

Home Beauty.

"Mine be a cot," for the hours of play,
 One of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway,
 Where the walls are low, and the roofs are red,
 And the buds are gay in the blue o'erhead;
 And the dear little figures, in frocks and frills,
 Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
 And play with the pups, and reprove the calves,
 And do naught in the world (but Work) by halves,
 From "Hunt the Slipper" and "Riddle-me-ree"
 To watching the cat in the apple-tree.

O Art of the household! Men may prate
 Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,—
 They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
 To the "au dela" and the dim remote,—
 Till the last sun sink in the last lit West,
 'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
 To the end of Time 'twill be the same,
 For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

Austin Dobson.

A Mistaken Idea.

As soon as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; and after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider. "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debts to me." Suddenly he loses his place, and has nothing to do. He is surprised and wonders why the world does not give him his due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, light-houses, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, sailor, light-house keeper and school master.

From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads, canals, towns, navies, and armies cost you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you who must pay—not the world.

Ah! boy he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world did at last owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.
 —St. Nicholas.

Wives, not Slaves.

Husbands, don't think when you have won a wife that you have also a slave. Don't think that your wife has less feeling than when she was your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed, not her nature. Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life towards her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your own buttons still. Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by

giving grudgingly. What she needs, give cheerfully as if it were pleasure to do so. She will feel better, and so will you. Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employes.

Wants to Know.

Says Alexander Dumas:—"When you see a child spoil and destroy immediately and deliberately the playthings that have been given it, pull off the petals of the flowers it has gathered, and even the wings of insects which it has caught, you say: 'Children are destructive; childhood is merciless.' It is a mistake. The child is not destructive; it is not cruel. It is curious. It does not want to destroy; it wants to know." But with the very first appearance of this desire for knowledge, with the first utterance of the often embarrassing but inexorable questions "how?" "why?" the gravest responsibilities fall on the parent, and these responsibilities he either shrinks or seeks to delegate to others, "There may," continues Dumas, "be children, who, owing to physical causes, are imbecile. But there is no such thing as a stupid child. A child may have more or less prompt intelligence. It may develop special aptitudes or antipathies. But you will never hear it say a silly thing as long as you have not told it a lie." There can be no doubt that of all the humbug practised in the world there is none which on the whole is attended with more ruinous consequences than the deceptions to which parents constantly have recourse, and that with a perfectly easy conscience, to evade the troublesome curiosity of children. "I am convinced," says M. Dumas, "that the greatest revolutionaries in the world of ideas, those who have most horrified mankind, who have caused the most shedding of blood and the most tears, have been children to whose first questions men have not replied as they ought to have replied."

Take Comfort.

It is well enough to provide for a rainy day, but that man is very foolish who saves his umbrella for a future storm while he is allowing himself to be drenched with the rain. We do not take pleasure and enjoy contentment as we should do. We live too much in the future and too little in the present. We live poor that we may die rich. We get all ready to be happy; and when we are quite ready, infirmity or disease steps in, and the chance to take comfort in this life is gone. If we could only be content to seize upon the little pleasures that lie just outside, and often within, our daily pathway, they would make a large sum total at the end of our lives. Too many of us often scorn pleasures that are cheap and near and within our grasp, and complain because we cannot have such as are costly and remote. But if we would only magnify the little things that make life pleasant as we do those that make it unpleasant, the cup of our joys would continually overflow. Be content to take life as it comes, and always make the best of the present, and let future sorrows be future, and let them not intrude upon the present by unnecessary apprehensions and forebodings.—*Collegian*.

The Secret of Mental Health.

Commenting on a lecture by Dr. Edward G. Janeway, recently delivered on the "Hygiene of the Nervous System" the *Christian Advocate* says:—

The reports show that he attaches due importance to some things which are not as frequently or as forcibly presented as their essential relation to healthy mental action demands. He says: "To be satisfied, or at all events reconciled, with our occupation, whatever it may be, is the first essential to mental health." The importance of the condition cannot be exaggerated. Those who are about to choose a profession seldom duly consider it. Those who are satisfied work easily; work is stimulus and support; the brain seldom knows weariness, and day by day grows stronger. But it is possible to be reconciled, if not satisfied. The imagination can be made the friend as well as the foe of any pursuit. We have seen those who have the power to see only or chiefly the advantages of any position. This power can be cultivated, and with it the mind works easily; without it friction, rust, or disease will soon cause it to deteriorate.