

of the classics and the sciences, to know how to dress in good taste, how to choose a wall paper and furnish a room, simply, usefully and beautifully, having the colors harmonious and restful. She should have some knowledge of the beautiful in art and architecture, and, above all, realize that superfluous ornamentation is not beautiful. She should be able to sew and cook a plain meal—in fact she should be a good enough housekeeper to make some man comfortable—and possibly happy.

Beauty of Nature.

Is it for nothing that the mighty sun
Rises each morning from the Eastern plain
Over the meadows fresh with hoary dew?
Is it for nothing that the shadowy trees
On yonder hill-top, in the summer night
Stand darkly out before the golden moon?
Is it for nothing that the Autumn boughs
Hang thick with mellow fruit?

Is it for nothing that some artist hand
Hath wrought together things so beautiful?

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Beautiful is the last gleam of the sun
Slanted through twining branches: beautiful
The birth of the faint stars—first clear and pale
The steady lusted Hesper, like a gem
On the flushed bosom of the West, and then
Some princely fountain of unborrowed light,
Arcturus, or the Dog Star, or the seven
That circle without setting round the pole.
Is it for nothing at the midnight hour
That solemn silence sways the hemisphere,
And ye must listen long before ye hear
The cry of beasts, or fall of distant stream,
Or breeze among the tree-tops—while the stars
Like guardian spirits watch the slumbering earth?

—HENRY ALFORD.

A young lady who taught a Sunday-school class of young boys was often nonplussed by the ingenious questions sometimes propounded by her young hopefuls. One Sunday the lesson touched on the story of Jacob's dream, in which he had a vision of angels descending and ascending a ladder extending from heaven to earth. One inquiring youngster wanted to know why the angels used a ladder since they all had wings. At a loss for a reply, the teacher sought to escape the difficulty by leaving the question to the class. "Can any of you tell us why the angels used a ladder?" she asked. One little fellow raised his hand. "Please, ma'am," he said, "p'r'aps they were moulting."

Nature in the Quiet Hours.

"What is that bright red star over there?" said a boy to me a few evenings ago. Tired with the long day's play he seemed in just the mood to enjoy the quiet evening and the stars coming out one by one in the heavens, and to talk about them. I did not at once answer, but asked him if he could find another red star in the sky. Almost instantly he pointed to one a little to the west of it. "Why, that is red, too." And then we glanced at the other stars just appearing, but there were none so red as these two. There were some nearly white, with a flash of pink in them, such as Arcturus in the north-west, or some with a pale blue tint, as Lyra, nearly overhead. As we again fixed our gaze on the two red stars, I asked the boy if he could tell me in what part of the sky they were. He knew the north by the pole star, which he could easily pick out by the two "pointers" in the bowl of the dipper. Then he saw that the second of the two stars was very nearly in the opposite part of the heavens to the pole star: so it was in the south; and the first that had attracted his attention was in the south-east. Soon he became interested, and asked questions about the stars, many of which I could not answer. I finally told him that the big red star was Mars, named after the Roman god of war; that his Greek name was Ares; and that the beautiful red star to the west was called Antares, meaning the "rival of Mars," (*ant* or *anti* in Greek meaning opposite). The boy told me that Antares was smaller and twinkled more than Mars, and asked me why that was. And then we talked about the difference between stars and planets. Stars are distant suns, very many larger and some smaller than our sun. They are arranged in groups called constellations. Antares is in the group known as the Scorpion. It shines with a twinkling light to denote that it is a sun, while the planet Mars shines with a steady light, like that of the moon, to denote that it is seen only by the reflected light of the sun. Less than a year ago Mars was much less bright than Antares. Now it is brighter, because it is nearer to us, but it is rapidly going farther away, and its brightness will become less each evening.

The boy asked me so many questions about Mars that I told him I would try to find out and write in this month's REVIEW what would interest him and other boys about this wonderful planet.

Just then the birds began to twitter, as if they understood what we were talking about, and wished to join in. The boy told me that he had been to