

plant will thrive. We give a cut of a kind of gooseberry which rejoices, among horticulturists, in the euphonious name of "Crown Bob," as a specimen of what fruit may be produced under favorable conditions. Among currants, *Ribes rubrum* (red), and *Ribes nigrum* (black), comprise the two most common varieties, and those most familiar to American readers, though the white are not unknown. They are among the most useful and healthful of fruits, and well worthy of better nurture than they receive in American gardens.

The red makes the most beautiful of jellies, and the black one of the most delicious. Of the last we know little, because the fruit raised is not good enough to induce its general cultivation. I must refer my readers to the cut, that they may see what size can be attained when sufficient nurture is given to it. It is from a figure furnished by Thomas, whose success in fruit culture has been long assured.

The black currant also is useful in diseases of the throat and lungs, as its slight astringency is most grateful and allays irritation. The use of these fruits, it is believed, was unknown to the ancients. Both were first brought to perfection by the Dutch.

A singular peculiarity belongs to the flowers of the black currants.

The usual number of petals, and also of stamens is five, but if either petals or stamens be increased in number, the other is diminished. If there are seven stamens there will be but three petals, and if there are ten stamens there will be no petals at all. The number of both stamens and petals together is always ten, but the proportion of one to the other often is very different.

There are several varieties of both gooseberry and currant which are cultivated solely for ornament, their fragrant and abundant flowers mingling most agreeably with the bloom of May. Some are purple, and some are of a deep rose color mingled with white.

If we could add to the wealth of our tables all that these rich fruits yield, it would be no trifling gain. The very poor specimens of them which our markets afford, are only suggestions of what they become under skillful treatment. All our fruits for the market are indeed gathered too early; currants especially should be suffered to hang long upon the stem, and are gathered soon enough if in the early days of August, when they have gained the tint of living rubies, and have garnered up in their lucent juices all the sweetness of the summer days.

## The Beautiful.

BY I. W. SANBORN.

There's a beauty in nature, in the field and wood;  
God made the earth and sky, and pronounced it good.

There's a beauty in manliness, and in manly grace;  
There's a beauty in modesty, and an honest face.

There's a beauty in music, in its myriad form,  
From the minstrelsy of birds, to the march of the storm.

There's a beauty in charity—all its forms are fair—  
Beauty is a gracious gift, and dwelleth everywhere.

## Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

### "AS OTHERS SEE US."

*"Oh! wad some power the giftie giv'e us,  
To see oursel's, as others see us,  
It wou'd frae mony a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."*



WHEN Burns wrote the above lines he, doubtless, had some special form of egotistic folly in his mind to which to apply them, but they fit equally so many others as to render their significance universal, and the popular recognition of their aptness world-wide.

It is quite true that the lens through which even those who know us best (sometimes, particularly those who think they know us best), is not at all flattering, it may even be distorted; it is quite true that there are people who, instead of judging according to true principles of art by merits, are always on the look-out for defects, and judge of their friends, if such persons can be said to have friends, by these alone.

It is true that an ignorant opinion, or one obtained from only partial knowledge, is pretty sure to be a false, or, at least, a one-sided opinion, and should never be expressed as conclusive, or accepted as satisfactory. It is true that there are people who will proclaim such opinions as if they were gospel truths, to the detriment of other persons, and having once said a thing will maintain it, believing, perhaps, with one of their pioneers, that "a lie well stuck to is almost as good as the truth."

It is true that appearances are deceitful, and that it is wrong to judge by them exclusively; a misfortune, indeed, to be associated with those who only judge from appearances, and have no quality in themselves by which to measure more accurately than the mere gauge of outside appearances can, the true worth of those with whom they come in contact.

All these things are true, yet, notwithstanding their truth, the verse I have quoted still retains its significance, and it is still very desirable that we could possess ourselves in some way of a magic mirror, and, instead of seeing in it our familiar lineaments, see ourselves "as others" see us. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to form an exact estimate of ourselves, or to obtain it from others. To form a correct estimate at all requires a judicial mind, one capable of estimating a person from all stand-points, and not merely the personal one from which we are apt to review them. The young, therefore, can hardly be expected to judge accurately of themselves or each other, for they are at the age when impulse and feeling are strongest, and when the experience is yet to come which is to dispel so many of their brightest illusions.

What people say, for example, young girls are very apt to think they mean, especially if it is flattering to their *amour propre*, and they will lay it to their souls, and cherish it in their dreams, when in reality the words are the idlest of seeming—mere wind chaff instead of the true incense of the heart.

It would be a great help in the formation of character if a silent mirror, such as I have spoken of, were possible, for it is doubtful if we could stand truth, even from a friend, who was in reality true and outspoken. It is so difficult to admit that truth is truth if it is disagreeable, and it is quite as difficult to speak the truth without any admixture of personal feeling of some kind or other, either kind or unkind, partial or bitter.

Suppose for once that girls, who, in the exuberance of youthful feeling and desire for a "good time," have placed themselves on terms of familiarity with young men of whom they know very little—calling them by diminutive and intimate appellations, and establishing, as they innocently and ignorantly suppose, a delightful sort of comradeship, could look into this mirror of ours and see the interpretation which the young men themselves put upon their freedom, and lack of maidenly reserve!

Suppose the belle who considers herself the admired of her circle, the bright particular star of her own little world, could see the remarks that are made about her by her own dearest and most intimate friends, would it not sicken her, and take all the good out of her life?

Suppose that thoughtless young woman could see what is being said, and what believed of acts innocent enough in themselves, but capable of misconstruction, would she not stop her imprudent career at once, and save the bitterness of a future which she is preparing for herself. But no one can tell her; she would resent it if they did, and set interference, even if well meant, down to envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness.

Suppose that very fastidious young gentleman who carries a cane, perhaps an eye-glass, who considers himself the autocrat of the ball-room, and his attentions as conferring unequalled distinction upon every young lady whom he may deign to honor with them, should find in his looking-glass an unexpected telephone engaged in repeating the various strictures and remarks made by his acquaintances behind his back—would he not stare? Would he not refuse at first to believe that he heard aright? and when the mournful fact was forced upon his consciousness, and he could no longer evade it, would it not, if there was a particle of manhood in him, make him resolve to get rid of the coxcomb, and cultivate qualities better worthy of respect.

Suppose the girl who devotes all her energies to a cheap display of sham jewelry, tags, cotton lace, and ribbons could see upon her mirror, and have it forced upon her in a way she could not avoid, a panorama of the remarks in regard to her want of neatness, order, thoroughness, or the folly and poverty of her poor attempts at finery! Would they not surprise her? Is it not the most common thing in the world for men and women to say to girls—"How lovely you look;" "What a

pretty dress you have on;" and behind their backs, "How that girl has got herself up;" "Where does she get the money?" "Her father cannot afford it." "It is all outside, she never has decent underclothing, or a whole pair of stockings to her name!"

Then there is stout Mrs. S—, who is fond of her dinner or supper, as the case may be, and who certainly has an appetite which never seems to become impaired. How grieved she would be—for she is also good-natured to a fault—if, after a warm welcome, and a period of hearty enjoyment, she should see through her glass, not darkly, but face to face, her whilom hostess expressing her chagrin at her approach, giving a categorical list of the amount of viands she had consumed at a previous sitting, and declaring her inability to satisfy so rapacious a stomach.

But it is not my intention to go through the entire list of sham people for whose display of meanness the foibles of their friends are no excuse. My object is rather to suggest to girls who believe that what they see is really what they think it is, to try to think deeper, to look beneath the surface for the reality; and if they find the under part the same as the upper, that is, truth *all the way through*, so much the better, but they need not feel disappointed if they do not, nor inveigh bitterly against the falsehood and treachery of the world in general and some individual in particular, for much of the time they will find their own folly has laid themselves open to the strictures or statements by which they feel aggrieved; and for the rest, what others say, and what others do, they would perhaps say and do themselves under similar circumstances.

What is best for us, if we could do it, would be to make such a mirror as others hold up to our faults and weaknesses, and turn its tests and scrutiny upon ourselves; then we should indeed see ourselves as others see us, very much to our own advantage in the building up of a strong and noble character.

It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, to see the indignation of persons in regard to statements and occurrences in which other people are the speakers and the actors, which are but reproductions of what they continually say and do themselves. It may be from thoughtlessness, it may be from habit, but it is so common, that every one must recognize it as truth.

There is no one so ready to invite attention to her veracity and declare a solemn respect for truth, as the reckless, impulsive person, who makes wild assertions, and constantly sets both at defiance.

There is no one who so inveighs against gossip, as the malicious retailer of ill-news and the inventor of covert slanders against reputations, even those of her nearest and dearest friends.

Among men, or women, there is no one so desirous of maintaining a fair outside as the hypocrite, who is conscious that beneath his fair seeming is corruption and falsity.

This self-knowledge, this mirror, in which we dread to see ourselves, is not at all so terrible as it appears. It is the illusions, and the reaction from their awakening, that we

have to dread. If we could begin by passing the judgment upon ourselves that we pass upon others, if we could test ourselves by the same law that we apply to others, and, reversing the process, judge others with leniency, and upon their merits instead of their demerits, the world would change its aspect to us, and the growth of character in ourselves be steady, and certain, and progressive.

There never has been a time when the world has not seemed out of joint to some people. There never has been a time when friendships were not severed, when disappointments were not experienced, when losses did not occur, when hearts were not wounded, and even broken; when life to some did not seem to have had all its joy and all its worth taken away, and only the empty shell, the miserable husk, left behind. But this feeling, this belief, strong though it may be, is scarcely ever true, very rarely real. The best things in this world always exist, and are always unchanged, and after a time we find that the figures which have so oppressed us, and reduced us to so morbid a state of fear, anxiety, dread, or despair, are phantasmagorical, coming and going, and dependent wholly on the point of view from which we look at them, and at the circumstances of our lives for the influence they exercise over our feelings and imaginations.

In youth, "other" people occupy altogether too large a place in our mental horizon. What they say, and what they do, is of infinitely more importance to us than what they are. In reality, what we are, and their influence in assisting to make us less or more of the woman or man we desire to be, is the one important fact to us, and the environment of our lives is interesting and valuable in so far as we can make it useful in building up the central fact of the universe, the strong, good, well-developed, completely-rounded man or woman.

The world itself is always the same, yet always different. Its original elements are the same, but they are constantly being transmuted, changed, fused into new forms, and thus endowed with new powers. It is always rich in means of enjoyment, which are permanent, because they are pure, which are true, because they are natural and simple. The warmth of the sun is always a delight; the fresh green of the grass always pleases; the beauty of a landscape never tires; the variety in the seasons, and the return of each one is always a source of pleasure; and finally the acquisition of knowledge in regard to the world about us and everything it contains, is a never-failing source of the deepest, and highest, and strongest gratification.

When we have once learned to cultivate ourselves from the best standpoint of duty to ourselves and others, we shall find ourselves too seriously busy to care much what those say of us who do not understand our aims or purposes; we shall at the same time understand our own short-comings too well not to be diffident of our powers and achievements, and willing to accept criticism with candor, and without bitterness.

This ground of self-cultivation and self-judgment seems to me the desirable one upon which to stand. If we adhere to this, we shall at least avoid doing that great wrong to others which is so often done from hasty assumption and only partial knowledge; and we shall not court opposition, calumny, and misinterpretation, by aggressive acts, or too ready acceptance of unauthorized assertions. Strong in the integrity of conscious purpose, we shall not be anxious in regard to the opinion formed of ourselves, or our doings, for, living in the light of open day, we shall have no concealments, but only an honest desire to do and be our best.

## Proud Love.

BY FRAULEIN.



MRS. WINCHESTER'S charming parlors were filled with the same enthusiastic people who usually gathered at her house whenever she gave invitations for a musical evening. Admired by a large circle of friends for her sweetness and grace, she was no less loved by numerous professional and amateur musicians, who, in return for her cordial warm-heartedness, never failed to accede when she proposed some novelty for a choice little coterie of appreciative listeners. The special object of this evening's entertainment was the introduction of a little German girl, a pianiste, whose acquaintance Mrs. Winchester had just formed. The young girl who had aroused so much interest in the charitable heart of this beloved little hostess, had come from Liszt, with a delicate touch, a brilliant power, and great poetry of feeling, and the inevitable association of poverty with talent, with the consequent necessity of teaching, had attracted Mrs. Winchester's ready sympathy, and made her determine to help her, and at the same time give her friends a rare pleasure. Miss Wencke had already played early in the evening a fascinating group of Nocturnes by Chopin, and now a Sonata by Rubinstein, for violin and piano, had just ended; there were murmurs of applause, which testified more certainly to the delight of that quiet company than boisterous clapping of hands would have done.

A few gentlemen came near Algar Hanovic, and warmly spoke of the tenderness and beauty he had given to the Larghetto, and the magnificent splendor of the Finale; while Miss Wencke, who had played the difficult piano part with an ease and correctness which left no doubt as to her genuine ability, was surrounded by a group of ladies and the younger men, some of whom gracefully congratulated her upon her share in the success of the Sonata.

Algar Hanovic was a Norwegian, who had been a friend of Mrs. Winchester and her husband during their residence in Vienna, two