WOMAN

Edited by Mrs. E. DAY MacPherson

"SELF FIRMNESS, which is the product of will is the bane of all life."

THE Chicago Society of Decorative Art affords a livelihood to about 2,000 women

THE New England M. E. Conference has voted in favor of admitting women, 160 to 63

ALL over the country cities are advocating owning their own gas, electric plants and water works.

THE education consists in the development of all the powers of the mind and the body

LEPROSY is not considered incurable in Eastern Siberia. The natives cure themselves by the use of herbs

"NOTHING is, but all things seem," and hypnotism be not a vulgar cheat from end to end, nothing has an absolute reality

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has joined the honorary council of the forthcoming International Congress of Hygiene and Demography

PROTEAN, illusory, evading the touch, changing to the eyes, love is of those elemental mysteries of human life whereof no man has the key."

THE president of a recent sanitary commission decided that, "If England could wake tomorrow physically clean, she would wake pure also in spirit and godly in comprehension of goodness."

If you wish to be extensively useful, do not spend your time in contending for or against things of a disputable nature, but in testifying against notorious vice and in promoting real, essential holiness. —*Bishop Potter.*

FAITH.—Religion is the hidden meaning of the life with which we are endowed—the inner significance that lies beneath the surface—that which supplies life with force and energy, and imparts to it no direction.—*Tolstoi.*

A PAPER by Miss De Graffenried, who won the first prize of $300 offered by the American Economic Association, on "The Needs of Self-Supporting Women," has been published in connection with the Johns Hopkins "University Studies in History and Politics."

REAL existence is the incarnation of Deity, the world process is the passion, history of God made flesh, and at the same time the way to the redemption of Him who was crucified in the flesh. To be moral is to lend a helping hand in shortening this way of suffering and of redemption.—*Hartmann.*

TASTY dishes for breakfast or lunch can be made with little trouble out of the remains of yesterday's meat, game, poultry or fish; even that most hopeless of all meats, that cut from a soup bone after cooking, will make a palatable relish for breakfast, by chopping finely, seasoning with pepper, salt, and a little ketchup or table sauce. Slowly simmer for a few moments in a little gravy or water, and melted butter. Serve very hot on toast.

"COMPETITION among plants and animals is fierce, merciless and deadly. Out of competition fear and pain are born. Out of competition come anger and hatred and ferocity. But it must not be forgotten that out of this same competition arise things more beautiful and lovely, such as the wing of the butterfly, the plumage of the bird, the fur of the beast, the hum of the honeybee, the song of the nightingale and the chatter of the squirrel—so good and evil dwell together."—*Powell.*

THE impulse which John Wesley gave has not yet spent its force, and the electric flash which he kindled is still potent to kindle the phenomena and reality of life. The evangelical movement, the Oxford movement, even the recent enthusiasm of the Salvation Army are traceable to his example and the convictions which he inspired. Truthfulness, energy, sincerity like his will never be in effectual. He has taken his secure place among the benefactors of mankind, and furnished one more illustration that

"Good deeds can never die—
They with the sun and moon revive their light
Forever blessing those that look on them."
—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

SALADS.

IN this coming season there ought not to be any difficulty in providing a variety of this eminently healthy dish. The salad, Endive, mustard, cress and radishes, dandelion and chicory, are all used as well as lettuce. Watfoo is a Flemish variety of chicory, which is not nearly so bitter in taste. It is something like sea kale, and can be cooked and served like it. A good dressing, for those who do not care for the oil, is made as follows:—Two tablespoonful mustard, a teaspoonful of flour, the same of sugar and of salt, the yolk of two eggs, a teacupful of water, and a tablespoonful of vinegar; mix these well together in a saucepan; add to it the above ingredients, and stir unceasingly until the same boils. Add water or vinegar if too thick; it must pour creamy.

HINDOO GIRLS AT OXFORD.

ONE of the most interesting and striking figures among the Oxford students, says Elizabeth Bisland, in *Harper's Bazar*, is Cornelia Sorabji, a tall, olive-skinned girl, as slender as the traditional Indian princess who weighed only one rose-leaf. Clothed in her native dress of pale blue crape embroidered with gold, with its mantle draped over her head like a veil, and shadowing her astonishingly large and brilliant eyes, she makes a strange picture among the rosy, blonde Englishwomen in their tailor gowns." Professor of Literature in the University of Bombay at the early age of eighteen, she still thirsted for broader opportunities, and found her way to Somerville Hall, at Oxford. Here she attracted attention by her brilliant examination papers in history and literature. The Government decided, however, that a woman with a knowledge of law was needed to collect evidence in the Zenanas, where men are not allowed to enter, and Miss Sorabji entered upon a legal course. After six months study, her papers in Roman law were laid by the examiners to be the most remarkable and able ever presented to the university by any student of either sex. Prince Dhuleep Singh's two daughters are also members of Somerville, and in its full stand ing of the most noted and noble names of England. Less is heard of women's success at Oxford than at Cambridge, because of a different system of conferring honors but women are doing excellent work there

HE WAS NOT WORTH IT.

My dear lady, believe me, he was not worth it. You spoilt your pretty face with weeping by night and moping by day for a man whom you idealized from the commonplace good fellow he was, into a kind of humanized deity whom the goddesses themselves might love. In truth, he was not fit to tie your shoes—he—to whose shrine you carried all the love of your young heart, and all the poetry of your tender soul. But no one will convince you of it, for it was only Colin Clout whom you had made into an Adonis, and that your whole ritual of worship was no truer than Shy's, "my lordship of honor." He was no more an Adonis than he was a St. John. To every eye but your own he was the merest lump of commonplace mediocrity to be found between earth and sky. But you chose to wrap yourself in the veil of illusion, and to see things which did not exist. * * * * Long after his fancy for you had passed like a mist-wreath on the mountains, you kept yours for him alone, and living as an evergreen oak, and watered it with your tears for the increased harvest of your sorrow. That sick regret—that morbid illusion—stood between you and a mere whole-some reality—but if you had married him—good Lord, my dear woman, how you would have regretted it when the glamour had faded and the delusive gloss had worn off.—*E. Lynn Linton.*

WORK AMONG THE POOR

I HAVE been asked to write on work among the poor. I have dwelt on the churchly and Christian side of it, because I am convinced that the work to be done to day, can be successfully done only by a converted Church. Soon or late the State will be obliged to institute great changes. Private philanthropy, corporate charity can never altogether remove evils that one day we shall meet with in regarding as intolerable; evils that dwarf and cripple the growth of our country. But to day much can be done. The duty of the hour is to bring man nearer to man, to bridge a fast widening and fast deepening gulf that divides the rich from the poor. Our statute books are encumbered with the records of inoperative legislation, because such enactments do not rest on moral convictions among the bulk of our people. Legislation will amount to little till it shall be the proctocol voicing of an aroused public conscience. To awaken and to educate man's sense of duty to his fellow is the work entrusted to the Church of God. To do this work she must anticipate legislation not merely follow in its track. She alone can reveal to man that broad and everlasting foundation on which all true progress and prosperity can be based—an unpeachable belief and hope in a Father infinitely wise, loving and just, and an unalterable love, respect and pity for a humanity capable at last of understanding and enjoying Him forever. To reply to the cry of the poor to day with money only, is to offer a hungry man a stone. The poverty around us, the poverty we must minister to, dwarfs the man, for the worst ache it knows is the ache of a wronged heart.—*W. S. Ransford.*

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY.

ALL day long I had been reading the work of a famous writer—a novel with the pitiful realism of modern society as its subject-matter.

As I finished the book, and stopped to think out some of the many problems it suggested, I found that my whole being was a chaos of conflicting emotions. Thought was an impossibility. I could only *feel*, and that for the same reason that makes a dog howl when the church bells ring. What was apparently only the sweetest harmony to the author, and intended to convey contentment and harmony, was to me only jangling discord. For a time I felt that I too could do nothing but wave and cry. Gradually, however, these vibrations, so discordant, merged into one of lethargy, and this in turn changed into a dreaming state.

Slowly the sunset light that had seemed so clear and joyous in my waking vision, was transfused with a soft radiance. It changed the opal-tinted air into a golden light that gave one the sense of beholding through a medium far transcendent to that of ordinary light. Gradually as of the ringing of silver chimes seemed to come from out of the ether, and then a perfume, subtly sweet, penetrated to my inmost consciousness, and seemed to operate within me as a soft, but reaching sympathy with all of nature's forces. It was as if there was in this perfume a power to teach one the secret of life, and it was borne in upon me as never before that this secret was the essence of that principle which so many in the world are striving to understand—the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

Soon a form projected itself out of this wonderful light, and a Being stood before me to whom my heart gave instant homage. He was dressed in an orange-colored robe, and I seemed to understand that this was worn as a sign of his having been set apart as a teacher of truth.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of his face, although at the time so strong was the influence that seemed to radiate from his presence that I felt my soul touched with a vivid sense of its purity. The eyes were soft, yet glowing, and the voice when he spoke vibrated with the harmony of a nature perfectly attuned in all its relations.

At once I felt that he understood the confusion into which I had fallen in trying to find an equilibrium for the opposing forces that seemed to be at work in the world, as depicted in the book I had been reading. When he began speaking to me, it seemed as if he addressed a spirit within me rather than the self of which I was ordinarily conscious. I realized a power of comprehension and a faculty to reason very different from that of everyday life, and was penetrated with a sense of comradeship with the stranger that was strangely comforting. It seemed as if in his presence a new Being awoke in me of which I never before had even dreamed.

I felt that this arose from a quickening of the life force that forced its impulse in the impetus given it in the vitalization pulsating from the stranger. I realized as never before what the influence for good may be in any man who has chosen to live a life free from taint.

This influence is an actual force—intangible it may be but none the less potent. If such men were to come and live among us, entering into our everyday life, the world would soon find itself filled with a mighty power to move it onward and upward—if only these men would continue steadfast in their purity of life. I wish I could transcribe all that was told to me in that wonderful dream. The lesson that sank deepest into my heart and remained clearest to my waking consciousness was that concerning the essence of the Brotherhood of Humanity. I was told that this essence was found in the spiritual principle which all men had received "in the Beginning as an Emanation from the Absolute One."

The secret strength of this principle lay in the fact that man was not really the finite creature we know with our earth-born senses—that we see but a personality for the individual—the spirit which, at the birth of the Universe, began an experience of earthly life. The Law of Existence compels the individual to pass through all phases of earthly experience, and make him subject to many re-births into this world.

Therefore, when we look with contempt upon those who have sinned even to the extreme of vileness, we are but despising what we ourselves may have already experienced, or may have actually to go through in some future re incarnation.

"Judge not that ye may not be judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." These words have assumed a new meaning to my mind since this new light has been thrown upon the reason of one's Being. There is a law that operates with the most exact justice, of which these words is an exact expression. Every thought, we hold—every action which is the outcome of this thought is a cause producing an effect—which will be as potent a factor in our life, present and future, and in that of those around us—as is the law that holds the planets in their course.

The practical outcome of this lesson of my dream seems to me to be a very vital one. When we realize that our own thoughts and actions are the causes ever at work to make the warp and woof of our own life, how simple becomes the work of restoring the tangled web of existence to its original golden splendor!

We are taught in the churches that the bad actions of our life here have an effect upon the state of our existence after death—unless we receive the atonement of Jesus Christ, who died to save us from the effect of our sins.

We are also taught that a man who, through all the years of his life, has been guilty of every sin, to injure and to his neighbor, may be saved from all evil consequences of such a life if at his last hour he repents and has faith in the atoning blood of the Lamb. His future life will be as free from all suffering as if he had led the life of the saint all his days. What is the consequence of this belief in the great majority of mankind?

Look at the world as it is and learn the truth!

But if all men were instead to see the justice of this law of cause and effect, and that its operations were actively at work during every moment of the lives of each one of us, then would Altruism become the vital principle of action, and the result would be soon felt in a regeneration of humanity.

Come with me for a moment to this palace in a great city. It is the home of a merchant prince and of his wife and daughters. Every luxury is there. The man feels the love of his kind towards his family and gives them what he feels sure ought to gratify their utmost wishes. He loves himself, too, as such men only can love, with the love of selfishness, and in turn he gives to himself all that his nature craves. But does he love humanity for humanity's sake? Ah! that is another matter altogether. He sees in humanity a mere cog in a vast machine, made to create for him those conditions of life which he enjoys. He spares no effort of his life and strength to get from humanity what he can wring from it. But he cares little for it, as he goes through life, he brings a blessing or a curse upon his neighbor. What cares he for the grief that sops the mind—for the want—the sin—the foul disease—that are the only heritage, in many lot, of many who serve him. He really cares nothing. He lives what the world calls a splendidly happy life, and cares little for any life that may come afterwards. But would he have lived this life if he had realized the Nemesis that awaits him? For every selfish act, for every cruel deed, for every evil thought even of his life, he must repay to this Nemesis in like suffering and misery. If all the world believed that this law was actually in operation every moment of every separate life, would not mankind in sheer self-defence, turn in its ways and practise Altruism instead of selfishness?

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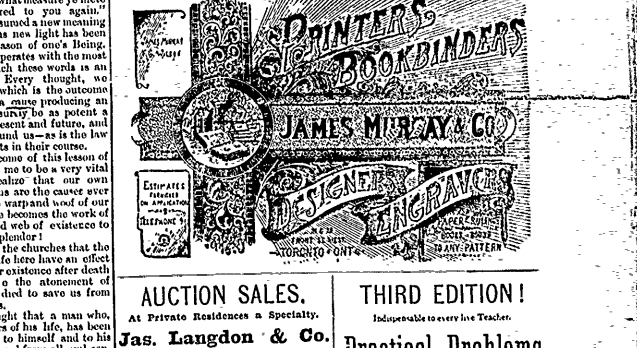

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