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PICTORIAL LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.



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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Charity and Compassion.

There are two things which are very often confounded—charity and compassion. It is not possible to be charitable without being compassionate, but many a man is compassionate without being at all charitable. The fact is that charity is a principle of the human mind, whilst compassion is only one of our animal instincts. A man, who upon seeing a fellow creature fall into the water, jumps after him without a moment's hesitation, even at the risk of his own life, does a very noble thing, no doubt, but many a dog has done the same. And a man who drops a coin into a poor wretches hand, shows that he is not a stick or a stone, but he may be little more than a gossip for all that, for a great naturalist tells us of a goose which having fallen in with a quantity of barley, that a farmer had spilt on the road, first filled its own stomach and then walked up to its starving companions, about half a mile distant, and called them to the place to share the benefit of the discovery. Certainly compassion is an indispensable element in charity, but it is no more charity itself than taste is digestion, or hearing understanding. Compassion just yields to the impulse of the moment, drops a kind word or a gift, to alleviate momentary suffering, and thus having discharged itself, passes on to leave the case as it was. Charity on the other hand, inquires into the cause of the suffering, and the future prospects of the sufferer. It not only wishes to help him for the present, but to guard against a recurrence of the evil. It is always vastly better to give a man something to do, by which he can earn his bread, than to put the bread into his mouth and leave him idle. It is the poorest kindness to work out a puzzled, discouraged child's school examples for him, and to tell him the answers to questions assigned to him, the only thing is to encourage him to solve the examples for himself, thus teaching him to be self-reliant, and he will thank you for it afterwards.

The best comforters and helpers in this world are those with kindly charitable hearts, who go about trying to put hope and cheer into the lives of all with whom they come in contact. Gifts of money oft times while they relieve immediate distress, and make life for one hour easier, only helps to encourage disheartenment, and to perpetuate nervelessness and indolence. It would be a great deal better by a few brave words to incite the person to rise up and grasp life for himself.

Many make the great mistake of supposing that it is impossible to be charitable without giving money. Give, we cannot subscribe to charitable institutions, or give large sums to aid in the support of missionaries in foreign lands; nor can we build churches, or endow colleges; often we have not a copper to give to a beggar on the way-side. But we can give our prayers and sympathy to them all, and we can give kindly words to the beggar, and perhaps direct him to some one who will relieve

his immediate want, and put him in the way of providing for the future. If we can put new life and hope into the heart of the discouraged man, so that he rises out of his weak despair, and takes his place again in the ranks of active life, we have done a far better thing for him than if we had put our hands in our pockets and given him money to help him nurse a little longer his unmanly

love, for sympathetic feeling is as much an innate instinct of human nature as the desire for food and drink. We cannot help a feeling of sorrow at the sight of a fellow-being's misery, simply because we cannot help being human-being, and we cannot help feeling a desire rise in us to do something in the way of assistance, because we cannot help trying to remove the cause of the unpleasant sensation that gives ourselves pain. So the mere satisfaction of that desire is nothing more than the effect of self-love.

Self-love as an element in mere compassion is noticeable in the way in which compassionate people perform what they wrongly call their deeds of charity. They give money, but they give no kind words with it; they give their time but they give it grudgingly, thus making both gifts of little worth. MARGUERITE.

MRS. GRANT has finally decided that she will not publish her memoirs of her famous husband. She finally completed the manuscript about three weeks ago, and, at her invitation, several editors and publishers were invited to look over it with a view to "the highest bidder." But she changed her mind at the last moment—by the advice of her friends, it is understood—and the story of Gen. Grant's life, as told by his widow, will not be seen by the public for some years at least. For several years Mrs. Grant has been at work upon this manuscript, and more publishers have had their hopes raised and crushed over it than any other work, perhaps. Finally, it was understood that Bishop Newman had gone over the manuscript and made so many corrections in it that it would have to be entirely rewritten. Then it was given out that Colonel Elliott F. Sheppard had purchased the "memoirs" at a high figure for the Mail and Express. But latterly it turns out that the manuscript belongs to no one but Mrs. Grant, and for the present it has been put away.

PORT MOORE AND HIS MOTHER.—The *Youth's Companion* has recently paid a tribute to the poet worthy of being read, not only wherever his songs are known, but wherever mothers and children exist: "Even when his songs and poems had made him famous and his society was sought by England's highest and best, he used to write to her (his mother) twice a week. He told her of everything that interested him, from the purchase of a pocket handkerchief to his introduction to the Prince of Wales and his visit to Niagara. He writes at the conclusion of one letter: 'You, dear mother, can neither see frivolity nor egoism in these details, knowing that nothing is uninteresting to a mother that concerns her son.'"

JUST when everybody thought the Boston fortnightly, *Brains*, was making headway, it is compelled to suspend publication owing to lack of finances. This, with the departure of the *Epoch* some weeks ago, removes two promising literary papers from the periodical field. Literary papers are costly things, since they are expensive to publish and difficult to sell. MAY RILEY SMITH still remains in Mexico, alternatively caring for her invalid son and picking up the pen for literary work.



THE LOVE LETTER.

despair. And in the end, although we may never be able to give a dollar of money to relieve distress, it may be seen that the blessings we have scattered are great in number, and greater in value, than if we had been dispersing gold with lavish hand all along our years. A deed of mere compassion is little more than an effort of self-