

eyes! Instead of neatly folded silk gloves, hat, and fan, there was a collection of birds' nests, twine, fishing-tackle, and I know not what!

I had not a moment to lose. Down I rushed to explain to the others: "My trunk is at the other house! I put the one I thought was George's, but which was mine, with all the last lot to come to-morrow."

My kind father, tired as he was, looked at his watch to see if by any possibility he could get the trunk for me, but it was half past eight. Mother forgot her headache and hurried to her own trunks. "Here is my black silk—you might wear the skirt, but the waist would not fit you."

As she lifted the dress I caught sight of her great treasure—a red Indian shawl. "If you'll let me wear your shawl," I exclaimed, "I'll manage with an old waist."

"There, hurry child, curl your hair and take my things—you must go without a bonnet, but if Mr. Driscoll brings you any flowers put one in your hair."

I hurried back with my spoils, and had hardly completed my toilet when Mr. Driscoll rang the bell. "See, mother, will I do?" I whispered, as I passed the sitting-room.

"You look very nicely. Here is the latch key; we are too tired to wait up for you." Putting the key in my pocket I hurried down to my escort, who completed my happiness by presenting me with some lovely flowers. We enjoyed the evening, though I found I was, after all, more weary than I had suspected. Still, there were such wonderful recitations, and such good music to listen to, that it was after one o'clock when we reached home. Mr. Driscoll took my key and softly opened the door—I whispered a good-night and closed myself in. It surprised me that they had not left a light burning in the hall, especially as I was not used to the house; but I groped my way up two flights of stairs to my room. Surely, there was a carpet on the floor! Who could have put it down since I left? Just as I reached the bureau, and was feeling for a match, I heard some one breathing in the bed! In a moment the truth flashed over me. I had entered the wrong house! Down I ran, as fast as my feet could carry me, opened the door and gained the street. The agony I suffered lest some one should seize me or shoot at me before I could get out was indescribable, but no one awoke.

I stood in the street alone, but in a moment I heard a boy coming down the block, whistling. How often I had blamed my brothers for whistling—I never will again. That boyish whistle was a herald of safety for me, for I felt sure I could trust a boy. The little fellow, a messenger boy of not more than thirteen years, came hurrying past; I stopped him, and begged him to find me a policeman. We walked a block or two together till we found a watchman, who explained that the coachman had driven us to a row of houses just like the one I lived in, but four streets below. He piloted me to the corner of our street, but could go no further, so I had to walk alone to the house. There was a light burning for me and I was soon by my mother's side, telling, between laughter and tears, my *Moving Story*.

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

KNOWING AND DOING.



HERE is an important use of knowledge in addition to the advantage of its acquisition, and that is, the danger from which it saves us as the result of our ignorance. We have all heard that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and the reason that they continue to rush in is because their ignorance prevents them from knowing that they are fools, so they naturally keep on doing the same things which ignorant people have done before them, only the opportunities now-a-days, with the increased facilities for doing everything, are so multiplied, that it would be strange indeed if follies did not increase in quite as important a ratio as deeds of wisdom. For women the danger in this direction is greater than for men, because their lines of life are less strictly defined, and their work more of their own ordering. Their methods moreover, are less exact, their experience confined to narrower limits, while their sympathies are more easily excited, and their natural enthusiasm greater. The reason why a little knowledge on any subject is dangerous is because it leads people into errors which are corrected by a knowledge that is larger, and more complete. We all know how it is when a new fact or a new idea is presented to us—it seems like a revelation. We imagine that it is as new to the rest of the world as to us. We begin to reason from this one fact, idea, or statement, and base conclusions from it, which are pretty nearly always erroneous; for one side of a question is hardly ever the just side, a subject being very flat and very blank indeed which has only two sides both of which are precisely alike. Most questions, on the contrary, have many sides, and must be judged not alone from the particular point of view from which we happen to see them, but from their relations to others, and from their history and relation to the past, as well as the present. Words mean so little, or so much, that it is quite impossible to judge of the value or accuracy of a statement from the way in which they are ordinarily used. Nor is this altogether intentional exaggeration, more frequently it is ignorance. People tell you what they believe to be true, because they do not know enough to know that it is not true. How many young women might have been spared fruitless labor and much mortification if they could have been subject to severe and truthful tests instead of the foolish eulogisms of incompetent friends? Some of these imagine they can read, some that they can sing; they make a display, more of their want of knowledge than their ability, whenever called upon, and devoutly believe the words which are said half in idleness, and half in ignorance of what

constitutes real art, or natural qualifications for excelling in it.

There are persons who are born with natural gifts and natural genius, but even these are of little use without an intimate knowledge of, and long, severe practice in the best methods, and the first thing to make ourselves acquainted with is the best method, and the highest development which the matter in hand has already attained. Frequently in the furtherance of some benevolent scheme, money and time are uselessly spent which would have been spared had the originators first examined the ground, and discovered what had already been done, what ground had been covered, what tests applied, before attempting to carry out their plan.

It has been stated with considerable truth that half the enterprises in the world never would have had an existence if they had waited for the wisdom of the world to start them, for it would have been discovered either that the same results as those expected were being brought about in another way, or that the world was just as well off without them. This is certainly true of the benevolent enterprises in which so much valuable time, money, and labor are expended. Nearly all these are built up into a broad principle deduced from some single, individual fact; they are pyramids starting from the apex instead of the base. We cannot have really broad and philosophical charities until they start from the foundation of the widest and most far-reaching principle, and lead up to the individual.

As constituted now our charities multiply paupers to an indefinite extent; they are double-edged tools, and work both ways; they create paupers both out of those who receive and those who are the mediums of distribution. People generally consider it an easy thing to give; it is one of the most difficult things in the world to do so wisely. Make an object of charity of a man, and you destroy his self-respect; feed him for two weeks for nothing and you have a pauper upon your hands for the rest of his life. How and to what extent to render help to those needing it is one of the problems of the age. Weakness needs the help of the strong, ignorance needs the help of the wise, and those who are destitute the aid of those who have abundance. But poverty has become a trade which the really suffering and wretched do not follow, and to reach these, to lift them out of their want, out of their misery, out of their degradation requires long, patient work more than money, something very different from the mere giving to more or less voracious applicants, whose appetites, like other bad and unnatural ones, grow with what they feed upon.

The necessity for and advantage of a more extended knowledge is nowhere more observable than among the persons who imagine they can write. Many of them have not even acquired the first rudiments of the English language; they cannot spell, they cannot construct a sentence properly, they could not point out a school-boy's errors in one, and yet they would write, write to instruct others. The mere writing, and the faults of construction might be overlooked, however, if the

wise thought, the deep experience, the extended information lay back of them. But unfortunately this is not so, the smaller matters are those which must have received attention first, or the larger ones could not be formulated or presented in such a way as to be useful or creditable. The devourer of books may be as practically ignorant as the person who does not read at all, because he swallows whatever comes in his way, or whatever comes in his way of a kind that he has an appetite for, without reference to his mental digestion and understanding of what he has learned, or his ability to make good use of it.

Book maniacs or reading maniacs are no better than any other kind of insane people. They begin with a selfish absorption, and end with an hallucination, in which reason and common-sense have no share; yet because books are the object, the mania is sometimes respected by those who are too conscientious to indulge in such freaks and vagaries themselves. I have known a man to fill the only closet and shelves of the narrow dwelling-place, which his wife principally supported, with books bought at second-hand, and old magazines, or reviews, to the daily and hourly discomfort of his family. In the course of time he died, partly of disease, partly of his utter want of interest in events as they transpired about; if he could "lay off," and smoke a pipe, and have his wife furnish him with a dinner, that was all he asked of life. Yet, and this is a point worth mentioning, her great anxiety after his death was to earn money enough by washing to pay a rent that would keep his old books intact, and yet give the growing children a chance to live and breathe. No one ever read them, the children had a horror of them, but because they were books she respected them. In reality the intelligence and insight of the woman were much finer and keener than those of the man. She would not have sacrificed duty and moral obligation to a mere hobby, as he did; but had a chance for development and cultivation been offered in her youth, she would have made a much better, because more true and unselfish use of them.

Knowledge, to be useful, must be like food, of a kind we can assimilate. The general ignorance of women, their new desire to be doing something without being at all prepared by natural gifts or previous training, tempts them to all manner of devices in this age of shams by which seem to be what they are not. Women talk and write science, and art, education, and divinity, by simply picking out from original authorities on these subjects enough to give a technical flavor, and filling up with generalities of their own, which are written expressly to mean anything or nothing. Art is also full, not only of pretenders, but of persons whose good work is marred by want of cultivated taste, and knowledge of the first principles of their profession. For example, a small picture recently painted by a young lady artist gave evidence of real ability and considerable natural force. The central object was a dog stretched at full length upon a carpet; the interior was narrow, a small, square table, covered with a crimson cloth, an easy chair, and a few books

the only other objects. The dog, a beautiful animal, with long brown and white fur, was admirably painted, a strong figure, splendidly drawn and full of reserved power, though in repose. But the picture, as a picture, was spoiled by the carpet. The figure was large; the pattern hideous, the colors so conspicuous as to force it upon the attention, to the exclusion or subordination, at least, of the most important part of the subject, which was the dog. One of the primary principles in art is to subordinate the accessories to the main object, so as not to dwarf it or distract attention from it.

Another is to harmonize the accessories so that they shall be true and natural, and blend with the general tone and spirit of the whole composition. The carpet above mentioned violated both these principles; it not only distracted attention from the principal object, but it was not in harmony with the general tone and surroundings—the pattern was too large for the small room, the purplish red in the colors destroyed the effect of the crimson in the cloth, which would have warmed up brightly and pleasantly the whole effect had the carpet been a quiet gray, with the noble figure of the dog outlined in brown and white above it.

But the knowledge which teaches us all this is a growth, it is what we call culture. It comes slowly, and by gradual unfoldings. What we need is to wait patiently, seize every opportunity of obtaining it, and not rush into doing ambitious things before we know how to do them, and even before we know what has been done.

One of the advantages of study, or life abroad, is that the knowledge surrounds one as with an atmosphere in precisely those directions which here it is so hard to obtain. Here we are alive with the present, projecting machinery and scientific investigation away into the future; there are all the relics, all the evidences, all the traditions of a grand, heroic, and beautiful past, and we need to make ourselves acquainted with this in order that we may not suppose our crude work is either a revelation or an acquisition to humanity at large, who are already in possession of something so much better than we may ever hope to accomplish.

My Legacy.

BY G. H. B.



HE is very poor, Miss, but a gentleman for all that; often he has given me a gulden for sweeping his room when I knew the man was suffering for a sup of good, strengthening food, or a pair of warm gloves to keep out the biting frost." Kätchen, with sleeves pushed high above her elbows, and coarse woolen petticoat tucked

up well out of the dust, leaned for a moment on her broom, glad of the chance for a little rest and gossip. "That is the room, Miss," she continued, "that he will never allow to be opened—nearly three years ago he came here and engaged two dark little rooms, in one he sleeps—everything about it is neat and tidy as your own, with a picture of a child that makes one think of the angels, over the bed; but what goes on in the inner room no mortal but himself knows. The mistress, Madam Paufler, was annoyed at first that he would let none of us in, but no one could be angry with him long, he is so gentle, and thoughtful, and melancholy-like. Letters come sometimes with long words before his name, that my mistress calls a noble title. She respects him as if he spent money like a lord, though he takes no extras, and wears shabby, thread-bare clothes."

I was interested; this man and I were fellow-sufferers, in that we were both poor, but mine was a very common-place poverty. I was the badly-paid governess of a little English girl, while his was romantic and mysterious. I had seen him, this Monsieur de Brabant, of whom Kätchen delighted to talk, and had been struck with his sad eyes, sunken cheeks, and respectful, kindly manner toward all with whom he came in contact.

A spinet with half its notes mute stood in one corner of his room, opposite the child's picture, and from this imperfect instrument I had heard fragments of sweet, low music, late in the night, which had made my dreams by far the happiest part of my existence.

"Miss Raymond, mamma says the wind has gone down, and we can go for our walk," called my little charge, Alice Travers, down the corridor.

"Yes, dear, I will be ready in five minutes," I answered, disappearing in my room. As I donned my shabby little bonnet and cloak at the glass, I wondered if any one would ever take the keen interest in me that I felt for poor Monsieur de Brabant, with his thin white hair and stooped shoulders, and the mystery behind the locked door.

A pair of large plaintive gray eyes, a fair skin, smooth black hair, and a figure too thin for comeliness, was reflected in the glass. I was twenty-two years old, not a great age yet, and if it were ever my chance to possess pretty, tasteful clothes, I might be fairly attractive-looking. Tom declared, that in my shabby old clothes I was far prettier than the gorgeously-attired young ladies we met on the promenades; but Tom was only an artist, and did not know.

"Miss Raymond, please make haste; Miss Alice is very anxious to go." Mrs. Travers' voice was always a little harsh, but on this bright May morning it seemed to me more discordant than usual. We were living in Madam Paufler's *pension de famille* in Leipzig, while Miss Travers, Alice's sister, finished her last year at the Conservatory of Music. The quiet old town suited me, for I had never known gayety, and Tom Selby was there studying painting. He was the son of my dead mother's dearest friend, and of course we liked each other, though anything more than a liking would have been very foolish, for we