

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;
Lo-ve the clo-ss and take the wheat."

The Brook.

Under the trees the brooklet goes
Winding about like a silver thread,
And the greenest grass is that which grows
On either side of its noisy bed.
Clustering wild flowers whisper, Stay!
Stay, nod the ferns and the rushes tall;
But the brook keeps bravely on its way,
And tarries not, though it blesses all;
Hasting along with a pleasant song,
Stony and rough though the path may be,
To the river wide, the river strong,
That will bear it out to the broad, bright sea.

Oh, little brook, I travel, too,
Often of flowers by the road more fond;
But a deeper river bounds my view,
And a vaster ocean lies beyond.
And just as you do hourly drift
Nearer the current that joins the main,
So I, through the river dark and swift,
My fullest, happiest life must gain.
Be my pattern, O speaking rill,
Scattering good as you onward run;
For the journey is but short until
The glorious homes that we seek are won.

—Alice M. Hall.

Better Mothers.

The great demand of the age is better educated females—educated in all respects, their whole capabilities brought into activity, since the health, vigor, mental and moral power of the next generation at least, will depend on their condition more than all other influences combined—"each after its kind." The sickly mother will rear a sickly child, though that feebleness may not at first be manifest. The peevish mother—so during the most important period of her earthly life—will produce peevishness in her offspring. The groveling, low, sensual, intemperate and vicious woman becomes just to that extent the mother of just such children, as the future will demonstrate. If these are facts, therefore, it is a matter of vital importance that our girls should be thoroughly educated to become wives and mothers, not so much because that is their highest position, as because the true woman wishes to be a wife and mother from the very aspirations of her nature. If she is thus to become the mother of the race, it is her right and the duty which society owes her, to have every possible facility to become the highest type of such a mother—healthy and wise.

Corsets and Age.

Why have women persisted for generations in wearing an instrument of torture (theoretically) condemned by the wisdom of ages? To listen to male and female sages one might suppose that some hundreds of years ago women had suddenly been seized with a desire to emulate the wasp in form and had since more or less successfully been, by the aid of ligatures endeavoring to merely cut herself in two.

With all due deference to the rational and hygienic in

dress, I would suggest that there is more method in the madness of the tight lacing woman than this. If anybody will take the trouble to examine the corset of a fashionable stay-maker, such as are sold in first class houses for the modest sum of £5, the inquirer will find that (saving perhaps a somewhat exaggeratedly slender waist) this article of dress follows pretty closely the beautifully rounded form of a young girl from twenty to twenty-five.

Now it very frequently happens that at the time when a fashionable girl is expected to make her debut in society nature has for various reasons denied her the various items necessary to make up that indispensable requisite for a ball-room success—a pretty figure. The fashionable corset is, therefore, had recourse to, and with this useful foundation to build upon an artistic dressmaker can do wonders to supplement nature.

Later on, when the delicate girl has developed into the faded matron, with flaccid muscles and a decided tendency to indistinctness of outline, what so useful as the well made corset into which the somewhat dilapidated figure is run as into a mould? Torture it may be, but she has her reward. Do not her friends say of her, "How wonderfully Mrs. Smith keeps her figure!"

It is useless to hope that the present generation of society women will tear off their corsets and exhibit themselves to a wondering world; our hope lies in the future. While Lady Harberton has been crying in the wilderness the leading female lawn tennis players have devised for themselves a dress—pretty, feminine, graceful and healthy. Those who have watched the free and graceful movements of young English girls on the tennis ground may hope that the time may come when the best of them will no longer, like Meredith's delightful little Carola Grandson, sigh, "I'm afraid I'm a girl. I used to keep hoping I wasn't;" but will be content with their own happier lot in an age when boating, swimming and tennis will have so beautified and developed their figures as to enable them to laugh at and discard the aid of Messrs. Worth & Co. To quote once more from Meredith: "The subsequent immense distinction between boys and girls is less one of sex than education. They are drilled into being hypocrites."—*London Times*.

A Beautiful Incident.

When Governor Alexander Stephens lay dying, he persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. I am told there were several important petitions signed by influential men. There was also an application of an old woman in jail signed only by herself. The old Christian Governor said: "I have so often got well after severe illness that you think I will get well now, but I shall not recover. Where is that application for the pardon of that woman in the penitentiary? As far as I can tell she has no friends. It seems to me that she has suffered enough. Give me the pen, that I may sign her pardon." Some one, thinking he was too ill, and perhaps was not quite aware of what he was doing, said: "Governor, perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow, when you may feel stronger and better." Then the old Governor's eyes flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about," and with his signature to that friendless woman's pardon, the last word of his life was written, and the pen fell from the pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. O, my soul, how beautiful his closing moment, spent in helping one who had no helper!—*Dr. Talmage*.