

COLLEGE GIRLS AND MARRIAGE

I have no doubt that the remaining cause of the low marriage rate is that many men dislike intellectual women—whether because such women are really disagreeable or because men's taste is at fault, I shall not try to determine. And even among those who like them as friends, many feel as the young man did who made this confession:

"I never expected to marry the sort of girl I did. You know I always believed in intellectual equality and all that, and had good friendships with the college girls. But you see, you girls hadn't any illusions about us. After you had seen us bawling at the board on problems you could work, and had taken the same degrees yourselves, you couldn't imagine us wonders just because we had gone through college; and when I met a dear little girl that thought I knew everything—why, it just keeled me right over; it was a feeling I had no idea of."

And the college woman answered:

"I will betray something to you. Lots of us are just as unreformed as you; we want just as much to look up to our husbands as you want to be looked up to. Only, of course, the more we know, the harder it is to find somebody to meet the want. Probably the equal marriage is really the ideal one, and everybody will come to prefer it someday. But personally, I like men to be superior to me: only I'll tell you what I don't like in them: the wish to keep ahead of us by holding us back, like spoiled children that want to be given the game, and then admired for their skill. If men would encourage us to do our very best, and then do still better themselves, it ought to be good for civilization."—*Millicent W. Shinn, in the October Century.*

HINTS FOR GIRLS ON DRESSING.

If you are sensible and clear-headed girls you will not wish to have many frocks at once. A strong serviceable serge for everyday wear, a pretty tashmere or silk for best, a simple white frock for evening, two or three separate waists, and an extra skirt to relieve the serge, are sufficient for the winter wardrobe of a well-dressed young girl. In summer one requires more changes, but print and muslin and gingham frocks are cheap, and, if neatly made, are always appropriate. Of under-clothing have as simple a supply as you can take care of. The dainty girl likes to be clothed in fresh and clean garments next the skin, and where her clothing is not seen. These garments may be of fine and nice material, but the school-girl and the young woman should avoid elaborate frills and puffs and tucks, embroideries and laces, for these are easily torn, and are hard upon the laundress. Of stockings a half-dozen pairs are necessary, of handkerchiefs two or three dozen, and of linen for the neck and wrists enough to insure one's personal perfect neatness on every occasion. Gloves and shoes are important parts of a young lady's outfit. Of the former two pairs, one for best and one for common wear, will probably be enough to have at once, and of the latter, if you can afford it, have three or four pairs, for out-door and indoor uses. A young woman whose gloves and boots are good of their kind, and in nice order, will always appear well dressed. A water-proof cloak, a thick warm jacket, and two hats, one a toque, trim and dainty, the other a wider and more picturesque affair, with a brim, and feathers, ribbons, or flowers for trimming, will meet all exigencies. Don't wear birds or wings on your hats. No Round Table Lady must countenance the cruel killing of little birds that her hat may be adorned in a barbaric fashion. The prejudice humane people feel against the wearing of the slain birds does not extend to ostrich feathers.—*Harper's Round Table.*

The Duke of Sutherland, observing an old Scottish custom, sends his two sons to the national (or Board) school.

Our Young Folks.

LIFE'S COMMON THINGS.

A pink and crimson sunset cloud,
A fair young face amid the crowd,
A moment's glimpse of mountains blue,
Ere houses tall shut out the view.

A flower, behind a window-pane
When all without is dark with rain,
A bluebird poised on airy wings—
How beautiful life's common things.

A letter from a distant land,
A cordial grasp of friendly hand,
A happy day dream, pure and fair,
Though but a castle in the air.

A word that gives us courage new,
A smile that beams as fair as true,
A voice that hope and sunshine brings—
How good, how true, life's common things!
—*Youth's Companion.*

THE BELLS OF NINE O'CLOCK.

Sleigh-bells in winter, ship's bells at sea,
Church bells on Sunday—oh! many bells there be—

But the cheery bells of nine o'clock
Are the merriest bells for me.

School bells at nine o'clock, and straightway the street
Breaks into music with the rush of little feet.
Clatter, patter, swift they go, wide stands the door,
School bells are ringing now, holidays are o'er.

Silver bells and golden bells, and bells with iron throats,
Cowslip bells and lily bells, and bells with tripping notes,
Oh! many bells and merry bells, and liquid bells there be,
But the sturdy bells of nine o'clock are the dearest bells for me.

M. E. S. in Harper's Round Table.

A STARTER.

Dorothy was trying to learn the golden text. Somehow it had a trick of slipping past her and running away every time she tried to shut it up in her memory.

"Bear—ye—one—another's—burdens," she kept repeating as she counted the words off, one to each finger of her little hand.

Still it refused to be caught. She said it fast, she said it slow, she whispered it, she sang it; but the real words of the tune mocked her, and would not be changed.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Dorothy was going to a tea-party; so she took a last peep into her Bible just before she started, intending to say the verse over and over on the way.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," she began bravely. Before she had gone far, Rover overtook her, wagging his tail and barking joyously. Of course, she petted him a little, and, of course, he had to be sent home, which was not easy to do. By the time she was ready to go on saying her text, it had escaped her again.

"Bear—bear—"bear and forbear," she said, thinking hard. "No, that is not it at all." She put her hands over her eyes. "Bear false witness,"—that is part of a Commandment. "Bear the infirmities of the weak,"—dear me! that is an old golden text. Oh, I do wish I had a starter! Bear—bear—let me see!"

Dorothy was walking on again very slowly. The day was close and warm. She took off her sun-bonnet to fan herself with it, and sat down in a shady place by the roadside to rest. A pretty chipmunk, running along the top rail of the fence, paused to wink at her.

"You dear little thing!" she exclaimed, "I hope you are thankful you don't have to say golden texts, 'specially if you couldn't learn 'em."

Away whisked the little animal, zig-zagging with the fence up the hill. Dorothy's blue eyes followed him till they met, coming down, a girl about her own age, with a big basket.

"Hello, Biddy!" called Dorothy, for she knew every child for miles around.

"Hello!" returned Biddy, her wide mouth growling wider still as she quickened her pace.

The next moment she stepped on a rolling stone and fell headlong, Biddy, basket and all lying in a jumble together in the road. The child began to cry.

"Are you hurt, you poor thing?" Dorothy asked anxiously.

"O dear! I'm after breakin' me leg," wailed Biddy.

Sorry and scared, Dorothy tenderly tried to lift her. At first poor Biddy could scarcely stir, but by degrees she allowed herself to be helped to her feet.

"I don't believe your leg is really broken off, for you see you can stand on it already," comforted Dorothy.

"Och! but it's sore an' wake, be the same token," Biddy complained, taking a few steps with Dorothy's help.

Biddy was carrying home somebody's washing when the accident happened, and all the clean clothes lay scattered about in the dust. As soon as Biddy was able, the children picked up the tumbled garments, brushing and folding them as well as they could, and returned them to the basket.

"Now, Biddy, just put your hand on my shoulder,—so,—and walk as well as you can," coaxed Dorothy, lifting the heavy basket, "and I'll—'Bear ye one another's burdens!' That was a starter! I've got it, I've got it! Thank you, Biddy, ever so much. It's a great deal easier for two to learn a golden text than for one. 'Bear ye one another's burdens!' I'll not forget that again, for I know what it means."—*Sunday School Times.*

CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING HEARING.

An inquiry was recently made in London as to the greatest distance at which a man's voice could be heard, leaving, of course, the telephone out of consideration. The reply was most interesting, and was as follows: Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canon of the Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's third arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6,696 feet, or about one mile and a quarter; and Sir John Franklin said that he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water. Calladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames near Chelsea he could hear a person read distinctly at the distance of 140 feet, while on the land the same could only be heard at 76 feet. Professor Tyndall, when on Mont Blanc, found the report of a pistol-shot no louder than the pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.—*Harper's Round Table.*

THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.

Small boys often ask their parents, "How deep is the sea?" The answer depends entirely upon the sea. The following table, compiled by one who has investigated, may help one to the solution of one of the small boy's problems. Average depth in yards: Pacific, 4,252; Atlantic, 4,026; Indian, 3,658; Antarctic, 3,000; Arctic, 1,690; Mediterranean, 1,476; Irish, 240; English Channel, 110; Adriatic, 45; Baltic, 43.—*From Harper's Round Table.*

Christian Endeavor.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM—WHAT DOES IT REQUIRE OF US?

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Oct. 20th.—Isa. lxii. 1-12.

The Jews were an intensely patriotic people, and, naturally, the Bible is full of patriotic sentiment; for though it is the Word of God, it takes its coloring from the land where it was first written. At the very dawn of their national existence, they had for their leader one who, though distinguished as a great historian, an inspired prophet, a heroic liberator, a profound and original legislator, and a skillful general was not the less distinguished as a patriot. His successor, Joshua, though a brave general, a noble hero, and a wise colonist, was, in every sense of the word, a true patriot, and he taught his followers to recognize the fact that the land which they occupied was their God-given inheritance. All the judges who ruled over Israel were eminent patriots, heartily devoted to the best interests of their country and of the people over whom they held sway. The prophets, too, were men in whose breasts there burned a love of country. They sought the happiness of their kindred, they rejoiced in their prosperity and wept with them in their woes. They saw what we all should see, they believed as we should believe—that a nation's success is ever dependent on its loyalty to God and the principles of His Holy Word, whereas its ruin can be traced back to its refusal to recognize those principles, and to be governed by them. Ay, and the godly women of the Hebrew nation were patriots—just as deeply interested in its welfare, just as ready to weep over its sorrows as were their husbands and brothers. Miriam's song rings with patriotic sentiment. Where shall we find in modern times any one more ready or skillful in defending her people than Deborah? And Esther, the beautiful, the brave, the virtuous—was she not willing to risk the loss of high position, distinguished honor and queenly emoluments—was she not ready to brave rejection by her kingly husband for the sake of her people?

To love ourselves is natural, for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but loves and cherishes it; but our love of self may develop into the worst form of selfishness. To love our kindred and to provide for them is a sacred duty, for "if a man provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own household, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." But if our love is confined to those who are bound to us by the ties of relationship or friendship then it moves in too narrow a circle, and ought to take in a wider sweep. We should love our country, we should cherish all that is bright in her history, all that is noble in her laws, all that is honorable in her institutions, all that is elevating in her seats of learning, and all that is hallowed in her religion.

Patriotism! how its principles should be inculcated. When properly understood, and acted upon, it will tend to break down our selfishness. The mere time-server may think only of the loaves and fishes, may lay all his plans with the hope of his own aggrandisement, and may try to make every turn in public affairs minister to his own personal advancement. But it is not so with the true patriot. Borne up with no other hope of reward than that which comes from severing their country well, noble patriots have renounced honors, emoluments and wealth, and have thrown themselves heartily into whatever schemes seemed to be for their country's good. When, in the wilderness, the children of Israel acted so discreditably that they were threatened with total extinction, God offered to make Moses a head of a great nation; but Moses respectfully declined the honor, and earnestly asked God to be merciful to the people who had so grievously provoked Him. William Tell in Switzerland, Louis Kossuth in Hungary, and John Sobieski in Poland were all distinguished for their patriotism, and their love of country prompted them to many acts of self-denial.

Patriotism is not inconsistent with the highest piety. In fact, patriotism and piety should ever go hand in hand. Some of the noblest men have been as strong in defending the truth of God as they have been in advancing the highest interests of their country.