

realized but partially here, but will not the happiness of her heaven be greater than that of those who have striven for less lofty ideals?

Head work is often denounced as being hurtful to woman, unfitting her for her true sphere, but she whose mind has been disciplined by earnest study brings a broader understanding, a more enlightened intelligence, to bear upon the things of everyday life, than she who has never tried to see more than one side of a subject. In what respect is the mistress superior to the servant, the teacher to the pupil, if she cannot judge of cause and effect, and bring to bear upon all subjects her powers of reasoning, which have gained strength through exercise in widely different fields? No one but the woman compelled to labor almost entirely with her brains realizes the rest and relief it is to turn to some household duty, and she will perform it more thoroughly and skilfully than one to whom such work appears the utmost of which hand and head are capable. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp," for though he may never accomplish the highest of his self-imposed tasks, the lower ones will be easier to do and better done.

Worry kills more people than work, but a cultivated woman is not likely to die that death. With a mind awakened to the great problems of the day, with an ear tuned to catch the sublime harmonies of nature and art, with an eye that sees the insignificance of all things in this planet compared to the universe around us, and the still more important universe within us, it is simply impossible for her to succumb to petty anxieties. Her horizon is too broad for molehill cases to assume undue proportions.

There is a popular delusion to the effect that a woman of culture seldom has "her heart in the right place." This arises from narrow notions of what is its right place. The sympathies must not be confined to the home circle, to any select body of friends, to a certain set in society, or to any town, land or race. When the heart is broadened by education, it is able to appreciate the good and true no matter under what disguise of clime or color they may be found. The English-speaking women had reached a comparatively high state of civilization before they felt themselves to be sisters of the women of India, and started the Zenana

Missions. Sometimes it is easier to pity the condition of people afar off, than to exercise a little charity to those at home whom we consider not quite our equals socially, or whose creed is but slightly at variance with our own. The ideal woman is a true hero-worshipper, a hater of shams and insincerities wherever found, and her heart is as broad as humanity, nay broader, for it embraces every living thing upon the earth. Education adds weight to individual opinions, and she can wage more successful warfare against vivisection, and all forms of cruelty both to men and animals, than one with whom these things are considered to be a matter of sentiment. Knowing something of plant life, a corner of her soul's mantle covers everything that grows, and she will not suffer flowers, grass, and shrubs to be wantonly destroyed by "the great unwashed" if she can help it.

Men may talk as they will about a woman's head being enlightened always at the expense of her heart, the reverse is generally the case. She becomes, if possible, too sensitive. For instance, it would give her acute pain to witness the demolition of works of art, or noble piles of architecture, which to the unthinking multitude have no meaning whatever. "True," you say, "but is not that a squandering of sentiment upon inanimate objects which might be more wisely spent?" "Affection never was wasted. * * * * * That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain," and she whose heart is susceptible to the good and the beautiful in all their phases, will greatly increase through exercise her powers of loving. She has inexhaustible indulgence, consideration of circumstances, severe judgment of actions joined to merciful judgment of persons, and she will never commit the errors of one in whom the feelings reign alone. The real waste of sentiment consists in the indiscriminate almsgiving which many idle and selfish, as well as some good people, indulge in. There is a kind of selfishness, too, in the delight some women take in making martyrs of themselves. They are the Marthas, always rushing into action before they have sat at the Master's feet and imbibed that wisdom which is the mainspring of all right-doing. If we subtract from the sum total of woman's misery the amount she herself