

yourself, and some one dearer than yourself, to keep it for.

None the less she will find that her flat is a very real help and consolation. In spite of those greyer hours when the sense of forlornness comes upon her and it is a weariness to do the necessary work of the day, the woman's love of home will assert itself in her—if truly she is a woman. When all is said—she is at home again; and nine times out of ten, at least, when she puts the latch-key into its keyhole she will know that she is on the threshold of quiet happiness and usefulness, and will thank God anew for the peace of it.

That surely is the next best thing: if the one great happiness of woman be denied her, she can at any rate turn to woman's great contentment and out of that create a home. She will have the satisfaction of having got down at last to bed-rock—the satisfaction of employing some of her time anyway in work the usefulness of which no man can question. She will have the pleasure of creating something, no matter how slight or transient; she will know what it is to feel the brain working healthily while the hands are busy; she will find true education in every nook and cranny of her tiny domain; in a word, she will lose herself in it somewhere or other and so find unawares what most of us seek so unavailingly.