

Josbee, graduated from the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, and is now on her way to her native land to carry healing into the prison homes of her benighted sisters. Another Hindoo lady has lately given \$75,000 to found a Hall of Residence in Calcutta, for native women, students of medicine, thus generously aiding Lady Dufferin in her good work. Is it much then for us to give our help to those who out of the thick darkness which surrounds them are thus groping their way toward the light?

While the practise of the art of healing is work for which woman is peculiarly well-fitted, still it is no matter for surprise that, though we have in Ontario two Medical colleges for women, as yet so few have ventured within their walls. Their doors were opened so suddenly that it could not be expected that many would be found prepared to embrace the opportunity offered. Besides all women are not meant to be doctors. Parents have sometimes made a mistake when they sent their son to college and it is just possible to make the same mistake with regard to their daughter.

Though as yet, only a few have seen their way clear to seek degrees in Arts or Medicine every woman ought to realize with her whole heart and soul that she was born into the world to be useful in some way. Surely! my sisters, we dishonour our womanhood when we give our best thoughts to the trimming of our bonnets, or when our aims in life rise no higher than to be the most graceful dancer or the best lawn tennis player in our set. Not thus can we ever hope to hear the master's "Well done." To us as well as to our brothers have been entrusted talents with which we are commanded to trade and for which we must give an account. True our bodies must be clothed and our social natures should not be allowed to starve, but they are not the only parts of our being requiring food and clothing. "We must keep pleasure under or it will keep us under." How are we to widen and deepen and strengthen this grand, glorious life of ours if we feed it only on sweets? An eminent Christian lady recently in addressing a large assemblage of women in London, England, gave expression to a feeling which saddens many thoughtful hearts. She said her heart ached for two classes of women, her poor sisters in heathen lands and her poor sisters at home, who raised above the need to toil for their daily bread, fritter away their days in idle nothings or worse than nothings.

There are many ways in which the sins of the parents are vented on their children. If parents neglect or refuse to fit their daughters so that, if need be, they can face the world in such a manner as to claim therefrom a comfortable livelihood, when adverse days come, then will they, too late, realize their error. How hard the lot of those who have been too tenderly cherished and too carefully kept from a real knowledge of what our life on earth is intended to be, when compelled to earn their daily bread in some poor way. But some one asks—What can I learn to do? I am not suited for the work of a doctor? Very

likely not. It would be a sad state of affairs if we all were to become doctors.

We would soon hear a wail of distress not from the sick but from the hungry. Perhaps, my sister, God has laid out your work in the form of many little things which you are overlooking in your search for something you think is greater or nobler. Nine out of every ten of us will most likely have but seldom to go outside the four walls of our own homes to find our hands full. Only let us realize that we, one and all, rich and poor, are called upon to be bees not butterflies, and we will find no lack of useful work everywhere around us. Surely, in this the last quarter of the nineteenth century it is high time that we, as Christian women, cease to be ashamed of the example set us by the carpenter's son of Nazareth. Far more than we need the right to cast our votes into the ballot box, do we need that our work should be valued by ourselves as it is in the eyes of God, not for what sort of work it is, and who it is that does it, but for the manner and spirit in which it is performed. The right to vote a few men have in their power to grant or to withhold, but this higher and nobler right is a power within the breast of each one of us, and asserts itself only by degrees as the eyes of our understanding open more and more to take in the real meaning of living. And this thought ought to be a very serious one to those of us who, having come to the close of our college life, are to-morrow to be granted the right to go out and take our stand in the world's battle field. We desire to fight bravely and win success; how best can we do this? Hear the voice of a well tried, valiant old soldier—the hero of a thousand fights—"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." A reasonable service, "For is he not the King to whom we owe our being?" None who seek a life of ease or self-indulgence need enlist under his banner, for his marching orders are "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Nor does he promise to pay any of his soldiers with fame or riches, or earthly honors, though all these things may be added. Let us listen to this being, Christ Jesus, speaking alike to everyone who enters His service. Hear His gentle voice saying "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you." And again hear his sure promise "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Strengthened then with this peace which passeth understanding, and inspired by the glorious hope that lies before us, little matter is it in what part of the world our lot is cast, or what the kind of work put into our hands to do, we cannot fail of success.

From those whom we are leaving behind us and who look forward to again returning to these college halls we would fain keep back that sorrowful word "Farewell." We would that we might be always together. This must not be, but there still remains to us to be treasured in our hearts happy memories because you have been our fellow-students. If we would say a word to you that word must