

you wish it," he stammered, too much surprised at the turn affairs have taken to be able to collect his thoughts. Then the calm voice goes on.

"You will find some one better suited to you than I am, you may have done so already, and if so, I shall gladly welcome her as a sister. As for me, I am wedded to this old farm, and I shall never be happy anywhere else. My interests are centered in my horses and cattle and fowl, yours in your congregation and society generally, so we two should never be able to pull together in the one yoke, and if we were foolish enough to attempt it, life would be one continued regret. I am thankful that we have found out our mistake before it was too late."

Then she holds out her hand, saying, "Charlie, my dear brother, good-bye; excuse me for leaving you so abruptly, but my mother is ill and requires my constant attention."

He clasps her hand tightly and looks into her eyes as if to read her very soul, but the brave eyes do not shrink from his gaze, then with a kiss on her forehead such as a brother might give, and a murmured, "God bless you, and make you as happy as you deserve to be," he leaves her, and walks under the solemnly reproving stars to his father's home.

Well for his piece of mind that he cannot see what is passing in the room he has just left, where a woman suddenly grown aged, has thrown herself on her knees by the chair on which he sat, and with streaming eyes is praying for strength to bear the cross which now seems so heavy.

Well for him that he cannot hear the choking words which burst from her pent up heart. "To know that he never truly loved me was bad enough, but to give him up altogether, how can I do it? And yet it is better so. I am not a fit wife for him. Better far to suffer now than live to be an unloved wife, that would kill me. I doubt if he would have made me his wife anyway; he certainly would not if he had understood his own feelings, his nature is too honorable for that. So I have perhaps saved myself from the humiliation of being asked to release him from his engagement;" and, comforted by this reflection, she rose, composed her features and went in to see her sick mother.

Four months later there was a quiet wedding in the town of S.—The bride was dressed in lustrous white silk, but instead of the orthodox orange blossoms, she wore, in her hair and on her breast, fragrant, sweet smelling violets, the exact color of her eyes. These violets were the gift of a very dear friend from the country who, on account of the illness of her mother, was unable to be present at the wedding.

Listen to Your Own Voice.

It is a very interesting feature of the phonograph that it "the giftie g'ies us" to hear "ourself's" as others hear us.

We are apt to think that we know the sound of our own voices. This is a great mistake, as we soon find on hearing the machine for the first time repeat something that we have spoken into it.

People often say, "It is not in the least like my voice. I am sure I do not speak like that." But when friends all assert positively that the resemblance is perfect, there can be no reasonable doubt that their judgment is correct.

The reason why we do not hear our own voices as they are heard by others is simple and obvious. The speaker's organs of hearing are, if we may so express it, in the same box as his vocal apparatus; his audience's ears are outside and apart from the box.

Not only do the vibrations, which his voice sets up in the air, act upon his ears as upon those of his audience, but his tympanum receives other vibrations through the material substances of the body.

If we stop our ears with the fingers, we can hear ourselves speaking distinctly, though we cannot hear the voices of others in the same room.

There is something unpleasant and uncanny in sitting down and listening to a speech in one's own voice, with every little accent, error and hesitation faithfully reproduced.

Religious Instruction of Children.

A Few Home Suggestions.

In a recent article in the *Metaphysical Magazine*, Abby Morton Diaz, a well known authority on Child Training, descants at some length on the above subject.

The matter is one of paramount importance, although, strange to say, enlightened nineteenth century people have not yet found it so. Women marry and are given in marriage without so much as a thought about their suitability as mothers, and question lightly the moral worth of the man who is to be the father of their children.

Animal life (apart from the human) is studied with great care. Breed is much talked of, the sound health and good pedigree of both male and female insisted on in order to secure perfect offspring, but comparatively no attention is paid to the physical adaptability and suitability of parents.

We give short extracts from the article which is too long to quote entire:—

If the community could but be aroused to a sense of this need of preparation! With strange blindness it virtually says to the mothers: "A fearful responsibility rests upon you, that of training these young immortals; this is your special mission, your high and holy calling; the work is delicate and profound; a mistake may tell fearfully in the result; but it is not important that you should have given any attention to methods and principles; and as to special preparation, none is required." Truly no other affair is so shiftlessly managed—neither bee-culture, nor fowl-culture, nor plant culture, manufacturing, nor building, nor other forms of business. . . . Among all its "ologies" is there to be no humanology, treating of the production and rearing of human beings?

The prizes offered by horticultural societies and the ready responses show earnest desire and efforts that the world of vegetation should attain excellence. Is it too much to ask that there should be desire and effort for as high a degree of perfection in human beings as in strawberries, roses, chrysanthemums, squashes, and potatoes? The low standard of excellence demanded in the human being shows that at present this is too much to ask.

Earnest home-makers are inquiring, What shall we do? Perhaps it should rather be asked what not to do—there is so much of woeful doing. There are many who seem to consider the child a receptacle to be filled up with an article called goodness. This is done by various and contrary means—advice, moral maxims, coaxing, threatening, hiring, scolding, blaming, punishing—and by more or less severity and ridicule, the angry tone and raised voice often being supposed necessary for authority. These methods lamentably show need of the proposed educational department, for they chiefly antagonize when the true method is to harmonize or make at-one-ment between parent and child.

In a musical performance excellence of effect is secured by each performer yielding to the whole. Should any one part be unduly self-assertive, the symphony would be destroyed. A single note out of tune—out of accord of oneness—works disaster. There can be no music without union. A single note, be it ever so sweet-sounding, cannot make harmony, or even a tone. The divine law of oneness cannot act in singleness, that is to say, separateness; and it is a point of interest

here that the Greek significance of tone is "a cord; a rope," the union of several. Thus we say that, like a single note in music, a single human being has no completeness.

The home should be a symphony; the life there at concert pitch, with high intelligence, as shown in direction, emphasis, motive, and the general thought and conversation; this intelligence (light) to be combined with strength of purpose and effort; these in turn joined together by the mighty bond of Love;—Light, Strength, Warmth: these three in one, corresponding to the common chord in music, and soon to be recognized as the only true ideal of a complete human living, in the family, the community, the nation, and the world.

Where to begin? Begin where human life begins—in the home. Make the home harmonious. There must be no undue self-assertion among the elders; no aggressiveness; each ready to yield personal preference; ready also to take advice, suggestions, even criticism, though never offence; eager to render service, to do little kindnesses; remembering always that the home atmosphere is the environment from which character is assimilated; and that, as in plant-culture, perfection in results depends upon observance of the requisite conditions.

To insure the harmonious action of mother and child, suppose we suggest obedience, to be secured for the child at so early an age as to have no unpleasantness in its meaning. This can be done by gentle use of the word "yes" and "no," the latter spoken as pleasantly as the former. The sameness of manner will produce the desired effect of "no" by the idea of the word, rather than by a repulsive outside accompaniment of voice, pitch, tone, and facial expression.

Children are keen to judge and only by their own high qualities can parents gain their respect and affection; only by such means can be obtained that heart-obedience which consults the parental wishes and opinions long after the period of authoritative obedience is ended, thus insuring a lifelong "togetherness." Mere mechanical authority is too often associated with harshness, injustice, hurt feelings, ridicule, tyranny, from all of which many children have to suffer merely because they are under the absolute power of their elders, who seem to take advantage of their position to treat children far more impolitely and discourteously and unfeelingly than they would treat those of their own age. Children do not grow up into human beings; they are born human beings, with a human desire for good treatment and a human sensitiveness to injustice, rudeness, and ridicule.

Here is the need of parental enlightenment as a department in our system of public education. Teachers should be given the same instruction, for home and school are a common working ground. (In the *Light Ages* both will be vastly different from those of the present). When it shall be generally understood that it is as natural to us to be spiritual as to be material, the work will be transferred almost entirely to this higher plane.

For the Ladies' Journal.

To a Gathered Water-Lily.

BY EMILY EDGEWOOD.

Oh bonny lily with heart so bright,
There's but a step between bloom and blight.
To-day, on the bosom of waters clear,
Unthinking of danger, without a fear,
You lay with white petals reflecting the light
And heart opened wide to the sunshine bright,
A purer creature, a fairer thing,
Ne'er visited earth on angel's wing.
But man has gathered you for his use,
Gaining his pleasure from your abuse.
He has ruthlessly snatched you from where you were
planted,
And robbed you of every boon God granted,
That he might gather close in his hand
The fairest thing in all the land;
Nor notes that e'en while you gladden his sight,
You have taken the step from bloom to blight.