

not natural, the gift of God, it, or its only equivalent,—style,—must be purchased at the chemists, the linen drapers, or the hair dressers. Look at the dress of our average man,—of course, there are “fops” and “dandies,” but we do not pause to notice them,—and everything is useful, plain and elegant. Tread your way through one of our city thoroughfares, and see the average fashionably dressed young, and sometimes old, lady. From the soles of her high-heeled boots, to the mite of flowers and velvet, which, set upon a mountain of frizzes and curls, pads and braids, is made to do service for a bonnet; from the “pull-backs,” the “hitch-ups,” to the dangles, the streamer, the ornaments, all seem to say—behold and admire. The whole thing reminds one of a ship with every sail set to catch the passing breeze; the breeze, in this case, being admiration! The lines drawn by fashion, which our young ladies are so anxious to copy, are not beautiful, not artistic—they are simply hideous and ugly. The extreme cultivation of the art of dress is hurtful, and, in many instances, soul-destroying: because it is a waste of time, because it crowds out of sight the spiritual, the intellectual, and brings to the front, the physical, the animal, and because this love of dress will lead to the dizzy heights, the unknown depths of sin and folly. If it was but the desire to stand well in the eyes of *one*, we would not quarrel much with showy, elaborate dress, but, having the admiration of a *few*, the weak mind becomes greedy, hungry for more, no matter who it is,—all must bow before the sceptre held in the hand of beauty, and so the soul rushes on over the dark precipice. One leap, and it is gone! Faithful, prudent mothers will encourage their daughters to discard show for utility, to study harmony and fitness, rather than fashion.

And now, one moment for the consideration of some of the difficulties which stagger one on the threshold of Christian work in this department. First, it is a hand to hand fight with Satan himself. He has for months, perhaps years, possessed these souls. They have been captive at his will, and do you think that he will release them without a struggle. No; but praise God, though he be the strong man armed, there is a mightier than he, and when the great gathering day comes, we believe many a jewel, many a trophy, from this class of women, will be presented to Jesus,—literally snatched as “brands from the burning.” Another difficulty is the licensed liquor traffic. Time after time have we picked up these poor creatures out of the mire and filth of sin, have set them upon their feet. They have gone well for months, yea have appeared to be drawing near to the heart of the Christ, when lo, in passing a bar-room some day, an old friend is overtaken, the good resolutions fly, as with the wind, and in a moment of weakness they drink and fall.

Another difficulty has weakened moral principles. Every time temptation is yielded to, the power to resist becomes weaker, until at length, after years of yielding, the sensual, the devilish, so overpowers the moral, that in the case of the unfortunates of whom we are speak-