

exert themselves in our behalf the progress of our movement must necessarily be slow.

How can we then, having so few willing to help us, sufficiently appreciate that one who above all others made our interests his own, fought for us in Parliament and in print, and showed us what we may do and what we are capable of attempting. In his life, when he spoke for us and to us, he removed mountains, he made many men view the subject in its simplicity apart from their private interests and individual views, and he pointed out to us the immense field of usefulness that lay open ready for our energies and skill. Liberty of thought, of speech of action; liberty for all, was what he strove for; liberty in its truest and purest sense, not confining himself to that narrow interpretation of the word which is contented with the acquisition of a suffrage however deeply based or widely extended.

Let us then as the women of to-day, remembering the position of women in the past, and looking forward with hope to their place in the future—let us ever honour and revere the name of John Stuart Mill.

We not unfrequently hear from some who would flatter us back into a state of quiescence, that we are "so very nice" that it would be a pity to alter ourselves in any way; why not remain as we are? But unfortunately, even if we wished such a thing, it is not in our power to keep long in one "stay;" we must by a law of Nature go backwards or forwards. No one for one moment could recommend the former course, and if there should exist one single individual so lost to all sense of shame, let me advise that person instantly to procure a copy of Kingsley's "Water Babies," and to study thoughtfully the dreadful condition of those benighted people who freely chose to go and live in the land of Ready-made instead of the

country of Hard-work. Let them ponder the awful consequences which arose therefrom, and the horrible *finale*, where the sole remaining inhabitant could only climb a tree (when he was mistaken for a specimen of the Troglodytes by some adventurous traveller,) and sob out "boo-hoo, boo-hoo," though what he meant to say was,— "Am I not a man and a brother?"— but, alas, he had lost all power of speech through want of use and so came to a dismal end. After this there can be no voice of exception in the cry of Onward!

"Where soil is, men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers."

Why should we grow as weeds when we have before us the prospect of being health-giving, food-supplying plants?

I lay so much stress upon the fact that men are not helping women in their movement, because at present almost all employments are exclusively confined to them, and nearly all the professions are closed to us. Until our legislators and voters feel the necessity of allowing women a fair field for their talents, all we do and strive for will avail us little. We may endeavour to fit ourselves for the bar, or the church, or to study the science of medicine, or the art of designing, but at present we can go no further than prepare ourselves for these vocations, biding our time till we can practise in an authorized way. Do not, my dear Clyde, do not, I beseech you, exercise your lively imagination by depicting girls fresh from school in gowns and bands, or poking over bones, or designing Gothic halls. You know quite well that I do not mean that kind of thing at all, and that I am as fully aware as you are of the fact that in the present state of society it would appear unseemly for women to enter actively into any of the professions I have mentioned. Education is want-