

DACRYMÆ.

Deep in the sea lie drifts of priceless ore,
And rich, rare jewels heap;
Cold break the waves upon the cheerless shore,
And we must weep.

Deep in the wood bloom flowers of elfin store,
Ring lays that lull to sleep;
Drear is the highway weary feet trudge o'er,
And we must weep.

Deep in the heart reign forms our lives adore,
And all that love can reap;
Sad are the words that from our wan lips pour,
And we must weep.

LIANDE.

TORONTO SOCIETY NOTES.

Captain and Mrs. St. Leger, who have been staying in Toronto during the winter months, will sail for England on the 20th.

Miss Mary Brown and Miss Edith Brown, daughters of the late Hon. George Brown, both took the degree of B. A. at the recent University examinations. Miss Brown also taking the gold medal for modern languages.

Mrs. John Beverly Robinson's pleasant afternoon receptions at Government House are to be continued during the summer months.

Mr. Harry Graham, a graduate of the Toronto University, who has just received his degree from the Ann Arbor University, has been appointed Professor of Surgery to the American College at Tarsus, in Asia Minor. The young gentleman who is only 23 years of age, is a brother-in-law of Mr. B. C. Fraser, of the Northern Railway.

Mr. George Hague, Manager of the Merchants Bank, Montreal, is staying at the Queens.

The houses on the Island are beginning to fill up, though the more prudent will retain their town houses until the weather becomes milder.

It is rumored that the name of Niagara, our old well-known watering place, is to be changed back to Newark, the name it held about a hundred years ago.

Hector Cameron, M. P., of Ottawa, is visiting in Toronto.

Madame Cora Giese, and the members of the Boston Quartette Club are in town.

Miss Annie Lippincott, who has been studying with the same master as Miss Arthurs, has also made a successful debut in Italy. Miss Lippincott is the daughter of "Gran Greenwood" of literary fame.

The funeral of Col. Durie, late D. A. G. of Militia, and formerly of Her Majesty's 94th regiment took place here last Friday. Col. Durie, was one of the oldest Militia officers in Canada.

One of the finest lacrosse matches of the season was held in the Rosedale grounds on Saturday afternoon. There were about six thousand people present. The next match will be held in Montreal.

The popular drawing-room waltzes at present, are called the "North-West Mounted Police" and are composed by Mr. S. B. Crozier, father of Major Crozier.

Hon. H. D. Rohan is staying in town. The society of St. John the Divine have sent out a corps of young lady nurses to the front, most of whom are graduates of the New York hospital.

Several fashionable weddings will take place this month.

Mrs. Watson whose readings at the Grand Opera House, the proceeds of which are to go in aid of the volunteer fund, is the wife of Captain Charles Watson, an English officer now seeing active service in the North-West. Mrs. Watson is well-known as a Canadian beauty.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

Speaking of domestic life, how rarely one takes into consideration the whole complex nature of it, judging that it is an affair of pots and kettles, of eating and drinking, of lying down and rising, sweeping and dusting; and though, to be sure, these are the frame-work upon which it hangs, so to speak, they are not its essence. A domestic life is not necessarily one of drudgery, a perpetual devotion to the fire-god, a continual opening of oven doors and watching of boiling pots. It is rather, a life of unity, in which each part is subservient to the whole, of which no part is mean and insignificant, since the whole being the science of living, and life a gift from God, it follows that no fraction of it is beneath our attention. It is the old story of the convertibility of things.

"The flowers of the meadow, little Isabel, to-day are blue flowers, and to-morrow will be honey." The labor of the present insures a future holiday; so the graceful amenities of the household—duties fitly performed—make up the sweetness of life; and how can those duties become graceful that are done in a spirit of protest? Let us believe that whatever our hands find to do is our own appointed work, selected from the beginning, be it homely scrubbing, or calculating eclipses and the orbits of planets, and then we shall forget to reproach circumstances and to work with the finger-tips. One-half the shabby housekeeping in the land results from the feeling that we were made for better things. If we were, life would show it. Circumstances never defy God's purposes. He is in the circumstance; and in all His worlds what better, what grander thing could He appoint us to do than to resolve the discords of domestic life into perfect harmony? To be sure, housekeeping reminds us somewhat of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, since for every wish granted one must rub—for so much work, so much reward; so many trials and reverses, so much experience funded for future use. Nothing is lost, since it is an affair which converts its own waste into profit, and fashions its failures into successes.

"I thought it was such a fine thing," said Laurette the other day, "to be married and have a house of one's own; but, oh dear! it is nothing but care, care, care. The servants are cross and incompetent; the children fret; the roast

is overdone; the vegetables are underdone; the ironing drags; the whole thing is topsyturvy. What fools girls are to get married!" "And Laurette?" I mildly suggested.

"I could not endure so much for any one else; that is all."

And here lies the gist; love lightens the most difficult labors. What we would not, perhaps could not, do for ourselves we gladly do for another. That is no drudgery which helps to make the world agreeable to the beloved; and thus domestic life exists for the education of bodies for time and souls for eternity. It is no merely transient business, which we may perform in a slipshod manner, or even leave undone, and hear no more about. It is like the web in the weaver's loom, and bears witness to every inattention, to every shade of carelessness or indifference; or else it shows a pattern as sublime and splendid as the stars in their courses.

"It is very well to preach," says Laurette at my elbow; "but when Laurette is waiting for his breakfast, and must catch the train, and the fire won't burn, and the coffee refuses to boil, and the servants give warning, and baby bumps his head, where does the splendor come in? How can you resolve such chaos into harmony?" Well, I shall suppose that Laurette lends a helping hand; that because things are twisted he doesn't mean to make them worse by sulks and sarcasms on the incapacity of women; that every thing does not depend upon his catching this particular train; that he knows how to put up with discomfort for a season; how, even, to make a jest of it to serve at more successful repasts; in short, that domestic life is not simply the agonies and mistakes of one poor little body, but a partnership of interests and a sympathetic interchange of helpfulness and forbearance.

All the virtues, all the excellences, are the natural efflorescence of domestic life. There the elements of greatness combine and act—for one may be great in small issues, as all the world knows; there temperament moulds temperament, will meets will, and clashes or submits. It is the school of the world, from which we all graduate with more or less of honor, with more or less of high mindedness and submission to high ideals, according as the school has been well governed, according as its practice and precepts have been noble, as it has furnished us models of pure benevolence, of sincere endeavor, of patient unselfishness.

There are some homes which seem pervaded with an atmosphere of repose; where domestic life is like a melody, worn old, perhaps, but associated with sweetest reminiscences. It may not be a wealthy home, it may merely afford "a genteel sufficiency," or even a shabby gentility; but the tune never loses tone or descends to discords. And there are other homes where it is one hurry and skurry from morning till night; where the china drops into fragments at a touch; where the bread is sour, the cake heavy, and everything at loose ends; where