

as well as when this girl did them, with only water and newspaper. Now I think it is very likely that none of you girls," I went on to say, "will ever have to wash windows yourselves, but it is quite right that you should know the best way of doing it, and then you can correct other people's faults, when they do it improperly."

"Could a looking glass be cleaned in the same way?" asks Sophie.

"Yes, indeed; a wet sponge and plenty of newspaper will make the dirtiest mirror resplendent. Speaking of mirrors, I noticed in one of the New York dailies, that if the water in which onions had been boiled were used to wash looking glasses with, flies would avoid them next summer. I intend to put that assertion to the test of trial."

"Fly specks are heart-breaking," says Jennie, "they are bad enough on the glass, but that can be cleaned. I would forgive them if they would only let the frame alone."

"That can be dampened with the onion water too, and not wiped, the paper said. But if you have a frame that is already defaced by fly specks, and it happens to be of the dull, or satiny-gilt, instead of the polished, you may be able to restore it, by using Bessemer's gold paint, according to the directions that are given with the bottle."

"Now that I have told you what I know about cleaning windows," I continue, "do you want me to throw any light on the subject of sweeping, or is that an accomplishment you all possess?"

"I should never think of calling it an accomplishment," says Jennie, "but I am not ashamed of saying I know how to do it. If the Princess Louise can tuck up her dress, and go to sweeping the ward of a hospital, that she found in a neglected state, I don't think I need be above doing it."

"Well, I think it is right and proper, that every woman should know how to do everything that belongs to house work; if she does not, she is utterly at the mercy of the servants, who soon fathom the depths—shallows it is in some cases—of their mistress's knowledge, and govern her, if she cannot govern them. I do not, think of another case that more truly shows that knowledge is power, than the relation of mistress and servant. After all, it is possible that you may not sweep in the best possible way, with all your boasted proficiency. Do you raise a dust when you sweep?"

"Oh, terrific," answered Jennie, with a young lady's usual misapplication of adjectives.

"Then," say I, "you have not mastered the science yet. I have an old 'Complete Housewife,' which says, 'good sweepers raise no dust.' I don't quite think that is possible, but I do know that the best sweepers make very little dust. They sweep slowly, lifting the broom but little, and keeping it close to them instead of at arm's length. But allowing that there must be more or less dust, it is best to prepare for it by covering the furniture, and putting all the books and trinkets from the tables and brackets carefully into a clothes basket, and carrying them out of the room. The curtains, too, should be protected by turning them up and pinning them; this prevents their being defaced by contact with the broom. After the sweeping is over, it is a good plan, if the carpet is a rich one, to go over it with a broom that has a thick, damp towel pinned over it. If this is done, the room will not need sweeping again nearly so soon as if it is omitted. Then the base board should be wiped with a soft, damp cloth, and by that time the dusting may be begun; but not with a feather duster, for that only sets the dust flying from one thing to settle down upon another. The best duster I know of, is an old silk handkerchief, or a breadth out of an old foulard silk skirt. It should be, not exactly damp, but not really dry, then it will hold the dust but not injure the furniture."

Famous French Women.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

GEORGE SAND.

AMANTINE-LUCILE-AUORE DUPIN, the famous George Sand of our day, was born in 1804. Her mother, dying ere the child had reached the age of four years, confided her to the care of her grandmother, the Countess de Horn, a woman of brilliant wit and of many superficial accomplishments, who was rather proud than otherwise of being the illegitimate granddaughter of King Augustus II. of Poland and Aurora von Königsberg. The countess was imbued with all the irreligious ideas of her time; she set the philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau above the gospel, and tried to educate her young ward in accordance with her own peculiar notions.

At fifteen, Aurore was a graceful dancer, and an adroit equestrienne; she could also fire off a gun and manage a sword. She was a lively, petulant amazon, a charming, but thoughtless, young creature, skilled in all sorts of athletic sports, but she had never been taught to make the sign of the cross.

The pious restoration had but little sympathy with the doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and did not approve of educating young ladies after his fashion. It was therefore decided to send Aurore to a Parisian convent for religious instruction. Here, seduced by the poetry of Catholicism, she often yielded to transports of religious fervor. Like Saint Theresa, she passed entire days in ecstasy at the foot of the altar. Her grandmother's death only confirmed her ascetic ideas; she left the convent to pass a few weeks with a relative, and returned firmly resolved to become a nun. It required all the authority of her family to induce her to abandon this idea, and to marry.

She married a Baron Dudevont, a retired soldier, who had become a gentleman farmer, well versed in his chosen pursuit. He was a man with a bald forehead, a gray mustache, and a cold, severe glance—an exacting master, before whom all trembled. Absorbed in outside things, he gave little thought to his young wife, and did not see that Aurore, with her seventeen years, her refined mind, and her exquisite sensibility, must languish in this prosaic existence. Never were surroundings more uncongenial. Madame Dudevont at first bore her sorrows with resignation. Two beautiful children came, as years passed on, to console her lonely heart; but a time arrived when she could bear up no longer. She fell dangerously ill, and was ordered to drink the waters of the Pyrenees. The husband, fettered to his live-stock and his plowshares, did not accompany his wife on the journey.

She went first to Bordeaux, bearing letters of introduction to old friends of her grandmother, which brought her into the society of many agreeable people, and gave her her first knowledge of the great world. Wherever she went, polite attentions and admiration were lavished upon her, both for her own sake and for that of her family.

When she returned home, the young wife found her husband as indifferent, and life as monotonous as of old. Ideas of revolt, even at that early day, had entered her mind; she fought against them by surrounding herself with congenial society, and by calling poetry, art, and science to her aid.

A young law-student, Jules Sandeau, was in the habit of passing his vacations at his birth-place, which was near by, and became a frequent visitor at Château de Nohant. He was the first to direct Aurore's glance toward that literary horizon where her star was to rise ere long, and outshine all others.

In 1831, she resolved to go to Paris and try her fortune as a writer; her husband's jealousy, and an ever-increasing estrangement, had rendered life with him intolerable. She had brought him a fortune of nearly half a million francs. A large portion of it had been wasted in stock-buying and other agricultural experiments, but she gladly consented to leave what remained, in exchange for her liberty and a poor yearly pittance of fifteen hundred francs. Her first refuge was the convent where her early years had passed, but that quiet retreat had ceased to be congenial to a soul which had tasted the delights of worldly society, and was filled with vague longings for the independence and triumphs of a successful literary career.

We next find Madame Dudevont in a little attic of the Quay Saint Michel, where Jules Sandeau soon discovered her in a state verging upon absolute destitution. Sandeau, the son of an attorney in moderate circumstances, received only a small allowance from his family, and was himself struggling with poverty. Madame Dudevont had some slight knowledge of painting, and obtained some candlestick trays and box covers to decorate; but the work was both tiresome and unremunerative. Sandeau, meantime, had applied to Delatouche, a former acquaintance, now editor-in-chief of *Figaro*, and had obtained occasional work on that journal, which he shared with Madame Dudevont, who now abandoned the pencil for the pen. She did not, however, possess that gift of improvisation so necessary to successful journalism, and, finding this work unsuited to her tastes and inclinations, she resolved to write a novel. Sandeau assisted her, and *Rose et Blanche* was the result. No publisher would accept the manuscript, until Delatouche helped dispose of it for the sum of four hundred francs.

"What name shall we sign?" asked Aurore. "I cannot use the name given me by my husband on the title-page of any book."

"My father will never forgive me, if he finds I am neglecting law for literature," said Sandeau.

"Cut Sandeau in two," advised Delatouche, and your father will not suspect you of being the author of the book."

Delatouche's advice was followed; the book was signed *Jules Sand*, and its authors believed their fortune made. The law-student, who was of an indolent nature, idled away his time more than ever, and seemed to imagine that the four hundred francs would last always. About this time Aurore adopted the masculine costume, so as to visit the theaters, libraries, and public galleries unattended, without giving rise to scandal or remark.

Meantime the four hundred francs vanished, and the young authors were again destitute. Aurore was advised to journey to Berri to obtain a legal separation from her husband, or, at least, larger alimony. She went, having first drawn up with Sandeau the plot of *Indiana*. They divided the proposed work into chapters; Aurore took her share of them, and promised to work diligently during her absence. Sandeau made a similar promise; but with him indolence was stronger than resolve, and he worked only in his dreams. Upon Aurore's return he had not finished a page.

"I have not been idle," she said; "see here! Read and correct." She then placed in his hands the entire manuscript of *Indiana*.

"There is nothing to retouch," said Sandeau, when he had finished the reading; "your story is a masterpiece."

Aurore wished to have this story published under the name of Jules Sand, like the other; but Sandeau would not consent. He declared that as he had no part in the work, he could not appropriate the fame honestly won by another.

Delatouche being called upon to settle the dis-

pute, said, "To-day is the 23d of April, Saint George's Day; sign your book George Sand, and no one can object."

This was the origin of that *pseudonyme*, which has since become world-renowned. The publishers paid six hundred francs for *Indiana*, and the book became all the rage. Every journal made its commentary; some in praise, others in condemnation. Was its author a man or a woman? None could tell, and it was a long time before the mystery was unveiled.

II.

Madame Sand ere long removed from her humble lodgings into a dwelling worthy of herself and of her fame, where all the celebrities of the literary and artist world sued for the honor of admittance. She received them with a free-and-easy grace, smoked cigarettes with them, and surprised all by the entire self-possession and independence of her manners. Happy in her new name, which had received a baptism of renown, she would be called by no other, and she continued to wear the masculine costume, which was exceedingly becoming to her. She wore an overcoat belted at the waist, her beautiful curling hair falling in ringlets over its collar. She carried a cane, smoked a cigar, and walked the streets with the assumed step and jaunty air of a young man fully conscious of his good looks and elegant bearing.

George Sand could never be called really beautiful; she herself says: "My face is tolerable; people gaze at it with pleasure, nothing more." Her eyes were black, large, and of a subdued luster; her hair was neither brown nor blonde. She was of medium height, and had small hands and feet. She did not possess that brilliancy in conversation which is so characteristic of French women. Alfred de Massel said of her: "George Sand never says a witty thing; she is the most devoid of wit of any French woman I have ever met." He ascribed her reticence to pride, to a desire to treasure up the best she heard from the conversation of others, and reproduce it in her books, without giving any of her best thoughts in return.

In the first intoxication of success, she forgot the man who had aided her in her days of trial and obscurity. Jules Sandeau, deeply wounded, set out for Italy, on foot, alone and penniless, too proud to complain, too courageous not to seek after forgetfulness and indifference. The old friendship was never renewed, but Sandeau, overcoming his early indolence, won fame and competency as a novelist and dramatist, and was, in 1857, elected a member of the French Academy.

The author of *Indiana* soon added other jewels to her literary crown; *Valentine* appeared early in 1832, *Leila* six months after. "There is nothing so successful as success." The publishers now disputed for her books. Her three first romances contained fierce attacks upon the institution of marriage, and advocated free love. *Leila* remained the boldest of her books. George Sand practiced what she preached, but she justified her manner of life seemingly to her own conscience, and sought in the most glowing and fascinating language to justify it to others. According to her own statement, high and unselfish motives always governed her loves and friendships; the motherly and sisterly sentiment predominated in her character, and she was incapable of what the French call a *grande passion*.

Other novels followed *Valentine* and *Leila* in rapid succession. Their titles were *Andre*, *La Marquise*, *Lavinia*, *Metella*, and *Mattea*. George Sand was the most fruitful of authors. For forty years she knew no rest, and gave none to her readers. *Leone Leoni*, *Jacques*, *Simon*, *Manprat*, *La Dernière*, *Aldini*, *Les Maîtres Mosiites*, *Paulène*, and *A Winter in Majorca*, appeared from 1835 to 1837.

Her style is irresistible in its fascination; she

has been called the best prose writer of the nineteenth century, and few dispute her claim to being thus far its first romancer, and one of the greatest of all the ages. A French critic says of her: "Her recitals have a serene, majestic beauty. Her descriptions are marvelous in their truth to nature; in her, passion assumes an impetuous eloquence. Her prose, supple as rich, elegant as dignified, strong and forcible as correct, is equally suited to reproduce the finest shades of meaning, to portray the most powerful scenes, and the most vehement passions. It has been her rare privilege to obtain at the same time, the suffrages of the multitude, and the approbation of the critical."

From *Indiana*, her first, to *Flamarande*, her last great work, her activity knew no abatement; there was no exhaustion of the infinite resources of her intellect. But her divine gifts did not always subserve noble uses. Herself the victim of an unhappy marriage, she should have been content to demand justice without preaching revolt; but with her, one first link in the chain of duty being severed, all the rest became loosened, and she proclaimed herself the priestess of socialism. "She created a race of heroines, beautiful, noble, grand and strong, who rule in their own way the institution of marriage, and when its ties press too heavily, rend them without scruple and without remorse."

In the year 1836, Madame Dudevant resumed her name and title in order to institute an action against her husband, with a view to regaining possession of her fortune and the guardianship of her children. At the different hearings many scandalous details were brought to light. The agricultural Baron Dudevant, who had always felt a sovereign disdain for his "silly, driveling, stupid" young wife (he often applied these flattering adjectives to her), accepted a separation very philosophically. He was far from being entirely to blame; his brutality had found a very natural excuse in his wife's infidelity.

When George Sand gained her suit and the custody of her children, the daughter, Solange, was entering her nineteenth year; and the son, Maurice, was twelve. The old manor of Nohant soon received the mother and her loved ones to its arms.

"O my household gods, I find you just as I left you," she wrote, "and I greet you with that respect every year of age renders more profound in the heart of man. Why did I ever leave you, O gentle penates, you who watch over little children while the mother sleeps, you who send chaste dreams to youthful hearts, who give sleep and health to the aged? Do you recognize me, this pilgrim who arrives foot-sore, covered with the dust of the way and the mists of the night? Do you not take me for a stranger?"

The children remained with their mother; they accompanied her to Paris and on her travels. Surrounded by loving hearts, her mind relieved from anxiety, her soul at rest, the ultra doctrines George Sand had advocated in *Leila* and *Spiridion* no longer held sway over her life. We have seen her a Christian in her youth; soured by misfortune, she had passed from faith to doubt, from exaltation to revolt. She now tried to walk in the path of repentance, but even here her old rancor against the established usages of society led her astray; like the invalid, who has tried in vain all the well-known remedies, she resorted to quack nostrums.

Lamenais had just founded the *Monde*, and she became one of its contributors, writing for its columns her "Letters to Murcie," whose heterodox character is well known. This work was followed by that series of socialistic romances, which appeared one after the other: *Horace*, *La Petite*

Fadette, *Consuelo*, *The Countess of Rudolstadt*, *Monsieur Antoine*, *Les Maîtres Sonneturs*, etc.

"She has allied herself," said Loménie, "to those who seek social happiness outside the eternal laws of religion and of the family; she has become dreamy and utopian, she may again become a Christian."

She herself explains, with great frankness, the acrimony that is a leading trait in too many of her works. Habituated to a princely life, her income did not always suffice for her expenses.

"Forced to earn money," she says, "I have urged my imagination to produce, without seeking the concurrence of my reason. Instead of coming to me smiling and crowned with flowers, my muse has met me cold, reluctant, indignant, dictating to me only somber pages, icing over with doubt and despair the ardent impulses of my soul."

George Sand revealed very fair dramatic qualities, and, although none of her pieces have won any brilliant triumph upon the stage, they have enjoyed a somewhat flattering success. Mademoiselle Rachel did not love her, and would play no rôle of her creation. She once declared, laughing, that she would read nothing written by Madame Sand, for fear she might be compelled to admire her.

Several years ago, George Sand gave the world an *Histoire de ma Vie*, but fortunately the portrait is not a full-length one. The Snow Man, The Chateau of the Desert, Adriané, Jean de la Roche, Constance Verrier, The Marquis de Villemer, Mademoiselle de Quintine, and Ma Sœur Jeane, are among her later works.

She lived the greater portion of the year at her chateau in Berri. Aside from the large sum she earned by literary work, she had an income of twelve thousand francs. Always surrounded by a devoted circle of friends and admirers, she cared for few outside that circle, and confined within those narrow limits the most of her sympathy and benevolence. Poor and aspiring genius appealed to her in vain for aid. She made it a rule to send back, unopened, every manuscript that was offered for her criticism or approval.

This Nohant chateau was no princely mansion; an almost plebeian simplicity reigned within its walls. The old furniture that had come down through several generations attested the filial piety of the mistress rather than her love for novelty or taste for the beautiful. Surrounded by her children and grandchildren, the world-renowned authoress passed here her best and happiest days, her heart gladdened by seeing her son Maurice following in her footsteps as a writer, but yet afar off. Her literary activity remained unabated to the last, and her friends had noticed no decline in her mental powers, when, early in 1876, death unexpectedly bore her away in the midst of her labors. For many years she had allowed herself but five or six hours' rest out of the twenty-four, continuing her work often until nearly dawn. She worked under the stimulus of strong coffee, which has been at the same time the blessing and the bane of so many French authors. As the span of life shortened, her desire for literary achievement increased.

A Parisian letter-writer who met Madame Sand a few months before her death, on one of those visits to the metropolis which had latterly become very rare with her, says: "Not a trace of her early beauty remains; she has in fact grown fearfully ugly. There is a strange melancholy in her glance, as she surveys this new Paris which has risen upon the ruins of that old Paris she loved so well. She cannot, like the enchanted city, renew her youth; she is old, but she hates old age above all things she cannot live long, and yet she shudders at the idea of death."

A true Christian life has no such melancholy

ending. If, in George Sand, spiritual culture had kept pace with mental culture, if her aspiration toward things high, holy and ennobling, had equaled her worldly ambition, those declining years, so full of sadness and unrest, might have been the serene, starry evening that succeeds the toilsome, heated day, and death would have come to her as an angel of love, rather than a messenger of fear.

Those to whom God gives transcendent powers must accept with them a greater measure of responsibility. George Sand could not say in dying, that she had written no line she would wish to blot. Her works have left their impress upon their generation; it is no transient impress, it will remain for generations yet to come, an influence for good or evil upon the minds of men. Her word-paintings will live when many a masterpiece that now gazes down upon us from the breathing canvas is forgotten; her ideal creations, sculptured from the purest prose language offered, will endure when even the solid marble crumbles into dust. But is the world better or happier for her having lived in it?

Paris Letter.

PARIS. SNOW. Certainly these two words seem hardly to suit each other, and yet during the last few days they have been mentioned often in conjunction. We have not, as usual, simply seen a whitish tinge upon the house-tops, but have really been blessed (?) with real snow several inches deep. It has been amusing to watch many a good woman, standing with arms akimbo, shovel and broom at hand, undecided how to begin clearing a path. For this is no yearly occurrence; not since 1871 have they been visited by such a downfall, and this recalls to their minds reminiscences of that terrible year, and stories still more terrible arise in their imagination, and are told with a volubility that would puzzle many an adept shorthand writer to note. Within the last few years they have had cold snaps, but not so much snow as now. I remember one winter, in particular, of which they never tire of telling you. On the first evening of January of that year, the theaters were crowded, but when the people were ready to go home, they found the streets covered with ice, so that it was impossible to walk. All the coachmen were obliged to take their horses from their carriages and leave them in the street, and many persons, who found it impossible to proceed, remained in these all night, or found shelter in the deserted omnibuses, whose conductors had detached their horses, and were trying to get them to their stables without accident. This, however, was a difficult task, which was proven by the shops for selling horse flesh being overstocked the following day. Many persons were obliged to crawl, and numbers only reached their homes by removing their shoes, and depending on their stockings to keep them from falling. Now, however, this is all prevented by the snow, but travel has been very difficult. Stages, in spite of extra horses and strong adjectives of drivers, have often been blocked, and the horse cars have been really a novel sight, with eight horses attached—for they have no snow-plows here. The occupants seem to be the only ones who enjoy it, and salute each entering acquaintance with "*Eh bien! Voilà la neige!*" which exclamation sounds very much like "Would you have thought it possible?"

In entering the busy parts of Paris, you are struck by a novel sensation. The usual rattle of wheels has altogether ceased, and carriages and carts glide through the street, putting you much more in mind of the ghost in Hamlet than they can do at home, where we are used to this sort of

thing. Everything seems hushed; even the unceasing prattle of the Parisian is subdued.

Walking up the *Avenue de l'Opéra*, you behold a pretty sight. The morning is now somewhat advanced, a faint ray of sun has brightened for a moment the somber atmosphere, and before you, at the extremity of the avenue, appears the Opera House, with its golden statues reflecting the sunlight that has given to those parts covered with snow a delicate pink hue. But alas! as the day advances, what a change takes place! The immaculate whiteness is replaced by a grayish substance, half water and mud, through which you have to paddle your way as best you can. Fortunately, you are not long before having some hopes that things will soon improve. In almost every street appears a small army of improvised scavengers, recruited from unemployed working-men. They set to work with a will, and before long the crossings are cleared, and then they commence on the sidewalks, for in Paris these are considered as belonging to the public, and therefore it is the place of the public to keep them clean. One and all are of the opinion that the Government should take such measures as would prevent the citizen deriving any inconvenience from an occasional snow-storm. It is surprising they should complain, when there are so many employed to keep the city clean. The last fall may have been a little too strong for the municipality; nevertheless, as a rule, Paris is very well prepared to deal with such phenomena. In fact, a whole army of sweepers are employed—25,000 in ordinary times, and 2,000 auxiliary sweepers, who work only half a day. In exceptional cases, the street administration engages as many special hands as it thinks fit—sometimes as many as 1,500 or 2,000. The administration, therefore, disposes of some 7,000 workmen, including the heads of brigades and the inspectors. A brigade is composed of 115 men and women, for women are employed as well as men. In ordinary times, their day begins at three o'clock in the morning, and ends at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the half day at ten o'clock in the morning. The half day is paid twenty-four cents to thirty-five cents, and the supplementary hands are generally paid at the rate of six to eight cents per hour.

The grand annual fair, that I failed to mention in my last, was a great success this year. This fair, which commences at Christmas and lasts for a fortnight, is really a great affair for the young and old, rich and poor. It is the huge Paris Christmas tree. Its boughs extend from the *Madeleine* to the *Bastille*, from the Observatory to the "*Gare de l'Est*," and each of these inimitable thoroughfares are lined on either side by a string of stalls, crammed with the latest productions of Parisian ingenuity, and admired by the strangest crowd that a large city can produce. For once in the year the boulevards become the resort of all classes of society. The aristocratic lady of the *Champs-Élysées* is elbowed by the working girl from the dingiest suburbs; the swell, by the workman; the elaborately got-up son and heir by the shoeless urchin; all eager to gaze on the amazing objects displayed before them. Here is a wonderful doll, dressed in the height of fashion, there skillful acrobats, delightful tea sets, Noah's arks, with all the beasts of creation, trumpets and drums, guns and swords, glittering trinkets, laces, ribbons of all colors, sweets of all kinds, objects to satisfy all. How the venders exert themselves, as only the French can, in showing off all these wonders! How they coax good-natured fathers and kind-hearted mothers to loosen their purse-strings, and what rebuffs and back-handed slaps they give the poor waifs, who, having got too near, and having no money to spend, have to satisfy themselves by feasting their eyes! With unflinching energy will these

enticing salesmen offer their wares; until, at length, the police authorities notify them that it is time to shut up shop. Then you will hear them shout, in the highest pitch of what remains of their voice, that now is the time to buy, for they are not selling, but "*donnant tout pour rien*" (giving everything for nothing). And to some extent this is true, for, on the last day of the fair, it is sometimes remarkable the bargains one can find.

Of course during the past month the excitement has been the great lottery of the Exposition, but now it has about blown over, as all the things of value have been drawn. If you are still a holder of a ticket, it is hardly worth while to search for your number, for, if it is found among the winners, it will probably have drawn a bundle of candles, a box of toilet soap, a pound of candies, a cake, or something of the sort; and yet, even with these small prizes still out, there is some little interest left; but now nearly every one is of the opinion that those who failed to buy were the most fortunate; at any rate, the most sensible.

Yesterday I heard of one man who had drawn—with only *twenty tickets*, at one franc each—three prizes, amounting to the enormous value of eleven francs. These three prizes consisted of a broom, a bottle of wine, and a pair of baby's shoes—(report says that he is a bachelor).

Last week two soldiers drew, on a joint ticket, a piano, and, being unable to decide which should have it, sawed it in two. I have not yet heard of any particular case of lunacy on account of having drawn a great prize; but as all Paris was not long since about crazy on the subject, the particular cases were indiscernible.

Our Easter Cross.

SWEET Easter flowers
That blossomed fair
In sunny hours
So bright and rare,
To weave a cross
For us to bear—

A cross of flowers, from Flora's bowers,
Oh, never in this world of ours,
Can we be called upon to take
A sweeter burden for Christ's sake;
And as with joy this cross we bear,
Let glad rejoicing fill the air.

For angels bright
From worlds of light,
Have rolled away
The stone to-day,
And from the tomb,
Mid dust and gloom,
The Saviour stands
With upraised hands!
Ascending high
Beyond the sky,
He intercedes
For us, and pleads
That we may stand
At His right hand.

Suburban Dwelling.

THE carefully planned and commodious dwelling presented in this number, and shown by the plans and perspective, will need only to be examined to be appreciated. The interior is systematical and convenient; while the exterior is elegant and imposing. The design is a combination of the best ideas produced by architects, and is the prevailing style now in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. The structure is of brick, with outlines of dark-colored brick. The windows and doors have sills and caps of stone moulded.