

over, and we never live? It is too bad, is it not, that we all missed that? But, for all it was kept so very quiet, I am sure it is quite what the girls would all wish that our very heartiest good wishes should be expressed here, and we all wish M—— every happiness and all the grace needed to meet the greater responsibilities of the new life she has entered upon.

What will the summer bring to each one of us? Although we know that every little step of our lives is ordered for us, yet we are left free to act, and we make our own choice in all things. Let us be very watchful of every action and every word, remembering that each one is like the ring made in the water if you drop in a stone—a ring that increases and grows every minute until it reaches the shore. And a careless word “just said for fun,” where does its influence stop? And our actions? Be careful, girls! One can enjoy life and have all the fun and merriment going without being giddy or careless of one’s conduct. The girls who are quiet and modest always gain the most respect and real admiration; the others are perhaps taken more notice of for the time, but they are lightly esteemed and lightly spoken of, and are on very dangerous, slippery ground, on which it is easy to go down, but only those who have had the sad experience know how fearfully hard it is to get back again. May God keep all our girls from these dangerous ways, giving them all a sense of His care and watchfulness over them!

EMILIE G. OWEN

## An Answer

Do you know you have asked for the greatest thing

Ever made by the Hand above?  
A woman’s heart, and a woman’s life,  
And a woman’s wonderful love.

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing

As a child might have asked for a toy,  
Demanding what others have died to win  
With the reckless dash of a boy?

My lessons of duty you have written out;  
Man-like, you have questioned me:  
Now stand at the bar of my woman’s soul  
Till I have questioned thee.

You require your bread should be always good,  
Your stockings and shirt should be whole;  
I require your heart to be true as God’s stars,  
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef  
I require a far better thing!

A seamstress you’re wanting for stocking and shirt:

I want a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called Home  
And a man that the Maker, God,

Can look upon as He did the first,  
And say, “It is very good.”

I am young and fair, but the rose will fade  
From the soft, young cheek some day.

Will you love me then ‘mid the falling leaves  
As you did ‘mid the bloom of May?

I require all things that are good and true,  
All things that a man should be.

If you give me this, I will stake my life  
To be all you require of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook  
You may hire, with little to pay;

But a woman’s heart and a woman’s life  
Are not to be won that way.

