

outline of the programme of the Baltimore League may be of interest. The membership includes men and boys over fifteen years of age who subscribe to the pledge, promising to treat all women with respect, and to shield them from degradation and insult; to endeavor to put down obscene and indecent language, and hold all laws of purity as equally binding on both sexes. It is intended to hold monthly meetings which will be addressed on subjects pertaining to the objects of the League. Literature will be distributed and an effort made to give to members an intelligent understanding of their physical machinery and of the laws of its well-being.

This is a work which needs doing everywhere and it is a work where every stroke tells. It is hoped that some who read this will see in it an opportunity and will lend a hand. Any information concerning the formation of Leagues, pledge cards, or literature can be had by applying to the President of the Baltimore League, Edw. B. Rawson, care John Hopkins' University, Baltimore.

WHAT SHALL WE SING?

A REPLY.

Let us sing in our hearts, as the bird on the bough

Pours the melody out from his soul,
Till the echoes are wakened, he scarcely knows how,

And great anthems through wooded lands roll

And as bird answers bird when their joy-notes are heard

Floating out on the atmosphere bland,
So will heart answer heart without symbol or word,

Till the earth yields a praise-anthem grand.

And it swells, and it rolls from equator to poles,
And it mounts to each planet most high,
Till the echo is caught by each body that rolls
In its endless course on through the sky.

Let the heart, like the bird, when its best tones are heard,

Sing the song that to it hath been given,
For in fulness of heart, or in gladness of bird,
Still song is the rich gift of heaven.

If we sing like the nightingale, sweeter by far
When the twilight shades gather around,
The joy of the echo no shadow can mar,
And the darkness with peace will abound.

Who would chant like the mourning-dove's woful refrain

Intonations so solemnly sad,
That if any, in passing, should bark to the strain,

They, in pity, would cease to be glad?

There are those who will croak like the blue-jay's sharp note,

That will grate on a sensitive ear.
All life's beauty and grandeur seems lost in their throat,

But from them we have nothing to fear.

For as discords in music bring out the pure tone
Of the melody clearer to view,

So mellifluous lives in full contrast are shown,
By the dissonant ones of the few.

We've no trouble in choosing which song should be ours,

If we lend our ear singly to each,
For the breezes will bear it to us from the flowers,

And all nature the lesson will teach.

A lesson of harmony, grandly supreme,
From the smallest to greatest appears;
When we put our own lives in accord with the theme.

We shall list to the song of the spheres.

The same song they sang in that earlier time,
When life's beauty knew not an alloy;
When the morning stars sang in a chorus sublime,

And the sons of God shouted for joy.

JULIA M. DUTTON.

Waterloo, N. Y.

REVEALED.

A detective, who had been very successful in discovering and arresting criminals under every disguise, said, lately: "I have but one rule to guide me. I obtain a picture of the man and examine his eye. Then I search for that eye. Every other feature of his face, together with his height, his size, his dress, he can alter. But his eye he cannot change. That tells the story."

A gentleman who has long made a study of amateur photography asserts that its chief interest to him lies in the unconscious revelation of character in a photographed face. "If a man has any noble or mean trait latent in his