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What the New Woman is Not.

BE the statement that the New Woman is aggressive, ambitious and altogether up-to-date, true or not, is a question, but certain it is that this nebulous personage intends to frown upon the large family. We are good friends with the "New Woman" and want to see her take the advanced place destined for her, but we cannot brook the above statement. The small family, especially among the wealthier classes, is too prevalent at the present time, and the evil is rapidly growing. True we would not care to see our population increase as it does in French Canadian settlements, but there is a happy medium to be preserved.

Canadians were not so great sinners until recently, when they have become followers not of the "English you know," this time, but of their sisters across the line, who consider one child or two at most to be sufficient to fill the mother heart and arms. She around whom a large family of seven, eight, or nine children gathers, growing together in beauty, developing in the home world as only brothers and sisters can, is looked upon with pity, and in some cases contempt.

With a lofty disapproval of the intentions of the Creator, who made the race, man and woman, one the complement of the other, these latter-day champions of Woman, written with a capital, look scornfully on the wife who is satisfied with quiet home work and ways, and who accepts motherhood as her crown of glory, her highest dignity, and her dearest joy.

They forget, or ignore, in their compassion for the woman who bears more than one babe, that with every little one whom she cradles against her breast the mother's whole self is renewed, so that she puts on beauty like a garment, and is literally blessed among women when she broods over her child.

In the old days and the old races the childless, not the many-childed, woman was the object of commiseration. "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?" exclaimed the husband of Hannah, as over and over she implored with passionate entreaty the gift from God of the child so long withheld. Dear as the husband was, the bond between him and the wife drew more closely when they called the little child their own.

One has frequently noticed, sometimes with wonder, that the middle-aged mother of a large family actually looks and certainly feels younger than her contemporary who has either had no children or only one or two. Strangely enough, the large family is as easily brought up and educated, and in the end turns out usually as well, as the small one. The more crowded the nest, the closer the fledglings press together.

Self-denial, family love, family loyalty, thrive better where there is reason for their exercise and growth.

There are good times in the family circle

large enough to have enjoyment within itself, and not dependent altogether on outsiders. The mirthful dance, the games, the evening songs, the studies, the mutual pride, the protecting of the younger by the older, and the uplooking of the younger to the older, are possible in the large as they are not in the small household. And she who stands at the helm, guiding, influencing, controlling, moulding her sons and daughters, need long for no wider privileges nor yearn for greater responsibility.

In yet another aspect the large family is desirable. When death enters a home and carries

away a child, the grief will be no more intense for the only child than for the child whose loss breaks a bond of seven. A cup can hold only what fills it, and a heart can ache as deeply over a baby dying a few days old as over a man in his prime. But the desolation is greater when love has invested its all in a single life. Comfort comes sooner to the bereaved in a large than in a small family. When one goes home from the grave of an only child, and sits down with the stricken parents by their silent hearth, one drops the plummet into the gulf of a sorrow too deep to be ever overlived again.



Hymn to the Flowers.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loveliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned.

Not useless are ye Flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines
My soul would find, in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!