

this never getting married being the most terrible consequence they can possibly imagine. That she should seek to improve herself more than she has already done; that she should want to study something which she would be capable of teaching or using to her own advantage, is quite out of the question. They have never *thought* of such a thing. Why, she has a license of the first class; she can teach in any of the common schools, and as there are very few *uncommon* ones—which few are already supplied with efficient teachers—what more can she want or expect to get? Oh, she does expect more! She wants a clearer knowledge of everything. The eager faces raised to hers every morning shake her confidence and unnerve her for the day's duties. She must be taught instead of teach. "She can take, but she cannot give."

Now, we would have no one think for one moment that we do not consider the profession of teaching sufficiently elevating; on the contrary, we think if a young lady has abilities and taste for the work, she ought to be happy in it; but it is those who have neither faculty nor liking for their profession we are thinking of, and our thoughts are pitying prayers.

And yet there is a better way. A man can make anything out of his life; and so can a woman, only it is infinitely harder; yet you can, my sister, fear not. Set your mark high, and if you fail in reaching it, you will undoubtedly strike higher than those who aim low, if they stop to aim at all. We must have a purpose in living. We must have an object in view if we expect to make anything noble out of our lives; and it is needless to add that the object must be exalted. Can we willingly spend our lives for fame or riches? Oh, ought there not to be something on which the *soul* of man may rest, and working for which, be satisfied? Yes; there has been given to every man and woman an object worthy their every energy, which they may take into their actual living, and work out in every act of life. It is *the glory of God!* On our banners, as we march through life's great battle, should those words be written. As we struggle through the thorny pathway, over the cutting stones, and up the hill of earthly, yea, and heavenly knowledge; as we toil on 'neath the burning sun of middle life, when the stream of time monotonously plashes over the commonalities of every-day existence, and as we draw towards the end—"The glorious consummation of design"—those words should be graven on heart and brain. A friend, writing to me on

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