

experiment, sums up the net result in the saying "I've let you go with wisdom," our Sunday-school.

What is the lesson then? Life is short. It is possible to live so best with wisdom and not simply end with it.

The words of the Bible have been verified. Its waste of time to verify them again. Take these rocks on trust then, and go on to build your life in these sayings, and you shall be likened unto the man that built his house upon a rock.

**Is First Love Folly?**

[Progressive.]

What man or woman living to-day but enjoys the reminiscence of his or her first love? The happy memory does come under the category of the follies of youth? And it is a folly to the extent that it so seldom realizes a reality, yet without an experience that fits one for the greater possibilities of life.

We, as a rule, are not liable to wed our first loves, and, if the exception occurs, nine chances out of ten learn to regret they have taken the course out of rule, for as we love all acknowledge youth we worship an ideal, which as time wears on loses the glamour of blind idolatry, and displays imperfections or even fatal to the anticipation of unalloyed bliss. For this reason we ought to be thankful to see after the fact Daniel Trudgen takes care of her babies in the woods. They may love in their own way, but they must wait to marry, and waiting is but learning, and learning is wisdom. Heart speaks to heart, mind to mind, and they separate, he dreading elsewhere, and she lost in dreams of future wherein her first love has no share. Still we must not rob first love of its rosette tint, and that it has a wondrous power we all acknowledge; you can never recall it, how usefulness it was, how absorbing and how eternal it seemed; and even now that it is gone, and memory alone vibrates our heart-strings, how sweetly it recalls us. Can you ever forget the first love? You cannot figure of the sky as they appeared to you then modern love, even among young people, has somewhat changed from the primitive ideal of a first passion. There is more calculation, more to kindle, and more days have become more matters of science than of impulse. It has a beginning, a second stage, third, too frequently, alas! a period of decline. Have you ever watched the progress of a first love affair? How soon the "first society" love affair? If not it will pay you to do so, should you be fortunate enough to find yourself on time in such a bon ton fashionable circle.

You were at a game played, analogous to chess, for instance, deliberate, full of thought, with nothing left to chance. If there is sentiment, and there is sometimes, 'twill lie where you'd least expect to find it, say the case of a girl who had a first love affair, the perfume she affects, the delicate incense, polished half-moon of her finger-rings, the cut of her dress, shape of her bouquet, or languor of her pose. This diet sustains the existence, the most delicate of her existence. Then comes a sort of artistic study; I might call this the aesthetic period, as we live in an artistic stage. Like the Frenchman, our modern lover conquers by the force of the earliest stage of modern love attentions. He sets a mirror before his mistress, which blots out all defects and enlightens all beauties, and professes to understand her every motive—in short, because he knows her inside of her lady's coiffure, the perfume she affects, the delicate incense, polished half-moon of her finger-rings, the cut of her dress, shape of her bouquet, or languor of her pose. This diet sustains the existence, the most delicate of her existence. Then comes a sort of artistic study; I might call this the aesthetic period, as we live in an artistic stage. Like the Frenchman, our modern lover conquers by the force of the earliest stage of modern love attentions. 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