

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There is much clamour in these days of progress respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said, that "in contention for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well-balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman as woman, be forfeited or sacrificed?

"I have given her as a helpmeet," said the Voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the tears of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter. No; a *helpmeet*, such as he was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, from his unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its sacred shine, its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its turrets? Need she be again tempted by pride, or curiosity, or glozing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no deep "footprints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life."

Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extensive—the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the "moulding of the whole mass of mind in its first formation?" Have we not power enough in all realms of sorrow and suffering—over all forms of ignorance and want—amid all ministrations

of love, from the cradle dream to the sepulchre.

So, let us be content and diligent; awe, grateful and joyful, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

When I was a boy, said an old man; we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called to us:

"Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah!" thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed?" said he; "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did! and were your eyes on your book, when you saw him?"

I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we will have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

PROFIT OF PRAYER.—The profit of prayer is thus excellently set forth in a few sentences by the French writer, La Mannais: "After praying, is not the heart lighter, and the soul happier? Prayer renders affliction less sorrowful, and joy more pure. It mingles with the one an unspeakable sweetness, and adds to the other a celestial perfume. Sometimes there passes over the fields a wind which perches the plants, and then their withered stems will droop toward the earth, but, watered by the dew, they regain their freshness, and lift up their languishing heads. So are always burning winds which pass over the soul and wither it; Prayer is the dew which refreshes it again."