

## SELECTED.

"Slipping only what is sweet;  
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

## To Youngsters.

Golden hair and eyes of blue,—  
What won't they do?—What won't they do?  
Eyes of blue and locks of gold—  
My boy, you'll learn before you're old.  
The gaitered foot, the taper waist—  
Be not in haste, be not in haste;  
Before your chin sprout twenty spear,  
My word for 't, youngster, they'll appear.

Raven hair and eyes of night  
Undo the boys: and 't serves 'em right.  
Eyes of night and raven hair,  
They'll drive you, lad, to sheer despair.  
The drooping curl, the downward glance,  
They're only waiting for the chance;  
At nick of time they'll sure appear,  
Depend upon it, laddie dear.

Shapely hands and arms of snow,  
They know their charm, my boy, they know;  
Flexile wrist and fleckless hands,  
The lass that has them understands.  
The cheeks that blush, the lips that smile—  
A little while, a little while—  
Before you know it, they'll be here,  
And catch you napping, laddie dear.

Hands, and hair, and lips, and eyes,  
'Tis there the tyro's danger lies.  
You'll meet them leagued, or one by one—  
In either case the mischief's done.  
A touch, a tress, a glance, a sigh,  
And then, my boy, good-bye—good-bye!  
God help you, youngster! keep good cheer;  
Coax on your chin to twenty spear.

—Century Mag.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

## Unseen Helpers.

BY M. QUAD.

"Can you give me a day's work?" asked a poor woman of a well-to-do matron.

"You look very delicate," said the lady. "I need someone to wash, but you do not seem strong enough for the work."

"O, yes'm; only try me and you will see. I have been sick and got behind hand, and my children need bread; beside, Charlie will help carry the water and lift the tubs," concluded the woman, eagerly.

"Who is Charlie?" asked the lady of the house.

"My husband, ma'am," was the low answer.

The woman was engaged, and did her work well, but there was something that troubled the mistress of the house greatly. As soon as she left the kitchen the woman would call Charlie, and she would hear her voice talking and laughing, and holding converse with some one, but when she went into the room there would be no one there. The water was carried, the tubs all lifted into their places, but the slight woman who washed was the only person who was visible. When the lady of the house paid her she said:

"Call your husband; I should like to see him."

"He wouldn't come, ma'am," said the woman simply.

"No one ever sees him but me."

"What do you mean?" asked the lady, in astonishment.

"Why ma'am, Charlie is dead himself, but his spirit comes and helps me, how could I work this way if it didn't? I could no more lift one of those tubs of water than you could, ma'am! He's come ever since I was sick, and helped me that way."

The compassionate lady placed another coin with those she had already given. "For Charlie and the children," she said, with tears in her voice, and she saw afterward that the sick and wearied mother was helped by living hands.

But there must be many people bearing burdens greater than they are able to, who are helped and made stronger by

invisible guides—the memory of some dead Charlie, who lifts unseen the heavy load, with whom they commune as they work! How would the dull routine of daily life be glorified could we for one moment see the angel helper at our side! When the pious monk left his duties to go out on a deed of mercy, he returned to find all his homely work done, and for one moment he saw in the door of his cell his Blessed Master smiling upon him! It may be only a vague theory, the delusion of a sick brain—and there is an infinite sadness in it—but surely

"It is a beautiful belief  
That ever round our head  
Are hovering on angel wings  
The spirits of the dead.

"To feel that unseen hands we clasp,  
While feet unheard are gathering round;  
To know that we in faith may grasp  
Celestial guards from heavenly ground."

## Corean Women.

A Corean woman has no moral existence. She is an instrument of pleasure or of labor; but never man's companion or equal. She has no name. In childhood she receives indeed a surname by which she is known in the family, and by near friends, but at the age of puberty none but her father and mother apply this appellation. To all others she is the sister of such a one, or the daughter of so-and-so. She is absolutely nameless. Her own parents allude to her by employing the name of the district or ward in which she has married. Her parents-in-law speak of her by the name of the place in which she lived before marriage, as women rarely marry in the same village with their husbands. When she bears children she is "the mother" of so-and-so. When a woman appears for trial before a magistrate, in order to save time and trouble, she receives a special name for the time being. The women below the middle class work very hard. Farm labor is done chiefly by them. Manure is applied by the women, rarely by men. The women carry lunch to the laborers in the field, eating what is left for their share. In going to market the women carry the heavier load. In their toilet the women use rouge, white powders and hair oil. They shave their eyebrows to a narrow line—that is, to a perfectly clean arch, with nothing straggling. They have luxuriant hair, and, in addition, use immense switches to fill out large coiffures.

In the higher classes of society, etiquette demands that the children of the two sexes be separated after the age of eight or ten years. After that time the boys dwell entirely in the men's apartments, to study and even to eat and drink. The girls remain secluded in the women's quarters. The boys are taught that it is a shameful thing even to set foot in the female part of the house. The girls are told that it is disgraceful even to be seen by males, so that gradually they seek to hide themselves whenever any of the male sex appear. These customs, continued from childhood to old age, result in destroying the family life. A Corean of good taste only occasionally holds conversation with his wife, whom he regards as being far beneath him. He rarely consults her on anything serious, and though living under the same roof, one may say that husband and wife are widely separated.

• • • In the higher classes, when a young woman has arrived at marriageable age, none, even of her own relatives, except those nearest of kin, is allowed to see or speak to her. Those who are accepted from this rule must address her with the most ceremonious reserve. After their marriage the women are inaccessible. They are nearly always confined to their apartments, nor can they even look out into the streets without permission of their lords. So strict is this rule that fathers have on occasions killed their daughters, husbands their wives, and wives have committed suicide when strangers have touched them even with their fingers. The common romances or novels of the country expatiate on the merits of many a Corean Lucretia. In some cases, however, this exaggerated modesty produces the very results it is intended to avoid. If a bold villain or too eager paramour should succeed in penetrating secretly the apartments of a noble lady, she dare not utter a cry, nor oppose the least resistance which might attract attention, for then, whether guilty or not, she would be dishonored forever by the simple fact that a man