

Out of the simple story of Job's life as related in the Bible Goldsmith, constructed a charming story, that is regarded as one of the choicest bits of the English classics, yet I would be far from accusing him of plagiarism. Whether he took his material from the Bible or not, his genius certainly formed a sweet and lovely character, that will always be admired by thousands of delighted readers who will never learn the lesson of patient suffering from the majestic Biblical drama."

TWENTY-TWO newspapers in the State of Kansas are edited by women.

THE real name of "E. Werner," the German novelist, translations of whose stories are so popular in this country, is Elizabeth Burstenbinder; she is a spinster and lives in Berlin.

CANADIAN Literature is certainly being developed. Next week Miss Pauline Johnson the Indian Poetess, is to give a series of readings from her own writings, in Association Hall, Toronto, February 19th.

"THE mesmeric force," says Walter Besant, "is everywhere: the poet, the actor, dramatist, the novelist (who succeeds) has it; they call it genius, but it is the same mysterious power which makes a witch the terror of the village which helps the performer on the stage to do with his subjects what he pleases."

It is related of Lord Tennyson, that, some twenty-five years ago, the wife of a clergyman living at Richmond, in Surrey, considerably perplexed as to the meaning of a certain passage in one of his poems, wrote to the author and asked him to explain. In response, she received the following, "Dear Madame: I merely supply poetry to the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, Alfred Tennyson."

Let us Live.

It is the savings grace of life for the modern girl that she does not follow in the fateful lines laid down by her multitude of counsellors, who are still back in the Dark Ages, so to speak, and are not in touch with modern educative conditions. The university life and the women's colleges of today must bear little resemblance to the seminary and the boarding-school of the past, and some of the "advice to girls" floating about the press is too absurd for a comedy. As for instance:

Every girl should have a definite idea of accomplishing a certain kind of work each day. Study comes under this head, as does intelligent reading—not the perusing of fiction or sentimental poetry, but the works of standard authors. Don't cultivate a taste for novels, for too often they spoil a young mind for the real life which is to come, and which is so very different from the descriptions found between book covers.

How, it may be submitted, is a girl to "read standard authors," is she to "exclude fiction?" Are not Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Daudet, Maupassant, Edgar Fawcett, George Meredith, Tolstoi and Mrs. Humphrey Ward standard authors. What kind of culture would be that excluding the greatest prose romance in literature?

By "sentimental" poetry the writer (who, apparently, does not make nice distinctions in the significance of words) probably means poetry of sentiment, which would exclude nearly all the poets from Homer to Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell and Whittier.

And again: Never put away a garment torn or with buttons missing. The day you can close your bureau drawer on heelless stockings and torn underwear, that day you have laid the foundation for—

And an enumeration of an appalling train of evils follows this pronouncement. It is a human being, then, merely a machine, whose chief use is to mend clothing and sew on buttons! Shall a bit of mending be exalted before a thousand other duties, privileges or opportunities of life. That garments should be duly repaired is all very well, subordinate to its proper time and place, but in this age there are plenty of better things to be done by an intelligent girl than using her time and nervous force over some mechanical piece of work, that the uneducated worker who can only live by mechanical employment can do, and who needs this employment. It is not that one would advocate untidiness, nor yet idleness. But it is the part of wisdom to discriminate between the important and the unimportant, the essential and the non-essential in life. We have fallen on times when the force of educated women is largely needed in the higher ministrations of life. She must be a home-keeper, not a mere house-keeper. There is a vast difference. Or, if she is the life of art, or professions, or social work, her best strength must go to her especial work.

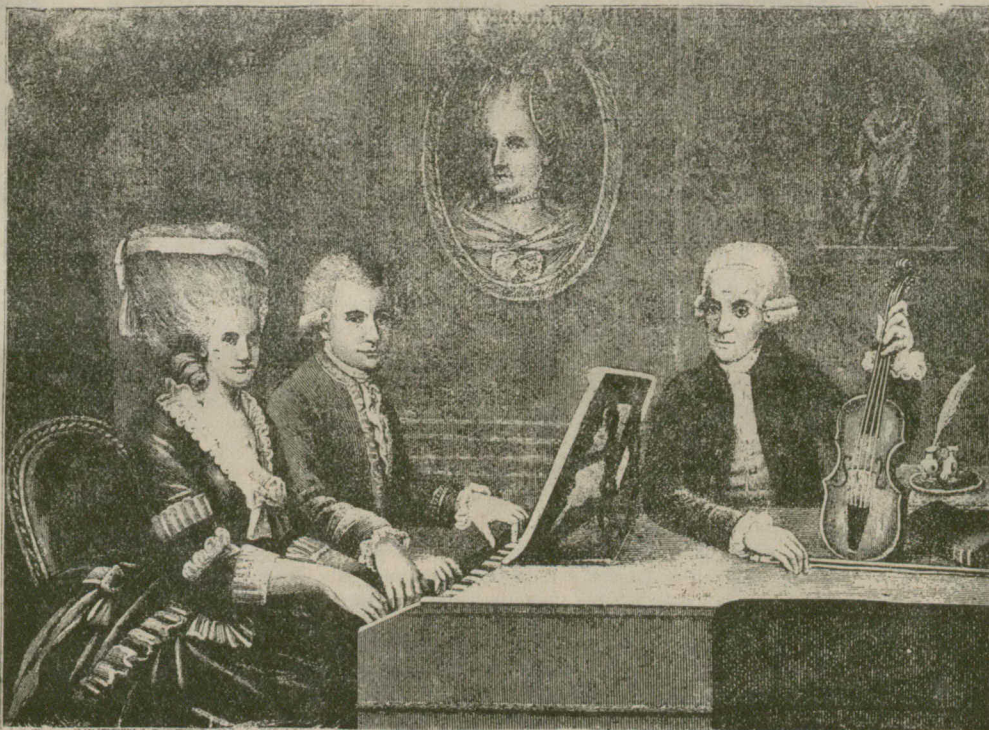
The woman who would successfully meet the complicated demands of modern life, of that life of intellectual energy and spiritual force expected of her, cannot enter into the mechanical labor of a past generation. Nor is there the slightest need that she should. As well advocate the return of the spinning-wheel into the home. The woman of wealth can use her time to better purpose than in drudgery. The woman who is earning her own living can, at least of an, afford to dissipate her energies in this way. What success

would attend men in art, letters or business if every man felt it a moral duty to be his own tailor?

After all, the most valuable result, perhaps, of the higher education for women, is that it develops and adjustable force which she is able to easily apply in any direction, or under any conditions. It is only the uneducated, or the half-educated, who can do but one thing. The genuinely cultivated woman can do many things, and be ready to lend a hand whenever life has needs. And as we live mostly by our faiths, our convictions, and by imaginative power of vision—that discerns noble ideals and endeavors to realize them—then by all means let all the poetry of the poets, all the grace and sweetness of great prose romance, add its stimulus to the imagination and its charm to actual living. The best is none too good for human nature's daily food.

The Mozart Family.

In July, 1763, Leopold Mozart, the father, obtained leave to quit Salzburg with his two children, Wolfgang and Marianne (the "Nannerl" of her brother's letters), for a prolonged tour. Having visited Munich and Paris, they arrived in England on April 10, 1764. Their first lodgings in London were at Cecil-Court, between St. Martin's-lane and Charing Cross-road, of which the last remaining houses were pulled down some months ago. In that same year the family lodged also at Williamson's, in Frith-street, Soho: and with Dr. Randal, in the Five Field, now Lower Ebury-street, Pimlico, where Mozart composed his first symphony, and was visited by Daines Barrington, who wrote a paper, printed in the Royal Society's Philosophical Transactions, upon the children's genius. The brother and sister gave their first concert in public on June 5, in the Great Concert Room, Spring-gardens. In the following year we hear of them as holding private audiences at the Swan and Hoop, Cornhill, where they used to play from twelve to three, the father charging 2s. 6d. for a ticket. In May they



THE MOZART FAMILY.

gave a concert in Hickford's rooms, Brewer-street, Golden-square, announced thus: "For the benefit of Miss Mozart, of thirteen, and Master Mozart, of eight years of age, prodigies of Nature, a concert of music, with all the overtures of this little boy's own composition." The Mozarts went again to Dr. Randal's, and in August of this year (1765) they left England for Flanders, The Hague, and Amsterdam.

When Mozart was buried, on Dec. 6, 1791, in the graveyard of St. Marks, at Vienna, not even a stone was placed to mark the spot of his interment, and not till sixty-eight years afterward did the city of Vienna erect a monument to his memory in the churchyard.

The Woman Who Speaks Her Mind.

In every neighborhood there is usually one woman, if not more, who is "not afraid to speak her mind." It frequently happens that the neighbors are afraid to have her do so, but that makes no difference. She is not always a bold, Amazon-like creature. Sometimes she is a delicate, intellectual woman who scarcely seems to have the courage which must manifestly belong to one of her genus. She evidently considers herself more honest than her neighbors. She never disguises disagreeable truths. If the Y's have indulged in extravagant table linen or carpets, she, being a deacon's wife and happening to know the state of their charitable fund, feels quite at liberty to relieve her mind of the unkind thoughts which have arisen therein, and to do this in the presence of a company of other women, if possible. She is not afraid to tell the minister that he will preach the church empty if he continues to deliver temperance sermons. She knows just why the doctor failed to cure a desperate case of pneumonia, and frankly tells him of it. The young woman

who has lost her lover, and the one who is attracting too much attention from gentlemen, are other objects of her especial regard. No age, sex, or condition has sufficient dignity to subdue her freedom in speaking her mind, and the neighbors all agree in wishing that her mental powers were less acute.

The worst feature in this woman's case is that she and most of her friends—for there are few brave enough to become her enemies—believe that she is unusually virtuous. She calls her bitter readiness to speak disagreeable truths by various names, such as candor, frankness, honesty and courage. The fact that she casts poisoned arrows right and left, and inflicts wounds that lie unhealed for months, even years, does not enter into her consideration. And, still worse, her example is contagious. Other women, timid women, inspired by her freedom, learn to speak with disagreeable candor, and the trouble grows.

If the woman who speaks her mind will consider for a moment the real motive that prompts her to the free use of her mischief-dealing tongue, she may discover some wholesome and instructive truths. Does she wound the faithful minister because she really believes his influence is sensibly weakening? Does she honestly believe that she is helping the careful physician, or any other of her numerous victims? Would or does she as readily speak agreeable and pleasant things; and is her heart so overflowing with loving-kindness that she longs to right all the wrongs that comes under her observation and so increase the sum total of human happiness; or is it rather, a gratification of her vanity to be considered remarkably keen and penetrating, a very astute person who can discover and bring to light facts that would otherwise escape general notice? If she were truly kind of heart, would she not prefer to tell the fault or error in private to the offending one, in Biblical fashion, and shrink from even the possibility of wounding by giving it publicity.

Instead of being courageous she is cowardly. She is not open-hearted or frank in the best sense of the word, and her brusque, bold manner of making disagreeable statements seldom accomplishes any good result and almost invariably gives offense. What woman wishes to become that disagreeable creature who "is not afraid to speak her mind?"

A Kiss Is.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A thing of use to, no one, but much prized by two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

That which you can not give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

A telegraph to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison, and the hypocrite's mask.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked, the more abundant it grows.

A woman's most affective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband, or console the griefs of childhood.

Illusions of Great Men.

Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him.

Pope saw an arm apparently coming through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner.

Byron often received visits from a specter, but he knew it to be a creation of the imagination.

Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice though she was at the time in another city.

Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world.

Loyola, lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission.

Descartes was followed by an invisible person, whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees, and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.

Ravillac, while chanting the "Miserere" and "De Profundis," believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of a trumpet.

Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him that he would become the greatest man in England.

Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks, and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his arm-chair till sun-rise.

Bostok, the physiologist, saw figures and faces, and there was one human face constantly before him for twenty-four hours, the features and head-gear as distinct as those of a living person.

Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self-destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose.