

SELECTED.

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 "Shipping only what is sweet;
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Two Women.

A grandma sits in her great arm-chair;
 Balmy sweet is the soft spring air.
 Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane
 She looks to the orchard beyond the lane,
 And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress
 As it flutters about in the wind's caress.
 "That child is glad as the day is long—
 Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"
 Up from the orchard's flowery bloom
 Floats fragrance faint to the dark'ning room
 Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace
 And a softer light steals into her face.
 For once again she is young and fair,
 And twining roses in her hair;
 Once again blithe as the lark above,
 She is only a girl, and a girl in love!
 The years drop from her their weary pain;
 She is clasped in her lover's arms again!
 The last faint glimmers of daylight die,
 Stars tremble out of the purple sky,
 Ere Dora fits up the garden path,
 Sadly afraid of grandma's wrath.
 With rose-red cheeks and flying hair
 She nestles down by the old arm-chair.
 "Grandma, Dick says, may we—may I—"
 The faltering voice grows strangely shy.
 But grandma presses the little hand;
 "Yes, my dearie, I understand!
 He may have you, darling!" Not all in vain
 Did grandma dream she was a girl again!
 She gently twists a shining curl;
 "Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl!
 "Take the world's treasures, its noblest, best—
 And love will outweigh all the rest?"
 And through the casement the moonlight cold
 Streams on two heads, one gray, one gold.

Making a Scientist.

An incident in the school life of a teacher, as related by herself, illustrates one of the most important points in education. She had charge of a school in a country town early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study and showed no interest apparently in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons, and detention after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to questions in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and, espying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day. "Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and calling several of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally she asked the dunce who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to

what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic, that the teacher was astonished, and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked, and how it ate, and many things which was entirely new to his teacher. So that when he had finished, she said: "Thank you! You have given us a real nice lecture in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself." After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring bees, flies, butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted with this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonders opened to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.

Domestic Monotony.

In fashionable life we have a formal exhausting and mechanical evening of more or less dissipation. On the other hand, the evenings of great numbers of families are generally of monotonous humdrum. They involve an assemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same paternal-familias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overlaid with family cares. Fresh people with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, anything to stir up and agitate the pool of domestic stagnation, are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a constant succession of such people to bring about these results. The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be the business of all after the day's work was done to entertain each other and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds if not thousands of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out prematurely from the utter lack of domestic recreation. There might be written over the graves of many: "Bored to death by the stagnation of domestic life."

Sweet-Minded Woman.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around, that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home, worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile, the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast. And so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Choosing a Husband.

That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really the domestic man in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his