

tions of form, gray is stealing into the hair. The admiration they once won for cunning ways, innocent coquetry and dash are transferred to young folks. And yet they are none the less attractive to us. For recognizing, as the lawyers say, that in this world we have only a short lease of youthful beauty, but may have a freehold upon wisdom, they row turn their thoughts toward more substantial things. From all their past observations they begin to draw sensible inferences, from ephemeral literature they now turn to solid books; they appreciate ability more than mere smartness; they care little for flippant company, but welcome to their circles people who think; they tire of mere acquaintances and desire faithful friends. The result of all this is seen in their conversation, which is wiser than before; in their tempers, which are more serene, and in their characters, which grow mellow.

To speak after the style of the Elizabethans, they are less flavory, but more fruity. And just as JULY helps us to provide for December, so they are laying up stores of wisdom for their old age. Thus we see that the mere decline of beauty is only a comparative loss, since God and Nature may offer us large compensations. With this thought in our minds let us appreciate JULY and welcome her.

F. G.

"Now the mantle of Aurora
Streams along the morning skies;
But the bridal wreath of Flora
Loses half its sweets and dyes.
Freer the noontide glory gushes
From the fountains of the sun;
And a thousand stains and flushes
Show the heavens when day is done.

Then the heavy dew-pearls glisten
In the twilight, pure and pale,
And the drooping roses listen
To the love-lorn nightingale;
While the stars come out in cluster
With a dim and dreamy light,
And the moon's pervading luster
Takes all sternness from the night."

Stories from the Classics.

BY JAMES GRANT.

A WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

WHEN, in 1846, the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew de Diaz, re-discovered the southern promontory of the African continent, and named it "*Cabo Tormentoso*, the Cape of Storms," he did but revive the old appellation by which, entirely unknown to him, of course, the Cape of Good Hope had been known to the maritime adventurers of nearly two thousand years before.

Re-discovered we say advisedly and with ample authority. There is every reason to believe that, long ago before our records of modern discovery commence, the circumnavigation of Africa was accomplished, and to an account of this truly wonderful achievement this paper will be devoted.

About 600 years before Christ, there reigned on the throne of Egypt Necho, the king who commenced the famous canal between the

Nile and the Adrian Gulf, which enterprise, by the way, was abandoned after costing the lives of 120,000 men. At this time, and, in fact, throughout the ancient world, Africa was believed to be surrounded by water on all sides, except at the narrow neck now traversed by the Suez Canal. But the precise conformation of the southern part was an unsolved problem, and was deemed to be "an undiscovered country from which no traveler returned." In that age of superstition and idolatry the most fabulous stories were current about what was to man unknown or strange. So that it is not strange that exaggerated representations of the dangers to be encountered, of the frightful coasts, and of the stormy and boundless ocean supposed to stretch to the confines of earth's surface, were rife, and were recounted again, and yet again in the hearing of the credulous mariners whose only experience of Neptune's fury was within the narrow limits of the "*Magna Mere*" of the Romans.

The Phœnicians were at that date the mariners *par excellence* of the whole known world; their enterprise and adventurous spirits led them far past the Pillars of Hercules, those grim guardians on the threshold of the Atlantic, even to the shores of Britain, and perhaps even to the rugged coasts of our own New England. Their high-sterned, single-masted craft were to be seen in the waters of every then known sea; they enrolled themselves under the banner of any monarch or kingdom who would make it sufficiently to their interest, and among those whom they served was the before-mentioned Necho, King of Egypt. Herodotus, whose writings cover such an important era in the world's history—viz., the centuries preceding the Nativity at Bethlehem—gives a most interesting account of what was undoubtedly a great feat, and from it and other sources we learn that when Necho at last desisted from opening a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, he cast about him for some other kingly enterprise. Accordingly "he sent certain Phœnicians in ships with orders to pass by the Columns of Hercules into the sea that lies to the north of Africa, and then to return to Egypt. These Phœnicians thereupon set sail from the Red Sea and entered into the Southern Ocean. On the approach of autumn they landed in Africa, and planted some grain in the quarter to which they had come; when this was ripe and they had cut it down they put to sea again. Having spent two years in this way, they in the third passed the Columns of Hercules and returned to Egypt." Now comes what is to us the strange part of the narrative of Herodotus, but at the same time the best confirmation we could wish that he was *not* relating a mere "sailor's yarn," as he himself evidently believes. He goes on to say: "Their relations may obtain credit with some, but to me it seems impossible of belief; for they affirmed that, as they sailed around the coast of Africa *they had the sun on their right hand!*" But to us, who bask in the revelations of modern science, the report which Herodotus thought so fabulous as to throw discredit upon the entire narrative, namely, that in passing round Africa they found the sun on their right, af-

fords to us the strongest presumption in favor of its truth. Such a statement as this could never have been imagined in an age when the science of astronomy was in its infancy—when the earth was believed to be a flat plane and the center of the universe. Of course, after having passed the equator the Phœnicians must have found the sun on their right hand. In addition they brought back the most fabulous stories of what they saw—for all of which we are undoubtedly indebted to their imaginations.

It is true that many writers have labored to prove that the voyage in all probability never took place, urging as their chief objections that the time occupied was too short in that age of slow and cautious sailing, when it was customary to sail only by day, and to anchor at night; and also that the undertaking was one for which the Phœnician galleys of the time were entirely unfitted. On the other hand, some of the best authorities are agreed that such a feat was not only possible, but that it actually took place, else how could the voyagers have returned to their starting-point from an opposite direction to that in which they set out, and how did they come to observe the sun on their right hand? It is sufficient to say that these questions have never been answered, and until they are we may continue to believe that the Phœnicians really added the doubling of the "*Cabo Tormentoso*" to their other intrepid achievements.

Talks With Girls.

THE MORALITY OF HOME LIFE.

BY JENNIE JUNE.



THAT the home life of a nation is the root of its morality has been accepted as a truism; but is it true? And if not, in what does it fall short of its possibilities, and its accredited mission?

That the same kind of home life is not possible to all will be conceded at once; and it will also be admitted that as true homes have been found in cottages as were ever seen in palaces. Therefore, it is not size, nor luxury that makes a true and happy home. In fact, and this no bit of stereotyped commonplace, but a serious, eternal truth—high station and great luxury are as opposed to the genuine growth and cultivation of the best home influences as the opposite extreme;—the lowest depths of poverty and the wretched conditions of vice. Still, there have been palaces, and narrow attics, and dismal cellars that were actual homes in the sense which conveys the deepest, though not the broadest meaning of the word. So that mere exterior conditions, though they may affect detrimentally and otherwise, do not absolutely prevent the existence of home life,

wherever it has taken root, and found care and sustenance.

What, then, are the elements of which a good home life is composed? And what are the essential conditions of its existence?

First, and most important, I should say: **PERMANENCE.** Home life, like all other best things, is a matter of growth and careful cultivation. Nothing worth having is born at maturity. Cultivation, care, attention, and tenderness toward the growing plant of whatever species, is a necessity of its healthful development. You cannot root it up and transplant it frequently; you cannot let it wither from indifference or neglect, and still enjoy its strength and sweetness. If this is true of a pot of mignonette, or a root of geranium, how much more true is it of the human soul; which puts forth an infinite number of unseen feelers and fibers; which is fed by its surrounding influences, as a plant by the soil, and air, and light, and water; and which grows toward the light, and toward the free air, and toward all the influences which expand and render it vigorous and beautiful; just the plant does; and like it, also, needs not only the kind hand to loosen the soil, but the pruning knife, and the disciplining hand, to make it symmetrical; and even such limitations as are required for depth and strength within its natural area.

Permanence, then, is one of the first conditions of true home life; and the only guaranty of this is conscientious parentage. The foundations of the home must be laid before children are born, in the character of the father and mother; for the permanence, the actual morality of the home life, depends upon one quite as much as upon the other. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that the woman is chiefly responsible for the success and welfare of the home. The influence, the help of the man is quite as necessary, and the domestic character, the natural look of home, and interest in home surroundings is of far more importance to a young girl in deciding upon a husband, than brilliant society qualities. Doubtless the influences which grow out of the associations of early life depend largely upon the mother; but a great deal of that which is implanted in the nature of the child, which develops with its growth, and strengthens with its strength, comes from the father, and not unfrequently breaks out with a resistless force that seems to overthrow the results of early training and faithful effort on the part of a kind and conscientious mother. Therefore, though the mother is an important and indispensable element in a true home life, she is not the only one; there must be others to establish its morality on a secure basis.

Next, however, in the order of elemental requisites to a good home life, and one which, indeed, is presupposed by those which have preceded it, is certainly **THE GENTLE MOTHER**; and by this I mean the mother with insight, with a tender conscience, with self-control, with a certain trust in the good that she does not see, as the outcome of the ill that she sees, and with an infinite capacity for patience, and waiting to see the result of her labor.

The constant presence, the striving of such a mother, must bear good fruit; to suppose for an instant that her work could return to her void, would be to ignore every lesson that life and its experiences teach.

The third potent factor in home life is the good, wise, unselfish husband and father. A man who possesses the high and essential qualities of manhood is so love-compelling, so worthy of his place in the universe, and has it so freely accorded him, that it is a pity there should be any that are mean and selfish, brutal or degraded. And there is no other place where the best or the worst qualities tell with more certainty for or against the happiness of the inmates, than in the home.

A man may pass muster among his fellow-men; he may be known among them as a "good fellow," and yet be careless, indifferent, willing to see those nearest to him suffer, rather than sacrifice his comfort, and quite willing to lie, rather than have other people find him out. He may be as sentimental as Sterne, and as hard and cruel. Unless a man can stand the test of personal care and sacrifice for those who are weaker, poorer, more dependent than himself, he is not fit to be the guardian of a home, the sole friend of a woman, and dependence of a family. Nor is he fit for this place who spends his evenings and part of his nights at clubs, or the common rendezvous of men. When a man marries, his wife and family should be supreme in his heart, and stand first in his thoughts. The greatest good that can be accomplished in this life is to properly form and rear the human beings who are to come after us; and this cannot be done without the conscientious aid of a wise and good father.

The fourth essential element of honest and happy home life is **INDUSTRY**—usefulness. The idea of a home is associative, and its actual advance upon isolated and individual existence consists in the working of each for the good of all; that is to say, in the actual contribution which each one makes toward the life, health, and happiness of the remainder. It is not, or should not be the province of children to contribute to the maintenance of the family; because they are in the state of growth and preparation for doing their own work in the world by and by. The father is the natural provider, the mother the natural care-taker; the children, the enlargement, the outgrowth, the life-sweetness; the fruit of the toil and care and labor, which is in some way inseparable from the lot of man or woman; and which brings more compensation, if courageously accepted according to the true and natural order, than if selfishly shirked or thought of as a grievance.

This family life is the beginning of communal life; of a life which grows outward from the inward, taking in other lives from the desire of social companionship and sympathy; and thus, perhaps unconsciously, enlarging and completing its own. Whether it stops here it is not my purpose to inquire. The family life may be the threshold to the still larger, more complete, and perfect home life of the future; but it is simply this one which the most of us have to live, and it is

with its conditions, its relations, and its possibilities that we have to make ourselves acquainted.

Next in the order of elemental requisites for home life comes **REGULARITY.** This is an absolute condition of bodily health all through life, but particularly in the period of growth; it is also as necessary to the permanent moral and intellectual well-being of the family, and each member of it. There is no backbone, no strength, no repose to irregularity, nothing to rely upon. I recollect a couple who were always late at church when I was a girl; so regularly late, that they were as good as a time-piece, and became a proverb throughout the village where we then lived. "Oh, dear," said my mother, one Sunday morning, "there go Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so: it is no use, I shall have to give up going to church this morning."

"Why! mother," remarked her daughter, "is it not possible that they may be early, just for once?"

"No, they are *never* early. Go look at the clock;" and sure enough it was already after time. Now, there was virtue in this vice; it could be relied upon.

It was not irregularity, it was want of punctuality; a fault sometimes of very methodical, but generally distressingly fussy people. An actual want of regularity is a species of dishonesty, for it argues the absence of conscientiousness, and consideration in the estimate put upon the value of time; it argues also a want comprehension of the great factors in human existence; and the necessity for honor, and honesty, and truth, and thoughtfulness for others, in the most minute details of our relations with them.

The loving kindness which crowns all these attributes, and makes of the home the nursing mother of all sweet affections and sympathies toward the whole human race, is more than the love which springs up in the hearts of young men and young women, and which has for its first object self-gratification; it is the beginning of that larger love which grows naturally out of the family, and which recognizes its kinship with the whole human family, its obligations to the universe of which it forms a part. It is in this conception that the morality of the family has its root; in this highest ideal of home life, that of living for others, of subordinating ourselves to the duties, the requirements, the obligations of home, family and social life.

But to realize this ideal of home life is now almost an impossibility, because external circumstances are so opposed to all its essential elements. It is hard for individuals to work against the combined forces of depraved public tastes, social disorder, and dishonest methods; and the best that we can do to elevate the tone and morals, and promote the general welfare, is to quietly do our own duty, and use all the influence we possess, all the energy, and all the resources at our disposal, to raise the standard of public taste and opinion, create order, and cultivate honor and honesty in ourselves, and those about us.

There are some things which all homes

ought to have, but which all homes do not have, which belong to the exterior order, and exercise a vast influence upon interior life and growth; and these are light, air, space, and means for thorough cleanliness. Do those who have the means always at command realize what a luxury personal cleanliness is, and what it takes to insure it? It requires privacy for one thing, and the world was ages old before people lived excepting in herds and tribes, with the common tent or cavern as a dwelling place; and there are nomadic people who live in this way at the present time, and develop the vices which the habit of sharing the common earth, the common sky, and following the dictates of their own will, without reference to the feelings or convenience of the rest of the world, generates.

But how does our civilization treat its lowest orders, its nomades, its untaught, its ill-regulated and undisciplined races? In the country it hides them in holes and fastnesses, making pariahs and thieves of them. In the city it shuts them up, a crowd of them together, in a huge, black structure called a tenement house, where is dirt and darkness, and the perpetual misery of desolation and despair confronting each other. The angels of heaven could not preserve their sweetness and purity in such an atmosphere. Is it surprising that disgust takes the place of affection, that hatred is fostered, that intoxicating drinks—anything that will drown the actual, even for a moment—is eagerly sought?

We hear a great deal about the possibilities in this country for the workingman, but these possibilities only exist for those who possess unusual ability, or exceptional opportunities. The average workingman—that is, the average mechanic, the average laborer—generally remains such to the end of his life, and his children are inheritors of a legacy of toil. This fact is recognized by the endowment of our great public schools, where the children of the poor can be educated free of charge.

But why is not this care extended to the dwellings of the poor? Why are such black nests of disease suffered to exist as the average tenement house? Why are not streets furnished with bright, clean, well-paved sidewalks? Why cannot the dwellings of the poor have their balconies for flowers; their clean courtyards set with a bright mosaic of stone; their laundries where the common washing could be done; their abundant means for lighting and ventilation, so that wickedness should have no place to hide, and disease-breeding air find itself utterly routed, and exterminated? All this could be done, and it ought to be done for the poor, because they are in no position to do it for themselves. Their life is one long hand-to-hand struggle for daily bread; they are obliged to accept such things as they find ready to hand, and they are, for the most part, ignorant of many of the simplest facts and laws of human existence.

The best of us have sufficiently dim and crude ideas of what is healthful and cleanly. We take off woolen dresses day after day, and year after year, and hang them in closets

with quantities of other clothing, in closets which are mere holes or recesses in the wall, and which store up every fetid exhalation which is put into them.

The good influence which intelligent action in regard to all these matters might exert would not be confined to improvement in bodily health; it would enlarge, brighten, beautify the moral aspect of our lives.

The way to make people good is to surround them with good things. Why do we not have public baths in plenty, so that those who wish can be clean? Why do we not have coffee houses where there are grogeries, and great soup boilers where there are beer saloons?

And now comes the question which bears with such awful weight upon the possibility of morality in our social life, and with which girls have much more to do than they think—the question of drunkenness—and it is one which it is high time to meet squarely, and face bravely. Good homes, happy homes, pure homes, moral homes are impossible so long as such deadly enemies to all that is honest and true and sweet and lovely, as whisky, brandy, and their kindred, are bought and sold without let or hindrance, without, in short, being labeled POISON! It is said that this cannot be done; it can. Maine has proved it, and New Hampshire as well. It is difficult so long as the "bar" occupies an authorized and honored place in our halls of legislature; so long as a man can hardly occupy a place in the council of a city, state, or the nation without having graduated so far in the disgraceful school of public liquor drinking that he can take his bottle at a sitting, and only exhibit about his usual average of imbecility.

But this liquor on draught at every street corner, this public indorsement by those who should be the teachers, and are the law-makers; fills our hospitals and penal institutions, breaks up homes, sends children to the street, or the guardianship of public charities, and hangs around the neck of the community at large an awful burden of individual and collective responsibility.

Drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of the insanity which peoples our public and private lunatic asylums, and deprives wives of husbands, children of parents; which paralyzes the strength of manhood, and sends gray hairs to dishonored graves. Let us work toward rendering the sources of morality in our homes sweet, and clean, and strong, and enduring, and we shall not have to work so much over the individual ills that are the perpetual outgrowth of a bad system.

And young girls with pure desires, who wish to lead a good and happy life, do not you be the ones to tempt any to their ruin, or to encourage the use of wines and liquors as part of social entertainment. Label them dangerous! and they will soon be avoided as dangerous, but so long as they are accepted as adding a charm, the danger which lurks in them is not realized. Men may guard the honor of a nation, but the honor of the nation depends upon the morality of its home life, and women must be the guardians of that.

Correspondents' Class.

"AMATEUR."—*To Grain in Oak.*—Take two pounds of whiting, quarter of a pound of gold size thinned down with spirits of turpentine; then tinge your whiting with Vandyke brown and raw sienna ground fine. Strike out your lights with a fitch dipped in turpentine, tinged with a little color to show the lights. If your lights do not appear clear, add a little more turpentine. Turpentine varnish is a good substitute for the above-mentioned. This kind of graining must be brushed over with beer, with a clean brush, before varnishing. Strong beer must be used for glazing up top-graining and shading.

Oil for Graining Oak.—Grind Vandyke brown in turpentine, and as much gold size as will set, and as much soft-soap as will make it stand the comb. Should it set too quickly, add a little boiled oil. Put a teaspoonful of gold size to half a pint of turpentine and as much soap as will lie on a twenty-five cent piece; then take a little soda mixed with water and take out the veins.

To Prepare the Ground for Oak Rollers.—Stain your white lead with raw sienna and red lead, or with chrome yellow and Venetian red; thin it with oil and turps, and strain for use. When the ground-work is dry, grind in beer, Vandyke brown, whiting, and a little burnt sienna, for the graining color, or use raw sienna with a little whiting, umbers, etc. *To Imitate Old Oak.*—To make an exceedingly rich color for the imitation of old oak, the ground is a composition of stone ochre, or orange chrome, and burnt sienna; the graining color is burnt amber or Vandyke brown, to darken it a little. The above colors must be used whether the imitation is in oil or distemper. When dry, varnish. *To Imitate Old Oak in Oil.*—Grind Vandyke and whiting in turpentine, add a bit of common soap to make it stand the comb, and thin it with boiled oil. *To Imitate Pallard Oak.*—The ground color is prepared with a mixture of chrome yellow, vermilion, and white lead, to a rich light buff. The graining colors are Vandyke brown and small portions of raw and burnt sienna, and lake ground in ale or beer. Fill a large tool with color, spread over the surface to be grained, and soften with the badger-hair brush. Take a moistened sponge between the thumb and finger, and dapple round and round in kind of knobs; then soften very lightly; then draw a softener from one set of knobs to the other while wet, to form a multiplicity of grains, and finish the knobs with a hair pencil, in some places in thicker clusters than others. When dry, put the top grain on in a variety of directions, and varnish with turps and gold size; then glaze up with Vandyke and strong beer. To finish, varnish with copal.

"Mrs. E. J. S."—*For Monochromatic Drawing.*—Take pasteboard or drawing paper of good quality, size with isinglass, or paint with pure white lead. When this has been thoroughly dried, smooth it well with sandpaper, and paint again perfectly smooth. While this coat is yet hardly dry, sift upon it pulverized white marble through fine muslin. Marble can be easily pulverized after burning it. When dry, shake off the loose particles. The paper, all prepared, can be had at any artist-supply store. If you wish a tinted surface, add color to the white paint. You will need for this painting a knife or eraser, crayons, fine sponge, pencils, cork, rubber, piece of kid, and crayon holders. Fold several pieces of kid and soft leather, and use in shading the sharp folded corners; also double some pieces over the ends of pointed and rounded sticks; the learner will find use for several kinds. Always commence painting with the dark shades, and blend gradually into the light. For very dark shades, rub the crayon directly upon the surface with a light hand, and blend off carefully. Paint the sky first.