

quer and subdue man, and the desire to possess it, we beg leave to suppose, comes not from any passion for domination, but from a laudable desire to influence him for his well-being and happiness. However, this may be well intentioned or not; but we are sure that this has led many of our sisters into numerous follies and extravagances. If the hours spent in contemplation of the adornment of the casquet, were employed in polishing the jewels within—if half the time consumed in the consideration of a coiffure, or even in the arrangement of a corsage, were devoted to the moral training of the heart which beats within, and cultivating the vast capabilities of that noble portion of the human frame which renders humankind the most beautiful and intelligent of created beings, woman would find her influence greater and more powerful; indeed, we might say, almost unfailing. The admiration she would excite would be a sentiment compounded of esteem, respect and love. In making herself worthy of these, she would attain what the toilet, be it ever so elaborate, is of itself insufficient to accomplish. That woman should derive satisfaction from believing herself an object of man's homage, is a natural feminine instinct, but she should be a little more fastidious as to the kind of admiration that is awarded to her. She should reject that which seems paid to the mere combination of form and color, style and elegance, and learn to prize only the far more flattering tribute which seems to be called forth from a just appreciation of those noble and tender qualities of the mind whose intrinsic beauty neither plain features nor an ill-dressed figure can destroy.

This discrimination would tend to crush vanity and conceit, coquetting and flirting with its selfish heartlessness, all of which both sexes are prone to engage in, and which, too, arises from a wrongly based ambition. The impress of these unholy sentiments defeats their object. The temper becomes morose and irritable, the expression of the countenance at once silly and anxious, and the mind degenerates into a state approaching depravity. The loftier ambition, to be admired for the graces of the mind more than those of the person, would suggest the continual practice of the social virtues—amiability, kindness and good temper—as well as the careful cultivation of all those faculties which tend to throw a refining influence over the tastes, elevate the soul to the highest type of purity and truth, and ennoble the heart.

Intelligence and true refinement, unlike the silly fashions of a day, become all countenances, and sweetness of temper always places the stamp of a certain kind of real loveliness on homely women, and makes elderly ones appear youthful. It is a necessary duty woman owes to herself as well as to the domestic circle, her friends and society, to make herself pleasing and agreeable. Her person claims a certain degree of attention. She has an unqualified right to study the art of dress, and to avail herself of the appliances for the improvement of her appearance, but the most careful attention to the toilet will never make her sufficiently attractive to be lovable or estimable. A beautiful, rich apparel will not compensate for a cold, uncultured heart; a glowing cheek does not naturalize the effect of a freezing, haughty and stiff manner; nor a bright smile the severity of an unkind word. The eye soon turns away weary, uninterested and indifferent from mere beauty unilluminated by good temper, intelligence, and all those sweet and lovely graces which shine as bright stars in the crown of life.

It is said of Addison that he chose for his companion a woman of great beauty but destitute of mental resources. The result was that he was obliged to go away from home for more congenial society. Could anything be more inap-

propriate and really deplorable? Then remember, girls, that it is not the well dressed beauty, but the woman of high intelligence and sweetness of temper who becomes the theme of universal admiration and individual attachment—the inspiration of the hour, the brilliant genius of every scene.

Let woman, then, perceive that there exists a charm superior to beauty to attract and subdue all hearts. Let her cultivate her intellect, and, true to her own feminine attributes, prove herself the kind, amiable and intelligent creature that man needs, cherishes, and esteems.

## LENDING A HAND

"Gentleman-gentleman does not mind what he does, but pig-gentleman is very particular," the Maoris in New Zealand used to say, discriminating between the English colonists who did what they could for themselves and those who depended altogether upon the services of other people. The late Doctor Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, England, was a "gentleman-gentleman." Such was his manly simplicity and superiority to all cowardly dread of public opinion, that he used to be seen, says his biographer, "striding about his diocese on foot, carrying his own blue bag containing his robes, stopping runaway carts, and talking familiarly with every one he met, gentle or simple."

One day a sturdy Methodist workingman, with whom the Bishop had been conversing, was so pleased that seizing the prelate's hand, he exclaimed, "Ah, Bishop, thou 'dst make a fine methody preacher!"

Another "gentleman-gentleman" was the late Bishop of Lakefield, Doctor Selwyn. His readiness to "take the laboring oar" was illustrated one day, when his large family were leaving the Bishop's palace for the Isle of Man. The servants, on seeing the luggage for more than twenty persons, asked in blank dismay, how the household work could be got through for so large a party.

"Do it among yourselves," said the Bishop, "and whatever you can't manage I will do myself." He meant what he said; for during twenty-six years of service as missionary-bishop of New Zealand he had shown himself ready to do what others would not or could not do.

The Bishop's simplicity of manners offended the country squires and the elderly clergymen of dignified school. One day he presented himself, bag in hand, and dusty from his long walk from the station, at the principal entrance of a great country house. The footman who opened the door soundly berated him for his presumption, and sent him round to the servant's door. He obeyed, and enjoyed the comedy of the servant's confusion and the master's vexation that "the Bishop" should have been the victim of a menial's stupidity.

"If you ever wanted a good turn done for you, the Bishop war the man to do it," said an old roadmaker of Lichfield. Poor women told how he had stopped his carriage to take them up when carrying a heavy child. A Primitive Methodist minister used to tell how, while walking one Sunday morning, the Bishop in his carriage overtook him, made him get in and dropped him at the humble wayside chapel, while he himself went on to preach in a neighboring church.

One day at the railway station he discovered an invalid lady very nervous because she was unable to cross the line to the opposite platform, whence she had to take the cars. He called another bishop to lend a hand, and the two, forming a "sedan chair" with crossed arms carried the lady safely over.