

With the decline of feudalism came more refinement, which showed itself even in architecture. Windows, hitherto of a kind of transparent stone, were now made of glass, roofs were tiled instead of thatched, and furniture began to be improved. Notwithstanding, however, the changes in their homes, the ladies still neglected them for out-door amusements. They went with their lords to the tournament and chase, taking the greatest delight in these sports. There was little opportunity for intellectual culture, for books were an almost proscribed luxury, a copy of the Bible costing at that time about forty pounds. Those were not the days in which ladies lounged upon their couches and devoured a novel before dinner, and a popular magazine before going out to make their afternoon calls.

After the long Wars of the Roses, general improvement began to be noticeable. The huge stone castles were exchanged for manor-houses of carved and painted wood, but these were imperfectly built, and to exclude the draughts which swept through the rooms, tapestry hangings came into use.

With the accession of the Tudors a mighty stride was made. The extravagant style of living seen in the days of good Queen Bess has never since been equalled. Elizabeth had little beauty of her own, so, like a sensible woman, strove to heighten what charms she had by making her surroundings beautiful. We read of long banqueting-rooms hung in blue velvet and silver, and ebony chairs with plump cushions and embroidered footstools. Drawing-rooms hung in tapestry woven in imitation of classic scenes, oriental cushions, and easy couches in place of chairs, and scattered all about the room harps and embroidery-frames which betrayed the feminine accomplishments of the day. But in spite of the inviting luxuriousness of their homes, the ladies had not yet learned the true comforts of domestic life. They still spent their time, or at least a great part of it, at the chase or tournament, the latter of which amusements had fallen far below the standard of chivalric times, and sometimes scenes were enacted which were unfit for the eyes of courtly dames. They rode to the chase fearlessly, and took unqualified delight in almost all the pleasures which are now left to the sterner sex.

The coarseness of manner which would naturally be the issue of such habits was modified by the refinement resulting from the deep study of literature, especially the classics, which was the fashion in the days of Elizabeth. Gradually women began to recognize their duties, though, as is usually the case in such changes, they now went to the other extreme, and dropped all their accomplishments for the commonest work of the household. In the time of the Stuarts the accomplishments of the ladies consisted in brewing wine and baking pastry. Only in our own times do we find the happy medium. And now that it is found, and the comforts and happiness of quiet domestic life are beginning to be recognized, dire hints are cast out that woman is soon to be called upon to leave her home and spend her days in canvassing and voting. Let us be thankful that nothing so unnatural has yet come to pass, and sincerely hope that the privilege of remaining in peace in her own home may be the one ever accorded to her.

C.

## THE WAY WITH THE WORLD.

SUSPIRIA.

"Take them, O grave! and let them lie,  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And sacred only to ourselves."

SADLY and silently on that November afternoon the funeral passed through Cambridge on its way to the lovely city of the dead—Mount Auburn. Sadly and silently it came through the arched gateway and past the chapel, where, with their white garments draped about them, stood the fathers of American liberty. Slowly it continued its journey past the grim bronze guardians, past the gloomy gray vaults, down to the spot chosen for the resting place of Gerald Humphreys, till he shall hear the glad summons "Come ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world." With weary heart and pallid face, yet with tearless eye, the wife approached the grave. The wind sighed as it passed by her and she caught the sigh, but drew her mantle more closely around her, nor knew Nature's sympathy; the bells tolled their pity, but she heeded them not; the trees murmured a