

SÉLECTED.

"Singing only what is sweet :
Let us be like the wheat."

Time and Love.

Time flies. The swift hours hurry by,
And speed us on to untried ways ;
New seasons ripen, perish, die—
And yet love stays ;
The old, old love, like sweet at first,
At last like bitter wine :
Know not if it blest or curst
Thy life and mine.

Time Flies. In vain our prayers, our tears :
We cannot tempt him to delays ;
Down to the past he bears the years—
And yet love stays.
Through changing task and varying dream
We hear the same refrain,
And one can hear a plaintive theme
Run through each strain.

Time flies. He steals our pulsing youth ;
He robs us of our care-free days ;
He takes away our trust, our truth—
And yet love stays.
O time ! Take love. When love is vain,
When all its best joys die,
When only its regrets remain,
Let love, too, fly !

—*Ella Wheeler in "Poems of Passion."*

Our Young Women.

A primal defect in our social life is the notion that girls have nothing to do. Boys are brought up to some employment, but girls to none, except where pecuniary want compels them. The family that is "well-off" has busy boys and idle girls. The young man, after eating his breakfast, starts out to his daily occupation, and returns at the close of the day. The young woman, after eating her breakfast (usually at a late hour), saunters about in quest of amusement. Novels, gossip, shopping (for unnecessary trifles), dressing in three or four different costumes, formal visiting, drawing (if able), and lounging, are the elements of the young woman's day. In the evening, by way of recreation (?), she goes to the theatre or a ball.

This unequal discipline of the sexes is the basis of innumerable evils. It makes the girl careless and selfish ; it turns her mind to personal adornment and other frivolous matters as the great concerns of life ; it takes away the sense of responsibility, and produces feebleness and disease in her physical constitution. It also prevents her from asserting her true dignity in the eyes of man ; for the life of utility is alone dignified. Women, thus brought up in indolence, are looked upon by men very much as were the women of the old dark times of the world, as mere playthings, expensive toys, not as counsellors and friends. Marriage in such circumstances belongs to a low, sensual plane, and the girl is prepared neither in body nor mind for the serious responsibilities and lofty duties which marriage implies. Her training, moreover, or lack of training, has made it necessary for a long purse to apply for her. Economy, helpfulness, co-operation—these are not coming to the new household from this

vain source. Dresses, drives, entertainments—these will form the staple demands on the young husband. Accordingly, in city life, where this class of young women is chiefly found, a young man is (greatly to his hurt often) kept from marrying by reason of its costliness, whereas society should be so ordered, that marriage would help the larder and not beggar it. We want simplicity of life, frugality, modesty, industry and system. If we could introduce these virtues in our higher society, we should diminish the despair, envy, jealousy, dissipation and suicides of the single, and the bickerings, wretchedness and divorces of the married.

Let our girls have as regular daily duties as our boys. Let idleness be forbidden them. Let recreation be indeed recreation, at proper times and in proper quantities. Let us open more numerous avenues of female industry, and let every woman be clothed with the dignity of a useful life. Can such a reformation be brought about? My dear Madam, begin it yourself. Rule your household on this principle. Have the courage to defy fashion where it opposes. Be a bold leader in this reform, and you will soon see a host of followers glad to escape from the old folly.—*Howard Crosby.*

A Romantic Life.

There were three romances in the life of the late Joshua Sears, the millionaire grocer of Boston. The first when he was a poor young man. He started a flirtation with a wealthy beauty on a railroad train, called on her afterward, and finally found that his suit was in vain, because he was poor and she was rich. The second was when he was past middle age and very rich. He became engaged to a dashing young widow. One of her friends asked her: "What are you going to be married to that old fellow for?" "For his money, of course," said she. Sears heard of this. "For my money, eh?" he cried; "not by a blessed sight." He went to his lawyers and was told that she would have a good case in a breach of promise suit. He didn't want a lawsuit, so he handed a confidential friend \$10,000 and told him to go and see the widow and "fix things up," which was done, she accepting the bribe and giving him his freedom. The third was when he was an old man. He found himself enormously rich, but thought: "When I am gone, as I soon shall be, who will enjoy it all?" So he went to his friend Alpheus Hardy and said: "Hardy, I'm thinking of getting married. What do you think about it?" Hardy thought he knew a lady that would just suit. "Well, then, Hardy, you go and arrange it." So Hardy conducted the negotiations and Sears was accepted. On his wedding morn the bashful bridegroom called Hardy aside and said: "Hardy, I don't know anything about this ceremony and you do. So I want you to stick close to my side and coach me, so that I don't make any thundering mistake." Hardy did so, and all went well.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The little village of Annsville, on the Hudson, had derived its existence for nearly half a century from the Annsville wire works, which employed upward of four hundred men at good wages. Recently the wire mills were destroyed by fire, and threw out of employment nearly all the working population of the village. The proprietors of the wire mills decided not to rebuild. As a result the storekeepers of Annsville have been forced to close up, and the village is rapidly becoming depopulated. A more desolate looking place can hardly be imagined.