

Wives * and * Daughters

Woman in the Church.

The Union Signal criticises an article thus: "Bible Studies on Woman's Position and Work in the Church," the fruit of the mentality of Rev. James D. McLean, of Dallas, Tex.

We wish there were space in our columns for a comprehensive review of this remarkable document. Starting with the proposition that "there is no more practical question before the church to-day than that concerning the position and work of women," it proceeds to settle that question once for all, with the assurance of a master of destiny. From the Bible (as it is read) it deduces the proposition that God is "a jealous God," not only of the fact, but the manner of his worship. The inference from the carefully adduced passages is that God would prefer no worship at all rather than worship, however genuine, in a form not prescribed by himself.

Just where God's plan for his own worship changed from the elaborate Jewish ritual to the simplicity of the various Protestant churches our friend does not feel called upon to state, but that the change has been made and can be clearly proven to have been made, we are sure, from the fact that he is himself a Protestant of Protestants.

Now, since God has shown how he is to be publicly worshiped; since woman was created "after the man," "for the man," "of the man" and "as a helpmeet," or "companion" for man; since no woman was called to follow Christ among the twelve apostles; since Paul clearly declares that the Corinthian women are not to "speak" in the church, it follows as a logical necessity that no woman can speak in a church anywhere without violating God's command; that no woman can be even apostolic, and that all women are "cursed of God by being placed under the subjection of the man."

The fact that only Jews were called to be apostles would not, in the eyes of our friend, prove that no Gentile could be apostolic, nor does the obvious lack of compliment to the masculine nature appear to suggest itself to him from the fact that woman's subjection to man could be regarded as a "curse." Neither does he consider that a literal following out of Paul's behest would sweep our choirs and our Sunday-schools empty of women's voices, for the verb "to speak" is of a broader interpretation than merely "to preach," and the "silence" enjoined is absolute.

There is one concession in the little volume which like the fly in the pot of ointment may prove a dangerous precedent. In speaking of women as prophetesses, Deborah, Miriam and the like, the author says: "But these were undoubtedly exceptional cases and inspired for special occasions. When God makes an exception by special inspiration then it is right." But who is to say that the impulse to "speak in meeting" among the womanhood of to-day is not an "exception by special inspiration" to the general principle deduced by our brother that woman's position "should be one of silence and subordination to her brethren in the Lord as regards public teaching, ruling and praying." The question of just where inspiration ceases requires inspiration itself for its solving.

But we have no further space to devote to this mental Saurian. Its arguments have been answered so many times, its false logic refuted and its grotesqueness made so manifest that we have no heart to thresh again the old straw.

Little Prigs.

A conceited child is a decidedly disagreeable object; the more so that conceit is not a natural development of childhood. Yet when we see the pains taken by most people to make little prigs of their children, the wonder is not that a few become stilted and eager to show off their accomplishments, but that the majority remain spontaneous and charming.

In many families a clever speech on the part of a child is seized upon by his admiring elders, repeated in his presence with delighted comments, re-repeated to visitors who happen to call, and, in fact, told over and over till it becomes wearisome. The child's vanity thus fed, grows with great rapidity, and the next clever speech or the next pert retort is made with a view to the audience. If it is not received with acclamation the little speaker feels disappointed, and in a way defrauded of his just rights.

"Talk more about me!" insisted a little 5-year-old the other day when there occurred a lull in the conversation of his mother and a friend.

Not to mention the boredom endured by the polite visitor, who is expected to the recitations, songs and piano recitals of little learners in season and out of season, the children themselves get a wrong point of view when constantly called upon to take a prominent part in the entertainment of company. The proper place of children, so long as they are in the nursery and school room, is in the background, and a very beautiful feature of the background they are when brought up well. To force them and

their studies, their amusements, even their precocity, upon the direct attention of older persons not immediately belonging to them, is a mistake. It makes them little prigs, or little pedants, and in either roll they are not attractive.

Children, being, as a rule, imitative beings, are often than the unobserving suspect little actors. One child we recall who at the age of 8 used to pose as a hopelessly sad sufferer, overborne by a weight of sorrow. You would come upon her sobbing in a corner, her violet eyes wet with real tears, her golden curls tumbled; or she would suddenly leave her playmates and stroll off by herself, her little face shadowed, lips drooping at the corners, small forehead frowning, the sunshine of her day in eclipse.

"So sensitive! So decidedly organized!" would mother and aunts exclaim in her hearing, and efforts would be made to discover the root of the extraordinary grief, which turned out to be regret at the loss of a brother who died before the little girl was born. Years after, with shame and contrition, the child grown to womanhood confessed that she had simply acted, with delight at the effect produced by her behavior on the simple grown-up folk around her. A wholesome lack of attention would have cured her of her tendency to scenic display at a much earlier period.

A little lad who has a real fondness for books, and derives a great deal of pleasure from his favorite authors, young as he is, has unfortunately overheard his taste for reading spoken of as both remarkable and praiseworthy. In consequence, when a friend is announced as a caller on his mother, he either drops his toys and goes off for a volume of fairy tales, with which he ostentatiously seats himself in an absorbed attitude in sight of the lady, or else he saunters past her with a book of poetry or history in his hand, inviting a question. The little fellow is not so very much to blame. Most of us try to live up to the thing that is expected of us, and he is not an exception. Injudicious notice has made of him a little prig.

That children should sometimes read or recite or sing, when they can do so, simply to give others pleasure, and not for the purpose of eliciting flattery, is of course a different thing. When they are thus called upon their performances should be attended to with courtesy, and they should be thanked just as others are thanked, but it is unwise in their own interest to make too great a fuss over the sayings and doings of children. What children want is what plants want—air and sunshine and room to grow. Neither stunting nor forcing is a safe process where a child's development is concerned.—[Harper's Bazar.

A Misplaced Sentiment.

We heard the other day of a young woman whose circumstances obliged her to seek employment. She was a mistress of the dainty art of hand-sewing, and as at present there is a demand for dainty work of this kind exquisitely done, she had not far to seek a market for her labor. The home in which she and her dear ones lived was dependent upon her success in the line for which she had ability and in which she had opportunity.

A lady anxious to employ the girl sent for her with the intention of giving a liberal order. To her surprise, on entering the room where the young woman had been shown, the lady was greeted by eyes swimming with tears, trembling hands, and a voice quivering with eager protestation. "I am so afraid," the young woman hesitated to say, "that you will not know that I am a lady. I never was brought up to do any kind of work. My father was a rich man, and I had people to wait on me, and lived in a house as nice as this. I never expected to have to work for my living."

The scene might have been pathetic had it not been absurd. In a way it was pathetic, for it revealed very clearly the inherent weakness and the false pride of a character such as this girl displayed. In a democratic country, where the millionaire may be the grandson of a day-laborer, and where the grandchildren of millionaires occasionally are day-laborers, it is absurd to the last degree that the accident of poverty or wealth should come to the front at all as a factor in cases like this.

The girl had not ceased to be a lady—if we attach to the word "lady" the meaning happily given to it by Hamerton, namely, "a woman in a high state of civilization"—because it had become necessary that she should earn her bread by honest work. Her ladyhood was not touched, did not enter at all into the transaction. She should have been as dignified, should have felt as independent, in receiving work as the other did in tendering it.

The feeling that one kind of work is necessarily more honorable than another is entirely opposed to the self-respecting thought of American women. Whatever work comes to one's hand—whether it be painting pictures or washing dishes, scrubbing floors or making cake, writing poetry or designing embroidery, selling goods

or nursing the sick—it makes no difference. It is the doing of a task thoroughly and well that is the honorable thing, and the girl who performs her work perfectly, finishing it as it should be, with no loose threads, either literal or metaphorical, fulfilling all her duties patiently and serenely, is as truly in her right place and is as worthy of honor and respect as the most exquisite woman who rides in her carriage.

In point of fact, many of our busy women of wealth could, at a moment's notice, change places with their cooks or seamstresses, and do the work these do surpassingly well; nor would they be in the least ashamed of it. Brains and cultivation tell in all departments, and she who explains herself and apologizes when seeking for work proves only that she is stupid and not in touch with the period.—[Harper's Bazar.

The Heart Upon the Sleeve.

In his "Advice to a Young Friend," Burns wisely says:

"Still keep somethin' to yourself!
Ye never tell to ony."

The safest place for a secret is one's own breast, and many of the trials and sorrows of life had far better remain secrets. After all, it is the rarest thing that happens in life to find one who can advise us, and to seek advice and help is generally the motive that induces people to tell their secrets. Who has so good an opportunity as ourselves to know how best to guide our lives? We know all the secret springs of action in our own hearts; we should be able to act the most wisely by following the dictates of our own consciences without the surveillance or criticism of others. There is no longer any oracle to utter forth the way of life; the vision is now an "open vision"; the forces of the universe are at hand for us all; the consequences of our actions we must bear. Why not possess our souls and act for ourselves? A confidence given is always a lever placed in the hand of the one in whom we confide which may be used to oppress or even to crush us. Far better than to wear the heart on the sleeve is it to consider our own private circumstances and sorrows as matters in which we must maintain a sacred and dignified reserve which only a friendship tried and tested, and rare of acquisition in this life, will tempt us to break.

A certain reserve enhances and beautifies all the fine possessions of life. Our homes are hedged about against too familiar guests; our jewels and pictures are not always exposed to gaze; our hearts must have their little reserves even from our nearest and dearest companions if we would not experience in the close relations of life the disagreeable truth that familiarity breeds contempt. And in those relationships where those reserves are respected; where a reticence is not regarded with suspicion; where each and all concede to the others the right of their own privacy of life and spirit, there is found the most joyful, refreshing and happiness-giving companionship.

"New every morn, fresh every eve," to one another, may be the closest knit lives, provided that is neither required nor practiced by any to "wear the heart on the sleeve."—[The Interior.

A Factor in Morals.

Not only is the surgeon the artist making straight that which was physically crooked, but it is only a question of time when the surgeon will be called upon to make straight that which we have been apt to think was a crookedness of spirit. Physicians have clearly proved the relation between the stomach and morals and the liver and theological views. Now the surgeon steps in and shows the limitation which the physical imposes on the mental. Ears are unstopped, eyes are unclosed, the range of vision increased, and it is only recently that operations on the brain have released the vocal chords, have cured diseases that promised insanity. Prophets see the day when one of the aids to morals will be the surgeon's knife. Brain-surgery is in its infancy. It is quite logical, in view of the marvelous results wrought in this field, to suppose that in some future day a mother will call the surgeon to her aid in the moral development of her children. She will not struggle for years with their moral delinquencies; she will take her child to the brain specialist and say: "Doctor, I find that Johnny has a tendency to purloin; he is also given to misleading his brothers and sisters where it is to his advantage. I do not want him to be that kind of a man," or, "Doctor, I find that Alice has a tendency to exaggerate; it is difficult for her to stick to facts. I am sorry to admit it, doctor, but unless something is done, Alice will be a liar." The doctor does not hesitate. Each tendency indicates the pressure on a particular set of nerves. The offending part is removed; both children become models of truth and integrity. With the surgeon as the aesthetic and moral aid to regeneration, we will soon develop a perfect race of human beings. Health, we are learning, is a matter of food and sanitation, and

morals largely a matter of brain formation; why, if a man's orthodoxy is a question of his liver, and his temper a matter of his nerves, why is it not true that his morals are, to a degree at least, a question of the formation of his brain? Will not this view of the subject make us more just in our relations to each other, and infinitely more just in our relations to the criminal? We will not leave him to the mercy of a politician, but put him in charge of a scientist who knows his mental deformity and will treat him for his disease.

Morals and aesthetics are closely related. Are we not cultivating our tempers, that the proper lines may be written by time? Are we not, on all sides, hearing of the necessity of healthful living as an aid to beauty? Now, when much of the evil is a question of brain matter and its proper distribution, is it not true that surgical science is of vital importance to human perfection, to the elimination of moral disease?—[The Outlook.

On Dits About Women.

In England, the English women are asking for the appointment of women as justices of the peace.

In Paris, by an ordinance of the Senate recently passed, women who stand independently at the head of a mercantile business have the right to vote in the election of trade arbitrators.

In Paris, "L'Avant Courrier" is the name of a women's association lately formed there, whose object is to have women allowed as witnesses in courts of equity, and to have full control of their earnings.

In Roumania, the Roumanian Ministry of Education have just appointed a woman to the newly created position of professor of the German language in the University of Bucharest—Anna, wife of Lieut. Von Schorschow. She is a native of Koenigsberg, Prussia.

Miss Frances E. Willard has written a biography of her mother, Mary T. Hill Willard. She has been assisted in the work by her kinswoman, Mrs. Minerva Grace Norton, and Lady Henry Somerset has written an introduction. The book will be entitled "A Great Mother." It will be issued by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association of Chicago.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary boards are beginning to include "Temperance Work in Mission Lands" among their topics and in the many papers which they so ably edit. This is a significant "sign of the times." Ten years ago they would not have dreamt of doing it. The Century Magazine, New York City, the greatest of its kind, is about to publish a careful study of the scientific and statistical side of the drink question, which is another remarkable token of the progress of the movement.

In the Ladies' Column of the Weekly Sun, in her weekly article entitled "Over the Teacups," Lady A. announces that we shall see a tremendous outburst in cycling energy this summer, and women are sure to be swept into the current. It is certainly a most healthful and enjoyable exercise, and if it only be the means of dragging our town-bred girls into the country on such days as they have leisure, it will have accomplished great good. In the all-important matter of costume I have recently seen some cycling dresses which are very becoming in style, while not in any sense departing from the orthodox in manner.

The Women's Progressive Society, England, announce that on April 17 there will be held, under the auspices of the society, a social meeting at which dresses for the forthcoming season will be exhibited. The principles which the various exhibits are to demonstrate will be as follows: 1. Grace, ease, suitability. 2. Abolition of the artificial waist. 3. Maximum of warmth, minimum weight. 4. Economy. 5. Health. 6. Utility. The types of dresses to be shown will include indoor, walking, visiting, evening, office, and cycling clothes. There will be nothing expensive or outre, but the kind of garments required and worn by ordinary women with ordinary length of purse, and ordinary tastes for inexpensive and pretty-looking gowns.

The Bien Social, a Belgian temperance paper, for March, 1894, says: "In the little town of Lahne, in Silesia, the married women have, during these last few weeks, formed societies and stirred up the authorities to put an end to their husbands' habit of passing the evening, and even part of the night, in the public houses. At a meeting of Lahne ladies it was decided to send a petition to the communal administration demanding that all public houses should be closed at 10 p.m. every day, including Sundays. This step was most successful. At the ladies' request, the communal administration closed all the public houses in the town at 10 p.m., and the publicans were forbidden to sell liquor after that time, even for consumption off the premises. The ladies were officially invited to make known to the police any infraction of these orders.

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that DR. THOMAS' ELEC-TRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns and injuries of horses and cattle.

With the Poets.

The Land of "Pretty Soon."

(From the Companion.)

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved;
And the pleasures for which we grieve,
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And oh; this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon.
Though our purpose is fair yet we never get there—
To the land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon;
Oh let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

What Shall I Do?

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh! never, never!

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled,
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.
—Schiller.

Then Shall Ye Shout.

It seems an easy thing,
Mayhap, one day to sing,
Yet the next day
We cannot sing or say.
Keep silence with good heart,
While silence fits our part;
Another day
We shall both sing and say.

Keep silence, counting time
To strike in at the chime:
Prepare to sound—
Our part is coming round.

Can we not sing or say?
In silence let us pray,
And meditate
Our love song while we wait.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

"The Valley of the Shadow."

(Psalm, xlii, 4.)

When 'mong the somber shades that gather fast,
Blind and alone I wander, on some day,
Through the dim space and through the starry way,
Whom shall I meet? Whose falt'ring steps at last
Will tolling come, and with mine travel past

The boundary line unmarked by man's survey?
Or meet me where, untouched by sunlight's ray,
That valley lies shut in by two worlds, vast?

Or slave, or prince be they—if palace dome
Or plebeian hut have known life's tenant best,
As brothers now, each to the other dear,
We journey on the widened pathway home;
And joy to greet the Herald of our quest
When on our sight the pearly gates appear?
—Inda Barton Hays.

Messrs. Stott & Jury, chemists, Bow-manville, write: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations manufactured by this well-known house are among the most reliable in the market."

Just for Fun.

"Say, Mike, why don't you buy a bicycle?" "Bekase, if I want to walk, I'll walk standing up."

Waiter—De usual steak, sah? Regular customer—No; I am tired to-night. Bring me a plate of hash.

LATE.—"Excuse me, madam, I am afraid I am very late." "O my dear Herr Von Fifferl, you are never too late."

"Phwats come over yez, Dinnis, to make ye worruck so fast loike?" asked Mrs. Holligan. "Whist!" replied Mr. Holligan, who was painting his goat coop. "Stand out o' me way an don't stop me. O'm sthriv'n t' get t'rough before me paint gives out."

"But papa," wailed the young woman, "you have no idea how he loves me. He is willing to die for me this very minute."

"Well," said the old man, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I don't know as I have any objection to that. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."

HAD PRACTICED.—Cardinal Richelieu once listened to an earnest sermon by a shoemaker. The man was simple and unaffected, and apparently not at all dismayed by the presence of the cardinal.

"How could you preach to me with so much confidence?" Richelieu asked him in evident surprise.

"Monseigneur," replied the shoemaker, "I learned my sermon by reciting it to a field of cabbage-heads in the midst of which was one red one, and this practice enabled me to preach to you."

INSTINCT AND REASON.—A wise teacher learns by instructing others. Sometimes he picks up very curious information in this way.

Thus a teacher, according to Good News, asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question, but the boy was equal to it.

"If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'most blind or be a fool."

MODEST REQUEST.—There are some disadvantages which attach themselves to persons who have become famous. These, however, often have their ludicrous side.

It is said that at one time Henry Clay was traveling in the west, and stopped overnight in a little log cabin inhabited by an old man and his wife. After breakfast the next morning his old host, who had been in a flutter of excitement ever since he learned who his distinguished guest was, said he would like to make one slight request before the visitor departed.

"Couldn't ye," he said, with evident anxiety, "couldn't ye just make my wife an' me a little speech before leaving us?"

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!"
was the peasant's warning to the aspiring Alpine youth. Dangers greater than these lurk in the pathway of the young man or young woman of the present as they journey up the rugged sidehill of Time. But they may all be met and overcome by a judicious and timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the celebrated cure for colds, coughs, catarrh and consumption. Better than hypophosphites or cod liver oil; unrivalled and unapproachable in all diseases arising from a scrofulous or enfeebled condition of the system.

The "Discovery" is guaranteed to cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Hernia, or Rupture, permanently cured or no pay. For treatise, testimonials and numerous references, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Butcher (with a bill)—Is the missus in this afternoon? Servant—No, sor. Her afternoons is Chewsdays and Thursdays.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

"Do I make a fool of myself often, Miss Lovely?" he asked. "Oh, no," replied she sweetly, "not often—only it seems to last!"

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle. Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in, and lend a hand.—[E. E. Hale.