

the good gifts which the gods provide, should be carefully looked after, tenderly cared for, they will share your joys, but no need to tell them your sorrows, for what can they know of sorrow? they whose feet have always travelled in smooth places. Refinement of manner and delicacy of feeling are essential qualities for every lady; but spare us the "dainty" woman. In hospitals there are women, educated and refined, who witness sights daily which cause them to sicken and shudder, but they are none the less refined, because they look upon the suffering of some poor mortal, none the less ladies, because they assist in alleviating the distress of their own kind. But "dainty," they can not be, thank heaven! It is the dainty woman who, if she sees a diseased, shabbily dressed mortal in trouble, passes quickly to the other side for fear of contamination, if she sees a child in distress hesitates, before offering help, to see if it is cleanly, and then the hand she offers is so nerveless, helpless and lifeless, so weak and vacillating that perhaps it would have been just as well had she gone on her dainty way.

Again there are people who shut themselves in an armour of selfishness, impervious alike to gaunt poverty and hollow-eyed sorrow. From the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet is their world, they can neither see nor hear beyond it. The good qualities of their neighbors are seen through the large end of a telescope, appearing very small and a long way off, while their own are magnified until they at last look upon them-