

equally in earnest, are we in this other exclamation,—away with fine spun theories and elegant nonsense, about “refinement” and “elevation;” let us dismiss our favorite hobbies for the moment, and try as we shall be able, to look at the subject justly, and apart from prejudice.

All true advancement has for its result the power to think aright, and if we have in any degree attained to this, let us employ our ability now. Work is excellent. The hard hand and burned brow of the laborer, wins for him the respect of every sensible man whom he meets. He shows that he has faced the world bravely, and has not meekly started back from its rough tasks, nor shunned the toilsome path which has been pointed out for his feet to travel in. But work is not everything. Whoever claims that it is, lacks judgement, and must be classed with the city fop who despises labor, and ignores the fact that it was said in a certain Garden long ago, “in the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat thy bread.” No, work, in the common acceptance of the term, is not everything. Not a day passes but we are reminded, directly or indirectly, that we are to go hence, ere long, to rest in Abraham’s bosom, or with Dives to lift up our eyes to him, being in torments. These three words, life—death—eternity—have meaning enough in them to make any one feel that it is a solemn thing to have been created; to make the stoutest heart tremble for itself and the ruddiest cheek blanch. And these three words compromise what we ought to think most about. It is well to “think of living,” but whoever does this alone, is planting thorns around his dying pillow, and making of that last glorious change that might await us all, “a leap into the dark.”

Hand-work, head-work, heart-work, conscience work must go together or we are deformed beings—monstrosities in the world. When God gave us in-

tellects, he meant to show that we were to expand and cultivate them, learning His truth,—and all Truth is of Him,—reading it in Nature and in Revelation, in mathematics and history, and in the thoughts that the geniuses who have lived among men, have prisoned in glowing language.—When God gave us hearts, He meant to show that we should have great love and kindness for all the creatures He had made,—the lowest as well as the highest—and towards Himself more than they all—because He is infinitely more worthy of love than they. When He gave us consciences He meant to show that we are responsible beings,—that we can distinguish right from wrong, and that we are to follow the one, and avoid the other.—Thus we have found—as far as we can know them,—the answers to those “root questions of all thought,” as a learned divine has called the queries we at first proposed—“What am I?” “Why am I?”

#### Interesting to Women.

Mrs. M. L. Varey, in a recent number of the “Scientific American” says:—

The present working dress is a shame to the age of invention in which we live. I am aware of the conscientious efforts of many who have made martyrs of themselves, by trying to introduce a better style of dress for active life.—Their experiments show a want in this direction. Women need a dress that will allow a full play of the chest, the free use of the arms, and the unconstrained action of all the blood vessels, nerves and muscles of the body. We want one of many pounds less weight, which shall not drag the body down or knock about the ankles at every step, and which will not “mop the house,” from garret to cellar. The present working dress requires to be carried up stairs. No matter what