

# THE LADIES' JOURNAL

(Continued from page 3.)

## CHAPTER V.

BARROW, August 1st.

feeble old woman, doffed his hat with an old-time stateliness to her, patted tow-head, and then went up the steps to the store, supporting the old woman with one arm, while the child clung to the other.

"Is that the minister?" asked Caroline.

"Bless you, no, miss; that's Mr. Darwin who gets more out of his land than any man in the place can get out o' his. But, bless him, why wouldn't things prosper for him! If ever there was a saint on this earth! He's not over strong, more's the pity—and ever since his wife died he's been frailer nor ever."

Mrs. Baxter was quite a noted biographer.

## CHAPTER IV.

Caroline went into the woods one day, searching for flowers. She felt very peaceful and happy. She gathered the sweet, wild blossoms until her arms were full of dog-tooth violets, and late hepaticas, and fragrant dicentras. Then she went towards home.

"There is a stile over there, if you wish to go out," said someone,—and Caroline looked up to see Mr. Darwin. He had a little lamb in his arms, and was tenderly binding up a broken leg of the little creature.

So he walked towards the village with her, still carrying the wounded lamb, and as they went he told her the names of the flowers, and their manner of growth.

So they became friends, and from that day she was willing to listen at his feet while he talked of the people of Barrow, and he would speak in the kindest way of their little idiosyncrasies and foibles, dwelling upon the strength of character of this one, upon the tenderness and sympathy of that one, and upon the latent powers in some other.

"Ah, there are noble possibilities among these people," he would say. And she wondered at his knowledge of human nature, for she felt that he understood it.

She did not realize yet that he was a teacher.

It had been the hottest day of the season. The curtains were drawn back from the window in the little house across the way; but the air stood motionless, and a little figure lay panting on the bed. Little tow-head was nigh unto death, and Caroline was bending over him, moistening his fevered brow. His poor, deaf mother was weeping wildly on her husband's breast in an adjoining room, but grandma sat, still and white, by the little bed. Her eyes were fixed in unutterable sorrow upon the child's face, but there was a holy calm upon hers which was not all sorrow. Perhaps she was looking forward to the time when she and little tow-head should walk the fair pastures hand in hand.

"Poor little tow-head! Presently he looked up and smiled feebly. "That's Car'line!" he whispered—he and Caroline had become fast friends during the past weeks—"My Car'line!" And the words were very sweet to her.

A gentle touch rested on her shoulder. She looked up to see Mr. Darwin.

"Can you bear this?" he whispered.

She nodded, and Mr. Darwin was gone. She heard his voice in the adjoining room, and soon he entered with the parents.

The paroxysms of grief were over, and Heaven seemed almost in the midst of the silent group.

It was over at last, and when the grey dawn stole in past the lilac-bush, Grandma, Caroline, and Mr. Darwin stood alone in the room.

"God bless you, Mr. Darwin," faltered grandma, "what would they do without you?"

But Mr. Darwin stood with folded arms, looking down upon the dead. His face was full of an unutterable sorrow.

"Grandmother," he said, "I once had a little boy, too. He was the image of his mother,"—and Caroline knew that his great heart was with them.

Miss Bambridge, kindly escorted me through and made the needed explanations.

On entering the Guild building the lobby is found to contain a long table spread with the most attractive current literature. At the right of the doorway is a committee room utilized once a week for the meetings of the Astronomical Society, also for gospel meetings. To the left of the entrance is a double room for the secretary's office, and parlor. Opposite the committee room and the secretary's office is the entrance to the lecture hall. A more beautiful and compact auditorium could rarely be found. The spacious gallery and the main floor slope, so that every seat commands a full view of the platform. At either side of the latter neat dressing rooms are conveniently arranged.

Under the lecture hall is a gymnasium, fully equipped with all necessary apparatus. It is 65 feet long by 45 feet wide. The instructor is Miss M. Thompson, whose class numbers about 35. This class is to take a prominent part in the closing exercises in marching, wand drill, clubs, dumb bells, tableaux, etc.

The Guild parlor is a most beautiful room, running along the whole front of the second floor over the main entrance, the secretary's office and committee room. In it is a lending library of several thousand volumes.

On the second floor there are numerous class rooms, in which are taught elocution, music, (vocal and instrumental) bookkeeping, shorthand, dressmaking and cutting, plain and fancy sewing, writing, English literature, painting and drawing, and in fact about everything that it is necessary for a nineteenth century girl to know.

The writer was privileged to view some exquisite china painting, the work of Miss Porter, whose studio is in one of the brightest of the Guild rooms. In the basement, or really the first story, a practical cooking class is conducted.

Each Monday evening is devoted to the social life of the members of the Y.W.C.G., and on that evening concerts are held, friendly little repasts are served, and members feel particularly in touch with fellow members.

A class lately started is the millinery class, which has an enthusiastic membership.

The indefatigable President of the Guild is Mrs. Harvie, the well-known philanthropist and temperance worker. To her energy and foresight, her indomitable perseverance and her Christian faithfulness, may be attributed much of the Guild's success.

The Guild property, including land is worth some \$42,000, and each year since the society was started the balance for current expenses came out on the right side. This speaks volumes in these depressed times.

The Gazette is the organ of the society.

## WOMEN'S PROGRESS.

It was decided at the last session of the Ontario Legislature, that women lawyers should be allowed to act as barristers and plead the cases of their clients. The debate was most amusing, several members contending that women had already too strong a foothold in the positions held by men; but Hon. G. W. Ross, the true friend of Canadian women, upheld in a delightful manner our side of the question. "Why should they not act as barristers? The whole world knows they make far better pleaders than the men do."

The session was held about Easter time, and many of the members, remembering the eloquent pleadings of their dear wives and daughters for Easter finery, said never a word more but supported the motion to a man.

## THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN GUILD.

As journalistic visitor to the various philanthropic, educational and charitable institutions, I came, in the course of my wanderings, to a handsome, four-story structure on McGill St., known as the Y. W. C. Guild. The secretary,