy room.

The lady came often afterward and brought her little gifts of fruit, and nice food, and now and then a bunch of fragrant flowers, and told her of Heaven, and that Jesus was making ready a place for her there, more beautiful and shining than any palace in all the city, and that He would soon come to take her to live there.

Clemence grew weaker, and weaker, and sometimes suffered greatly, but her pale face always wore a smile that came from her patient, happy heart. Often in the night, when she could not sleep for pain, she would sing softly the hymns the lady had taught her. The one she loved best was:

Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill,
From His shining home on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.

When the Spring came, and everything seemed glad and gay, dear little Clemence was ready to go away to her beautiful home in Heaven. Only one thing gave her pain, and that was leaving her poor mother. Often she would look in her sad face and say: "O, my mother, if you could go too! But I shall ask Him to let you come soon, for you will be lonely, but you must never think you are alone, for Jesus will surely be with you."

One afternoon the lady came to sing, for now the dear child could speak only in a whisper. She clasped her mother's hand in hers, so white and wasted, and while the sweet hymn filled the little

room, and the sunshine she had loved so much streamed in and lay like a glory about her, little Clemence went away from the gay city where she had been only a little cripple to live forever in the palace of the King of kings.

"WOMANLY."

How often do great issues turn on a word? If the word be apt, they flourish; if inapt, they fail. A word of wide and expressive meaning is selected by a party; it is used by that party in only one of its various senses and that always the most limited, and straightway the wide word in its narrowest meaning becomes a badge, often of reproach, always of limitation. Such a word, and in such a sense is "Womanly." When the enemies of woman's progress have been met by those unanswerable arguments that are inherent in every good cause, they fall back on that weakest of all weapons, vituperation, and tell you they oppose woman's claims to all human privileges, because they are "unwomanly."

And what do they mean by the term? Drive them into a corner so that they are obliged to state their meaning, and they will tell you that whatever takes woman out of her "sphere" is "unwomanly." Press them for something more definite, and they will describe a "woman" as one who has a good husband, a happy home, lovely children, easy circumstances, and is never exposed to rough weather, hard labour, anxiety, or any other of those trials which interfere with a smiling countenance, white hands, elegant dress, and a pleasant evening at home. Tell these wisecracks that such a lot is the lot of but few, and ask them what category is to contain all other women, and they will shrug their shoulders, elevate their eyebrows, and wash their hands of the whole enigma as insoluble except by the Fates. And they have nothing to do with such ugly old women.

They will acknowledge—these objectors—that there is an enormous proportion of women in the world who cannot enjoy the "sphere" which they alone designate "womanly." That most of these women must work for their living, and that not in the way they would choose were the choice afforded them, but in any way that circumstances admit of. They have very divided opinions on the avenues open to women who have to labour, and in naming them it will always be found that such avenues as they approve of are those in which they have always been accustomed to see women employed. The conditions of the tasks thus imposed they do not enquire into for one moment; it is enough for them that they have always seen such occupations filled by women to ensure the propriety of them for women. But let a woman dare to desire liberty to walk in any other avenue, and because men are already walking there, she is set down as "unwomanly" at once. Now what may a woman do and remain "womanly?" She may educate the young at half the price her brother gets for the same work, —she may use her needle and sewing machine on the same terms. She may do at least half of the world's manufacturing—at no better rate. She may do three-fourths, nay, perhaps, five-eighths of the domestic service in civilized countries on a similar scale of pay. But let her ask to enter the professions—and straightway goes up to heaven the protest "unwomanly." She may represent that she has ability—a "call," a high sense of the responsibility of talent; a great need for better remuneration than over-filled avenues of labour are likely to afford, still the cry is "Nay! nay! nay! unwomanly. Go home, and tend thy husband, and mind thy babes."

The true question is, Does labour of any kind make a woman "unwomanly?" We have known of men placed in circum-