

TO THE GIRLS.

CURIOSITY.

Dear Girls—You and I are Eve's daughters, and that with many persons is as much as to say, we have curiosity. There have no end of jokes made about the indulgence of this propensity by our first mother, and sorry jokes they are, too, in my opinion, considering all the sin and grief that have come into the world in consequence.

But there are two kinds of curiosity; or rather there are two ways of using what is really a most useful and praise-worthy gift. I would not like to look into your fresh young faces and see no curiosity in them; that would be the same as saying there was no intelligence; no mind there. Without it, no learned man would ever have searched out the secret of science, no astronomer swept the heavens with his telescope, no explorer gone to the Arctic sea; without it, not one of you school-girls would take a genuine interest in her lessons. So remember that curiosity is something to be used when it is turned upon right subjects, and when those are subjects which you have a right to look into.

I am free to own, however, that the word is ofteneast spoken in its unpleasant sense, and when they say such a person is very curious we picture to ourselves a meddling, prying individual. There is a sacredness about the personal affairs of others which should keep us from trying to look into them, except in those cases where we can be of use, and then a true delicacy will point out a way far removed from this obnoxious one.

But I want you to remember there is a curiosity of eye, as well as of speech, which is often the more disagreeable of the two. You can, if you are quickwitted, parry an inquisitive question, but there is little defence from inquisitive eyes. Let me tell you about a woman who comes into my mind as an illustration. When I meet her I am sure she knows every article of dress I wear; when she enters my room her glance takes in its entire contents. Now you may say that is due to her cultivated power of observation. Perhaps you will recall how Agassiz (I think it was) increased that power by looking into a crowded shop window each day as he passed, and then repeating the articles he remembered, until at last one glance was sufficient

for him to know all.

But this is different, for the look of the person I write of brings a sense of scrutiny and of disparagement. I am not only conscious she has seen all, but if there is any defect she has seen that a little more clearly than anything else. She is not a great talker, but she asks pointed questions; if I am sad from any cause she lets me know she has observed it, and probably assigns some unpleasant reason for my depression. In short, she makes me feel as if I was on a dissecting table. So far as I know she is a lady, but I wouldn't trust her alone in my room, I should be afraid of my letters!

I grant there are not many such; it is not often so many phases of a disagreeable trait meet in one person. I would not have my girls like that. You do not wish others to feel as if they must put on defensive armour the moment you appear. Perhaps I ought to guard you against flying to the other extreme of cool indifference, though that is not a common fault in young people. There is a kindly interest in others, growing out of a good heart, which only seeks to know enough to help and sympathize, which tries to see what is praiseworthy, which tries not to see what another would hide.

It is interesting to notice how the qualities we have been discussing run into and overlap each other. We saw that tact was closely related to unselfishness, and by this time your bright minds will catch the thought, that tact will show you the distinction between a proper and improper curiosity. The kind which looks into and questions about things, or principles, or public events, is usually right; that which peers uninvited into a private life is usually idle or wrong. Sincerely, H. A. H.
—N. Y. Observer.

TEMPERANCE.

We have shaken the drink traffic to the centre. fifty years ago it was supreme. Founded upon appetite, buttressed by interest, defended by science, blessed by the Church, and patronized by everybody, it said, "My mountain standeth sure, I shall never be moved." To-day all is changed. Science brands it as an imposter, the Church denounces it as a sinner, the State treats it as a ticket-of-leave man, and is hesitating whether it shall renew its licence, to that its existence is evidently only a question of time.—*Methodist Temperance Magazine.*