

SELECTED.

"S'ppine only what is sweet;
Le ve th e. i. and tak' the wheat."

In the Crowded Street.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
In the glare of the city lamp,
And list to the tread of a million feet
In their quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging crowd goes to and fro
'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween,
To mark the figures that come and go
In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud,
And the priest in gloomy cowl;
And Dives walks in the motley crowd
With Lazarus, cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
In the midst of a city's ill!
As freshly pure as the daisied grass
That grows on her native hills.
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his lean wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by,
As he gives him little or much.

When time has beaten the world's tattoo,
And in his dusky armor dight
Is treading with echoless footsteps through
The gloom of the silent night,
How many of those shall be daintily fed,
And shall sing to slumbers sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed
And never a crumb to eat.

The Open Fireplace.

A writer in the *Decorator and Furnisher* pays this tribute to the open fireplace, which is just now coming into prominence as an old fashion revived:

"If there were no other thing in the æsthetic renaissance to be thankful for, its restoration of fire places to our homes would entitle it to respectful consideration. Open fires have more than an æsthetic influence. As centers for the home circle or family semi-circle that forms them, and as disseminators of cheerfulness and content, it may be claimed that they serve an ethic purpose. The snapping, fragrant back log, or the genial glow of cannel coal, mantled in limpid flames of blue, disposes one to profitable reflection, to generous and sympathetic feelings and to a placidity of mind that was for a time supposed by the rushing public of this nineteenth century to be one of the lost arts. Gassy furnaces, and cast iron stoves and such poor pretenses as kerosene and gas radiators can never impart more than physical warmth. Menial caloric and those airy fancies, delicate as the flames, that give them cause, are not to be evolved by hugging stoves and sitting over registers. The cheerful effect of visible fire gives it decorative value, and it is doubtless for this reason that appropriate settings, for andirons and grates have

recently invited the attention of architects and designers. Fires were almost the sole decorations, if they may be so regarded, of early settlers' homes in this country, and many an old farmhouse would be dismal enough to-day, but for its cosy hearth, the focus of family heart warmth. Yet a certain severe beauty was seen in many of these fireplaces of yore, and such beauty as they possessed is very justly perpetuated. Their brass furnishing was a more tasteful concession to the appropriate than might have been looked for among the early New Englanders, for brass approximates more nearly to flames, in color and brightness than any other metal. The glitter of the flames was cheerfully repeated also in rows of pictured tile, the religious austerity of whose designs was odd when seen in contrast with a rousing fire that ought to melt austerity out of any company.

Even when it flashes from a rude cavern of brick and mortar, a fire may be regarded as the eye of an apartment, giving cheer and animation to what might else be cold and lifeless. It naturally attracts the human eye, and is therefore a fitting spot about which to group objects of attractiveness and beauty. Antiquity of decoration is not amiss, so the designs be cheerful, but let not admiration for antiquity betray us into admiring antiquity for its own sake. Select what is beautiful and useful in it, for a catholic spirit is the spirit of the time, but do not, as one house owner of my acquaintance has done, hang the ancestral pots and kettles upon a crane over the drawing-room fire, showing them complacently to visitors as things to respect.

Herbert Spencer's Definition of Happiness.

The Definition given by Herbert Spencer of what constitutes happiness is as follows:

Generalizing such facts, we see that the standard of greatest happiness possesses as little fixity as the other exponents of human nature. Between nations the difference of opinion are conspicuous enough. On contrasting the Hebrew patriarchs with their existing descendants, we observe that even in the same race, the ideal of existence changes. The members of each community disagree upon the question. Neither, if we compare the wishes of the gluttonous school-boy with those of the earth-scorning transcendentalist into whom we may afterwards grow, do we find any constancy in the individual. So we may say, not only that every happiness, but that no two men have like conceptions; and further, that in each man the conception is not the same at any two periods of life.

The rationale of this is simple enough. Happiness signifies a gratified state of all the faculties. The gratification of a faculty is produced by its exercise. To be agreeable, that exercise must be proportionate to the power of the faculty; if it is insufficient, discontent arises, and its excess produces weariness. Hence to have complete felicity is to have all the faculties exerted in the ratio of their several developments, and an ideal arrangement of circumstances calculated to secure this constitutes the standard of "greatest happiness;" but the minds of no two individuals contain the same combinations of elements. Duplicate men are not to be found. There is in each a different balance of desires. Therefore, the condition adapted for the highest enjoyment of one would not perfectly compass the same end for any other. And consequently the notion of happiness must vary with the disposition and character; that is must vary indefinitely.