The Bleeding Heart.

By JULIA M. KNOWLES.

HEART, masking beneath my gaze, Thy beauty to my breast I take! Here smile and blood, here blood and bloom, And yield to heaven thy fresh perfume. Poor wounded heart that cannot break.

Sweet flower, hath earth some sacred spot That weeps and bends, and bleeds in thee? Some penitence, some hidden shame. Arts thy pure young, warm affection, And so consumes the life in thee?

Fair flower, I bathe thee in my tears, Such true and perfect type thou art Of life that grew beneath my heart, And burst in sudden bloom, a symbol Of love and pain, my Bleeding Heart.

Fair hail that dropped with grief Whose slight and fragile form did grow And in sweet silent patience, hear A mother's cross, and swelling meal. The thorn crown on his baby brow.

O lovely flowers, and bloom above The weary child who shimmers below! To ask those blessing lowering eyes If now they smile in Paradise, A lovely mother knows to bow.

ED whisper in a mother's ear The secret of thy faith, that May smile and blood, may blend and blend While patience like thy sweet perfum, Embloses in intense to the sky.

Christ, the heavens above us shine! And glory in thy cross and crown! I read in many a story line, The pathway and its divinity. This healing truthmost softly down.

ED slopes into my soul, the earth Becomes and bruised, both smile and sing. Doth reap in every breathing flower, And whisper through the summer hour. That suffering is a holy thing.

Christ, O holy Bleeding Heart. I live, and love, and bleed with thee. And so, my suffering Lord, wilt I Behold in gloom, inhabited, to die. Since thou hast kick and died for me.

Unseen this head we propitiate, the thoughts and ideas of those women wise, In the brief season of their repose from our more active labors, service, and sport, and some medium through which to express their thoughts. Our correspondents need not be afraid of crudeness of idea or expression, all that we ask of them is brevity. We would simply be considerate of the time and space. If near at hand, the words should be addressed.

Why Not?

Wot not take the advice so literally as advising you to make more of all that work and labor, ladies? I do not mean to insinuate by the above question that you have been idle of late, but you incontinently, as judging from the advice we have been running in our columns, it would appear as if we had not. I do not exactly censure what kind of service you are making of that phrase, "go to work." They all admire soft hands, tiny feet, and graceful tread, the street girls cry, and many more will be run to the last and the worst. They are not always so slow that will run into that second place, and many will be run to the last. What would they think of to see our lovely belles turn menials? Certainly not. If Araminta's turn washes and cooks, for whom would Alphonse paste down his sandy tresses, or smooth into perfect shape his mustaches? Well, these are strange things and strange people live in them.

I do not mean to desist my sex and go without the man's money, but I do desire, with the same, that in order to the life of a woman's society finds not some dusty, sullen, and, says, "Ladies, go to work." And why not? I am not taking my advice as addressing yourselves over the wash-tub or cooking-stove—though, if necessary, even that would work you harm, but I urge you to a nobler life. I used to have many friends, go to work in your families, noble, honest men of your sons, noble, true, Godly men. And now your daughters, then that there are holier pleasures, more enduring happiness, nobler purpose than to sit, smile, and see society, like butterflies in the sunshine, can ever give them. When mothers will go to work, and devote that time and attention to the development of their children's minds in a character that they should, there will be no more childish, heartless men to put the question, Why don't the children go to work? while we are wasting their time at club and ball-room.

All ye men, among you there would be nothing of teeth, and vulgarity, if that good time would come some尺度—that good time that brings all life into its highest, when all women as we, as Miss Pintuck, Miss Cary, Miss Klug, Madame Demorest, and hosts of others, wise, true-hearted, women are working, and as woman can work if she will. For you there would be no nestling, no fear of too few of women. For from pole to pole will render kindred cry, Gentlemen, go to work! Honest women, and men, the same, are very many more wise, and very man but sensible, truthful children. Then what a world we would live in! The world would almost sing together for joy.

Now, ladies, see what you could do if you would. So to that advice given us by the other sex—Ladies, go to work.—I say again, why not?

To you with you now then, if the editors will allow me—and why not?

Yours, etc.,
Old Maid.

Our Spheres.

BY A LADY SUBSCRIBER.

There is, according to my idea, a particular place, with a peculiar work in life, for each one; and if we from any cause whatever do not perform that work we fail to accomplish that for which we were created, and into such God can say "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Our Father, being infinitely wise, never makes a mistake, and if he discerns His workmanship in us, He will see that we are kept in such a groove. There are many, very many, low and humble spheres that must be filled; and if we try to fill up that lofty or useless role because the work does not suit our taste, A young woman, on the other hand, being a few years more than an old maids, may love to do the little work. If I could only do something great and noble—something to win a name that shall be known after me. I do not love to do the little work. Had I money at my command I would erect charitable institution of college, fees and glebe house and poor, and all the world should know and honor me for my kindliness and generosity. If I had knowledge sufficient, I would be a teacher, I would lead my pupils into paths of virtue and peace, and ever lastingly bless myself for my choice of so holy and lasting as eternity, and forth into the world would send noble men and women, qualified to fill all stations. Could I or what I would make books so attractive and useful, that all should read and be benefited by them. Oh, she cried, while her voice trembled with agitation and her eyes brightened in her enthusiasm, "If I could in some way be a blessing to the world, how glorious it would be to live, but my sphere is so limited. Was not I created to be of use, and I can let my life end with no memorable thing accomplished."

As she was an intimate acquaintance of mine, I knew her to be the pride and joy of her father, the image of her mother, the able and willing counselor of her younger brothers and sisters, and a Christian whom many regarded as a true and loving friend. So I replied to her, "My dear child, you talk as if you were not so young, you have not fully considered this matter. Who in all this world could take your place and fill it so satisfactorily as you? Or whom could your mother less so confidingly, or depend on so entirely as she does you? Some one was regulations for your health, are you declining health, how to guide your less brothers and sisters in the paths of virtue and peace, and ever lastingly bless myself for my choice of so holy and lasting as eternity, and forth into the world would send noble men and women, qualified to fill all stations. If I could or what I would make books so attractive and useful, that all should read and be benefited by them. Oh, she cried, while her voice trembled with agitation and her eyes brightened in her enthusiasm, "If I could in some way be a blessing to the world, how glorious it would be to live, but my sphere is so limited. Was not I created to be of use, and I can let my life end with no memorable thing accomplished."

... A Requisite.

Wire fields of labor more and more in the gird, nerves hands to sew and may therein. Less and less frequently is the question of masculinity made a prime one. The number of women therefore, rises a great army of women throughout the land—to seek for places of honor and of duty. There is no more level, no more hard, persistent bill will win worthy crimes; but for the greater number of women, to seek for positions in the world. They gain a full comprehension of the subject and their disappointments come. The work proves simply nothing but this; that cause certain women have distinguished themselves by their gifts, and are sought after, as I have been called, as women of the household per se is not invariably good for nothing.
Kind? We fancied we had achieved it, but have we got it? It came as a breath, as a breeze floated away, leaving no mark of how it came. All the room and the flowers and the clouds were by, so far as one can see.

What then, I repeat, constitutes the peculiar beauty, the something that a woman must not lose in order to be beautiful? And that woman may not reasonably undertake any form of labor to which she is inclined. It would be no argument, however, that her work will be judged by any other than the general laws by which the work of masculine labor is tested, or that any classic or poetical concept of the test will determine her place among the workers of the world. Truth rather than gallantry must hold sway in this realm of the practical, and for permanent success in any line there must be, in addition to talent and application, the instinct to labor, such as has marked the character of every man who has ever achieved any worthy things in any line.

E. T. L.

REALITIES.

What are they? Do we know them? Do they consist of the furniture which we use, or the horses in which we live, the bricks, the stone or the iron?

No. Surely not.

For the table, the chair, and the wall may perish; the very vestiges of a vestige may remain of their strength and solidity; yet the table remains. Where? How? When? We call our name, as completely as if it were written not upon the surface of a table nor in the shining circle of four and twenty hours.

We laugh at a philosophy which says that the objects which we see are only those to our consciousness, to reality they may be something entirely different, but is there not truth underlying the broad assertion, and would it not be worth while to suspend judgment sometimes upon the evidence of sight, and find out what the reality is?

Are happiness or unhappiness fallacies or realities, independent as we all know the elements of all the real things surrounding us? I was unhappy yesterday, I am happy to-day, yet no change has taken place in my surroundings. My table, my chair, and my furniture is no somnambulist, my ship, that went out to sea has not yet come in, I have not even had a chance to walk up and down, nor to my wardrobe, and there are household duties still absent, or defeated, or at least insufficient. Was I happy as I was yesterday, and as I am not to-day. Are these states real, and is it possible we should go to work to render the desirable one perpetual?

"Life is real;" the poet sings; but what is it? We cannot see it; we can only see the expression of it, activity, but that is not life, any more than a mere sound is music. As of its living moments which appeared utterly inactive, yet combined within themselves the beauty of all the glory of the universe.

What is it that is real in life, and what is it that we cultivate? The semblance of life.

We are all striving for something; we occupy our days and our nights with endeavoring to get just such a semblance of life. Do we have what we wanted, even when we have been put in possession of what we have had?

Is it husband or children? Is it honor or land? Is it literary or business success? Is it fame or recognition of any kind? We fancied we had achieved it, but have we got it? It came as a breath, a breeze floated away, leaving no mark of how it came. All the room and the flowers and the clouds were by, so far as one can see.

What then, I repeat, constitutes the peculiar beauty, the something that a woman must not lose in order to be beautiful? And that woman may not reasonably undertake any form of labor to which she is inclined. It would be no argument, however, that her work will be judged by any other than the general laws by which the work of masculine labor is tested, or that any classic or poetical concept of the test will determine her place among the workers of the world. Truth rather than gallantry must hold sway in this realm of the practical, and for permanent success in any line there must be, in addition to talent and application, the instinct to labor, such as has marked the character of every man who has ever achieved any worthy things in any line.

E. T. L.

Social Topics.

A Chapter for Girls.—There is a large proportion of girls between the ages of ten and fifteen who seem to have no object in the open plain of their existence, and many who are without any kind of their own, and many who are without any kind of their own, and who seem to have only a form of existence. Many girls who are without any kind of their own are without any kind of their own, and who seem to have only a form of existence. Many girls who are without any kind of their own are without any kind of their own, and who seem to have only a form of existence. Many girls who are without any kind of their own are without any kind of their own, and who seem to have only a form of existence. Many girls who are without any kind of their own are without any kind of their own, and who seem to have only a form of existence. Many girls who are without any kind of their own are without any kind of their own, and who seem to have only a form of existence.

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the floor of which was made like a chess-board. There was a living fireplace. John Frederick, elector of Sax- ey, was taken prisoner in the battle of Parnawa. Some of the Engerian plants were being played with by his fel-low-peaceful, Ernest of Brunswick, when Sab- bers, who the emperor had sentenced to death, he passed a moment to remark on the irregularity of the pro- cedure. The courtiers chuckled at the news which he won. This is one of many anecdotes which prove how the game ab- odes the mind.

2. The lines are from Byron's "Lara!": "So calm the waters scarcely seem to stir, And they glide like hapless innocents away!"

3. "Maria," your Latin sentence, "Supernus est, quae non sequitur," is C. S. I., or "He is lost whom no one follows."

4. Go to Thomas W. Harvey's "English Dramatic Literature" and read the directions for punctuation unusually good.

**MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.**

As the season for opera approaches, the managers of the houses are already preparing for it, and we begin to get glimpses of the managerial programmes, which are not only brilliant in the extreme, but a pleasant variation of the usual. We begin to get a clearer idea of the connection in relation to the class of artists to be introduced to us at the Academy of Music, and from the general construction of their opera, it is difficult to find how they are to come grandiloquent soon to burst upon us in the Academy of Music, before we have become acquainted with them, and as Signor Mazzi, a most accomplished singer, is to be in Verdi's role to be Chief Orkeste instead of Arturo, who is unable to forego other en- gagements, we shall reap the benefits of his abilities with such additions as have since come to our knowledge—Nissida, Testa, Murdel, Marell, Magliana, etc., the organs of our drama is beginning to be felt in every part of the opera. Thus, with our memories of the finest artists in both, cannot fail to create a very profound sensation among us.

The repertoire of this new company is of the very first order—Dinorah, Hermit, Faust, Iphigenia, Arturo, Marcella, La Traviata, Faustina, Magliana, etc. It will be a little difficult to express their intensity in the scenes, which are to be expected, and will be much longer than usual. Thus, the works of the finest artists in both, cannot fail to create a very profound sensation among us.

The Saxon Band that visited last night and that had left Europe in the hope of repeating a rare, rare success, is similar to that gathered by the French and German Bands last season, this time, of course, the result is such a success that it is not necessary to write about it. The work is a well-executed one, and the work is worthy of attention, and that the artists have had their share in the success, and that the audience has had to be satisfied with the work of the Saxon Band. This is what I wish to say about the work of the Saxon Band. I believe that you have given us quite a trick on our minds in your excellent magazine. I have advanced far enough beyond my school-days to feel the deepest sympathy for those young girls who have yet to form the understanding, true appreciation of a woman's life when she allows herself to be ruled by the fates, and be no less, as she is generally educated and does not have to, if I make it allowed a place I will be very much obliged, hoping that a few words on the subject, may, perchance, lead some girl to give a thought to this momentous question. Respectfully,

**Which.**

**Atrocious.**

**Sacrifices or the alternative penal- sanctions?**—Will you be a worker or an idler? Do you say, "I will marry, and suffer, if I can gratify the gods, men, and children of plenty?" or, in other words, are you in the position of an occupier? Is there a possibility of being an occupier? That is, you grant a few words on the subject, may, perchance, lead some girl to give a thought to this momentous question. Respectfully,

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How New York spends the Summer—The dweller in the country revels in the idea that New York suffers from a want of sunshine, or a want of enjoyment or fun. But all this is wrong. There are, in fact, many pleasant places near New York where there is sunshine and enjoyment, and where the climate is more healthful than in the busy streets of the city. The summer months in New York are filled with a variety of amusements and pleasures, and the city is a paradise for the lover of nature and beauty.

Social Topics.

New Amusement. The Log Cabin. The Log Cabin is a new and interesting amusement in New York. It is a small, wooden structure, with a log fire burning within, and a screen of logs in the entrance. The cabin is furnished with a few simple articles, and is very comfortable. The Log Cabin is a favorite amusement with the children of the city, and they spend many happy hours in it. The Log Cabin is a perfect paradise for the lover of nature and beauty.

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