

the masculine in woman, but it admires queenly grace and power, and there never was a woman too ugly to win the hand and heart of the right man, if she had the elements of beauty and power in her soul, coupled with a fascinating culture and character. Most men are not anxious to marry many of our beauties—so-called. There is often too much reason to be afraid of them. The noblest men have been deceived, and the colossal and the Titanic have fallen prey to the deadly charms of voluptuous and deceitful beauty. David slew Goliath, but the beauty of Bathsheba put a stain upon his great character forever. Samson bore off the gates of Gaza, but Delilah bound him to ruin with a single hair of her head. Solomon's heart, it is said, was as deep as the sea, but woman found the bottom of it. Antony paid the glory of a world for the fascinations of Cleopatra. The beautiful but fickle Helen wrought the ruin of Priam's house and the desolation of classic Troy.

As the highest type of a beautiful character you now behold the mother leading her child—with the rose and the lily, symbols of Jesus—up the shining pathway to the cross. On the right is the broad downward way to destruction, and the old serpent lies at the entrance ready to bite the feet of the little one just stepping upon the arena of responsible life. On the left is the thorny, winding road to the temple of fame and glory, representing worldliness. The path to the cross lies between, and the loving mother directing the feet of her little one to Christ and the Church is, to my mind, the sublimest picture of the beautiful, religiously and spiritually illustrated. Here beauty and duty blend in the loftiest and noblest work of life—leading, first of all, our little lambs to Jesus and the cross.