

The Statue.

There was a statue, only common clay,
Which in the sunshine stood one summer day,
And just through one brief magic hour—I'm told,
Because the sun shone so, seemed finest gold.

There was a hero, hero but to one,
Who had his gilded hour beneath Love's Sun,
And then, Ah me! the sunshine died away,
And left the hero—bare, dull, common clay.

L'ENVOI.

Are you the hero, or are you the sun?
A word, *mon ami*, and my fable's done,
If you must blame,—be just and blame the sun

Frances Hodgson Burnett in Century Mag.

A Russian Map in 1800.

A map largely circulated in Russia at the beginning of its century represents America as the largest of all islands. It states that the country was discovered by the Spaniards a title while before. The people are said to live about five hundred years; to be very ignorant, not knowing anything of letters; to know nothing of a God, or religion; and to feed chiefly on baked meats and nutmegs.

In this same map the city of Moscow covers a much greater space than either the whole of Africa or America. It is shown in detail with its walls, churches and chief buildings. Well, therefore, might the Russian peasant, who had such a map, look upon Moscow as the greatest city of all the world,

A. R. B.

Superstition in China.

A witch story, which well illustrates a certain form of superstition, apparently of Buddhist origin, appears in the columns of the *Shen-pao*. The general belief in China is that if any person kills an animal from wantonness or cruelty, its soul will return and take possession of the murderer's body until his guilt has been fully expiated. It is said that an instance of this occurred not very long ago, at Yatgehov, where there resided a man and his wife who had a pet cat, the mother of three kittens. The cat and the kittens, after the manner of the feline tribe, were constantly stealing the tidbits and the delicacies which the servant girl had intended for her own consumption. Punishment had no effect, and at length she killed them, one after another. Before long, however, she became ill, and displayed all the symptoms of rabies. She mewed and scratched like a cat. Her mistress, in great distress, apostrophized the dead cat, and asked why it thus tormented the girl. The cat, speaking through the girl's mouth, described the ill-treatment it had received from her during its life, and told her how its kittens had been put to death before its feline eyes. One had been drowned, another worried by a dog and a third burned. More than this, the cat herself had been put to death, and its spirit had now come to torment the murderer. Justice, however, was at last satisfied, and the girl died in convulsions at the feet of her mistress. Extraordinary stories of this kind are firmly believed by the Chinese.

Men and Women.

Men love things, as facts, passions and estimates, and women, persons; and while men regard only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in which they are embodied. Even in childhood the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll, and works for it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or tools and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is an object of love and kisses and watching, and answers them only by complaints and anger; and the feeble creature that requires the most repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows the stronger, the greater the need, and the greater the unthankfulness of its object; and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous

Burdette's Version.

When Penn appeared to receive his charter, he came into the royal presence in his usual easy manner, with his hat on and his hands in his pockets. Charles at once removed his own hat. "Keep on your hat, young man," said Penn, "keep on your hat, and people won't know you're bald." "It is the custom of this place," the king replied, "for only one person to remain covered at a time." "Then you ought to have more covers," said Penn. "It's a queer custom; but I don't lay my hat around loose in a strange house unless I get a check for it. I've travelled, I have."

A Dear Ride.

The boys tell a good story on a certain member of the board who is greatly interested in pork, and has just returned from Europe. He was at the sea of Galilee, and one of those fellows who rent out little pleasure-boats to tourists asked him to take a boat and sail on water that "Christ walked upon." He objected, and they asked him where he was from. "I am from Chicago, in the United States of America," proudly answered the pork manipulator. They reproachfully asked him if he was going back without a ride upon the lake "where Christ walked," and he gave in. When they landed again the Chicago man asked how much, and was told twenty-five dollars. He thoughtfully pulled out the money, but remarked, "I don't wonder that Christ walked."

—*Christian Union.*

For Forty Years.

There died in Delaware County, Pa., recently, a prosperous and generally esteemed farmer, nearly 100 years of age, who for forty years had never spoken a word to his wife nor had she to him, nor had any one of their five children, of whom three, with their mother, are still living, spoken a word to any other member of the family. And yet they all lived peacefully under one roof and were in full possession of their faculties. Forty years ago, it is said, the wife was bequeathed a small sum of money by a relative, which her husband desired to use in purchasing farming implements and otherwise improving the property. She said no. He vowed that unless he was given the money he would never speak another word to her. This vow he steadfastly kept to the end of his life. The three daughters, then quite young, at first tried to reconcile their parents, but failed. Then one sided with the father, another with the mother, and the third became disheartened with the whole job. So they quarrelled, the two sons died, and never again a word was spoken in the household, save to visitors. The death of the husband and father has made no change in the situation, and the survivors move about the house as if utterly oblivious of each other's presence.

Matrimonial Sufferers.

In most things in this world that involve error, women suffer more keenly for the imprudence than men. Take unequal marriages, for instance, of which so many have occurred of late. A young man who marries beneath him is to be pitied; but we cannot commiserate him as we do a young girl who has perpetrated an equally fatal blunder. He had all the world before him from which to choose. He yields, by natural right, a more powerful, further reaching sceptre than she. Cophetua may woo the beggar maid, and the chances are ten to one that the beggar maid, wearing royal robes, shall do him honor on the throne she shares. Were the case reversed, the old homely proverb would be far more likely to be realized, that "you cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear." A man's character, and tastes are generally formed before he is 21. But a woman's desire to please is so great, that she may be almost entirely remolded after marriage, so the marriage be one of love, and the husband good enough, patient enough and wise enough to conduct the experiment. But if a woman, whose life is spent in her home, makes a mistake with regard to him who is to be the king and lord, the house-bond and support of the home, she is a fit object for the pity of angels and men. Then look after the intimacy of your daughters, and do not leave them to rely upon their own judgment, however wise they may seem for their years.