

must have been the lot of both mother and child. As she lay there in her weakness, she kept asking whether her husband had come back; and as hour after hour passed away, her heart was ready to break, thinking that surely some evil had befallen him; and when, after midnight, he came tumbling in, swearing and grumbling at everybody he met, she hid her face and wept like a child. They put him to bed, where he soon fell asleep; and in the morning when he awoke, and found himself at home, he tried to recall the events of the previous night. After a while he collected his thoughts, and bitterly lamented his weakness, but vowed never again thus to be led astray.

How the Sunday was spent under such circumstances can be better imagined than described. What with a guilty conscience, empty cupboards, and no money—who can wonder that discord and misery reigned in that home? As the day wore away, a resolution was formed in Richard's mind, that with the new morning a new life should begin; and after another night's rest, he started with a determination to make a good week, thus hoping to learn wisdom and profit by the past. Just as he was entering the place where the workshop stood, he encountered a shopmate, who said to him:

"Hallo, Dick, you are in for it."

"In for what?" said Richard.

"What, don't you know what you did on Saturday at the 'Lion'?"

"Yes, but what of that; I only had a drop too much; and am going to make a good week, as my wife has given me another child."

"Well, I hope you may, but I doubt it; don't you know who you knocked down outside the 'Lion'?"

"No; I don't recollect anything about it."

"If you don't, somebody else does; for it was our young master whom you struck, and he has gone to the magistrates to take out a summons against you; for he says he'll see whether he cannot put an end to this sort of thing."

This was quite an unexpected blow to Richard's cherished plan, for a moment he stood fixed to the spot, afraid to move either one way or the other. To advance would be to face the magistrates, and then perhaps the prison, as he had no money to pay any fine; to go back he dare not, for his guilty conscience told him of his poor, neglected, starving wife and children. With a feeling of desperation coming over him, he resolved to fly from both. In a moment he was gone, no one ever could tell where.

If you would be free from a similar danger, your only safe course is to abstain from *all* appearance of evil. The germ is hidden in the *one glass*; if that be taken, who shall tell *where* it may end?

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A few weeks after, if you had been staying at the house of another working-man in that neighborhood, on a cold afternoon in March, you might have seen Mary Carter, with the babe in her arms, begging bread for herself and five children—with no other prospect than the workhouse before her for the remainder of her days.

Would to God we could give to such a woman, and all other illused wives, the power to enter an action against the man who should thus tempt and ruin the families of our land.

Methinks I see the court and the magistrate, with the publican and the poor wife all face to face; the evidence is conclusive, the verdict is given; and, amid the thanks of many a heart, the magistrate shall say: "Mr. Landlord, as you have been the cause of this woman losing her husband, and the only means of supporting herself and family, I shall make an order that you keep them in food and home, until the husband comes back again." And all the people shall say, "Amen and Amen."

Women of England! ah, and men also! aid us to get this power to avenge ourselves of this accursed traffic, with all its blighting influence, just as railway companies are made responsible for damages; and soon shall we be able to say to the hundreds of famishing wives and families of our lands, "There's your remedy—use it." And from many lips would the joyful sound soon be heard—"Our prayer is answered; we and ours can be delivered from this oppression and curse."—*Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

Ladies' Department.

CLIPPINGS.

WOMENS WORK.—The quiet fidelity with which a woman will dishwash her life away for her husband and children is a marvel of endurance. Here is the servitude of women heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it is required to be done again. Men take jobs, work on them, finish them, and they are all over for good and all. The prospects of ending them and drawing pay for the labor, is alluring, but no such allurements are held out for the wife. She washes Monday after Monday the same garments until there is nothing of them to wash; then they are replaced by others of new material just like them, and the rubbing and ringing goes on forever. She mends the stockings with tireless fidelity, the same holes meeting her gaze week after week, for if there is a darned place in the sock "he" invariably puts his irrepressible toe through it. Every

morning the rooms are put in order, only to be in the wildest disorder by the time the night falls. There are no jobs, each one different, no pay-day. The same socks, the same washing, the same rooms every time. There is too little brightness in the lives of women in the country. They have too little help in their domestic occupation. The "nurse" in a house where there is a baby to care for ought to be set down as one of the regular expenses as much as the potatoes for the family. A mother's health both of body and mind is worth more than additional acres of land, or finer live stock. The heart should not be allowed to grow old. Life should not have lost its charm, and the heart its spirit, and the body its elasticity for forty years. And yet how many women are faded and wan, and shattered in mind and health, long before they are forty. All the joy in life is not in youth's morning. If we so will it, we can to the last moments of life be at least negatively happy.—*Srl.*

TORA DUTT.—In India, in 1877, Tora Dutt, a Hindoo girl, remarkable for both her poetical and linguistic abilities, died at the early age of twenty-two. She was the daughter of a cultured and much respected citizen of Calcutta, who, when she was thirteen years of age, took her, with her elder sister Ann, to Europe, to acquire the polish of a cosmopolitan culture. During the four years she remained in Europe she acquired an absolute mastery of French and English, and a thorough knowledge of German, and after her return to her native land in 1873, she began the study of Sanscrit. In 1874 she first appeared in print in an article on Leconte de Liste, which appeared in the Bengal Magazine, and in 1876 she published a volume entitled "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," which consisted mainly of translations into brilliant and idiomatic English of the most popular French poems of the day. The magnitude of this work will only be fully appreciated when we recollect that both of these were foreign tongues to her. She also wrote a number of original poems in English which have since been published in London. In 1877, she succumbed to an attack of an hereditary disease, consumption, which had previously carried off her eldest sister, Ann, who also possessed poetical ability of no mean order. Among her papers were found a French novel, called "Le Journal de Mlle D'Arvers," which was published in Paris in 1879, and an unfinished English romance.—*Lxx.*

SHORT-HAND FOR WOMEN.—No one should begin the study of this perplexing but delightful profession without well considering this fact. There are few things that require such persistent hard work as *verbatim* reporting. The quick ear, the trained eye, the rapid perception, the hand of the ready writer, must be accompanied by a fair education and good judgment, if one is to succeed. Add to this pluck and perseverance, and there is no reason why women should not find in stenography a permanent and satisfactory profession, or climb by it, as Dickens did, to a yet higher seat of honor.—*Lxx.*

MRS. O. W. PIERCE, of Providence, R. I., was recently chosen by the church of which she was a member, as their treasurer. The bank in which the funds of the church were deposited made objections to transacting business with a woman. They were not sure that a woman could legally hold the office of treasurer of a religious society. Besides "women did not understand business, and were troublesome to deal with." The secret of the opposition, it is supposed, lay in the fact that some of the bank officials wanted to have a certain man made treasurer. Mrs. Pierce is a capable woman of business, and would not have been at all troublesome to deal with. The church gave the bank to understand that if they persisted the funds of the church would be withdrawn and placed in some bank that was willing to deal with a woman; whereupon the bank succumbed.—*Women's Herald of Industry.*

The women of England are waking up to their privileges. In Oxford, at the approach of the municipal election, the ladies summoned a meeting of the women voters. Mrs. Prof. Max Muller was the chairman, and the wife of an alderman made an able and eloquent speech. So says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which approves of it too.

Ramabhai, the Sanscrit poetess, now the guest of Max Muller, in London, is the ruling sensation. She is the first learned Brahmin lady who has crossed the ocean, and traces her descent from the old Vedri family of Sandilva.

Carrie Swain, an actress, has saved seven people from drowning, recently, and will be awarded a medal for her bravery.

Mrs. Bright Clark, a daughter of John Bright, is lecturing in favor of women suffrage.