

credit. In our endeavor to end these evils, we have first made ourselves clean in respect to them, and thus we have been enabled to influence others with a two-fold force. But our service to the world is not ended. Our testimonies against war and intemperance are as much needed now as ever. There is as much need that our fundamental principles be asserted and lived out by us as in the past, and our very existence and usefulness depend upon our fidelity to these principles, and in our ability to present them to others. Our methods may change, but they should change only to enable us to better meet new needs, and not for mere popularity. The power there is in our principles—too often in our history only latent—sometimes overshadowed by our peculiarities, occasionally grasped by us with hope and enthusiasm, it seems to me has dawned upon us in a new light of late years, and is being acknowledged with joy by many of our younger members also. This is indeed hopeful. When we all comprehend true Quakerism, and rise to a sense of our possibilities under the immediate teaching, and leading of the spirit of truth, then will our service to mankind be still more beneficial, and our methods will always conform to our true principles.

BE SWEET AND LIVE LONG.

Woman frequently plumes herself on her bad temper. Man, on the other hand, invariably denies that he is bad tempered, if he happens to be prone to anger. Bad tempered women can be divided into three classes, and all do a lot toward making life unpleasant for the rest of humanity. There is the woman whose temper is constantly in a state of irritation. A little thing, a big thing, or nothing at all will throw her into a state of anger, and on the whole she is about the most uncomfortable person in the world to have around. Then there is the woman with the

dynamite temper. You touch her in a tender spot and she goes off like a bomb, but after that one flash she is as amiable as ever. Finally comes the woman with the smouldering temper, the sulky woman who has driven more men to—well, to other woman than any other. According to a New York physician, who knows no end of things about women physically and mentally, all these types had better be getting rid of their bad tempers instead of cuddling them. He declares that indulging one's self in a fit of ugly temper not only makes a woman old and ugly before her time, but actually shortens her life. Perhaps his opinion on this subject might never have been given to woman-kind had he not had occasion to reprove a girl for bragging about her bad temper. She was talking to another girl who was habitually amiable, but chanced to nettle her friend.

"I want you to understand that you can't talk to me that way," exclaimed she of the bad temper. "I've a bad temper and I'm proud of it, and I won't stand any nonsense. I tell you I have a bad temper."

"That is a self-evident fact," answered the amiable girl, cheerfully, "I've often wondered why bad-tempered people take the trouble to announce the fact. They always do, you know."

This was like touching a match to kerosene. The bad-tempered girl got red in the face, gasped, sputtered and made a spectacle of herself, and it was just here that the doctor came on the scene.

"Come, come, girls," he said in the most soothing tone, "don't let's have any quarrelling. Control your tempers, for every time you allow them to control you, you spoil your good looks, and lessen, yes, actually lessen, your chances of getting a desirable husband; and then, too, you injure yourselves physically."

"Is that really true?" asked the amiable girl, interested, and the other began to cool down.