THE SONG OF ORPHEUS.

Then Jason swore that Medea should be his wife, and more dear to him than all the world. And she went aboard the Argo, and swiftly they rowed to the dark wood where the dragon who never sleeps lay guarding the Fleece of Gold. And she landed, and Jason, and Orpheus with his harp, and through the wood they went, but that old serpent saw them coming, and hissed so loud that women wakened in Colchis town, and children cried to their mothers. But Orpheus struck softly on his harp, and he sang a hymn to Sleep, bidding him come and cast a slumber on the dragon's wakeful eyes.

This was the song he sang :

Sleep! King of gods and nem' Come to my call again, Swift over field and fen, Swift over field and fen,
Mountain and deep;
Come, bid the waves be still;
Sleep, streams on height and hill;
Beasts, birds, and snakes, thy will
Conquereth, Sleep!
Come on thy golden wings,
Come ere the swallow sings,
Lulling all living things,
Fly they or creep!
Come with thy leaden wand,
Come with thy leaden wand,
Come with thy kindly hand,
Soothing on sea or land
Mortals that weep,
Come from the cloudy west,
Soft over brain and breast,
Bidden the Dragon rest,
Come to me, Sleep!

This was Orpheus's song, and he sang so sweetly that the bright small eves of the Dragon closed, and all his hard coils softened and uncurled. inon Jason set his foot on the Dragon's neck, and hewed off his head, and lifted down the Golden Fleece from the sacred oak tree, and it should like a golden cloud at dawn -Andrew Lang, in February St. Nicholas.

IF I WERE YOU, MY DEAR,

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks, or impertinent men. I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt, or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me,

had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozait.

I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not because I was tired and nervous give snappy ill-natured re-

plies to questions asked by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother-it

is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of disstrust and suspicion in my brain.

I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young men, or permit them to be

familiar with me.

I would not grow weary in well doing-instead I would keep on encouriging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished .- The Ladies' Home Journal for kebruary.

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