

ing age ; but the seed to be sown is the same, the old principles may be adapted to the new conditions, and the harvest of virtue in any and every age is attractive and beautiful. 'A handsome woman is a jewel, but a good woman is a priceless treasure.' Beauty of form, a distinguished presence, rare accomplishments—all these, desirable though they be, are fleeting fading gifts, but sweetness, purity, gentleness, these abide forever, and these be the bonds by which all true men are ever willing to be bound.

We are justified in our alarm at the prevalence of loose principles regarding love and marriage, and may we not account for the low tone of morals in this regard by going back to the immediate causes? The 'outward and visible,' alas! we see on every hand. To what shall we trace this inward moral obliquity but to tainted moral atmosphere?

Who does not believe that impure literature is the fruitful source of moral pollution? The young are today constantly exposed to this peril. Sin and sensuality are bedecked with flowers, and too often the unsuspecting and pure girl is brought suddenly face to face with forms of evil that, in real life, she is guarded from and would shrink from in terror. This stuff exalts vice, makes heroes of the vicious, and spreads a gloss over crime, and this moral contagion is everywhere. Mothers should know what their daughters read.

Again, with all our boasting as to the emancipation of women, with all our efforts to open up the avenues of usefulness and support for her, we still have in America a false idea of the dignity of idleness. The parents of many girls will have much to answer for. Not a few seem to have forgotten the old rhyme of their own childhood—something about Satan finding mischief still for idle hands to do. False views of life have led to much foolish indulgence on the part of many parents; the mother toils early and late in order that her daughter may keep her hands white and pretty, and that she may perfect her education and marry well. The highest purposes of life are ignored, and the girl is taught to conform to an erroneous and even dangerous code of manners and accomplishments that are in a multitude of cases worse than useless.

Another distressing thing that the modern girl has to encounter on entering society is its obvious moral taint. The atmosphere of much of our social life shocks and enervates. Nobody pretends that its moral tone is what it ought to be. Society smiles at the letter and spirit of the decalogue. Society tolerates the most vulgar display of wealth's resources, in lavish and all but criminal entertainment; and worst of all, it not only tolerates but welcomes the man who, as a 'man about town,' may be a moral leper, but who if he has 'influence,' financial or otherwise, will be smiled upon and speculated upon by the match-makers of Vanity Fair. Ostracism should be the fate of such men, but society places the hands of its fairest and purest daughters in theirs, and that, too, at the altar, knowing full well that 'what God hath joined' man can easily, through divorce courts, put asunder.

This brings us back to the delineation of the true

woman's highest vocation, namely, domestic or married life. Said Mme. de Staël, 'Love to a man is an episode; to a woman it is the whole history of her life.' The man has a thousand and one pursuits that go to make up his life, but the one absorbing, all-conquering devotion of a woman's being is love.' This is not a rhapsody, an exaggerated and highly colored romanticism; love is indeed the dream of her youth, the reminiscence of her old age, the one fresh and beautiful thing that transforms this cold matter-of-fact age into a dream of poetry.

And the end, the culmination of love is marriage, and it looks forward to the training of children as a natural and blessed work. But that this is by no means the ideal for many who have entered the holy state of matrimony is a painful and humiliating fact. How women, in many other respects irreproachable perhaps, can become thus wicked and rebellious is passing strange. In the light of the Incarnation surely a woman might rejoice in the sacred whisperings of the magic word 'mother.' A writer said recently: 'The woman whose heart does not melt with tenderness merely at the thought of little arms outstretched to her, in the first dumb recognition of her love, should be spoken of compassionately, as one who is grievously afflicted—one who has been deprived of the greater good in life.'

O woman, faithful through evil and good report, true when all around are false, patient amid suffering, poverty and loss—strive by every means, religious, political, social, to wipe away our reproach and danger; for let us remember that the nation's life is threatened. 'Home life and public life are twins,' and this evil is sapping the life of the country!

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St. John's College Notes.

We desire to tender our best thanks to the editor of the WESTERN CHURCHMAN for his kindness in supplying the following weekly church papers to our reading room:—"Church Bells," "Illustrated Church News," and "The Churchman's Family Newspaper."

We were all pleased lately to see again the genial face of our old fellow-student, the Rev. E. A. Davis, B. A., now stationed at Melita. He evinced his loyalty to the college by joining in our festival on commemoration day.

A debate was held in the college dining room on Nov. 4th. The subject for debate was:—Resolved, That the mental capacity of the sexes is equal. Messrs. Cassap and Fox supported the affirmative, while Messrs. Brisco and Bruce upheld the negative. The vote was 22 to 20, in favor of the negative.

Thursday, Nov. 10th, a public debate was held in the school-house. There was a large attendance. The subject for debate was—Resolved, That the management of Railways should be under control of the Government. Messrs. Fortin and Brisco were the speakers for the affirmative; Messrs. McMorine and Buttum for the negative. The affirmative won by a large majority.