Casuistry.
Singeth Philomel,
But that her heart is full?
Waxeth roses' smell,
Save to entreat you,—"Cull"?
Sparkleth amber wine,
But that its soul is chaste?
Smelleth it divine,
Save to persuade you—"Taste"?

J. G. H.

Repousse Work.

THE present generation of young ladies has been much given to the decorative art craze. From the days of their childhood, when their souls were enthralled with decalcomania, they have taken up successively every art mania which has appeared. Pottery painting and Kensing- ton stitch, wood carving, appliqué patchwork, and macramé lace, have each had their day; while the last epidemic seems to be repousse work in brass. I will suggest just here that the average young lady's success in most of these ventures may be summed up in her own words: "Appliqué," I have applied myself; "Macramé," I have got tangled up in knots; "Repousse," I am beaten back and crushed.

The repousse work deserves consideration. So many young ladies beat the blatant brass now, that you can hardly make a call without having your ears as much dinned on approaching the house as if you were going into a boiler shop, and your call is marred by the sounds made by the younger brothers, who take their turn at the repousse tools, while their sister is out of sight. You are shown trays and candlesticks, all beaten out of brass by fair hands, and your wonder is great until it appears that these things all have to be "made up" in Boston; that the difference in repousse work "before and after" making up, is as great as in a patent medicine advertisement, and also, that it usually costs more to get the thing "made up" than it would to buy a similar article outright.

Now all this household art, this "beautifying the home," is a step in the right direction and should be encouraged, not laughed at. But the trouble is that the young ladies don't carry it quite far enough. They are too much confined to the sheet brass and the "maker up." The result is that their efforts produce bits of bric-a-brac, charming in themselves, but wholly without integral connection with the house furnishing,—that intimate and necessary connection which lies at the bottom of all true decorative art. We shall never have genuine success in household art in America, until we impress some artistic feeling on the common utensils of daily use. What we want is not a plaque to hang up in awe and reverence on the parlor wall, but some appropriate black and tan sketches on the family bean-pot. Brass is not the only metal that can be repousséed. The menial tin yields readily to the advances of the outline tool and the hammer. Let the young ladies therefore turn their attention in this direction, and beat the ungainly dippers into graceful cala- bashes, the coal scuttles into lily-like receptacles, and the milk-pails into creamy caldrons. They would be surprised to find how much of our common ware would lend itself to such artistic transformation. I would advise, however, as plumber's charges are still high, that they refrain from ornamenting the water pipes and the hot water boiler.

There is much good material wasted in the tomato and such-like cans. What a capital frieze could be made for the dining-room by unrolling the different cans that had been used, and repousséing appropriate designs on each, taking as patterns the fruit pieces which surround the cans. How the dinners of a year could be epitomized and immortalized in this way!

To make the suggestion clearer, I will end by telling of some of my own experiments. My first attempt was to decorate the bowl of the big soup ladle. I thought that if I sketched a map of the western hemisphere on the outside and a map of the circumpolar constellations on the inside of the bowl, it would afford pleasant topics for conversation at the dinner-table, and would instruct my young brother in geography and astronomy. But as I was putting in the Gulf of Mexico with a quarter-inch gauge, my mother...