

Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO DAILY ADVERTISER--SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1895.

Motto for the Week:

Life consists in choosing sacrifices. I chose fidelity to God and my own soul.—[Frances Power Cobbe.]

Mrs. Porter's Intentions.

It had been a great sermon. Everybody was impressed by its power, whether convinced by its argument or not, and moreover the force of the speaker's own earnest and consecrated life was instinctively felt behind his splendid oratory. Down the aisles of the great city church streamed a vast congregation, attracted in even larger numbers than usual by the world-wide reputation of the clergyman from a neighboring city who had occupied the pulpit that morning. It was a sociable church, people said, and certainly neighbors and friends lingered today to exchange opinions on Dr. Blank's eloquence, to contrast his brilliancy with their own pastor's plainer qualities, and in some cases to suggest that the comparison was a painful one.

Mrs. Porter, girlish and impulsive, came from her pew with flushed cheeks and wet eyes still shining with the emotion of the spiritual uplift she had received.

"Such a wonderful sermon," she said softly to a friend, with lips that still quivered with intensity of feeling. "Is it not a help to have one's duty so clearly set forth? Life is altogether different when the Christian standpoint is so insisted upon. I feel I can be a better woman for having heard those stirring words, and I do agree perfectly with Dr. Blank in thinking that one of the first evidences of a genuine change of heart is a regular attendance upon all the church services." And with high resolves and enthusiastic plans Mrs. Porter passed, as in a happy dream, through the luxurious warmth of the beautiful church, fragrant with hot-house flowers and resonant with stately organ music, into the disagreeable reality of the damp and chilly street, already slippery with the first flakes of a coming snow-flurry. There was no ear in sight, and as Mrs. Porter, shivering a little, hurried home on foot under leaden skies, the north-east wind blowing sharply in her face, she felt her determination to teach her Sunday school class at the East Side Mission becoming strangely less attractive. It was curious about that class, she reflected. She had taken it in a time of great interest in the church, when her enthusiasm had almost carried her into the foreign mission work. This intention was strenuously opposed by her family, who suggested as a compromise measure an unmanageable and boisterous class of young "toughs," as they proudly called themselves, at the mission chapel. Into the teaching of this class Mrs. Porter, before her marriage, had thrown herself with all the ardor of a generous, impulsive nature. For three months she was present every Sunday. She visited the boys' homes, she found them situations, she gave them the time, the interest and the devotion which not one of them had ever received before in all his life. So noticeable was her zeal that her pastor confided to his wife that he believed Bessie Warren would make a useful woman yet, in spite of her previous lack of perseverance. But this optimistic opinion was not shared by the reverend gentleman's better half, who declared that the class was only Bessie's new hobby, which she would ride to death in a few months.

And now it had only been eight short weeks since that same faithful and devoted pastor had by the magic of a few spoken promises and a little plain gold ring transformed Bessie Warren into Mrs. Charles Porter. She had fully intended to be just as regular in her attendance after her marriage as before, but Charlie was very, very busy, and she saw so little of him except on Sunday, and somehow only two of the eight Sundays had found her teaching those boys.

This disagreeable day, after a comfortable luncheon, Mrs. Porter settled herself in the easy chair before the blazing hickory logs and resolved that next Sunday she would certainly take up that class again, and nothing should keep her from prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Mr. Porter, watching his wife's eager face as she graphically described the moving effect of Dr. Blank's words upon her own conscience, was aware of a slight, a very slight disappointment. He was a fine fellow, proud of his upright life and honorable reputation, but not a Christian, and yet vaguely conscious of something lacking. He had married Bessie Warren because she seemed to realize his ideal of a gracious, loving, and sympathetic woman. All this she undoubtedly was, and her character would have been rounded and beautiful but for the one very weak point which Mr. Porter was just discovering. At the time of their marriage the young husband admitted to himself that Bessie's sweet influence would be a potent factor in convincing him of the reality of the Christian life.

But his wife's easy slipping out of responsibility, her evasion of any irksome obligation, was beginning to worry Mr. Porter, whose keen sense of honor was the foundation of his life.

"Does Bess really believe what she professes?" Mr. Porter was saying to himself, "or is it only talk, after all, with most Christians? She is the dearest little girl in the world, and I am the luckiest fellow, but I could not pretend to be interested in religion and do as little for the cause as she does."

Wednesday came, a clear and lovely day, and Mrs. Porter, looking out at blue skies and glowing sunshine, perceived that the weather gave her no reason for reconsidering her intention to attend the church prayer meeting. "How fortunate it is so pleasant," she thought, "just as I had resolved to be present at every meeting this week."

And just then Mr. Porter came into dinner, bringing tickets for the Paderewski recital that evening. On his way home it had occurred to him that this was Wednesday evening, but he was so accustomed to his wife's excellent reasons for not attending service that he was not surprised when she joyfully acquiesced in the plan for a delightful evening of music. Not a word was said about prayer meeting, and Mrs. Porter, radiant with smiles, attended the concert, soothing her conscience by fully deciding to atone by her presence at the Woman's Foreign Missionary meeting the next day.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Porter, on Christmas shopping intent, hurried from store to store in the fruitless endeavor to match a piece of silk. It seemed all in vain; that particular shade of pink apparently existed only in her imagination. The morning slipped away in the search, and as Mrs. Porter ate her luncheon in a convenient restaurant, it suddenly flashed across her mind that she could either try one more store for the coveted shade of pink, or else get up town in time for the meeting. Both, she could not possibly do.

"I cannot give up the silk, or mother's present will not be ready for Christmas," she said to herself. "And I never did specially enjoy women's missionary meetings anyway. But next month I will certainly go, and I can attend the missionary concert of the Young People's Society tomorrow evening. That will do just as well, and perhaps I can coax Charlie into going with me. It might be the means of interesting the dear fellow permanently in missions."

And just then, happening to meet the president of the Young People's Society, Mrs. Porter, with these roseate plans fresh in her mind, gave him such a cordial bow and smile that he paused a moment, and turning, walked rapidly on to join this possible new recruit.

"Mrs. Porter," began the young president rather shyly, "Miss Tyndale, who was to sing a solo at our meeting tomorrow evening, is ill with bronchitis, and we had prepared for an extra good meeting, and are dreadfully disappointed about it. I know you sing, and it would be such a help if you would take Miss Tyndale's place in the choir."

Mrs. Porter flushed and dimpled with pleasure at the idea of conferring a favor so easily. "Oh I shall be delighted to sing," she said heartily. "Thank you for asking me, for I am always so glad to help when there is anything I can do. I will go to see Miss Tyndale now, and get the music, so I can practice the solo this afternoon."

As she passed on, leaving the delighted young man behind her wondering why a church worker so willing and attractive had not been pressed into more active service long ago. Having spent the remainder of the afternoon in enthusiastic practice and enlisted Charlie as escort, Mrs. Porter felt that her sins of omission would all be atoned for, and awaited Friday evening with a pleased consciousness of doing the right thing.

Now nobody will know what induced Cousin Harriet to descend upon the house of Porter that Friday afternoon, and announce her intention of spending Sunday, "if perfectly convenient." Cousin Harriet was an elderly lady, portly of figure, dignified in manner, and distinguished among her relatives for the loftiness of her own ideal of good housekeeping and the severity of her criticism of those poor managers who failed to approach her standard. Of her own executive ability Cousin Harriet was aware, but in her judgment of other people's "shiffling ways," she failed to recognize the fact that a gratifying bank account, perfect health and an orderly household of middle-aged servants, carefully trained for twenty years in approved methods, had largely conduced to keep her domestic machinery running smoothly. Cousin Harriet was a visitor calculated to produce a sinking of heart in a young housekeeper, especially as she was Mr. Porter's cousin, and it was therefore to be expected that she would view with criticising eye the methods of this inexperienced new comer into the domestic tradition of the Porter family. Even in the cordiality of her first greeting Mrs. Porter was thinking with dismay that cook was trying a new soup for dinner that night, and that she had forgotten to tell Lucy to wash the dog's muddy foot-prints off the front steps. Of the Young People's Society, of Miss Tyndale's sore throat, of her own promised solo, Mrs. Porter thought not at all, except to regret at bed time that she had forgotten to send a note of apology to the president.

"Is it not too bad, Charlie dear," she said, toasting her pretty feet at the fire after Cousin Harriet had gone to bed, soothed by a delicious little dinner cooked and served according to Porter ideals, and pleased by the young wife's deference to her superior knowledge on every subject, "is it not unfortunate that I have been prevented from attending every one of the church services this week, when I was so anxious to go each time? Really that seems to have been impossible. Well, I intend not to miss one next week."

Mr. Porter looked at his wife curiously. There certainly was genuine regret in her face and voice, and no suspicion of sarcasm lingered in those pensive eyes. "It is very unfortunate," he said, gently. "But still you are interested in religion are you not, Bess?"

"Oh, yes indeed," was the eager answer, "very deeply interested, Charlie. How I long for the time when you will be, too."

Mr. Porter sighed a little but made no reply, and his wife, running gaily upstairs with a song on her lips, did not dream that the example of Christian living he had witnessed that week was a powerful factor in keeping out of the kingdom the man she so truly loved.

Mrs. Porter is still the sweetest, brightest little sunbeam of a woman in the world, and is adored by all her friends until they depend on her to fulfill her promises, always so readily and cheerfully made, but so seldom carried out.

Is there a Mrs. Porter in your church? Or in your family?—[The Interior.]

There is one solemn warning that the women of America have had dinned into their ears for the last half century or more. It is that if they value their womanly charms and feminine fascinations, they will keep out of politics. They have been assured, with all the eloquence man can command, that to the soul of "Coelebs in Search of a Wife," there is nothing so repulsive, so totally unattractive, as the political woman. Women have meekly listened to this warning; and regulating their lives in the fear of "the great god 'Man,'" they have kept themselves afar off from the forbidden realm of politics.

In the name of historical knowledge and common sense, where is there any foundation for the idea that an interest in politics makes women unattractive to men? Shades of Cleopatra, Marie Stuart, Elizabeth Tudor, Maintenon, Pompadour, and a hundred others! Some of the men and women of America have forgotten the history lessons they learned when they were little boys and girls. Come back, O women of history, from your Purgatorio or your Paradiso, wherever you may be, and tell these forgetful ones how you played with kingdoms as you played with men's hearts; how you wove and unweaved political intrigues as deftly as you embroidered tapestry; how you wrestled with "principality and powers," and guided the reins of governments with fingers that never lacked a lover's ring or a lover's kiss.

French history contains two romances more exquisite than anything in fiction. As the heroine in each is a political woman, the stories are here reproduced for the perusal of the people who say that politics is fatal to womanly charms and graces:

In the days of the French Revolution there lived a beautiful woman, Jeanne Marie Philpott, afterwards known as Madame Roland. As daughter, wife and mother her character left nothing to be desired. France at that day held thousands of "womanly" women, dear domestic animals who spun, wove, embroidered, sewed, dusted, scrubbed, cooked, and died, all within the sacred limits of "woman's sphere." Yet the historians of that generation and succeeding generations have allowed these women to perish, nameless and forgotten, while they have exhausted the vocabulary of praise in delineating the virtue, the wit, the eloquence, the beauty, the fascinations of Jeanne Roland, a woman who presided over political meetings, who wrote political documents, who cherished political ideals, and was through her husband, and in her own person, the acknowledged leader of a political party—the Girondists. I do not think the remonstrant existed in those days, but if she did, and if she had gone to Madame Roland with her little petition directed against woman in politics, one can fancy the French patriot taking it from her hands, tearing it into fragments, and trampling on them in magnificent scorn.

In the course of the political events in which she was the central figure, Madame Roland met her death. Her last words have passed into literature along with the utterances of prophets, heroes, martyrs, and statesmen, and her name will live as long as there is a heart to appreciate patriotism and a pen to commemorate it.

When Monsieur Roland's wife was guillotined, what did he do? According to the prevailing theory, he should have given thanks to Almighty God for deliverance from the thrall of a poli-

tician in petticoats, and he should have contracted at once an alliance with a gentle domestic "womanly" woman who would know her sphere and keep within it. History does not tell us whether Jeanne Roland sewed on Monsieur's buttons and mended his socks, as a dutiful wife should do. It merely says that she was the leader of a political party, and that, when she died, her husband committed suicide from grief at her loss.

The second story is very like the first: Contemporary with Madame Roland was another political woman, Charlotte Corday; young, gifted, and even more beautiful than Jeanne Roland. An old man who had seen her immediately after the assassination of Marat, was once asked as to her reputed loveliness. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed, "ay, there are none such now." She had many offers of marriage, but refusing them all she gave herself up heart and soul to the service of the Girondist party; and, inspired by a patriotism as sublime as it was misguided, she did not hesitate to stain her hands in the blood of the tyrant, Marat. Young, beautiful, but a politician and a murderer. Surely if her political career did not make her odious to men, her crime might have done so. Yet when she met the fate of Madame Roland with the same exalted heroism, two hearts broke for her. One—De Franquelin—"died of grief on hearing of her fate," and his last request was "that her portrait and a few letters he had received from her might be buried with him"; the other—Adam Luz—saw her for the first time when she was on her way to the scaffold, fell violently in love with her, deliberately committed a deed which caused his arrest, and, when thrown into prison, exclaimed passionately: "I am going to die for her!" Think of falling in love with a woman in the midst of a howling political mob; think of the hideousness of the scene, the degradation, the commonness of every accessory; think what infinite trouble the "summer girl" and "winter girl" nowadays give themselves in the effort to win a lover; consider how they surround themselves with picturesqueness and elegance; how many Paris bonnets and modish gowns they sacrifice in the struggle; then picture poor Charlotte Corday emerging from her prison cell in the "toilette of death"—her beautiful hair rudely cropped by the executioner's hands, her form clad in the horrible red chemise kept for condemned assassins; and then try to imagine what must have been the intense womanly charm, the irresistible fascination of this political woman, who could triumph over the vulgarity of such external circumstances, and win hearts in the face of an ignominious political execution.

Political women not attractive to men? Who can fathom the depth of historical ignorance that lies in such an assertion? Say rather, that if we could find a parallel to the loves of Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Eloise, we must turn to the yellow love letters in the escrutoires of the women who lived and died in the arena of politics.

And not only have political women in every age of the world inspired the most ardent and lasting passions in the hearts of men, but they have always been one of the highest inspirations to every form of art. "The Madonna and the Child" is not a more favored subject for poet and painter than are the Maid of Orleans and Marie Stuart. Destroy the books that have been written about the political woman, the pictures that have been painted of her, the songs that have been sung in her

praise, and the world would lose some of its most treasured masterpieces. The lot of the political woman is not without its disadvantages. But lack of love is not one of them.—[The Woman's Journal.]

How tenderly God meets the returning soul. He is full of fine accommodations, full of toleration, full of forgiveness.

About People.

The death of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, according to the London Graphic, was due in part to excessive cigarette smoking, which inflicted serious injury upon his nervous system.

Mr. Milne-Edwards, who recently discovered the figurines in the Landes, may prove to have discovered the earliest art in the world. The little heads and figures are engraved on ivory of the first known type of elephant. They were found among the bones of the mammoth.

"Krautz Plaats" is the name of the farm in South Africa where Olive Schreiner and her husband, Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, are now living. They have a dairy, and in the intervals of making butter both husband and wife write. The latter, it is said, considers domestic labor quite as interesting as writing books.

The "Father of the House of Commons," Mr. Charles Villiers, has just celebrated his 93rd birthday. He has represented Wolverhampton without a break for 60 years. His brother was the Earl of Clarendon, who was foreign secretary during the Crimean War. Mr. Villiers was one of the leaders in the fight for the repeal of the Corn Laws.

Mr. Ruskin is now in better health than he has been for a very long time past. His interest in the literature of the day is keen, and he has enjoyed the recent visits of Mr. Crockett and Mr. Hall Caine. Mr. Ruskin, however, has entirely lost his zest for writing, and even his correspondence, which was once very considerable, is carried on by Mr. Severn. He is still, however, an omnivorous reader.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has been re-elected president of the National Woman Suffrage Association of America, is 74 years of age, but does not look it. Her figure is still perfectly straight, and her eyes alert and bright. The oldest thing about her is the way she wears her heavy load of hair, which is combed, in soft white folds, over the tips of her ears, in the manner of a former generation. Her manners are charmingly fresh and young, and her enthusiasm for women's rights undimmed.

An American critic chaffs Mr. Austin Dobson unmercifully, for declaring that he has made a very important discovery in reference to Oliver Goldsmith, but will not reveal it at present, and then drops into poetry thus:

I know a thing or two about
The late lamented Goldsmith
Which were I so disposed, no doubt,
I might have run and told Smith
Or Robinson or Jones or Brown,
But no—my intuition
Is wiser—I will salt it down
Against a new edition.

The biggest collar in Parliament, says an observer of such trifles, is that worn by the Marquis of Salisbury. It is nineteen and a half inches in circumference; the biggest in the House of Commons is that which encircles the neck of Sir William Harcourt. It measures eighteen inches round. It is not a beautiful collar, but it is roomy, expansive and comfortable. Sir William is the architect of his own collar, and he has evidently designed it for convenience and comfort. It is just the sort of collar for a triple chin and a hot day.

Mr. Thomas Garthwaite, Ecclefechan, who recently died, was known to fame as the maker of Carlyle's clothes. Even when Carlyle lived at Chelsea he still patronized the village tailor, though the latter did not think much of the honor. "They tell me that I am was a great man in London," he used to say, "but he never was thocht sae muckle o' here. He wisnae ill tae please. He just wrote for a suit and I sent it, and he wore it till done, then he sent for another, and never a word about fit. He was a gude enough man that way."

Nathaniel Hawthorne is rarely quoted as a reformer, yet read what he wrote about women as preachers:

Oh, in the better order of things, heaven grant that the ministry of souls may be left in charge of women! The gates of the blessed city will be thronged with the multitude that enter in when that day comes! The task belongs to woman. God meant it for her. He has endowed her with religious sentiment in its utmost depth

Total Abstainers

should know that the Abstainers' Graded Plan used by

THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE

gives insurance at a lower guarantee cost than any other plan of any company in existence and before insuring their lives if they are wise they will write for particulars to head office or consult an agent of the company.

H. SUTHERLAND, Manager.
HON. G. W. ROSS, President.
Head Office, Manning Arcade Toronto.

and purity, refined from that gross intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologian—save only one, who merely veiled himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was in truth divine—has been prone to mingle it.

Many-Sided.

Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, used to repeat, chuckling with amusement, the speech of an old beggar woman to whom he had refused alms. As he walked away from the importunate beggar she called after him, "You withered specimen of bygone philanthropy!" Miss Cobbe, in her "Life," remarks that his lordship's philanthropy, unlike that of some noted philanthropists, was never scantily kind to those immediately around him, while very benevolent to those afar off.

He exhibited an enthusiasm for humanity on the largest scale. A score of great charitable undertakings rested on him. He did a vast amount of good by promoting legislation which protected women and children in factories and coal mines. But he also remembered to perform all sorts of kindnesses to individuals, and never did he omit an act of courtesy.

Not long before his death Miss Cobbe had an interview with him in his study. The conversation had fallen on the woes and wrongs of the poor girls and poorer women of London, which he had learned by personal investigation among the slums of the great city. Overcome by his emotions, he said:

"When I feel age creeping on me, and know I must soon die, I hope it is not wrong to say it, but I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it."

The old philanthropist found so much pleasure in doing good that even the joys of heaven were less attractive to him than the work of mitigating the sorrows on earth. It required no moral effort for him to do good. He did it not as a duty, but because he loved it.

Dr. Reuen Thomas on Preaching.

Dr. Reuen Thomas, of the Harvard Church, Brookline, spent last summer in listening to preaching. For several summers previous he had supplied the pulpit of Dr. Joseph Parker in London. Dr. Thomas has written an article for the British Weekly on his impressions as a listener, and some of his conclusions will interest our readers. He says: "Since my vacation has ended I have reflected considerably upon my experiences, especially as to the preaching to which I submitted myself. I have tried to recall the sermons which held me at the time and which have stayed by me since. To my great astonishment, not one of them was extemporaneous. . . . With one exception, I did not hear a single extemporaneous sermon that was scholarly, with much of intellectual flavor about it, logically suggestive, or strikingly devout. I did not hear one sermon in which the preacher used a manuscript which had not about it a delightful intellectual flavor, with logical continuity of thought, devotional feeling, and much of suggestiveness." He goes on to say: "I put myself under the influence of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans and Roman Catholics. The Episcopalian talks of fifteen minutes were the most rambling of all. The Lutheran sermons were manifestly memoriter; the French sermons had a delightful elocutionary quality; while the sermon spoken in English which had solidity and vivacity, and were most effective and altogether satisfactory, were those in which the preacher seemed to mingle the two styles—the non-extemporaneous and extemporaneous—so skillfully that we had the benefit of indirect and insinuating utterance with sufficient hortatoriness not to be dictatorial and offensive." Dr. Thomas is himself one of our most vigorous and attractive preachers, and his judgment on this subject is well worth serious attention. It must be remembered, however, that all extemporaneous preaching is not delivered without notes. Slipshod methods may characterize written as well as spoken sermons. Dr. Thomas' plea, as we understand, is for thoroughly well-considered and carefully-prepared pulpit utterances, whether they be read or spoken.

—[The Outlook.]