

indeed?" she would have said, "who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have provided gratis?" The Romans, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius may have been a very superb fellow; but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rush-light. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark."—*De Quincey*.

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THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman! What are they?  
 The right to labour, love and pray,  
 The right to weep with those that weep,  
 The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,  
 The right to quell the rising fear,  
 The right to smooth the brow of care,  
 And whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,  
 To sooth and cheer the bed of death.  
 The right, when earthly hopes all fail,  
 To point to that within the veil.

The right the wand'rer to reclaim,  
 And win the lost from paths of shame;  
 The right to comfort and to bless  
 The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide  
 In simple faith to Him who died,  
 With earnest love and gentle praise  
 To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,  
 And guide the soul to noble aim,  
 Teach it to rise above earth's toys,  
 And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,  
 The right to die that love to prove,  
 The right to brighten earthly homes  
 With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well,  
 Thy silent influence none can tell;  
 If these are ours, why ask for more?—  
 We have enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not  
 That woman's mission is thy lot;  
 Improve the talents God has given—  
 Life's duty done, our rest is Heaven.

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THE POET COWPER.

With the single exception of Shakspeare, there is no poet more frequently quoted by his countrymen. He is, perhaps, more quoted than read. Many brief passages in his writings have become as familiar "as household words," and are passed about from one mouth to another by men who cannot trace