

to read it, and act upon the advice given; in fact, it will not injure merchants' daughters, mechanics' daughters, or any other daughters to give it a careful perusal:—

Dear girls—Like you I am a farmer's daughter, and hence there is, in this instance, much sympathy between writer and reader. For the same reason, what I shall write will not be non-practical, common-place and unappreciative advice, but I shall derive my knowledge solely from experience; I shall "speak that I know, and testify of that which I have seen."

* * * Will you promise me that some calm, clear night before long, while the world is asleep, and the moon and stars are watching it, you will stand alone under the silent sky, and ask your hearts these questions, "What am I? Why am I?"

I request you to do this, because I remember a night like the one I have described, years ago; I remember how I stood alone and talked with myself. I was a careless girl then, but the reflections and resolves of that hour did much to change me for the better, and we are more alike than we are wont to think,—what made me wiser and worthier will make you so likewise.—Human hearts are woven out of similar material the world over; the soul has been compared, not inaptly, to a harp, and if its strings are swept by the same hand, it will in most cases give forth similar sounds.

Well, while you stand there thinking, will you remember that you have a four-fold being; a physical nature, an emotional nature, an intellectual nature, a moral nature. God has given all of these to you and to me for wise and glorious purposes; that we might commence in this state of existence the process of expansion and cultivation which shall be continued in the other life. Unequal development is, of necessity, unjust. When we train the

hand to ply the needle and perform the various duties with which farmers' daughters must be familiar, to the exclusion of culture in the other three departments of our natures, we do wrong, and suffer for that wrong. It is a sin against the soul, and an equal sin against the maker of the soul, to dwarf any of its powers, to cramp and fetter any of its faculties. A hump-back or a cripple we regard as an object of compassion, we say it is "deformed," but do we ever reflect that upon our right hand and our left, are objects yet more pitiable than they? You may be one of them, or I may be one.—"Tom Thumb," is not so much of a dwarf as men and women whom you meet every day; whose physical natures may be well developed, but whose intellects, and hearts and God-ward natures lie beneath the leaden weight of years of inactivity. Those minds with the possibilities of a Newton or a Milton wrapped within them, have been cramped into the compass of a round of daily duties which involved no higher exercise of mental power than the computation of the proceeds of a crop, or the comparison of the receipts with the disbursements of a month's business. The "Siamese Twins," are not half so much of a lusus natural as the souls of some of our neighbors,—if we could see them; and the custom of the "Chinese to bandage the feet of the women so that they never exceed the size natural to them at two years old, is not more barbarous than that to which many persons voluntarily subject their mental and moral natures; doing this great injustice all unthinkingly, only because the spirit is invisible to mortal eyes, and its scars and wounds unseen; only because the shriek of the injured soul is unheard by mortal ears, as well as its mournful sighs and supplications for deliverance. Away with the meaningless prating about "practicality" and "plain common sense," and